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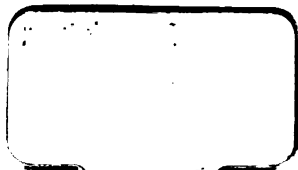
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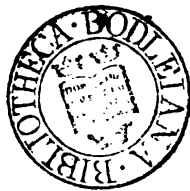
WARD'S MISCELLANY:

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF A SOCIETY

FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

VOLUME I.



LONDON:

THOMAS WARD AND CO., 27, PATERNOSTER-ROW;

AINSWORTH AND SONS, 107, GREAT ANCOATS-STREET, MANCHESTER; AND AT 118, NEW SCOTLAND-ROAD,
LIVERPOOL; 76, NORTHGATE, BLACKBURN; ALSO AT THEIR HOUSES IN LEEDS AND BIRMINGHAM;
AND ALL INTERMEDIATE TOWNS.

MDCCCXXXVII.

**WILLIAM TYLER,
PRINTER,
BOLT-COURT, FLEET STREET.**

PREFACE.

COURTESY demands a Preface to every work, if it should consist of no more than the Author's or Editor's "*Ave, atque, vale;*" but the conductors of **WARD'S MISCELLANY**, having brought its first volume to a close, and made preparations for the commencement of a second, feel that not only courtesy, but gratitude for their past, and a becoming solicitude for their future success, call upon them to acknowledge the public favour they have already received, and to state the grounds on which they confidently hope to deserve and to enjoy a still more extended patronage.

They continue to adhere to the three principal divisions under which have been ranged the miscellaneous contributions of the present volume; namely, Literature, Science, and Religion. In each department it will be their constant aim to blend the pleasant with the instructive, the entertaining with the useful; the flowers and fruits of their literature will not be tarnished nor mildewed by licentiousness; their science will be free from the corrupting taint of scepticism and infidelity; their religion will breathe an universal charity in union with an uncompromising faith, and a blameless and devout morality. What they have addressed to the public, as descriptive of their labours during the past year, they will endeavour fully to realise in the future. "We have written for the public, not for a section of it; and while endeavouring to amuse and improve all readers in turn, we have been very solicitous to give offence to none. We have sought to be entertaining, without violating morality and decorum; grave, without tediousness; and moral, without austerity; to impart useful knowledge, unencumbered by crabbed technicalities; inculcate great principles, irrespective of party bias; and to diffuse the all-important truths of revelation, divested of controverted tenets."

WARD'S MISCELLANY will henceforth be recognised as a "Family Magazine." This would have been its appropriate title from the beginning; for to interest and instruct the domestic circle, was originally in the contemplation of the gentlemen to whose management it was intrusted. This, then, will constitute a leading object, a distinguishing feature of the

work in its future progress ; and in prosecuting their task, the editors confidently anticipate the co-operation of the wise and good. They dedicate it more especially to the rising generation in families professedly religious, with a view of forming their intellectual tastes and moral habits ; for they are persuaded that there is no necessary connexion between ignorance and devotion, between mental degradation and elevated piety ; they feel assured that the attempt, when judiciously and perseveringly made, to unite the refinements of intellectual culture with the pure elements of revealed religion, is neither Utopian nor fallacious.

WARD'S MISCELLANY

OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

PROSPECTUS.

"THEMISTOCLES, when an ambassador in a set speech had boasted great matters of a small village, takes him up thus; Friend, your words would require a City." So anxious are the Editors of *Ward's Miscellany* to avoid the charge of uttering a prospectus which would require a Cyclopædia, that they could be content with referring the reader to the prospectuses of preceding periodicals, and simply adding, "all that they have said, we will do."

But this, of course, their modesty forbids; besides which, they deem it incumbent on every party commencing a periodical, to show, first, that such a publication is wanting; and, secondly, that the one proposed will infallibly supply the want.

As to the former of these duties, the merest tyro in literature is aware that where there is a disposition to publish, to prove the need of the publication is the easiest part of the task. The word *desideratum* appears to have been sent into the world expressly for such occasions, and the author is grateful for it accordingly. He feels that proof of the desirableness of his project is superfluous, and takes it for granted that every one will intuitively perceive it, and instantly acknowledge it. Should he, however, condescend to prove its necessity, the proof is so conclusive, that one only wonders at the folly of the world in not calling for his publication before: the want is felt to be so crying, that one is constrained to be thankful that society has held together so long without his desideratum; and fearful, like persons awaiting the arrival of a doctor in a case of life and death, lest the social system should dissolve before the expected help arrives.

Now, although the Projectors of the present publication indulge the hope that the British nation might possibly hold out a few years longer even without the aid they proffer, still they would not incur the fearful responsibility of allowing this question to remain doubtful even another moment.

The ground which they propose to occupy is virgin soil. They have not to give any of their fellow-labourers "warning to quit;" or, like the candidate for sovereignty in certain barbarous states in South America, to prove their qualifications for the throne by butchering the present occupant; nor, like oriental despots, do they deem it impossible to reign, unless the first act of their sovereignty be to massacre all their brethren. Far more congenial with their taste would it be to dwell on the distinguishing excellencies of contemporary periodicals, (and they

are not a few,) which are running a useful career, and enjoying a merited reputation;—to expatiate on the philosophy which enriches one—the spirit of nature which breathes through another—the useful information which distinguishes a third—the amusing character of a fourth—and the religious tone which pervades a fifth. But it is more accordant with their present duty to state, that it will be their aim to unite all these characteristic excellencies; and to add to them a sixth, of which the reader has at present no more conception than he has of a sixth sense, an excellency which must be exemplified in order to be understood.

Now they confidently appeal to the reader that no such Periodical exists; and they ask him frankly whether he would not like to read such an one—one which shall create an appetite for all the others, and yet render them all unnecessary—which shall constitute the *ne plus ultra*, the Hercules' pillars of periodical literature—which shall disprove the *Nihil novi super terram*—which, if Plutarch were *super terram* to write lives of periodicals by parallels, as he has of men, would compel him to throw down his pen in despair, acknowledging that "none but itself can be its parallel,"—which shall make the reign of William the Fourth as celebrated as the Augustan or Elizabethan age, and constrain the present generation to be grateful that their lot is cast amidst the light of its pages.

Having thus satisfactorily demonstrated that a new periodical is wanted, it only remains for us to show that the one projected will certainly supply that want. This might be done by simply enumerating the names of the writers embarked in it, and with whom it has originated. But, as these must remain sacred to secrecy, nothing is left us but to specify some of its peculiar merits. Let the reader recall to mind all the school prospectuses which ever passed through his hands,—promising the fond parent to make Solomons of all his sons, and Graces of all his daughters,—the *Miscellany* will aim, if not to afford the rising race an excellent "education in all its branches," to create a thirst for knowledge where, as yet, it is not felt, and to gratify that appetite where it exists already. Let him remember all the advertisements and prospectuses of rail-road speculations, which of late have passed under his eye—so many, that had they been as rife in the early days of phrenology, Gall would doubtless have found an organ of railroadiveness in the universal human cranium—the

Miscellany proposes to be a rail-road in the march of intellect, facilitating mental intercourse, uniting ease and safety, annihilating party distance, and, if not directly increasing the "filthy lucre" of those availing themselves of it, at least teaching them how to employ what they possess already. Let him think of that most interesting class of prospectuses, so provocative to appetite, vulgarly denominated *bills of fare*—and what document has he ever devoured with greater zest?—the *Miscellany* proposes to set before him a sumptuous repast of nutritious aliment, "including all the delicacies of the season," and never disappointing his hungry expectation with a "Not ready, Sir." Let him think of all the addresses "to the Afflicted and Distressed," and of all the "Balsams," "Heal-Alls," and "Universal Medicines," which have come under his notice,—the *Miscellany* is a gentle Alternative—warranted Antibilious—a certain specific against drowsiness, languor, and depression of spirits. But, saith Bacon, "it were too long to go over the particular remedies which learning"—which, being interpreted, means the *Miscellany*—"doth minister to all the diseases of the mind, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping digestion, sometimes increasing appetite, sometimes healing the wounds and exulcerations thereof, and the like; and to conclude with that which hath *rationem totius*, which is, that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of growth and reformation." And as this medicine is prepared solely from the most innocent yet effective articles in the whole *Intelligentia Medica*, (not containing a grain of error,) it may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages, and in every climate. And, finally, let him tax his memory for all the literary prospectuses, and "conditions of publication," which he has read, and which have promised to melt down the world, and re-coin it anew, stamped with their respective sovereign impresses—the *Miscellany* diffidently proposes to realize all the pleasing visions which these literary frauds have ever excited. By uniting all that is new in science, useful in art, instructive in education, important in morals and manners, sublime and pathetic in poetry, amusing in original anecdotes, narratives, and miscellaneous subjects, interesting in literature, and divine in religion—by rendering its gravest discussions attractive, and its lightest articles subservient to the illustration of great principles—by combining *veritas, bonitas, et suavitas*—and by making it so cheap that poverty can purchase it, so portable that childhood can hold it, so respectable that opulence shall be proud of it, so clear and simple that ignorance shall understand it, and so comprehensive and copious of information, that it shall constitute in itself an independent and sufficient library—by doing all this, the *Miscellany*

proposes to place its readers not only abreast, but considerably in advance of the well-informed portions of society, to purify and improve the public taste, to raise the tone of the national character; in short, to hasten the return of the golden age.

The Editors feel that the undertaking is great, and every way worthy to rank among the wonders of the nineteenth century. But *nil desperandum*: "till a matter be done, men wonder that it can be done; and, as soon as it is done, wonder again that it was not sooner done; as we see in the expedition of Alexander into Asia; and the same happened to Columbus in the western navigation;" and the same, doubtless, will happen to them. On this account, far more congenial would it have been to the Editors could they have introduced the *Miscellany* to the public, as the gods were accustomed to descend among mortals, *in aurâ leni*, without noise or commotion. But fearful of the shock which its unheralded appearance might occasion to the "gentle public," and desirous to act towards their rivals in the magnanimous spirit of Alexander on the plains of Arbela, they "would not steal a victory," but thus announce their coming—desire a fair field, and no favour.

And let no one weep, like the ancient Thracians and modern Malthusians at the birth of a child, that another book is born into the world; for, saith a great authority, when speaking of the redundancy of books, "this surcharge is not to be remedied by making no more books, but by making more good books, which, as the serpent of Moses, might devour the serpents of the enchanters." That the *Miscellany* will have this effect, its Editors have no question—their only concern relates to the future support of those whose books are to be devoured. They would remind them, however, that if their individual welfare is sacrificed, it is to the general good—exhort them to be resigned—and promise that, for their sakes, they will treble their subscriptions to the Literary Fund. From the preceding statements, the reader will perceive the high opinion which the Editors entertain of prospectuses generally, as well as their determination not to be outdone in any department which may properly fall within their province; and he will also have the goodness to believe that they promise every thing, simply that they may consider themselves pledged to nothing.

Now, after this frank and friendly introduction to the reader, the Editors only deem it necessary to add, in sober sincerity, that it will be their aim to produce a Weekly *Miscellany* which shall possess characteristic excellencies distinguishing it from all its contemporaries, and that its pages will be consecrated to the highest and the holiest purposes. But in order to estimate its peculiar merits, they respectfully invite the reader to await its actual appearance.

RETROSPECT IN PROSPECTU.

"How like you our Prospectus?" "Not at all," say a certain demure class, who, lacking wit, imagine themselves profoundly wise. "A Prospectus of what? It is too long to be a joke, and yet too absurd to be the prelude to any thing serious; it must be a hoax." "Not so, most grave and reverend Signiors; this number is a substantial proof that it is, *bonâ fide*, a veritable Prospectus." "I cannot understand its drift, nor the object of the writer," says a worthy bibliopolist in the Row, by no means a conjurer; "it sets all customary rules at defiance; it has no definite points to enable the trade to form the slightest conception of the nature of the publication it announces; we know it is '*Ward's Miscellany*,' and that is all." "And enough, Mr. Malapert; is not a Miscellany a Miscellany? and *Ward's Miscellany*! He that does not see a meaning and a mystery in this, can understand neither rhyme nor reason." "Ah!" groans the Rev. Pelagius Sleekhair, "its levity is my abomination." "Yes," rejoins the Rev. Hyper-Calvin Frybabe,* who lives in the garret of the house of which the worthy Pelagius occupies the ground floor, "on all other subjects I differ from you *toto cælo*, but on this we are agreed,—we must encourage no laughing philosophers; if we do not effectually root out the *gaieté de cœur* among our young people, and assiduously preserve them from its contamination, our churches will dwindle into nothing; there will be no generation to come after." "I am a religious conservative," says a Simon Pure-looking personage in black, "and your Prospectus—which, by the bye, is a strange misnomer—is too flippant, and too satirical to please my taste. I proscribe every literary effort that presumes to infringe upon the long-established order which unites dulness with piety. A Christian has no right to be facetious; above all, he must abnegate ironical pleasantry; nor is it for him to shoot folly as it flies. Your Prospectus, gentlemen, is not a Sermon." "We acknowledge it with all humility. We leave sermons to the preachers. Ours is a Miscellany; yet grave Sir, it is possible, in our endeavours to amuse and to instruct those who are willing to be pleased and ready to learn, that we may find

"Sermons in stones, tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks, and good in every thing."

The religious spirit, we trust, will purify our thoughts, chasten our feelings, and guide our pens. Science, arts, and letters are the handmaids of religion. The wisest philosopher is he who deems the book of God the best; but he is a very mistaken Christian who would deprive religion of these her charmed attendants; and

* This is the same personage introduced to our notice in "*THE DOCTOR*," who has mistaken his christian or his given name, which is *Hyper* not *Philo*-Calvin.

who would confine his reading exclusively to the Holy Scriptures. We contend that there is not a particle of levity in the paper which has drawn so harsh a judgment from the Sleekhairs and the Frybabes of this generation; and we tell them that we regard religion with so high a reverence, that we even respect the prejudices of its injudicious advocates. Acknowledging this, we likewise add, that we must not, in deference to human weakness, consent to make religion a scarecrow. This sacred, though perhaps, an invisible element, as we have hinted, shall qualify our lightest articles; and its presence we will confess as Christians do, when in social life they indulge in the innocent pleasantries of their most unrestrained intercourse. We aim to be the companions of the breakfast-table, and an evening guest in those family circles where devotion hallows every domestic enjoyment; where religion presides, and fills the throne of cheerful and happy hearts. Neither is our philosophy nor our religion cynical. We know how to be grave and to be gay—meaning by gaiety what the wise man intended when he said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." We are not strangers to deep-felt emotion, and we have our seasons of melancholy; but we know how to charm away the evil spirit: and we are taught by a philosophy not learned in the schools, that true wisdom breathes of consolation, and hope, and joy, but never of sadness, sourness, and cold misanthropy. The anxieties of doubt have sometimes knit the brow of thought almost into an expression of agony—but we have also been gladdened by the *Eureka* of discovery. We have now attained, in reference to the most momentous subject that can agitate the human mind, "the soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy;" and on whatever theme we touch, we do it with buoyancy, and under the influence of pleasurable emotions derived from the highest source, which we are not disposed either to disguise or repress. The elegant pursuits of literature have refined our sense of the delicate and the beautiful, and the solid satisfactions of religion are the balm of our spirits. Messrs. Sleekhair and Frybabe, we bid you a very good even; may your dreams be as antibilious as your waking thoughts and feelings are sombre and acrimonious.

"I guess," says brother Jonathan, whose answer to our modest inquiry has just been wafted to us across the Atlantic, "that your Prospectus means more than meets the eye; it looks very like a sly attack on all your predecessors and contemporaries, while it but ill conceals your own egregious vanity. You abjure, indeed, all pretension in words, yet, though you directly promise nothing, do you not insinuate that you intend to do every thing? Is not your arrogance prodigious?"—Prodigious!

"Do you expect that a work so introduced will ever succeed?" is the inquiry of many who, in their affectionate good-will, earnestly desire that it may not. But *ecce signum!* Have we not great capabilities? And, should we fail—how many glorious attempts have perished in embryo? But we are already born into the world—look at our infant smiles, and you will not find it in your hearts willingly to let us die.

"It is mirthful," replies one of the million who have made up their minds to be our purchasers and patrons, "and it does me good; in a playful mood, and by a flowry path, it aims to allure us in good humour, and with a gentle spirit, into an intimate companionship with its forthcoming lucubrations." Thank you, dear reader; for you these pages are written, and they will not fail to impart to you both pleasure and instruction; with you we could hold converse from

"Morn to noon,
From noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day."

And you will find, as we proceed, that we have "Toys for the young and the old, as well for the grave as the gay," as sings, not Dr. Southey, but his predecessor, James Pye, Esq., Poet Laureate. But, before we begin, allow us to settle with you a few preliminaries. Science, Literature, and Religion!—What is there not embraced in these grand divisions? Let us, therefore, not be understood as holding forth any promise of an encyclopædia; nor are our readers to expect that the order of subjects, as it

stands in the Prospectus, will be strictly adhered to; or that each number will contain them all; or that we mean to be profound, in the heavy sense of the term, on any. This we leave to the mystifiers and the metaphysicians. We know there are things in heaven and earth that our philosophy has not dreamed of; but we shall fix no bounds to our inquiries. Science, as applied to art, and art as sustaining science—discoveries when they are made, and improvements as they advance, will find adequate notices in our page; and the treasures of literature—of the olden times, and of the passing hour—all that exalts sentiment and refines taste; whatever gives ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth, we shall produce for the benefit of that portion of the public that may feel interested in our labours, and willing to encourage them.

The devout and the wise of all churches and sects—those who, under whatever forms and distinctions, are sincerely anxious for the defence, the diffusion, and the influence of pure, practical Christianity, as embraced by Protestants of all persuasions, who regard the person of the Saviour as Divine, his death as a sacrifice, his life as an example, the Scriptures as his word, and the Holy Spirit as his witness and their interpreter, will do well to promote the circulation of a periodical, whose great object shall ever be to enrich and elevate, with all useful knowledge, those minds which are already imbued with that infinitely high and transcendental science—"The science which makes wise unto salvation."

HOME.

No term in language is so replete with delightful associations as the word "home;" the sound of it touches a vibrating chord in every human bosom; and he whose pulsation is not quickened by it, must have sunk into the last degree of moral insensibility. Whether we think of the spot, enshrined in memory's most hallowed recesses, where we drew the first breath of existence, or of the dwelling-place of maturer years, in the centre of a wide-spread scene of various relationships, occupations, and influences;—the home of infancy and of manhood is ever dear; and dearer still, perhaps, the home of age. Is there any heart that needs to be impressed, or any understanding that requires to have the sentiment inculcated and enforced, that there is a charm in the words "parent," "father," "mother," "brother," "sister," "husband," "wife," and "child?" Surely there is none. Even instinct here is stronger and more perfect than philosophy; it is, besides, more universal, and operates as a settled law of the moral universe. To it are to be referred many of the purest sentiments and passions of which our nature is susceptible; and from it are derived some of its choicest sensibilities.

It matters not *where* that concentration of all sweet remembrances called "home" is fixed; the mind is spell-bound by the thought. It may be in the midst of Africa's burning sands, or amongst the ices of the pole; it may be in the haunts of barbarism, or the refinements of civilization; it may be in the crowded city, or rustic village; on the mountain's top, or in the lowly vale; still it is *home*—the best of fancy's images, the richest of reality's enjoyments. Nothing, in fact, is more wonderful or cheering to contemplate, than the total independence of this one great possession of every other, and of all external circumstances. For, to render it happy, it need not be invested with dignity, or encompassed by magnificence. It may be the retreat of poverty itself, and yet be capable of ministering to some of the noblest pleasures of the mind; and its untutored, unadorned, and unknown inmates will not fail to produce affecting and endearing emotions, which flow through the whole extensive circle of consanguinity and friendship. Nor does it signify whither we ourselves may have wandered; for still the same beloved image presents itself, with its associate ideas, to banish distance in separation, to create company in soli-

tude, to inspire joy in sorrow. We may visit lands more fertile, societies more refined, and abodes more splendid ; but *home* surpasses them all.

If the picture we have now briefly, but not too poetically drawn, possess any of the characteristics of truth, there cannot be a more melancholy display of human destitution than a being *without a home*,—a houseless, bewildered, and hopeless wanderer. To complete the vision of this wretchedness, it is only needful to conceive of a person banished from his dwelling, not by misfortune only, but by the disastrous and desolating power of crime ;—to suppose that this has stripped him of his possessions, broken the last tie of his earliest and most privileged associations, and driven him into a wild region of separation from the love, as well as from the accommodations, of his own or his father's habitation. This is, with a few additional circumstances of surpassing interest, the Saviour's parable of the prodigal son. A man had two sons ; the younger demanded his patrimony ; he departed from his father's house into a distant country, where he dissipated all he possessed in riotous living ; and, after reducing himself to the extremity of want, a famine occurred, and he let himself as a swineherd, with scarcely the means of obtaining a meal. Reflection brought to view his folly, and the abundance of his father's house. He determined to return home, confess his wickedness, and implore even a menial situation in his parent's establishment. He did so : his compassionate father welcomed him with tears of joy, and made a great festival to celebrate his restoration. Whatever other truths this parable may be intended to represent, unquestionably it conveys a striking idea of the folly and guilt of every man in wandering from God, and the felicity of a full reconciliation, a perfect love, and an eternal home, which await the penitent and the believer.

Notwithstanding the accommodations, the affections, the pleasurable intercourse, and the numerous advantages belonging to the best-regulated families, this earth can nowhere furnish the Christian with his most valued, permanent, and only real home ; no, not even where science, literature, and art have done their utmost to elevate intellect and embellish life ; not even where love presides over and pervades, with its sweet charities and sacred bonds, the domestic circle ; not even in the present imperfect condition of our being, where religion itself prevails, though it only can impart the finishing excellence to character, and spread a moral sunshine over the darkest lot of humanity. The Christian's home is in "a better country,"—a mansion in the skies. As it is neither situated in a world of vicissitudes, nor constructed of earthly materials, it possesses none of those characteristics of imperfection and decay that are incident to every state and every

profession below the sun. Who is there that has revisited, after some years of absence, the place of his nativity, without emotions of sorrow at the changes that have occurred ? The children of another generation are sporting on the village-green where his careless infancy gambolled, or are strolling over the green fields, or tossing the stones, or their fish-hooks, into the stream that flows through the paradise of his juvenile delight ; the very tree which shaded the green that formed the greatest province of his earth, has lost some of its noblest branches, and shows a more hollowed and time-worn trunk ; and the cottage, with its pretty little garden and white-painted pale fence, is inhabited by others than his parents and his family circle—a new and unknown race—or is desolate, and fallen into the wreck of years ; his little shag dog, his favourite cat, his chosen companion in the school and in the holiday-hours, of sport and birds'-nesting ; the ever-laughed-at, ever-loved humorist and polyphemus of the hamlet,—all, all are gone. But there are no changes and desolations in friends or things in our heavenly home. Who is there that has not found, in the best ordered and most united families, some sources of disquiet, misunderstanding, and painful regret ; and who, in the most prosperous, has not realized the uncertainties, and witnessed some of the distressing events, or depressing anxieties of life ? But neither misrule, nor mistake, nor care ; neither mutual dissatisfactions, nor wide-wasting adversity, are incident to our Father's house in the heavens. Who that has witnessed or enjoyed the rosiest health and the brightest prospects, but has suffered from the inroads of disease, the distractions of grief, and the separations of bereavement ? But these calamities, which have their origin in man's fall and degeneracy, depart for ever from that sinless, sorrowless, and deathless abode which constitutes the Christian's home.

In traversing the vale of life, I saw an aged man sitting, as if in profound meditation, beneath the overshadowing branches of an oak. I approached respectfully, and said, "My friend, you seem solitary and sad."

"Not so," was his reply ; "I am neither solitary nor sad."

I looked round with an air, doubtless, of wonderment and unbelief, for it attracted his notice, and led to further discourse. I could see no living thing, neither bird, nor beast, nor insect ; the only sights that presented themselves to the eye were an impenetrable forest skirting the narrow slip of land between mountains, a narrow streamlet gliding down the centre, and a hut without inhabitant, near which the hoary-headed pilgrim had taken his station ; and the only sound I heard was the bubbling of the brook, which seemed to create a deeper silence.

"Not solitary ?" I asked.

"Stranger," continued he, "have you never

heard or felt that one may be never less alone than when alone? These sylvan shades, and this conscious heart, touched by a renewing power, bespeak an ever-present Deity; and who can be alone when God is with him?"

"But may I be allowed, without offence or implied suspicion, to remark, that a romantic sentiment of this nature has been often uttered by those who have evinced no real knowledge of the infinite Being, no acquaintance with his moral character, and their relation to him, and none of the devout affection which breathes in the hallowed strains of Israel's pious monarch: 'As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.'"

"I know," said he, "the sentiment is often romantic, but with me it is real. I hold converse with the Highest, not as the God of nature only, but as the God of Scripture; not as the Creator of heaven and earth only, but as the Redeemer of lost man, through the shedding of the blood of 'the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world.'"

"Then you receive that doctrine which is often termed, in scorn, *evangelical*?"

"Assuredly; that great elementary truth is all my salvation and joy,—'the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.' Whoever chooses to mock at or neglect it, must take the fearful consequences of his derision and infidelity."

"Christian pilgrim, I hail your venerable age, but more venerable experience. You are not, then, solitary; and I perceive you cannot be *sad*."

"As to the latter, my worthy visitor, there is enough in my temporal lot to produce the wretchedness I nevertheless disclaimed. Ah! sir, my life, like this wide-spreading tree in its wintry desolation, has no greenness; but unlike it, and more despoiled by time, I have no branches left."

"Then you have lost a family?"

"I have lost parents, kinsmen, wife, and children, the beloved companions of earlier days; and I have lost property bequeathed, and property acquired, all but my last shelter, that wind-shaken hut; and yet I have an inheritance, too, and am going to take possession."

He lifted up his eyes, and pointed his fingers; both appeared in the direction of the lofty mountains.

"You have an estate, then, beyond those hills, and your personal presence is necessary? But can you hope, under the pressure of so much age and infirmity, to surmount those barriers of nature; and will you spend your last strength in so vain a toil, and to acquire so transient a possession?"

"It is not those mountains," he exclaimed with energy, "which I expect to pass over; nor is it a valuable property lying beyond them, in some

fair enclosure, which I seek to secure, or which I know to be mine."

He paused, and pointed upward once more; I saw it was to the "everlasting hills," and to his anticipated possession in heaven. He added, with inexpressible emotion, "My weary pilgrimage is ended, and I am just **AT HOME**."

It is the gospel of Jesus Christ which unveils the mystery of future existence; it is *himself*, as "the light of the world," who "brings life and immortality to light." If it be a fact, fully attested and unquestionable, that there is a condition of endless and blissful existence for the Christian, it is not only important to inquire what is heaven, but chiefly important is it to ascertain the way to it; what is a Christian; and what is the foundation of personal hope with regard to the possession of its immeasurable joys? To this point we shall devote a few lines, because, amidst the diversities of religious sentiment which obtain, and which in some cases are extreme and essential, we choose, in the first number of our publication, to assure our readers that in Christianity we take our standing at once, without hesitation and without compromise, on the only ground where we conceive firm footing is to be obtained,—the atoning efficacy of the great Sacrifice, the redeeming and saving power, through faith, of the death, the resurrection, and advocacy of Jesus, the Son of God. The Scriptures represent the object of our Saviour's incarnation to have been, "to take away sin by the sacrifice of himself;" or, in other and diversified modes of expression, to "save men's lives;" "to save sinners;" "to seek and to save that which was lost;" "to take away the sins of the world." Whatever be the phraseology, the essential idea is always deliverance from destruction,—the removal of a curse,—salvation from ruin, and restoration to God and happiness, in the dispensation of a present pardon and a future heaven. It is uniformly declared that Jesus Christ succeeded in his purpose,—that he made an atonement which satisfied every claim, and presented the basis of a perfect and everlasting reconciliation between the alienated transgressor and his offended Maker. The *appropriation* of this covenanted provision, so that salvation may be actually enjoyed, is uniformly attributed to faith or believing in Christ: "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." The apostles, with undaunted heroism and persevering zeal, amidst the world's mockery of a doctrine too simple, spiritual, and self-humiliating for its approval, went every where proclaiming its truth, and attesting their own convictions of its importance, by labouring with incessant effort, and suffering martyrdom with readiness and even joy, for its diffusion. Faith forms the Christian character, and, through the sanctifying power of the Spirit, prepares for heaven, the Christian's home. Jesus Christ was not a martyr, that is, not a martyr only, he was

a substitute, a sacrifice, a propitiation, "descending from above,"—as angel messengers announced to the shepherds of Bethlehem "keeping watch

over their flocks by night,"—to promote glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill to men." Y.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

THE book of nature is so superior to every book of human contrivance and composition, that it is impossible to institute any comparison between them. When we wish to be instructed by the human book, we must perform two distinct species of labour,—we must know the language in which the book is written, before we can ever attempt to obtain the slightest idea of the information that it contains, or whether it contains any information which can be profitable or pleasurable to us. But when we go to the book of nature, one-half, and that by far the most disagreeable and difficult half, of that labour is spared us. In the book of nature the acquiring of the knowledge itself is the very first step in our progress, for nature's book is written in every language and dialect under the canopy of heaven.

It is this facility in acquiring the knowledge of nature which constitutes the grand charm of nature's works; and the human body and mind are both so adapted to this, that the contemplation of nature is not only required, but absolutely demanded, for the keeping of both in their proper tone. There are many powers of the body, and many faculties of the mind, which seldom or never come into play in our ordinary avocations, especially if those avocations are mechanical; and this is the case, to a greater or less extent, in every occupation which mankind follow, or can follow, as a trade.

Now, whatever power or faculty is allowed to lie idle, does mischief both to the body and to the mind. In the body we can observe it; and there is not a single mechanic that has been long and industriously employed at one trade, whose walk, and, indeed, whose whole air and gait, instantly tell what trade he is of, without any inquiry. The reason of this is, that each trade requires a different application of the muscles, or moving powers of the body; and those which are not exercised in trade or occupation become weakened, while the ones that are exercised are thereby strengthened, provided the exercise is kept within reasonable bounds. The necessary consequence of this is, that the body gets deformed, not, most probably, to such an extent as that the parts of it seem disproportioned and out of shape when it is in a position of rest; but the moment that it is put into what may be called the natural motion of the human body, namely, walking at ease, the deformity tells in the gait, as has been mentioned.

To prevent this, it becomes necessary that those who labour in any particular way which requires more of the work of some muscles of

the body than of that of others, should have regular periods, not of mere rest from labour, but of what is properly termed relaxation; that is, allowing those parts of the frame, which are in a state of tension during the working hours to unbend themselves, while others come into action, and supply their place.

To preserve this mechanical tone of our animal frame in the best condition, and for the greatest length of time, experience clearly shows that mere rest is not that which it requires to alternate with labour, but that there is a certain portion of the frame which demands exercise, before the whole machine will so work as to keep up the tone and vigour of those parts of it which we use in our every-day occupations. So well is this understood, that those professions or trades which have nothing but a continuous alternation of labour and repose, always weaken the bodies and shorten the lives of those engaged in them. It would be invidious to instance any particular trade; but there are some required and largely exercised by the luxurious state of the country, where the arm of one sturdy yeoman from the valley, or one mountaineer from the hill, would scatter hundreds of the feeble things like chaff.

In this case it is really a return to nature which upholds the working structure of the body against the inroad which art is every day making upon it; for the relaxation which tends to soundness of the constitution and the fabric, is a natural motion which brings every part of the body into play. Those who have been labour-worn, or care-worn, or study-worn, till nature was sick and exhausted, even to the desire of death, and who, when in this state, have taken a well-informed friend by the arm, and moved toward some open common or some wind-beaten hill, must have felt how the sinews began to knit, and the muscles to swell, as the breeze of heaven played around their free motions; and those very feet which tottered at leaving the threshold, shall have returned to it bounding as the roe.

But if there is such medicine in the merely natural action of the body, without any reference to a single subject of thought, what glorious healing must there be when the immortal spirit is brought forward, and all nature is set before it! The body, curious as it is in its structure, and numerous as are its parts, is a mere temporary accommodation, a thing of threescore and ten weary winters, and then to rot in the earth; it is, as it were, the mere chariot in the course of life, which the mind rides and governs; and therefore, if we are to improve man as man, and not as beast, the mental improvement must be the

grand and primary subject of our attention. We do not mean the parade of technical learning, for of all kinds of ignorance that is often the most offensive; but we mean a mind that is able to stand up and to master every subject which may come before it.

How is such a state of mind to be obtained? We answer, In a manner similar to that in which

a healthy tone of the body is preserved. Let the mind have its relaxation, so that all its faculties may be brought into play, and then the narrow thought of the exclusively devoted to one thing will be shaken off, and the mind will be equally ready and able. The study of nature is the mind's relaxation; but in what manner it is so, we must say on another occasion. THERON.

A SEASONABLE THOUGHT.

Tempus fugit,—"time flies,"—a truth which the New Year proclaims, and which may be placed in a mathematical light. The sun is stationary in the heavens; the earth moves around it at the amazing rate of about 50,000 miles an hour; travelling a circle of millions of miles a year. Now *that* is literally the flight of time; the speed of human life; for it is the revolutions of the earth that measure our time.

"The days of our years," says the Psalmist, "are threescore years and ten;" not that we can calculate on so many, but as few attain to that age, and still fewer go beyond it, he took *that* as the maximum term of human life. Now suppose you were to be placed in a vehicle, and to be assured that you should live only till it had moved round a certain space so many times; you would at once feel that in that case the length of your life depended, not so much on the space which the vehicle had to go over, as on the rapidity with which it moved—the faster it went over the allotted ground, the sooner your life would end. And oh! if you loved life, if you dreaded death, how much would you grudge every inch of ground you passed over! You would deem its slowest pace too fast.

Now this is, substantially, the predicament in which you *do* stand. The earth on which you live is the vehicle; and you are assured that when it has carried you round the sun a certain

number of times, your life shall end. Do you not feel anxious, then, to know the rate at which you are moving on this journey of life? and when you are told that you are accomplishing it at the rate of so many thousand miles an hour, may you not well exclaim with the patriarch, "My days are swifter than a courier, they flee away!" You can actually calculate how much ground you have gone over. Multiply the rate at which the earth travels annually by the number of years you have lived, and you will see how far you have already travelled. You will find that whether you have been sleeping or waking, thoughtful or inconsiderate, you have been always rushing towards the goal of life—drawing nearer to it by thousands of miles every hour—so that however vast the space you had to travel over at first, it is daily, hourly diminishing, at a rate which will soon bring you to your journey's end.

Vita brevis,—"life is short." Hippocrates, who was probably the author of this apophthegm, extends it further, adding, *et ars longa*; intimating that the longest life is only sufficient to enable us to acquire a moderate acquaintance with any art or science. The Christian knows, however, that it is long enough to acquire the art of living well—the science of happiness; and he who has acquired *that*, bids fair to add an inch to his span-long life.

ON THE LEARNING OF THE IGNORANT.

~~There~~ may be science in fools, as well as fools in science; a sentiment which, were it not for the stupidity of mankind in general, would be seen to be axiomatically true. In fact, it is sometimes really vexatious and depressing to observe how the sagacity of an ignorant man throws a kind of reproach upon the toils and accumulated treasures of the weary and worn-out student; so that knowledge which smells of the field, and is a kind of wild flower in nature's garden, is more fragrant and refreshing than that which smells of the lamp.

But, before proceeding further, it may be as well, and will certainly be honest, though at the risk of forfeiting the honour of originality, to confess that the subject of this paper has been suggested by an essay of Hazlitt, a writer who

is often both clever and comical. It is entitled, "On the Ignorance of the Learned;" and is sufficiently illustrative of its motto, which is selected from Butler, and is, on many accounts, for its own sake, as well as for its applicability, conversely, to our present design, worthy of being here re-quoted.

"For the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak;
And, for the industry he has spent upon't,
Must full as much some other way discount.
The Hebrew, Chaldic, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,
And turn their wits that strive to understand it,
(Like those that writ to the characters) left-handed.
Yet he that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learner than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own."

Mr. Hazlitt, however, does not quite satisfy us in some particulars, unless we take his statements as sarcastical. He describes learning to be "that which is not generally known to others, and which we can only derive, at second-hand, from books or other artificial sources. The knowledge of that which is before us, or about us, which appeals to our experience, passions, and pursuits, to the bosoms and businesses of men, is not learning. Learning is the knowledge of that which none but the learned know. He is the most learned man who knows the most of what is furthest removed from common life and actual observation, that is, of the least practical utility, and least liable to be brought to the test of experience, and that, having been handed down through the greatest number of intermediate stages, is the most full of uncertainty, difficulties, and contradictions. It is seeing with the eyes of others, hearing with their ears, and pinning our faith on their understandings." This very well discriminates between learning and wisdom,—between the mere accumulations of knowledge, and their practical application and use. Hazlitt was thinking, however, only of *book-learning*; but we must be allowed a more latitudinarian signification in the use of the term; and it will then appear that if the learned are often ignorant, the ignorant, too, are learned. Whose experience does not testify that if in travelling with a learned man he may hear ignorant and stupid remarks, in travelling with an ignorant man he will be frequently confounded by wise ones? for the one draws from books, or if from his own mental resources, from a well muddy or without water; the other from the pure and perennial springs of sound judgment within. The one is like a fish-pond in a well-shaven lawn; the other like a sweet fountain covered over with weeds and thorn bushes.

The learning of the ignorant is in reality of two kinds—namely, that which is derived from tradition, and that which arises from a knowledge of human nature, or natural sagacity; the former is often replete with wisdom, the latter with wit, and with views that are profound, without the name of philosophy. By traditionary knowledge we mean the shrewd axioms of our ancestors, which are frequently found to pervade the lower classes of society, and to be treasured up in the simplest minds; and we have been struck a thousand times with the character of that knowledge. The very things which are thought to be ridiculous, and denounced as old wives' fables—the very quintessence of absurdity—the distillation of our forefathers' credulity or jokes, are nevertheless nothing more nor otherwise than concentrated good sense, and the fruits of continual and careful observation. From this cause, the most ignorant people have been greater philosophers than philosophers themselves, and have understood as much, or more,

about the influences of the moon, on wind and weather, and other kindred topics of acoustics and meteorology, as the most accomplished scientific lunatics. Common adages or maxims are admirable, and sometimes deserve to be received as infallible. Take, for example, the following plain-spoken fact—"Lend your money to your friend—lose your money and your friend." Who that has had any experience of the world, but knows that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this is literally and glaringly the fact? The hazardous experiment has been made over and over again with better hopes and self-deceiving expectations, and the result has been repeatedly, and almost invariably, the same. Distrust in young minds, like confidence in old ones, is of slow growth, and can scarcely ever be inspired by argument, appeal, and historic demonstration. Do what you will, you cannot, according to another sage observation, "put old heads on young shoulders;" life is too new, too promising, too brilliant, to admit of it. And here again, the axiom, "There is no royal road to knowledge," may be applied to moral discoveries. If diligence, study, and perseverance be requisite to the attainment of science or literature, an application of the same mental process is essential to the development, or rather to the belief, of great fundamental truths in the history of man. Experience is to acquisition in moral science what grammars and lexicons are in the attainment of a language: in both it is the law of our mental economy to "make haste slowly."

The other species of learning to which we referred, natural sagacity, is that which often supplies the place of *learning*, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. No one can fail of having been amused and surprised at the shrewdness of some unlearned persons. They are prompted both to say and to do certain things in a way that bespeaks innate powers of a high order, which, amidst outward concealments or accidents, evince all the attributes of native genius. And as to the discoveries of untaught men, they are great and striking. Think of a poor boy discovering the telescope! Think of Pascal discovering the series of Euclid's propositions in the first book in his father's garret! Think of Opie discovering and pursuing the art of painting in a saw-pit! Think of Bloomfield writing his poem of "The Farmer's Boy" when he was what he describes in Suffolk, and when he could not spell rightly a word he wrote!

In the commonest walks of life, how often do we find science without knowing it—both theoretical and practical. A mathematician sits down to demonstrate that the two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third side; whereas, without any of the diagrams, and ABC's, and *quod erat demonstrandum* of Euclid, a poor man knows by experience that the strait path from one gate to another is, as he calls it, a

shorter cut than to go by the sides of the field, which are at angles with each other. A learned philosopher will explain very *optically* and very logically the subject of refraction. He states that the rays of light, in passing through different media, as air and water, are diverted from their rectilinear direction, and occasion the objects of vision to be seen in other than their actual places and positions. When the rays pass from the rarer into the denser mediums, they are drawn nearer the perpendicular; but when they proceed from the denser medium into the rarer, they move in a direction further from it. In illustration of his reasoning, he takes a basin, places a shilling on the bottom, securing it by sealing-wax from shifting its position, and then pours in some water. You are required previously to retire, so as just to lose sight of the piece of money from the edge of the basin, and as the water flows in, it is perceived to rise into full view. This, he tells you truly, is owing to the refractory medium, the water; and a pretty experiment it is for juvenile philosophers. But the rustic villager has it all before him in another form, and with the practical application of the theory. He takes his gun, or the gun of his master, to shoot a large species of fish, which he sometimes snares; but instead of aiming directly at it, he has learned to calculate upon the power of the refracting medium, and levels his piece so as to allow for it. The indirect aim secures his object, because he knows that the bullet is diverted from its immediate course, like the rays of light, by the water through which it has to pass. The history of *natural arithmeticians*, if the expression may be used, is remarkable. The means of acquiring their untaught knowledge have in some instances been developed—in others it has remained an impenetrable secret; and

what is curious, they have never been found capable of explaining it themselves. Thus, in the case of a girl at Bethnal-green, in the east of London, she stated that the first tendency in her own mind to numbers and calculations was discovered by continually detecting herself in counting the threads in her loom as she wove them. Her mind accompanied her shuttle, till she reckoned them with the interstices cross-ways, and in every form of possible or imaginary position. From addition she proceeded to multiplication, but then lost herself in the wilderness of an extensive domain of thought, which she could traverse, though she knew not how, with the utmost facility. The Devonshire boy was still more extraordinary: he could answer at once, or in the shortest time which can well be imagined for such a work, the most difficult questions proposed to him by expert calculators. Many have employed hours to prepare sums which he could give with perfect accuracy in a few minutes; but neither could he explain them, nor afterwards, although instructed for the purpose, the method of arriving at his solutions. The faculty was at first discovered in a singular way. Two butchers were disputing about the price of a hog which one had sold to the other. They reckoned so many stone at such a price; but the odd money, or fractional results, surpassed their arithmetic. The boy in question was playing with some little schoolfellows of his own age at marbles, seemingly taking no notice; but at length burst forth with a kind of triumphant laugh at their stupidity, and told them the exact amount. They were at first indignant at his impertinence, but at last yielded to his knowledge; and the circumstance becoming the talk of the village led to the further discoveries of his surprising talent.

X.

STORY OF A LEAF.

"Upon what subject shall I write?" thought I with myself; but the visions had fled, and all was a blank to me. I called, but not one of the countless millions of things, real or imagined, would stand up and give me the likeness thereof. "I gnawed my pen, then dashed it on the ground, sinking"—but, alas! not "from thought to thought;" for it was descent in sheer mental vacancy, as silent and as actionless as that of the down of a feather when it drops, heavily as lead, through the altitude of an exhausted receiver in an air-pump.

I tried the three resources recommended by the matchless Stagyrte who taught the Macedonian youth to conquer the world, in order that he might impart, if possible, the learning of Greece to the people, and send, in return, specimens of the productions of all lands for the benefit of the philosopher-students at Athens.

As he directs, I looked upon the ground to see what memorial of the past would come to my assistance; but the waters of oblivion had passed over it, and not a vestige presented itself. Again I looked upward to the sky, in fond anticipation of the fore-cast shadow of some coming event; but, alas! the seal of secrecy was upon the whole, and would not be broken. I looked straight forward along the level line, in hopes to discern something of the passing day; but the day, too, was subjectless and silent. Thus was I compelled to abandon all the three resources of Aristotle.

Then I tried my usual sources of reminiscence,—the corners of the room,—the books in or out of place,—the coal-skuttle turned the right way or the wrong,—and all those little artificial helps which I had aforetime found so redolent in ideas; I even dared to cast a glance upon

that sacred cobweb in the corner, the contemplation of which had aforetime enabled me to solve, in so satisfactory a manner, the knotty problem as to whether an angle can pass through empty space, and solid iron, with equal rapidity and absence of fatigue. The cobweb enabled me to say, "Yes," in the case of the angles; and I would maintain it sturdily to this day against the whole host of the Jesuits, and the convocations of Cam and Isis to boot; but on the present occasion the cobweb was as mute of information as the spider which constructed it; which spider must have gone the way of all spiders more than twelve months ago. I was thus reduced to an extremity. The pens, the ink, the paper were all ready, and there was a willing mind; but not a subject would present itself by means of which I could enter the lists of immortal fame upon the arena of "WARD'S MISCELLANY." I went into the garden in despair; a branch of a Maddock's cherry-tree extended across the walk, and there was pendent from it a single withered leaf, the last remnant of that foliage which had been so gay and green upon it in the season of the year's beauty. Just as I approached it, it dropped down, not by the agitation of the wind, for there was not a breath stirring; but by the gentle law of nature's all-bountiful Author in the fulness of its accomplished work. I caught it between my hands ere it reached the ground; and there came over me a thrill of exultation, as if I had been touched by the Spirit. "Here," thought I to myself, "is a subject;" and with this subject I returned to my study.

A leaf, slightly as we pass it by, and heedlessly as we tread upon it, in consequence, probably, of the frequency of its occurrence, is one of the most wonderful productions of nature. The first consideration upon this, as upon every other subject, is to know exactly what we mean by the word we make use of; which, in the present instance, resolves itself into a correct answer to the question, "What is a leaf?" To find a correct answer to this is the more necessary, because many modern botanists, infected by a species of mania, to which they have given the name of "morphology," or the doctrine of forms,—and when they dreamed of which they must have been spell-bound by Morpheus, or some power more leaden still,—have endeavoured to persuade the world that thorns, and roses, and berries, and apples, and all sorts of fruits, are nothing but changed leaves; in short, lord Peter's conversion of the brown leaf into all the luxuries of the larder, was nothing to the metamorphosis of the leaf under the hands of these gentlemen. And, in order to complete the parallel, they stand ready to inflict as deep an anathema upon all who are sceptical as to their dogmas, as lord Peter did upon his two brothers, Martin and Jack, when they would not receive and eat the brown leaf as a shoulder of mutton.

A leaf, in the proper sense of the word, knows no metamorphosis. Sometimes it is well expanded, and sometimes not, according to circumstances; and its form changes even in the same plant, when that plant requires a difference of habit. There is no leaf, properly so called, upon the cellular plants, the mosses, the lichens, and the fungi; and, indeed, the latter of these, as they appear above the ground, or external of the bark of those trees on which they are parasitical, are flowers, and nothing but flowers. Sometimes the discrepancy in appearance and size between the flower, and the plant which produces it, is so great, that, while the flower is absolutely splendid in its magnitude, the plant is so very small, that it can with difficulty be discerned with the microscope: thus, for instance, the *krábút*, (*rafflesia arnoldi*;) which grows in Sumatra, is in the shape of a well-formed flower, consisting of fine petals, of a foot in length each, with a nectary in the centre which would hold twelve pints, and the whole weighing fifteen pounds. This grows upon decaying wood in the wild forests of the oriental islands, much in the same manner as common fungi, or toad-stools, grow upon decaying wood in our own forests. But, notwithstanding the magnitude of this flower, which is greater than that of any other known one, observation searches in vain for the plant, and no root, no stem, and no leaf, can be discovered. This is but one specimen of a very curious class, which we shall probably have again and again to introduce to the notice of the readers of the "Miscellany." The whole class are, however, leafless; and were we to seek a practical answer to our question, "What is a leaf?" our appeal to them would be unavailing.

No herbaceous plant, that is, no plant the stem of which dies down seasonably, either with or without a similar perishing of the root, possesses a leaf, in the proper sense of the term; a blade of grass or corn, for instance, though a green development of the plant, and calculated to answer nearly the same purpose which a leaf answers in those plants which have leaves, is not a leaf.

Again, no plant which, standing for more than one season, grows from the centre only, or is what botanists call *endogenous*, which just means growing from the centre, possesses a leaf, in the true sense of the word; and there are some of the ever-green *exogenous* trees of tropical countries, of which it is very doubtful whether the green expansions come properly under the designation of leaves. The palms are stately trees of great beauty and long endurance; and the green expansions which form the crown of the palm are among the most graceful productions of the vegetable kingdom; but still not one of them is a leaf, they are part and parcel of the stem of the tree, which stem consists of nothing but the remains of those green productions.

What, then, is a leaf? It is a thing of the season, put forth in the year, and perishing with the year. There is a little difference in this respect; for most leaves upon the plants of temperate climates are produced in the spring, and shed in the autumn, and such plants are called *deciduous*, which means that they "part off." There are, however, a good many trees, even in such countries, as, for example, the common

laurel and holly, which do not shed the leaves of the former year till those of the passing year are considerably advanced. We call such trees "evergreens," and we are right, in so far as the succession is concerned, because the new green comes on before the old green goes off; but still their leaves are only for a season. We must pause, however, but shall speedily resume the "Story of a Leaf."

DEATH OF AN INFANT IN ITS MOTHER'S ARMS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

He slumbers long, sweet mother,
Upon thy gentle breast,
Thou'rt weary now with watching,
Sweet mother, go to rest:
There seems no pain to stir him,
The peril sure is past;
For see, his soft hand clasp'd in thine,
He heeds nor storm nor blast.

Why dost thou gaze so wildly?
Why strain thy strong embrace?
Unlock thy fearful claspings,
And let me see his face.
So down that mother laid him,
In her agony of care,
And kissed that cold and marble brow
With calm and fix'd despair.

O weep! there's holy healing
In every gushing tear,
Nor question thus that beauteous clay,—
The angel is not here:
No shut of rose at even-tide
Was with a peace so deep;
As thus thy youngest, fairest one
Sank down in dove-like sleep.

Where best he loved to hide him,
In that dear sheltering spot,
Just there his tender spirit pass'd—
Pass'd, and she knew it not.

His fond lip never trembled,
Nor sigh'd the parting breath,
When strangely, for his nectar'd draught,
He drank the cup of death.

Full was thy lot of blessing,
To charm his cradle hours,
To touch his sparkling fount of thought,
And breathe his breath of flowers,
And take the daily lesson,
From the smile that breathed so free
Of what in holier, brighter realms,
The pure in heart must be.

No more thy twilight musing
May with his image shine,
When in that lonely hour of love
He laid his cheek to thine:
So still and so confiding
That cherish'd babe would be,
So like a sinless guest from heaven,
And yet a part of thee.

But now his blessed portion
Is o'er the cloud to soar,
And spread a never-wearied wing
Where sorrows are no more,
With cherubim and seraphim
To tread th' ethereal plain;
High honour hath it been to thee
To swell that glorious train.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETIES.

Of a science so generally despised as entomology has been, it is very natural that the few votaries should find pleasure and satisfaction in each other's company; and, conscious of having a worthier pursuit than men give them credit for, should hold sweet council together, and look down on the very world that was looking down on them.

Many attempts have, therefore, been made in this country to establish entomological societies, the history of which it is the duty of the author to record, as far as he is able, from the remaining documents.

First. *The Aurelian Society*, which was held at the Swan Tavern, in 'Change-alley; the date of its formation is unknown, but from Moses Harris we learn that it existed in the year 1745. The laws and regulations of this society have not descended to us.

On the 25th of March, 1748, the great fire which happened in Cornhill burnt down the Swan Tavern, together with the society's valuable collection of insects, books, &c., and all their regalia.

The society was sitting at the time; yet so sudden and rapid was the impetuous course of the fire, that the flames beat against the windows before they could well get out of the room, many of them leaving their hats and canes.

Their loss so much disheartened the members, that, although they several times met for that purpose, they never could collect a sufficient number to form a society, so that, for fourteen years, there was no meeting of that sort.

Second. *The Aurelian Society* was established in the year 1762; it arose, phoenix-like, out of the ashes of the old; four years afterwards this society was in existence, as appears from the fact, that, in 1766, Moses Harris dedicated to it his work entitled the "*Aurelian*." We have no further account of it.

Third. *The Society of Entomologists of London* was established in the year 1780; its minute-book is carried down to the first week in August, 1782, at which time it appears to have discontinued its sittings. We hear from Mr. Haworth, that the cabinet of two of its members, Mr. Tinley and Mr. Bently, were rich in lepidoptera and coleoptera.

Fourth. *The Aurelian Society* was established in the year 1801; it was proposed and managed by the late Mr. Haworth, the author of "*Lepidoptera Britannica*." The collection was Mr. Haworth's own property, and was to be given up to the society as soon as it should consist of twenty members, which number it never reached.

The objects of this society were to form a complete and standard cabinet of the entomological productions of Great Britain; to ascertain their names, uses, and distinctions, the places and times of their appearance, food, economy, and peculiarities; and to point out to the public the readiest and most desirable methods of destroying such as possess properties which are inimical to the welfare of mankind.

Any person desirous of becoming a member of this society was to be approved by every member of the society at the time being; was to give up one specimen of every species in his own collection which the cabinet of the society did not possess. The elected member was to receive in return duplicate specimens from the society's collection, or money, if he preferred it.

By these means (say the rules) the Aurelian cabinet must ultimately arrive at the standard of perfection; and the separate collection of every member of the society will gradually increase both in number and value. But, alas! neither the society nor the collection ever attained perfection; the society was dissolved in April, 1806, and the collection returned to Mr. Haworth.

Fifth. *The Entomological Society of London* arose the same year, 1806, as it were, out of the ashes of the first, and consisted of nearly the same members which were in this society. No member was compelled to give up unique specimens to a general collection, but a small collection was formed, principally by the generosity of Mr. Haworth.

This society made more progress than either of the preceding; it met regularly, and published three numbers of *Transactions*, the last of which appeared in 1812; but after this, the death of some members, and other defalcations, brought the society into considerable trouble, and regular meetings were abandoned in the following year, 1813.

Sixth. *The Entomological Society of Great Britain*. A third society was formed in 1822, like the preceding, out of the ruins of the old one. This was a non-subscribing society; it lasted only two years, and then merged into the Zoological club of the Linnean Society of London.

Seventh. *The Entomological Club* was formed in 1825. This was also a non-subscribing society; it consisted of eight members, with no power to increase the number. Since its establishment, two vacancies only have occurred, each of which has been instantly filled by the election of another member; and the

club has continued to meet every month since the day of its establishment.

In the winter of 1831-2 it was agreed, at a meeting of the club, to publish a quarterly Magazine, the management of which was undertaken by members then present; the Magazine was to be open impartially to all contributors, no preference to be given to the members of the club. The first number of the Magazine, called, "*The Entomological Magazine*," was published on the 1st of September, 1832, since which period it has appeared every three months, with the utmost regularity.

The "*Entomological Magazine*" is published by Messrs. Westley and Davis, and has attained a very extensive circulation, not confined to this country, but on the continents of Europe and America. It treats not only of scientific entomology, but devotes a large portion of its pages to the history of insects, as connected with agriculture and horticulture.

Eighth. *The Entomological Society of London* was formed in 1833; its first scientific meeting was held on the 2d of December of that year; and succeeding meetings have been held on the first Monday of every month from that time to the present.

This society has been much more extensive than either of the preceding, having reached, in November, 1834, to the number of one hundred and twenty-seven members; a remarkable number, considering the unpopular nature of the subject, and the short time of the society's existence. It included among its members most of the publishing entomologists of the present day.

Unhappily, however, dissension has arisen on the propriety of expending the funds of the society in publishing *Transactions*. The advocates for publication being in power, the measure was carried against those of a contrary opinion, greatly to the dissatisfaction of some of the members.

On the 1st of November, 1834, a first part of the *Transactions* was accordingly published. And now another trouble arose: those entrusted with the publication had introduced into the *Transactions* an uncourteous review of the "*Entomological Magazine*," a work which, from the first, had zealously supported the society. This has alienated the friends of the "*Entomological Magazine*," and not them only, but many others, who insist that it is an unworthy act of a society to descend to such a course.—*Newman's Grammar of Entomology*.

REPLY TO MOORE'S "SACRED MELODY,"

BEGINNING,

"The world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given."

The world is not a fleeting show
For man's ILLUSION given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Those as they shine, these as they flow,
Should ripen him for heaven.

'Mid clouds and sheen, 'mid blight and bloom,
Our labouring souls have striven
With sin, and learned beyond the tomb

To look, and, through its midnight gloom,
Hail the bright dawn of heaven.

Not to delude, light gilds the soul,
And storms are o'er it driven;
All griefs and joys that o'er us roll
Are messengers, and to the goal
They point—the cross and heaven.
N.

REVIEW.

Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, 1837. By AGNES STRICKLAND and BERNARD BARTON.

The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual. Edited by the REV. WILLIAM ELLIS. 1837.

Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c., illustrated, in a series of Views, drawn from Nature. By W. H.

BARTLETT, WILLIAM PURSER, &c., with *Descriptions of the Plates*, by JOHN CARNE, Esq.; author of "*Letters from the East*." First Series. 1836.

THE rage for Annuals, and their consequent multiplication, threatened, a few years ago, to throw a sickly hue over our literature, while they opened to

the painter and the engraver a wide field for the exertion and display of their talents. Whether the evil and the good have been equally balanced, we are not prepared to determine. With a few splendid exceptions, the latter has been gradually deteriorating, and we are sorry to add, that there has been no improvement in the former. Long before the gilt on the covers of these gorgeous nothings has been tarnished, by their exposure to the handling of all comers, on the drawing-room table, their insipid tales and namby-pamby verses are forgotten. Of "FISHER'S JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK" for the present year, we can speak as highly as of any of its contemporaries. The pictorial department is well supplied with beautiful specimens of design and execution; but they are evidently not illustrations of the literary contents of the volume: the artist has not ministered to the writer, but the writer to the artist; and this, probably, will account for their great disparity in point of merit. "Wrington Church," by William Martin, is touching; and, in a true poetical spirit, breathes of nature and religion. But what has it to do with Wrington any more than with Clifton? What reference has it to the grave of Hannah More? At the close there is, indeed, an allusion, but too slight when compared with the interest and the claims of the subject. Hannah More is entitled to far higher distinction than a passing tribute, though she is above eulogy, and has reared her own imperishable monument in her works.

The following lines convey an impressive moral, and in a style of great simplicity:—

Children, behold,
Behold this beauteous caterpillar—now
Its way is sad, and earthy, dark, and cold,
Grovvelling and low.

Now it must creep,
Bound to the earth by nature's sacred ties;
Anon 'twill fall into a death-like sleep,
And then arise!

For soft and bright,
Within its earthy form a being lives,
Purer and fairer, more a thing of light,
And this survives.

When turn'd to dust,
The outward husk falls off—then, then it shows
Its second nature, lovelier than at first
In glory glows—

Springs up—awakes
A child of the bright sun, and bids adieu
To earth, and of a heavenlier garb partakes,
And lives anew!

Oh, semblance sweet
Of man's translation from this dusky sphere!
Who would not learn, and learning, still repeat
A lesson here!

Oh, know you not,
Sweet innocents, that you will pass away,
And that this outward form will fade and rot
In cold, cold clay?

But yet be sure
Within abides the soul—fashioned to soar,
That, when the world hath perish'd, will endure
For evermore.

We do not like the engravings the worse for having presented themselves to us on a former occasion, and under different associations. The pleasures of memory are among the purest enjoyments of life; and scenes and faces are not less welcome because they are familiar.

We have traced the progress of "THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE," this best of the Annuals, with unfeigned satisfaction. Every year has added to its improvement; the spirit of the publishers has kept pace with the patronage of the public, and the volume upon our table is the result of both. To begin with the portraits:—

How often, when the poetry of Felicia Hemans has

stirred our bosoms with the loftiest and tenderest emotions, have we fancied to ourselves the form and features of a being so gifted, and so worthy of our admiration and esteem! and when her bust appeared, the *spirituelle* which classic taste had thrown around the marble, and which seemed to realize to our imagination all that we had conceived of an original, which we scarcely considered as belonging to the earth, we were gratified. But still there was something wanting—there was the poet, and nothing more. But what shall we say to the poet and the woman so sweetly blended in the portrait now before us? At the first glance we confess we felt something like disappointment; the features did not appear to possess all the delicacy and refinement, the form rather approaching to the *en-bon-point*, all the poetical elegance we anticipated. But we saw at once that it must be a likeness; and as we perused the countenance, which we did, till the eyes beamed on us with living intelligence—and the very lips had language—we felt that we were holding communion with the being who had so often carried us through her forest sanctuary up to the heaven of heavens. We now possess all of Felicia Hemans that cannot die; art has rendered the beautiful permanent, and her mind lives and breathes in her works.

Dr. Carey occupies in this volume his appropriate place: the first of Missionaries, the apostle of modern times, is worthy of all the honour that the Christian catholic church can possibly confer upon him. We thank Mr. Dyer for this brief memoir; we wish it could have been more extended, especially as the work of Eustace Carey is in so many respects below his subject, and, as we think, injurious to that high reputation which he had earned, as possessing the noblest order of intellect, and the purest elements of moral and religious character.

Thomas Clarkson. Both portrait and narrative are executed with fidelity and grace. The moral of the latter is, "The mighty effects single good men may realize by self-devotion and perseverance."

The next portrait, that of the Rev. William Jay, is inferior as a work of art, and, as a likeness, is a total failure. It ought to have been cancelled. Among all the portraits of this most justly popular and eminently useful preacher, how has it happened that not one has caught a single characteristic expression of his fine and now strongly-marked countenance?

The portrait of Bishop Ryder has all the individuality which we suppose the episcopal costume will allow. Lawn sleeves and a cauliflower wig may do very well to set off a picture, and to give an imposing appearance to their wearer; but the man they disfigure by excess of ornament. Dr. Ryder was a devout Christian, and a worthy pastor of souls under the great and good Shepherd.

Jan Zatzoe, a Christian chief of the Amakosse, South Africa, is a spirited performance.

The subjects of the remaining illustrations are, Missionary Grave at Eimeo—Feast of the Mohurram—The Mountains of Aboo, in Guzerat—Dome at Worms—The bath in which Bishop Heber died—Rhodes—Church of Vasil Blagenni, and part of the Kremlin, Moscow—Marina, Malta—Dr. Doddridge's mother teaching him Scripture history by the Dutch tiles—Basle.

We promise our readers the highest gratification of taste in these splendid productions of art, and an equal mental pleasure in the perusal of the literary contributions by which they are accompanied. Two pieces, with the signature, T. Aveling, Highbury College—"The Missionary's Grave," and "The Mountains of Aboo," are fine specimens of talents which we rejoice to see consecrated to the work of the Christian ministry.

We have only room for one quotation. We have seen it before; but it deserves the widest circulation, not only for the beauty of the composition, but for the moral sentiment it conveys.

CHRIST, THE PURIFIER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"The following story (I know not on what authority) is abroad in the religious world.—Some ladies in Dublin met together, from time to time, at each other's houses, to read the Scriptures and to make them the subject of profitable conversation; and when they came to the third chapter of the prophecy of Malachi, and some discussion over the second and third verses, respecting the method of purifying the precious metals. As none of the company knew any thing about the process, one undertook to inquire of a silversmith, with whom she was acquainted, how it was effected, and particularly what was the business of the refiner himself during the operation. Without explaining her motive, she accordingly went to her friend, and asked him how his silver was cleaned from any dross with which it might have been mixed. He promptly explained to her the manner of doing this. 'But,' said the inquirer, 'do you sit, sir, at the work?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'for I must keep my eye steadily fixed on the furnace; since if the silver remains too long under the intense heat, it is sure to be damaged.' She at once saw the beauty and propriety of the image employed: 'He shall sit as a refiner of silver;' and the moral of the illustration was equally obvious. As the lady was returning with her information to her expecting companions, the silversmith called her back, and said that he had forgotten to mention one thing of importance, which was, that he only knew the exact instant when the purifying process was complete, by then seeing his own countenance in it. Again the spiritual meaning shone forth through the beautiful veil of the letter. When God sees his own image in his people, the work of sanctification is complete. It may be added, that the metal continues in a state of agitation till all the impurities are thrown off, and then it becomes quite still,—a circumstance which heightens the exquisite analogy in this case; for, O how

'Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his!'

The subject was embodied in the following stanzas, at the urgent request of a friend, who, with her young family, was about to leave her native country, and settle in a distant part of the globe; but the writer's mind had received the first ineffaceable impression of the similitude and the inference in the year, 1832, from the lips of another dear friend, when she was nearly in her last agony, who meekly applied it to herself and her affliction, which had been long and excruciating, yet borne by her, as such pains can alone be borne, in God's presence and under his eye.

"HE SHALL SIT AS A REFINER AND PURIFIER OF SILVER."
Mal. iii. 3.

"He that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle, searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
When, in the molten silver's virgin mass,
He meets his pictur'd face, as in a glass.
Thus, in God's presence, are his people tried:
Thrice happy they who to the end endure!
But who the fiery trial may abide?
Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see his image perfect in the soul?
Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face;
But stamp'd with heaven's wrought signet, there be shown
Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace;
And round that seal of love this motto be,—
'Not for a moment, but eternally.'"

"SYRIA" is a work of noble enterprise, and worthy of the age and country which alone could have called it into existence, is thus introduced to the world:—

"The publishers of this work are most anxious that nothing on their part should be wanting to render it worthy of the subjects they have undertaken to illustrate, and the consequent approbation of the public. Deeply impressed, not only by the interest but by the sanctity which is attached to every memorial of the HOLY LAND,—to its ancient and much-loved recollections, and to the prophesied contrasts of its existing condition,—they have secured the literary co-operation of a gentleman whose name carries with it the assurance that the task could not have been committed to talents more eminently fitted to do it justice; while, in the various departments of the fine arts, they have spared no efforts which liberality could suggest, to improve the effect of the written matter by pictorial representations of the highest class."

It is only by dwelling for hours upon these truly oriental scenes that, by a kind of magic, present themselves to the eye as we turn over the pages before us, that any adequate estimate can be formed of their surpassing excellence. Where all is so exquisite, it is difficult to select; and description by mere words can do nothing towards conveying any thing like an impression of what must be seen to be felt. To us the whole appears to be enchantment; and, spell-bound, in vain we attempt to criticise. Why, the illustrations alone furnish at least a month's study; and an article to do them justice must be elaborated through many a page, and would be read with little interest. This is but the first series, others will follow, and we are assured by the prospectus that the forthcoming ones will increase in interest and beauty,—their artist, now in Palestine, having lately taken a series of views, the subjects of which have never been touched on before.

Mr. Carne's fervid style and imaginative spirit are admirably adapted to sustain the splendid character of the pictorial representations. His competence to execute the task assigned to him, in a literary view, none will question; and of his other qualifications the following passage is sufficient evidence:

"Most of the places illustrated in this work had been visited by the writer previous to the Egyptian invasion, when the land was in a state of comparative quiet, very favourable to a successful progress. To the oriental traveller, the pleasures of memory are greater than those of hope; on his devious way clouds and darkness often gather; the feuds of the chiefs may suddenly forbid all approach to the favourite ruin or city, imprison him in some hamlet or desert, where he is alone with his baffled hope and despair. Perhaps disease or contagion overtake him where there is none to help. But when his warfare is over, and his objects attained, when his own hearth and roof-tree receive him—then memory wakes to 'sleep no more.' In the murmur of his native wave he fancies he hears the distant rush of the Nile or the Euphrates; in the night-wind the blast of the desert again passes by; and, on the bleak moor, that 'Rock of ages,' that has been his shadow from the heat, again stands before him, desolate yet precious. These feelings may by some be deemed enthusiastic; but no man ever succeeded in an eastern journey, plucked its roses from its many thorns, and, in spite of fears and sorrows, went on rejoicing in his way who was not an enthusiast."

GEMS.

Why are not more gems from our early prose-writers scattered over the country by the periodicals? Great old books of the great old authors are not in every body's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every book-worm, when, in any fragrant, scarce old tome, he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration that does his heart good, hasten to give it.—COLERIDGE.

FRIENDSHIP.—Though the cultivation of friendship is not made the subject of precept, it is left to grow up of itself under the general culture of reason and religion; it is one of the fairest productions of the human soul, the cordial of life, the lenitive of our

sorrows, and the multiplier of our joys—the source, equally, of animation and of repose. He who is destitute of this blessing, amidst the greatest crowd and pressure of society, is doomed to solitude; and however surrounded with flatterers and admirers, however armed with power, and rich in the endowments of nature and of fortune, has no resting-place. The most elevated station in life affords no exemption from those agitations and inquietudes which can only be laid to rest upon the bosom of a friend. The sympathies even of virtuous minds, when not warmed by the breath of friendship, are too faint and cold to satisfy

the social cravings of our nature; their compassion is too much dissipated by the multiplicity of its objects and the varieties of distress, to suffer it to flow long in one channel; while the sentiments of congratulation are still more slight and superficial. A transient tear of pity, or a smile of complacency equally transient, is all we can usually bestow on the scenes of happiness or of misery which we meet with in the paths of life. But man naturally seeks for a closer union, a more permanent conjunction of interest, a more intense reciprocation of feeling; he finds the want of one or more with whom he can intrust the secrets of his heart, and relieve himself by imparting the interior joys and sorrows with which every breast is fraught; he seeks, in short, another self, a kindred spirit, whose interest in his welfare bears some proportion to his own, with whom he may lessen his cares by sympathy, and multiply his pleasures by participation.—*Robert Hall.*

TEMPER.—Of all qualities, a sweet temper is perhaps the one least cultivated in the lower ranks of life. The peculiar disposition is not watched; care is not taken to distinguish between the passionate child, the sulky, the obstinate, and the timid. The children of the poor are allowed a latitude of speech unknown among the higher orders; and they are free from the salutary restraint imposed by what is termed "company." When in the enjoyment of full health and strength, the ungoverned temper of the poor is one of their most striking faults; while their resignation under affliction, whether mental or bodily, is the point, of all others, in which the rich might with advantage study to imitate them.—*Tales of the Peerage and the Peasantry.*

PEACE ON EARTH.—At the glad period of our Lord's nativity, there was peace in all the earth. The prevalence of public peace upon earth had ranked among the number of those interesting signs and tokens which were to accompany the coming of the long-expected Saviour to the scene of his ministry. When we read in the page of prophecy, of the myrtle and the fir-tree taking the place of the bramble and the thorn; when we hear of swords beat into pruning-

hooks and ploughshares, we are led to fix our attention on that state of outward peace in this world which was to form the commencement of the gospel age, and to denote the time of the Redeemer's manifestation among men. Accordingly, these predictions were fulfilled in a remarkable manner at the date of our Lord's birth, which may be regarded as the commencement of his kingdom upon earth. Thus the reign of Augustus Caesar, after its first conflicts were decided, was accompanied by a season of profound and settled peace. The temple of Janus at Rome, which had been shut but twice since the foundation of the city, was at that time closed, in token of this public peace.—*Archdeacon Pott.*

LONDON.—There is no tomb so vast as London, which swallows up the most illustrious names for ever; it has an omnivorous maw. The celebrity of a man in London blazes and vanishes away like a firework; there are a great noise, numberless invitations, endless flattery and exaggeration, for a few days, and then an eternal silence. Paoli and Dumourier, after having, at their first appearance, made a crash like thunder, excited, when they died, no more attention than a falling leaf. General Mina, when he landed at Portsmouth, was carried to his hotel in triumph, and deafened with applause for a month together at the theatre in London; he was more famous than the Nemean lion. What then? He fell very soon into oblivion, and the grave closed over his name. The English people are greedy of novelty: childish in this alone, it makes no great distinction between good and bad—they want only what is new. They pay for the magic lantern, and pay well; but they always want fresh figures. To feed this insatiable whale, that always pants with open jaws,

"And after meals is hungrier than before."

toil incessantly journalists, engravers, historians, travellers, philosophers, lawyers, men of letters, poets, ministers with schemes for new enactments, the king with schemes for new palaces and buildings, and the liberals with schemes for parliamentary reform.—*Observations of an Italian Exile.*

MEN AND THINGS.

MUSIC.—An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "When any thing disturbs their temper, I say to them, 'Sing;' and if I hear them speak against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal." Young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accompaniment.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

REV. WILLIAM GILPIN.—The late Rev. William Gilpin, vicar of Boldre in the New Forest, was in the habit of devoting a part of his leisure time to drawing; and he published several of his sketches, which were well received by the public, as also a work on the beauties of forest scenery. His residence in the New Forest afforded him many opportunities of sketching the majestic oaks with which the forest abounded, till the late war demanded them to recruit our navy. With the profits of his drawings, and solely from them, he endowed a school in his parish, for the instruction of the children of poor labourers, which he lived to see completed; and the parish is now deriving very great advantages from his benevolence. There is a school-house, with a permanent salary for a master.

OPIMUM MANUFACTURE.—The greatest part of the

opium used in Europe is brought from Asia Minor. It was now just the opium harvest, and the people were all in the fields gathering it. I went in among them, and saw the process, which is very simple. When the flower falls off, the capsule or seed-vessel is formed; they go in the evening to the plantations, and, with a hooked knife, they make a circular incision round the capsule; from this there exudes a white milky juice, which, being exposed next day to the heat of the sun, concretes into a dark brown mass, which is the crude opium of our shops. On the next and several succeeding evenings, they come and scrape this off, as long as the plant continues to exude it. The opium sent to Europe is always adulterated: they boil down the poppy heads with other narcotic plants, and having inspissated the juice, wrap it up in poppy leaves, and send this impure mass in cakes for our use.—*Walsh.*

EPITAPH IN CAMBERWELL CHURCHYARD.—"Sacred to ye memory of James, son of James and Sarah Robertson, of this parish, chimney-sweeper, died 14th Sept. 1828; also Jane, dau. of the above, died Jan. 8th, 1834, both infants.

Their ashes and their little dust
Their Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
Their long and dreary sleep."

The "dust" and the "ashes" of the small sweeps are as natural as poetical.

AUTHORS AND THEIR RESPONSIBILITY.

"An author, by profession, had need narrowly to watch his pen, lest a line should escape it which by possibility may do mischief when he has been long dead and buried."—
COWPER.

"We are a nation of readers:" literature, from a luxury, has become a necessary of life. It circulates through all classes. The press every hour teems with publications, which are devoured with avidity, especially among what may be called the people, as distinguished from the aristocracy. Yet is it a remarkable fact, that mere authorship leads to neither emolument nor fame. A few brilliant exceptions establish, but do not contradict, the general assertion. As the cause or the consequence of this, men who follow literature as their only pursuit have no fixed principles: thus many of them are ready to espouse any party, or any cause, in which they can enlist their mercenary services. But as they are, for the most part, sceptics and infidels when they appear, as they frequently do, on the side of religion, whatever church or sect they may defend, they soon discover either their profound ignorance of the truths of Christianity, or their total alienation from its genius and spirit. What pious divines! what mild and gentle Christians are those zealous advocates of the church militant! who edify, from day to day and from month to month, the admiring readers of the "Times" newspaper, the "Standard," the "John Bull," and "Fraser's Magazine." Nor are some of the most popular and liberal Journals and Periodicals a whit superior to these in their strictly moral and religious tendency. In publications from which we might expect better things, we sometimes meet with passages as opposed to Christianity as they are to good taste, and which excite our unqualified disgust. This censure, of course, is not intended to fall where it is not deserved.

While it is too obvious to be denied that our periodical literature is essentially at variance with the truth, the purity, and the charity of what it nevertheless is in the habit of designating "*our* holy religion," we are sorry to be compelled to bring the same charge against some of the most able, and therefore the most influential, writers in every department, whether of science or letters.

It was remarked, some thirty years ago, in one of the most eloquent productions that ever issued from the press, that "a considerable proportion of those who pursue literature as a profession, might justly be considered as the open or disguised abettors of atheism;" and we know not whether, since that period, the generality of writers of this description have much improved. Something, it is true, has been effected in the way of counteraction. Infidelity assumes not, perhaps, quite so bold a front, or so high a tone as formerly. Backed, however, by the genius and talents of the writers of the preceding age,

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among whom are ranked profound philosophers, subtle reasoners, splendid historians, and captivating poets, who still hold and charm the public mind, the writers of our own day feel their influence, and follow in their steps. Thus we have works of mathematical science, critical dissertations, systems of theology, voyages and travels, with a legion of airy and sentimental novels, which seem to be written, if not with the intention, yet with the certain effect, of bringing into general discredit the peculiar and characteristic principles of the gospel. Nor can any man whose opinions are not fixed, and whose religious character is unformed, rise from the perusal of these insidious and dangerous productions without imbibing a spirit or receiving an impression unfavourable to his eternal interests.

The most serious evils to society result from the debasement of learning, and the prostitution of genius. For when intellectual talent, combined with literary acquirements, takes the wrong side, multitudes are first allured and then destroyed. If a man of the highest order of mind misleads when he ought to instruct, he may do mischief as long as the world lasts; he is a nuisance to future ages, and lays a snare for those who are yet unborn. Genius is immortal: the bloom upon its countenance cannot fade; the music of its voice never falters, nor does it ever cease to charm. The sons of Genius seem destined by the God of nature to be the master spirits of the world; but great talents are too often united with little virtue—frequently they are in corrupt alliance with vice; thus some of the finest efforts of the human intellect are but the splendid memorials of depravity, and yet they live. The pen and the tablet of genius are like those which Job passionately desired, that he might transmit his faith in a Redeemer to generations; and when writers of this high character pollute their works with those corrupt sentiments, which are more injurious to society than the pestilence, they "poison a fountain that runs for ever." When Lord Byron's works were in the zenith of their popularity, an author, extensively acquainted with the world of letters, thus expresses his painful apprehensions of the results of so much impiety and licentiousness having been industriously circulated among the people. "I confess I look at the daily accumulation of our infidel literature, especially in the form of cheap and popular poetry, with a dread, something like what is felt by the traveller who, amid the mountains of Switzerland, beholds the slow moving glacier, from whose surface rise pyramidal crystallizations and precipices,—most wonderful forms of sublimity and beauty, invested with all the colours of the rainbow, and shining with dazzling splendour. He is overpowered with the greatness and majesty of the scene;

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but, as he gazes, the mighty mass moves on, withering and destroying in its progress all the beauty of the spring, the verdure of the fields, and the habitations of every living thing." If we cannot sympathize in all the feelings which dictated this powerful passage, yet we can understand and appreciate the causes which produced such an impression on the mind of its author. Some there are, though we are not of the number, who ridicule the notion that poetry, whatever be its moral qualities, can inflict any very serious injury upon society; who maintain that it is to be regarded rather as a source of amusement than as a vehicle of principles. We admit that the immediate end of poetry, as indeed of all the fine arts, is to impart pleasure; and, as far as art alone is considered, the pleasure afforded is pure and innocent—it is that of taste; which is, perhaps, the most refined and delicate of our intellectual enjoyments. But who will contend that the arts, and especially poetry, have not an *ultimate* as well as an immediate end; that, because they impart pleasure, they cannot convey instruction?

Character is formed by a combination of thoughts and impressions acting together upon the heart in the form of principles. Whatever operates upon the mind with the greatest vividness and force, is a moral instrument of inconceivable value. Such an instrument is poetry, and it is mighty for evil as well as good. When of the highest order, its intellectual forms become living realities, and produce impressions which no time can efface:

———"A thing of beauty
Is a joy for ever."

Poetry is most attractive at that period of life when we are most susceptible. It comes upon us in the morning of existence like another sense; a new world rises like a new star in the heavens; it is the world of imagination; we gaze upon it with delight, and henceforth it becomes the star of our destiny. If its course be directed heavenwards, we pursue it; if it wander towards the regions where there is "blackness of darkness for ever," it entices us downward, and "our ambition is to sink." In other words, the thoughts and impressions which poetry conveys to our youth, become more or less the elements of our moral being, and unless a mightier counteracting energy interpose, they may decide our fate for ever. Hence it is impossible to measure the guilt implied in the publication of certain works which we forbear to name. That they are invested with the charms of poetry, and bear the impress of genius, only increases their power for mischief. In such pages, those who seek amusement may in the end, find despair.

It is high time to commence the great work of purification in every thing that regards the

future; nor are we to be hopeless even of the past; for, if we are true to the rising generation, and arm and sustain their minds with all that is wise and holy, those writers of former times, who now fascinate, will disgust; at least, the good they contain will be winnowed from the pernicious, like wheat from chaff. Little do men of powerful intellects and of high attainments imagine how much of evil it is in their power to repress—how much of happiness to impart. "Observe a man of talents," says a writer of some celebrity, "bowing to the sacred obligations of a religion, the essence of which consists in the purest love to God and man. He appears in the world 'clear as the sun,' and 'fair as the moon.' His sterling abilities are universally acknowledged; but they never appear so striking and excellent as when employed in defence of the gospel—in repelling the attacks of infidelity—in wiping off every foul reproach from the insulted character of Jesus of Nazareth, and his humble followers."

But we want writers of such a character in every department of letters; not directly to take up the defence of religion, but rather to guard its honour from assault, to repudiate every thing false in principle, and impure in sentiment. What might eloquent historians and genuine poets accomplish for virtue, and truth, and religion, if they were to consecrate their genius to the well-being of mankind?

If Rollin had possessed Gibbon's superior talents, and Byron Milton's sublime devotion, how lofty, how permanent, would have been their fame! because it would have been the meed of usefulness, the voice of universal gratitude echoing from age to age till the end of time. Rollin is entitled to the reverence of all the friends of virtue and piety; Byron, alas! and all of his pernicious school, are worthy of their execration. But Rollin is not like Gibbon—universally read; and the writer of "Paradise Lost," it is to be feared, in numberless instances, is compelled to give place to the blasphemous author of "Cain."

If our feeble voice could be heard in the lofty circle of mind where intellects of every capacity are engaged in the various pursuits to which they are impelled by their interests or their passions, we would call upon them to reflect on their moral responsibility. Their obligations to their fellow-men are just in proportion to their power of conferring benefits upon them; and they are accountable to almighty God for the abuse of those talents with which he has endowed them, and which he will require of them another day. We doubt not that there is more than one living writer that would willingly see the disastrous light extinguished which the early efforts of his genius cast around him, and which, like the seducing meteors of the swamp and the morass, have allured many to their destruction.

It has often occurred to us that the heaviest

weight of responsibility rests on that class of writers denominated "Reviewers." Our monthly and quarterly sheets of criticism, as they are for the most part written, belong to party rather than to mankind; and, instead of exhibiting Christian virtue in the meekness of wisdom, they breathe, too commonly, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Yet what important services are they capable of rendering to the cause of human happiness, as the vehicles of moral and religious instruction. Genius and science, taste and learning, are indeed the legitimate and immediate subjects of criticism. But the attention of Reviewers neither can nor ought to be restricted to these: they not only stand, as sentinels in the avenues of fame, to examine the pretensions of every candidate for immortality, and to interrupt the progress of stupidity, ignorance, and folly,—but they ought also to be the guardians of morals and religion.

Infidelity, arrayed in the garb of genius, should be arrested in its course, and branded with the mark of reproach. The writer who, by innuendos or sophistry, would awaken suspicion of the truth of revelation in the minds of the ingenuous and uninformed; who, ostensibly aiming at a different object, takes occasion to maintain a secret warfare with the Saviour of the world, and his august train of apostles and evangelists, of confessors and martyrs; who, in the records of history, in narratives, in elementary treatises, dares to infuse a moral poison, destructive of the happiness and very existence of society, should have pointed against him the shock of critical vengeance, and the reviewer should blast, with intolerable infamy, the atrocious productions of his pen. Those authors who would pour the ordure of their Ebidinous imaginations upon the mind; who celebrate in poetry and in prose the demon of lewdness, as if it were the angel of love; who insult decency, and commit treason against virtue, should be denounced to mankind, and driven from the tribunals of literature as detestable offenders.

Other writers there are, whose productions contain the subtlety of the serpent, as well as his poison, and who steal upon the unsuspecting, wearing the garb of philosophy, and sometimes the imposing vesture of religion; but whose aim is to perplex, to confound, and to destroy all moral distinctions, to break down the ancient boundaries of virtue, to go beyond the *ultimatum* in metaphysics and moral science, which, from the limited nature of the human mind, and the disadvantages under which it must labour in the present state, no daring adventurer can pass, without plunging into boundless scepticism. Works of this description, as they are most specious, so they are peculiarly dangerous; and

the youthful inquirer should be warned against approaching the enchanted circle of their influence. It is the province of the Reviewer to detect the errors of such performances, to refute their sophistry, and to expose their tendency. Reviews would soon work a most salutary change in the moral character of our literature, if they were ably and powerfully conducted to that end. Men of genius would thus be compelled to feel that no works could pass without the stamp of infamy, but those which advocate the enduring interests of mankind. This would be restriction enough; for the very constitution of human nature, the unalterable laws of the mind of man, against which all rebellion is fruitless, render it impossible that we should be indifferent to applause or condemnation. We never can be wholly independent of the praise and blame of our fellow-men.

Besides the influence which reviews would thus acquire over the various writers in the different branches of science and literature, they might frequently give a prominence to religion and morals by defending truth; not merely by condemning the erroneous and dangerous tenets which came before them, but by entering into the argument, and boldly avowing and maintaining their own sentiments, exhibiting the fallacy and weakness of their opponents' reasoning, and showing that piety and virtue can be as ably supported as they have been ingeniously attacked. The public will listen to their reasons, when it will not always so readily bow to their decisions. Thus they not only repel an adversary, but gain a conquest—they vanquish an enemy, and take the spoil.

To accomplish this object we shall devote our pages, as journalists as well as critics, furnishing our quota with those few periodicals which are really intended to advance the cause of general knowledge, in strict alliance with the diffusion of religious principle. We do not despair of having able and efficient coadjutors. The period is arrived when something ought to be attempted. Why should the walks of literature be occupied chiefly by our enemies? Why should the dangerous association be formed in the public mind between irreligion and talents, weakness and piety? Alas, we have slept too long! Let men of talents and erudition take their several departments, and employ their pens under the solemn conviction that they are the apostles of knowledge, of religion, and of virtue, and let the patrons of our literature, that is, the great mass of the educated public, withhold their support from all works of a suspicious or openly injurious character, while they effectually promote the circulation of those which bear the impress of wisdom and truth.

IS MAN A MERE ANIMAL?

This is a question which, notwithstanding a verbal expression of belief to the contrary, must arise in the minds, not of the unlearned only, but of the learned; and though the answer of every person, who has learned after the right manner, must consist of the simple and single word "no," yet there are certain expressions made use of by persons of learning, and in the judgment of charity, of piety, which have virtually all the power of a "yes." With those who descant upon the wonders of creation, and in proper hands, no descant is more delightful; there is nothing so common as to hear of the wonderful sagacity—the marvellous forethought and purpose with which animals do this or do that. The bee, in the construction of her cells, is a profound mathematician, and has found out that, of all forms, hexagons are the ones which can be applied to each other with the greatest capacity in the individual cell, and the most complete occupation of all the space over which the cells extend. Then the manner in which the planes at the bottom close the cells, and make each cell support another with the strength of an arch, is the most consummate application of the principles of statics. No human ingenuity could by possibility come up to this perfect science of the bee; and, as the cells answer a purpose, these wise ones say, that the bee has this purpose steadily in view when she constructs the cells. So, also, as every parent insect is charged with the continuation of her race, before her own body is given to the dust, deposits her eggs in that plant, that animal, or that other substance, which is best fitted for giving nourishment to the animal, she does it all of forethought, purpose, and with far more certainty in the execution, than man can do by the exercise of all his boasted reason. The sagacity of the dog, of the elephant, and of countless other animals, is referred to the same class of faculty; and the beasts get credit for being most profound thinkers.

We shall not swell the catalogue, neither shall we particularize any of those very wonderful operations performed by animals; and we have alluded to the subject solely for the purpose of laying the axe to the root of a most mischievous error, from the trammels of which it appears that men of learning and piety are not always able to disenthrall themselves.

We bid them calmly and solemnly to reflect of whose work they are speaking, when they attribute this reasoning and sagacity to those animals, and, by so doing, offer up the immortal spirit of man as a sacrifice upon the altar of foul idolatry. Did not the Almighty create the world? Did he not see the end of all things from the beginning? Did he not set the signal of his wisdom and his power equally upon what we call the mighty and the mean? Let them

look round that glorious world, that mighty universe which he has made; and, when they do so, let them say where the point is in it, in which wisdom superior to the wisdom of man is not displayed. The planet in its orbit; the seasons in their revolution; the plants in their growth; every metal and every mineral in its crystal: how wise the earth is, that never wanders from its path! With what forethought does the spring come at its appointed season! With what matchless arithmetic does the crocus work out the day upon which it shall open its golden cup! And with what perfection of geometry does every mineral form its crystal, without deviating from its normal type the millionth part of a degree in a single angle! Where is the cube so perfect as in sulphate of lead? And what oblique prism is so contact to its angle as carbonate of lime? These things cannot be denied; and, therefore, if they construct by reason, the reason of man is chaff compared with the dullest of metals, or the most common of minerals!

But shall we thus peril the glories of our own immortality? Because God is all-wise and all wonderful, shall we be fools? May he in his mercy forbid, and guide us to a more rational use of that delightful faculty of speech with which he has endowed us. If we grant reason and understanding to the bee, or any other insect—to the dog, or any other animal—how dare we deny it to a flower, a leaf, a crystal of stone, or even to water, which not only finds its own level, but teaches man how to find the level whenever such a finding is necessary?

These creatures never err: they are all the same, "yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" and they know no more variation from their regular form, and the customary time of their development, than the planets in their orbits do from their courses. But man errs; and, in most instances, for once that he is right, he is twice wrong.

Why is this? Why should it be that among all the parts of so delightful a creation, there should be a single blunderer, and, he in other respects, the most highly gifted of the whole? We answer, and the spirit of the revealed word of God answers along with us,—that the doings of man are the only part of creation in which plans are to be formed, and carried into effect by an intelligent principle, which is limited in its powers; and man fails, because God has delegated to him that which has been delegated to no other creature. It is thus that the very frailty of man stands up a witness of an immortal spirit within him; for while all the rest of nature is fixed, and confirmed by the laws of nature, man is the only creature that can err.

We shall return to this delightful subject.

PREDICTIONS FOR 1837.

January.—If any persons expected an eclipse this month, they will be disappointed. The eyes of the nation will be drawn to London. Events will take place this month which have never transpired before, and never will again. Sore throats, railroad meetings, and newspaper squabbles, now about. Towards the latter end of the month his Majesty will lose *his* speech, and find another full of promise, but not at all to the purpose.

February.—The Church newly *rated*. On the 30th, the Establishment will be pronounced out of danger; tithes will be popular; and Ireland happy.

March.—The post-office balloon encounters a dreadful gale on its way to France, in consequence of which the mails are lost in the Channel.

April 1st.—A person nearly related to, and much beloved by the reader, will narrowly escape winning and wearing a cap and bells.

May.—Numerous benevolent and religious meetings in the metropolis, at which many persons will be suddenly seized with fits, attended

with spasmodic contraction of the hands, and extreme coldness in the region of the heart.

June.—Both Houses of the Legislature filled with smoke; but the nation need not be alarmed, for should there be a fire, it will be, as before, not until the session has closed.

July.—I clearly foresee that every soul found skating during the dog-days will be inevitably lost.

August.—The "collective wisdom," assembled in February for the despatch of business, will now be prorogued for the despatch of partridges.

September.—Many gun accidents to precocious young gentlemen. The north-west passage still undiscovered.

October.—Towards the close of this month days and nights nearly equal, especially in London, if foggy.

November 8th.—Many turtles may be seen, near the Mansion-house, on their backs. 10th.—Many aldermen, *ditto*.

December.—A great many fires, especially in large mansions. The glass down to 24; *Ward's Miscellany* up to 100,000.

FICTION.

ARTICLE THE FIRST.

THERE IS, perhaps, no realm within the dominion of literature which presents to the studious inquirer a more extensive and varied range of rich thoughts and romantic imaginations, a more widely-spread and almost boundless reach of airy greensward, whereon fancy may revel, than among the regions of fiction. Its birth-place has been recorded, by the best writers, to have been among the scenery, groves, and golden palace roofs of the East, in those lands "where the nature of the climate, and the luxury of the inhabitants, conspired to promote its cultivation." The riches of luxury, splendour and magnificence, were there ever around it; and from these beauteous handmaids it received its fresh supplies of romance and song, from ever-springing fountains, whose birth-place was among the silent hills and shadowy groves, in the beautiful lands of imagination and poetry. Surrounded by such bevièd beauties, we shall not be surprised to find that love, and the affections of the heart and soul, were among its earliest and most delightful associations;—that the luxury and the charm of the passions threw the rich and fervid glow of their spirituality over the story and the fiction, couching them all in language of the softest and sweetest romance. But in the olden days of the antique and oracular wisdom, there were some (and these were not few in number) in whom the mirthful jest and the honeyed laughter gave a lighter shade to the

morality and decorum they professed to practise, than were visible in the thoughtful expression of the more severe and rigid philosopher of the schools. From the sunny lands of eastern Persia, the wonder-working spells of imagination and fiction travelled, to sojourn for a while under the pure and more classic skies of Greece; and if the venerable practices and solemn philosophy of the learned and the wise of that land repudiated, at first, the advances of one whose careless and winning guise they would not suffer to pollute the inner *penetralia* of their paternal privacy; there were yet not wanting spirits who gladly welcomed the winning smile and joyous laughter of fancy to their homes, and sent her thence, in laughing triumph and jocular revelry, through the hills and valleys of the golden Grecian land. But here the humanity of man's wisdom was not the only soil over which fiction travelled. Æsop, that funny fellow, whose strokes of genuine humour and joyous jesting are connected with the lesser cares and merry smile of youth, gave both tongue, and speech, and reason to the brute creation, and did thus obtain, and will ever continue to uphold, a wider and more generous sphere of popularity, by his laughter-moving apoloques, than the merriest jester who has ever succeeded him. Lucian invests him with the office of merry jester in the islands of the blessed; and Philocleon, when narrating the arts by which the Athenian suitors sought to unwrinkle the brows

of the popular judges, placed the pranks of this funny reveller in the foremost rank. Æsop has been a time-honoured jester, in all ages.

But we must pass on, with a swift flight, over the various phases which fiction assumed in the later days of the Grecian poetry, drama, and pastoral romance, and hasten from the revelries and absurdities of early pagan fiction, to the period when, during the middle ages, it put on a richer and more gorgeous guise of enchantment. With the change in the character, manners, and customs of the nations with whom fiction had now become a household dweller, so did a more potent and prodigious alteration take place in that literature which had hitherto served for the popular vehicle of fictitious narrative. The various characters and adventures through which it passed, the embellishments and adornments in which it was dressed up, were altogether of a nature calculated to confound, astonish, and surprise. Some of these were giants, dragons, evil spirits, and dwarfs, and that "a local habitation," mystic and wonderful as the dwellers themselves, should be provided for them, the chances and changes of their wondrous existences were always to find a safe resting-place and abode within the walls of an enchanted castle. Fiction now assumed a new character, and was joined in brotherhood to romance; and numerous have been the theories and speculations indulged in to account for the origin of romantic fiction in Europe. Of these the most probable, and involving the nearest approach to truth, is that which somewhat justly ascribes it to the northern Scalds and the Arabians; and on this subject a judicious compiler thus remarks: "Without incurring the charge of credulity, it may readily be believed, that although the earliest fabrics of romantic fiction were raised by a Norman architect, with the product of his northern quarries, yet the form of many a pendent keystone, reticulated moulding, and indented battlement, may really have been influenced by the recollection of the presence-chamber of the Soldan, the mosque of Cordova, or the Alcazar of Segovia." But if the tinge and barbaric richness of romance and fiction had originally shed over it the heavy splendour and gloom of the gothic ages, yet the delicate enchantments of the eastern land of its birth, were still to be seen shining out, like the delicate lights of the northern aurora, amid the gloom and shadow of the darkness of the surrounding night. The eastern *peri* became the fairy of Europe, and the griffin, or hippogriff, of the Italian writers was but the famous *Simurgh* of the Persians. In the same manner, though retrograding somewhat, may we trace "the palaces glittering with gold and diamonds" of the "Arabian Nights," to the rich and pagan splendour which throw such a charm over the pages of Ovid. Southey takes a different and a more extended view of the subject when he says, that "the machinery of the

early romance writers is probably rather of classical than oriental origin. Classical superstition lingered long after the triumph of Christianity. Enchanted weapons may be traced to the workshop of Vulcan, as easily as to the deserts of Scandinavia. The tales of dragons may be originally oriental; but the adventures of Jason and Hercules were popular tales in Europe, long before the supposed migration of Odin, or the birth of Mohammed. If magical rings were invented in Asia, it was Herodotus who introduced the fashion into Europe. The fairies and ladies of the lake bear a closer resemblance to the nymphs and naiads of Rome and Greece than to the *peris* of the East." In support of this dictum, laid down by so great an authority, it has been urged, that the "very peculiar style of embellishment" to which the term "romantic fiction" may be most appropriately applied, owes no inconsiderable portion of its apparent peculiarity to causes which, whether they be regarded as beauties or deformities, will be found to be very near the surface. It is but the formal outline, and the variation of the costume, which prevents our noticing how very closely the forms of "the barbarous ages" are copied from the purer models of Greece and Rome. Place the altar-tomb by the sarcophagus; in the former the hands are uplifted, in the attitude of prayer, instead of grasping the sacrificial patera. The dog, the emblem of fidelity, is removed from the sides of the monument, and placed beneath the feet of her whose virtues it commemorates. The *acanthus* has only enveloped each pillar with a wilder grace. The genius, holding his extinguished torch, has given way to the sainted martyr, who bears the instrument of torture which tried his constancy, or the palm which denotes his victory over human nature. And the butterfly, the mystic type of death and immortality, has disappeared before a more holy symbol. But it is soon seen that it differs much less from its graceful prototype than it appeared to do when first contemplated in the "dim religious-light" of the sepulchral chapel. In the same manner it may be stated, that however widely these extraordinary fables of romance differ from the classical tales of antiquity, it is certain that the dissimilarity is much enhanced by considering them apart.

Whatever objections may occur to some of these details, or whatever room there may now exist for the formation of any new hypothesis concerning the system adopted by Wharton and others, in their researches on this most interesting subject, the ground-work which they laid down remains unmoved, and its verity and stability unquestioned: that system which, making Persia the common and primitive source of romantic fable, deduces its progress through two distinct and widely-distant channels, to the same ultimate end and bourn; receiving, in its double

course, the various impressions, on the one hand, of all the gloom of northern superstition, and the bold enthusiasm of northern courage; on the other, of all the brilliancy and voluptuousness, the extravagance and caprice, and the occasional sublimity of southern genius. Again, in reference to this subject it may be further observed, that in this reunion of the two derivative streams of romance, their several ingredients were mixed in very different proportions, according to the genius and habits of the different western nations that received them, or the times and circumstances under which their reception was accomplished.

But, during the period of the middle ages, the province of fiction became that of especially eulogizing the virtues, fame, and renown of chivalry; and we might well fill many numbers of our *Miscellany* by narrating the various deeds of romance and fiction in those days of knightly arms. One of the most noted volumes of that age was the "*Lyfe of Virgilius*;" it holds a very conspicuous place in the literature of the middle ages, and is wholly composed of the traditionary fables which were once current respecting the bard of Mantua. It is related, in that day, that St. Louis fixed an import duty upon monkeys, at the *Chatelet de Paris*. The monkey of a traveller, who had bought him for his own disport, came in duty free, the monkey of a merchant, who had bought him to sell again, paid four *deniers*; but the monkey of a minstrel was bound to dance before the custom-house officer, who was directed to accept this display of the talents of the long-tailed figurante in discharge, not only of the monkey-duty, but of the duties to which the articles intended for jacko's use would otherwise have been liable. The merry-making couple were long welcomed in hall and bower; until, in process of time, a great change took place in manners,—the monkey continued a favourite, but the doors were closed against the minstrel.

But if we go on with the rapid tide of history, we shall find that, during the life-time of Francis the First, and the dominion of the profligate court of Catherine of Medicis, sensuality, fanaticism, and faction, united in unsettling the mind of man, and rendering it unfit for the cultivation of genuine literature. During this period, however, some poetry was produced, for poetry must have vent; but those writers who hoped to be read, were almost wholly employed in productions calculated to fan the flames of libertinism or discord.

The earliest records of that poetry which now began to appear in France and England, were metrical romances. In Italy, verse received its structure and genius from the Provençals; and love and devotion were the only themes of the sonnet, and the other lyrical productions cultivated by the fathers of Italian verse. Until Boccaccio invented the *ottava rima*, narrative poetry cannot be said to have existed in Italy.

But, about this same period, the Spanish novelists also began to appear, and soon enjoyed a degree of popularity, at home and abroad, fully equal to that enjoyed by the Italian writers of the same class. We are told that, in those days, before the work of a Spanish author could see the light, it was obliged to be passed through a tremendous defile of bishops and inquisitors, lords of the council, secretaries of state, and notaries royal and apostolical, whose licenses and approbations generally filled half a sheet at the beginning of each volume. This wretched system produced one solitary benefit, to compensate for its manifold evils,—it completely checked the corruption which disgraced the pages of the French and the Italian writers of that period. The Spaniards might, therefore, boast that their language was not profaned by becoming the vehicle of impurity. Another distinguishing feature of the Spanish *novella* was its length; it was generally a very extended and complicated narrative. The Italian *novella* was often confined to a simple joke or apophthegm, or to a single adventure. Of the early German literature, much valuable information has been collected by the labours of Göius, Hagen, Büsching, and many other writers, who have applied themselves with the greatest ardour, energy, and judgment to the investigation of the ancient literature of their country. The romance of their chivalrous deeds remained in fashion until the commencement of the thirty years' war; the long continuation of which subverted, after a time, the ancient habits of the people. They then began to imitate the spirit of the olden romances, which retained their popularity among them during the early part of the seventeenth century. From that period up to the times of the present day, the Germans have continued to attach a vast degree of importance to the novel and romance; and this species of composition forms a most important and extensive division in their literary history, it having been illustrated and cultivated by almost every author among them of real or fancied eminence in the world of letters.

If we dwell awhile upon the consideration of the personages and incidents which are developed in the mazes of an epic poem or a chivalrous romance, we shall soon discover that the effect of their perusal is to conduct us into a mystic world of enchanted wonder, inhabited by powerful and supernatural agencies, as well as by beings inheriting a portion of the human character and wisdom of man. And wherever these latter beings have a preternatural and powerful energy given to them, altogether inconsistent with that under-current of human nature, which is suffered, in some degree, to *make them of the earth, earthy*, and *regulate their character and conduct*, the events and circumstances which, in the development of the romantic catastrophe, these beings are designed to unfold, are also in

themselves found to be of a nature widely and distinctly different from those which regulate the common and every-day course of human affairs.

We have thus taken a swift and rapid survey of the different species of fiction, their ages, histories, and general distinguishing characteristics; but ere we proceed further in the investigation of this subject, we must, in concluding this article, bestow a few remarks on a division of the subject which is endeared by the memory of early childhood, and its unalloyed and happy associations. Mean and comparatively humble as are the puny fictions of our early nursery literature, these minor efforts of the human intellect show more clearly, perhaps, than may be generally supposed, the secret workings of a lowlier study—a younger off-shoot it may be—of the universal book of nature. Sir Walter Scott has observed, most eloquently, on this subject, “that a work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery tale of the subsequent ages.”

Thus might fiction be resolved into the earlier

and more primitive elements of its creation. The scenes embodied in the recesses of a vivid and dreaming imagination, in the earlier childhood of life, would become the offspring of a fond and fervent faith in future years. Sanctity thus clothes the dream before the altar of the idol. From the earlier days of the Celts, the foundations of our own popular nursery literature have been laid; and from its earliest birth pæsy has nursed, watched over, and strengthened it, until it has grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength, to the full period of its mature manhood. The popular nursery fictions of our own country may claim, with those of the continent, one common kindred of birthright; and as the people of England and of the Scottish lowlands are, undoubtedly, offsets and grafts from the Teutonic stock, it may, therefore, be considered as highly probable that our popular fables are also chiefly of Teutonic origin. Indeed, these idle imaginations and stories of our childhood may boast of a more distant origin, in the annals of the olden time, than those romances and poems which boast of, and clothe themselves in, the bravery of greater and more wonderful pretensions.

ERAS.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF —.

Thus only tie that bound me here
Is severed now for ay,
The only dream that still was dear
Hath passed in death away;
And what remains, since thou art gone,
For him whose heart was all thine own,
But unregarded and alone
To linger out his day?

From beauty's melting eye and smile
Thy doom hath set me free,
The charms that other hearts beguile
Are passed unmark'd by me;
If mirth her festive scene display,
I mourn the most where all are gay,
And pine in silent grief away,
To weep and think of thee.

For in the heart thine image fill'd
The memory of thy doom;
Each hope hath crush'd, each feeling chill'd,
But those which deck my tomb.
The home which thou wast wont to bless,
Though bless'd no more, is thine no less;
Nor shall it fade in wretchedness,
And solitude, and gloom.

Yet many have I seen and see
As fair in face and mien;
But none, O none, that e'er to me
Can be what thou hast been!

Thy plighted faith, too deeply proved,
(Ah! who can love as thou hast loved?)
Stood firm, by woes or wrongs unmoved,
In darkest storms, serene.

But all is o'er; and that last hope,
But glimpse of happier doom,
Which urged me still with fate to cope,
Is wither'd in the tomb.
Yet would I spurn that vain redress
Which springs from cold forgetfulness,
Though love or joy should never bless
My dreary years to come.

Yet though thy form hath ceased to be,
Remembrance still is mine;
And though the cold turf cover thee,
My heart shall be thy shrine;
While earth, its cares and charms forgot,
Shall seem to me some desert spot,
Till in the sleep that dreameth not,
My head is laid by thine.

Meanwhile one thought shall soothe my breast,
Though all be dark beside,—
'Tis to believe that thou art blest
Where purer souls abide.
Then let me still, through suffering, strive,
As thou hast lived, sweet saint, to live;
Then may kind Heaven in mercy give
To die as thou hast died.

D.

A SEASONABLE RECOLLECTION.

"Remember Jesus Christ."

Memory, like every other endowment, becomes valuable only as it is properly employed. In this world we are comparatively unable to appreciate its worth. Here, at most, it has only the range of a few short years, a large proportion of the history of which does not deserve remembrance. It is a capacity which increases in importance as the history of our being advances. What a source of pleasure must memory be to a pure and happy being, who, by its aid, can call up the events which have given interest to ten thousand years! But it may be turned to the highest account even here. It is a casket; and if it contain "the pearl of great price," it is sacred, it is rich indeed.

In the present state our memory is weak and incapable, unable to contain but a small portion of the innumerable objects which claim a place in it. The part of wisdom, therefore, is to examine and select what should obtain the first admission, and occupy the most prominent place in it; that, as all cannot be remembered, trifles at least may not be received to the exclusion of important objects. Let such an examination be instituted, and, before and above all things, we shall remember Jesus Christ.

He deserves to be remembered for the moral splendour of his achievements, in vanquishing all the enemies of human happiness; for his unmerited kindness in remembering us in our low estate; for the strength and endurance of his love, in continuing his regard for us unabated, notwithstanding the slights he receives at our hands, and notwithstanding his own personal removal and exaltation and for the reward of grace which he promises to our remembrance of Him. They that remember Him, he will remember. And, oh! to be remembered by Him would amply compensate for being forgotten by all the universe besides! The dying malefactor only asked the Redeemer to remember him; and his humble request was answered with an assurance that, on that day he should be with Him in paradise.

Our remembrance of Christ must not be confined to the Sabbath, or the hour of prayer, or the day of death, when no aid but his can avail us. This would denote no great attachment to him; this would be remembering him only when we could scarcely forbear doing it—when even they that hate him remember him.

Many would have us think about them, only when we ourselves are in prosperity. If we are in want, they would be pleased to find that we had forgotten them, lest we should importune or disgrace them. Not so Jesus Christ; he is pleased when our trials induce us to remember him: then it is that they answer their appointed end. In the hour of conscious guilt, his language is—"Remember my grace; it will prevent de-

spondency, and inspire you with hope." In the time of affliction—"Remember my sympathy, it will heal the wounds of the heart." In the season of duty—"Remember my example; like a guiding column of light, it will direct your course, and quicken your progress." In the prospect of death—"Remember that your 'Redeemer liveth,' and it will convert the chamber of sickness into the gate of heaven."

It is not easy for a man entirely to banish the Saviour from his recollections. Moving, as we are, in a world whose moral history is blended so intimately with the history of Christ, whose happiness depends on his mediation, and whose destiny will be determined at his tribunal, we are surrounded by intimations of his character and presence: and lest we should forget him, he has written his name more or less legibly on every object in the moral world—has left us, in a variety of forms, and in every direction, memorials of his merciful relations to us. Be it understood, however, that to remember him aright involves the noblest efforts of the human mind. The exercise is at once so easy, that it invites compliance; so arduous, that it demands supreme attention; and so indispensable, that to neglect it is to perish. It originates in a scriptural acquaintance with his character, and a devout affection for him; it implies our deepest sympathy with all that is pure and lofty; it renders us conversant with the beings and pursuits of another world. To remember him aright is to remember his promises, and believe them—his commands, and obey them—his glory, and to make it the object of our life.

There must be an intenseness in our recollections of him, which will not merely place him on an equality in our thoughts with other endeared objects, but which must give him a superiority above them all;—a remembrance which will yield us pleasure, which we shall often be disposed to indulge in as our highest gratification, and which, instead of readily giving way to other recollections, will keep its place in the mind, notwithstanding all the importunate solicitations of earthly objects. If we are not aiming at such a remembrance of Christ, we are recollecting him only as a being who deserves to be forgotten; but thus to remember him will impart a Divine character to a human mind—will make a sinful man a partaker of the Divine nature.

It has been said that a thought is valuable in proportion to the number of other thoughts which it naturally suggests. Then how valuable is the scriptural recollection of Christ! connected as he is with the past, the present, and the future, with all that is pure and spiritual, benevolent and great. In the universe, the Christian possesses in him a memorial and representative of

all that is worth remembering; while, on the other hand, every thought suggested by the contemplation of those objects may, in its turn, become the means of recalling the Saviour to his mind; and thus there will be an established connexion maintained in the mind between Christ and all that deserves to be associated with him. There will be a system of holy thoughts and recollections, of which Christ will be the centre and the soul: thoughts which at one time might have passed through the mind without being detained or cherished, will now find a welcome and a home; and will find it, simply because they bear a relation to him.

We listen with pleasure to the man who can give us the least information concerning a dear and distant friend; and every incident relative to Christ will be welcome to the heart which enshrines him. Could we look into the memory thus consecrated, and survey the interior imagery, we might trace with ease innumerable associations sacred to him, mingled, indeed, with some of an unhallowed kind; for even the temple itself was not unvisited by idols,

"Who durst fix their seats next the seat of God,
Their altar by his altar; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations!"

But such sacrilegious thoughts will not find a welcome, or effect a lodgment, in a heart which is thus sacred to him. And this suggests the importance of vivid as well as frequent recollections of Christ. If they cease to be vivid, they cease to exert a practical influence. They mingle and pass through his mind with other thoughts; but, instead of controlling the man, they are controlled by him; instead of imparting a religious character to his mind, his mind imparts to them its own worldliness. This is the secret of the religious declension of many Christians from what the Scriptures designate their "first love." Instead of remembering *him*, they

come to be satisfied with merely remembering *past recollections* of him.

It is, no doubt, strange in the estimation of the world, to insist on the paramount importance of habitually remembering a Being so far removed beyond the range of our natural sympathies and associations. So, under the former economy, the heathens were at a loss to conceive what could be the object of the Jewish worship, since the temple contained no *image* of a god; and when at last, on the conquest of Jerusalem, they rushed into the "Holy of Holies," they exclaimed with amazement, that *there was no God!* We admit the difficulty of remembering an unseen Saviour, but affirm its practicability, and urge its importance, and exult in the pleasure which its performance involves.

If we desire to cherish the recollection of a distant friend, in order to prevent the possibility of long forgetting him, how often do we carry about with us some memento to awaken recollections of him! Now, though the Christian does not stand in need of such assistance, yet whatever is calculated to bring the Saviour properly before us should not be despised. There should be such a sensitiveness of feeling cultivated towards him, that every thing we hear and see should have a tendency to remind us of him. Our sacred mental associations should be so multiplied, that nothing could claim our attention without directly or indirectly leading us to him; that no train of thought could be excited within us, without terminating in thoughts of him; that as the magnetic needle turns in the direction of the pole, so, whatever our situation, our hearts, being imbued with his love, might spontaneously and habitually turn to him.

Pointing to his sacramental ordinance, he enjoins, "Do this in remembrance of me." The Christian should do every thing in remembrance of Christ, and thus convert life into one sacramental feast.

IDEAS AND IDOLS.

In their origin these two words are very closely related to each other. They are both formed from the Greek verb, which signifies "to see." There is, however, a distinction between them, to which it is of no small importance to attend; and there is a latitude of meaning in the radical word "see," to which it is equally necessary to pay attention, if we wish to think and speak correctly upon some of those subjects which concern us the most.

"The idea" is not so much the thing seen, as the fact of seeing it. This seeing, must not, however, be confounded with the mere use of the eyes in beholding the visible objects. It has a far more extensive signification than this, and applies with equal propriety to every subject

which can engage the human thought, whether that subject be of such a nature as can be visible to the eyes or not. Thus, for instance, we have an idea of the sound of a trumpet, the scent of a rose, or the flavour of a peach; and yet it would be quite absurd to speak of seeing any one of these. So, also, we may have a perfect idea of that which is to be done, or should be done, not only before it is carried into execution, but even though the execution of it should never be undertaken: and, under proper circumstances, it is our power of forming such ideas which enables us to make advances in knowledge, in the arts, in the business of life, and, in short, in every thing in which an advance can be made.

Philosophers, especially those who have endea-

voured to investigate the mental powers of man, and the means of their improvement, have often entangled themselves in a most complicated cobweb of words upon the subject of ideas; and they have done so, chiefly because they have confounded ideas with idols. Hence it is of the greatest importance to understand clearly the distinction of meaning between the two words. We have already said that the idea is not the thing perceived, but the fact of perceiving it; and that it applies to the perceptions of all the senses equally, and also to those mental perceptions, answering to which there are no objects of sense.

The word *idol* has a very different meaning, even when it has no allusion to those spurious religions in which idols are substituted in place of the true God. As the word *idea* comes from the active form of the verb to see, or rather from that of the more general word to perceive or have knowledge; so the word *idol* comes from the passive form of the same verb, and means the subject of the perception; which, however, may be either real or imaginary. Thus, for example, if we have with attention viewed a scene, a person, or any thing whatsoever, when we advert to it afterwards, it rises before us with the same clearness and truth as if it stood before our eyes in its natural reality. In this case we have both the idea and the idol. The idea is the power which we possess in our minds of calling it up; and the idol is that which answers to our call. Both may be either true to nature, or they may not; but if the one of them is true to nature, the other must be equally so. It is the idea, however, which controls and fashions the idol; and the idol is perfect or imperfect, just according as the idea is so.

This is a very important consideration; because the forming of a correct idea is that which distinguishes a person of intelligence from one of the opposite character; and, therefore, those who have the training of the minds of youth, which is a duty that devolves upon every parent, and, indeed, upon every one having more experience than those who are about them, whether they discharge it in a faithful manner or not, ought to be especially attentive to the right formation of those ideas. At the outset, they are chiefly acquired by observation, or through the medium of language; and the portion so acquired is the real materials out of which further experience and mental exercise may enable the party to arrive at something original—something which shall add to the real stock of knowledge.

The means by which this is to be done are exceedingly simple, probably too simple for the

ordinary modes of teaching, in which nothing will go down unless there is an air of artificial wisdom about it. We have only to study one thing at a time, and to study it thoroughly. First, as it is in itself, as a whole, in all its particulars, and in all its qualities; and, secondly, as it stands in relation to other things. The consideration of this relation is double, applying both to contemporary existence and to succession in time. In the first of these, we have to consider the subject of which we are endeavouring to obtain a correct idea, as a part of some system or other. It may be the system of nature, the system of art, or the system of human conduct; but, whether it is one or another of these, or two, or all of them jointly, the knowledge of the individual thing, however minute, is really of little value, unless we see it in its proper connexion. The relation of succession is not less important; because it is here that our belief in the doctrine of cause and effect, when grounded upon true principles, is so very valuable to us. The grand use of this doctrine consists in its enabling us to connect the future with the present, from the experience which we have of the connexion of the present with the past; and as the plan which we form with regard to the future is only an idea, it is necessary that the ground of our judgment of it, which is drawn from the past, should be true to the events as they have really happened. No human caution, and no exercise of judgment, can reach perfection in those matters; but still a very close approximation may be made by those who carefully examine all the circumstances of every passing event, in the issue of which they are likely at any time to be concerned, and diligently treasure them up in their memory. It is this mental faculty of seeing the end and the purpose of every thing projected, which, constituting what is usually called "common sense," or "mother wit," is so far superior to mere acquired learning, that an ounce of it is said to be worth a pound of the latter.

The formation of correct ideas, that is, mental apprehensions which reach the whole of any case, embraces the entire field of mental culture; and it is one which very strongly claims the attention of every rational being. But, even after this is done, there still remains a danger of error; namely, the misapprehension of idol or mental subject of the idea. It is distinctly to be understood that this idol is merely that which the mind perceives, and not any thing material; but we must defer the consideration of it to a future paper.

A CUP OF TEA.

[We have to apologize to our fair friends for introducing them to a bachelor's *l'été-à-tête*, instead of to an orderly and mixed party. The latter we hope to do in a few weeks, having received an invitation for Thursday fortnight, and, contrary to our usual practice, accepted it, solely for the benefit of our readers. The gentleman who figures in the following article is, as will be seen, a mere bungler in the science of scandal, making mischief through a love of chattering, rather than from malicious intention. He hacks character as an Esquimaux would carve a turkey. In our future sketch we trust we shall be able to give a specimen of the more civilized mode of proceeding, and to exhibit the studied art and adroitness with which reputations are cut up in our tea-sipping circles, as skilfully as subjects at St. Thomas's Hospital.]

"Gossip, will you take a cup of tea with me this evening? Perhaps you belong to a Temperance Society; if so, it shall be tea and turn out. I am a bachelor, you know, and will invite no one else, that we may have it snug and cozy by ourselves. Well, you'll come? Thank you. Eight o'clock precisely. Good morning."

"Well, Mr. Gossip, how do you do again? I am glad to see you. Sit down. Have the kindness to ring the bell near you, and Sally will bring up the tray. The muffins were toasted half an hour ago, just as the clock struck eight; I like punctuality, Gossip; I like punctuality. I dare say something interesting happened to detain you thus long; yes—never mind—these things will happen. Don't apologize, I beg. You take cream and sugar? I hope you'll tell me if I don't make it agreeable."

"Well, Gossip, although I take tea in moderation, I confess it is a dangerous thing. Ardent spirits are mischievous, very; but tea also has a multitude of sins to answer for. The authority of Scripture, and the not unimportant fact that the decoction of tea-leaves was unknown till long after, prevents my attributing the origin of evil in Paradise to tea; but I am inclined to charge this beverage with most of the evil deeds which have been done of late years. Who can calculate the number of characters destroyed, reputations tarnished, friendships exploded, evil passions fostered, and amiable tendencies eradicated, by a cup of tea? Bellingham killed Mr. Perceval after tea; it was after tea (*gunpowder*, of course,) that the Cato-street conspirators held their meetings; murders, burglaries, highway robberies, and most of the blacker enormities, are committed at night, or, in other words, after tea. Effect follows cause,—crime follows tea; I think, then, Mr. Gossip, we may very logically infer that tea is the cause of crime. And further"—

"Pray, Scribble, do you know Mr. Tompkins?"

"I am not a talker, Gossip; but when my mind flings itself into the midst of a subject so sublime in itself, and awful in its results to mankind as tea, it revels and luxuriates like a hungry bull just turned into a field of clover. What an

infinity of interesting topics are associated with the word 'tea.' Think, Mr. Gossip, of that leviathan of nations, China, with its three or four hundred millions of inhabitants. Think of Confucius; think of all the great and learned men who flourished there before the time of Adam; think of its monstrous wall, its floating towns, its petrifying springs, its enormous lakes, with their beds, yielding crops and fruits to the cultivating hand of man; think of its wax-trees, tallow-trees, hashed rats, and puppy-pies. Think, too, of its pagan myriads,—Godless, Sabbathless! And contemplate, if your mind can grasp aught so magnificent, the scene which that mighty empire will present when the dense fogs of ignorance, superstition, and intolerance shall be rolled off like the morning mist, and the human desert shall blossom like the rose, beneath the fertilizing sun of Christianity. Think of"—

"Pray, do you know Mr. Tompkins?"

"Then think, Gossip, of that beautiful and ingenious home manufacture which has furnished us with the cups from which we are drinking. Let us travel in imagination to the human hive in which they were formed. What pounding, and moulding, and baking, and painting, and gilding, and varnishing! Let us glance at the condition, moral and physical, of the seventy or eighty individuals through whose hands they passed before they were ready for our use. Let us follow their aching backs and limbs to their bare and smoky hovels, or to the dens of drunkenness in which the excitement of toil is succeeded by the destructive excitement of intemperance and profaneness; where the body is inoculated with disease and premature decrepitude, and the mind converted to the semblance of a fiend; where the"—

"I heard the other day, Scribble, that Tompkins"—

"How exquisite the art, too, my dear Gossip, displayed in the production of this tray! To what perfection they have brought the manufacture of *papier maché*! how durable! how ornamental! The manufacturer now produces of this material almost all articles for household use, from the dining-table to the snuff-box. You may have your house furnished with paper, Gossip, from bottom to top, only excepting grates, poker, and tooth-picks. Admire the elegant form and delicate tints of that"—

"Mr. Tompkins is said to have"—

"The sugar, if you please, Gossip. Thank you. Let us contemplate a while the present state of the West Indies, and compare it with the past. What an awful"—

"I was going to tell you about Mr. Tompkins."

"The cream, my dear Gossip. Thank you. How wonderful is the process by which this is

converted from grass and buttercups into its present state! There are some things in the animal economy which "—

"My dear Sir, I"—

"Yes, very true; I forgot the spoons. Peru and Mexico are interesting, very interesting countries; but I think the silver mines there"—

"Mr. Scribble, this is not conversation; surely you fancy you are compiling an Encyclopædia. I have been trying to introduce a subject for the last half hour; and since it is not agreeable to you to allow me to say any thing, I must wish you good evening, and"—

"Nay, nay, my dear Gossip, sit down again, and take *your* turn. Let me fill your cup. Why, I declare, you have eaten all the muffins. Have the kindness to ring for more. Thank you. I *small* attention."

"You know Mr. Tompkins?"

"What Mr. Tompkins?"

"Mr. Tompkins of Gloucester-place."

"No; but I know his brother."

"Ah! it's a sad thing for all the family! Tompkins, you know, held power of attorney for old Gubbins; and I am told that, through some accidental inquiry at the bank, it was found—— but I don't like to state particulars; these are serious matters; suffice it to say, that Gubbins came to town, and Tompkins left London, the same day."

"What, for America?"

"No."

"France?"

"No, for Margate."

"Well, and what came of it?"

"O, he stayed a week or more, and then came back, looking as brazen as if nothing had happened. It was all hushed up, no doubt; but he'll never recover it."

"Well, Gossip, I hope the matter was not so bad as you suppose."

"My dear Scribble, I wish it may not have been."

"I met our old school-fellow Bill Smith the other day, Gossip."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Speak to him! to be sure I did, and laughed very heartily with him at the scrapes you used to get into by talking in school, and publishing *ricà voce* biographical sketches of old Thrashem and his family at the grocer's and at the tart-shop."

"I think neither of us must speak to him again, Scribble."

"Why? what's the matter?"

"I met him one morning coming into Regent-street, in the direct line from Great Marlborough-street; and the next day I read in the 'Times' newspaper that on that very morning William Smith was placed at the bar on a charge of swindling, and discharged on account of proof being defective, although it was the general im-

pression on the minds of those present that the accusation was not unfounded."

"But William is a common name, Gossip, and Smith not very uncommon."

"Ay, ay, Scribble; but I went to the office to make inquiries, and ascertained that the prisoner of that morning had nothing remarkable in his appearance, and was dressed in black, with crape on his hat, which proves his identity with our old crony, to whom the above description exactly applies, for Smith was in mourning when I met him."

"Well, I'll write to him, Gossip, and ascertain the fact, for *your* satisfaction."

"Not for the world. If you do, I shall consider it a breach of confidence. I detest scandal, and would not have the character of a tattler for the wealth of the universe. That's a serious business about poor Perkins, isn't it, Scribble? Who would have thought it? Such a retiring, even bashful, girl as his wife appeared to be when we first knew her! so respectably, and even piously, brought up too!"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, I wish with all my heart there was a doubt, that she might have the benefit of it."

"What *has* she done, Gossip? murdered a company of grenadiers?"

"Worse than that, I fear. You must know Perkins left home one morning, saying that he should not return until late; but having been detained a shorter time than was expected, he found on his arrival—— But for his sake, poor fellow, I will not tell the sequel, especially as I was told the occurrence in confidence. You *know*, Scribble, I hate scandal, and cannot dwell with complacency on the vices and weaknesses of my fellow-creatures."

"O, your sensitiveness in that matter, Gossip, is proverbial. But do tell me how poor Perkins bears the shock."

"Strange to say, as if nothing had happened. I went there the other day just to take a cup of tea, make a few observations, and see if I could make peace and arrange matters between them; and, to my astonishment, found her smiling as sweetly, and him chatting as cheerfully, as usual."

"Awful insensibility, Gossip, most awful!"

"Yes, indeed. You remember Halls?"

"Remember! I know him intimately, if any one can know such a paradox as he is. A well-meaning fellow enough, I believe, very versatile, and somewhat eccentric; now gloomy as a bear with a bruised paw, casting the shadows of his constitutional melancholy over life and nature; moralizing on the past, the present, and the future, as if earth were but a huge burial-ground; full of whims and fancies, intense attachments, and vehement dislikes. With a mind now shrinking, like the sensitive plant, from contact with hostile intellect; yet, on occasion, wielding the tomahawk and the scalping-knife against all op-

posed to him. He is a strange fellow, Gossip; now shedding tears at an unkind word; anon offering defiance, ramping, ranting, and bellowing like a little bison; and the next moment extracting half a hundred bad jokes from half a dozen common-place words; laughing lustily, meanwhile, at his own nonsensicalities. O, I know him; but, Gossip, what murder has he committed?"

"He and Miss Jones"——

"An excellent and amiable girl that, Gossip."

"Yes, she is; pious without austerity, frank without forwardness, prudent without prudery, full of taste and feeling for literature, yet free from the slightest tinge of blisism; meek and sensitive, and"——

"She is all that you say, Gossip, and much more; but how has Halls treated her?"

"Why, he —— but"——

"Nay, Gossip, none of your pauses and buts, if you please. I am deeply interested in both; and, excuse me, I will know what was Halls' crime against Miss Jones."

"He offered to marry her."

"Horrible! most unnatural! Why, Gossip, the man's a monster."

"Very awful indeed. I know you can keep a secret, Scribble?"

"Almost better than yourself, Gossip."

"I think Jackson will soon be in the Gazette. I know a fact or two. 'Tis a sad thing, with his large family and sick wife. I was talking with Hopkins about it just before I came here. Hop-

kins has assisted him a good deal; and I thought it right to let him know his friend's situation, and the need he has of his further kind offices. I have mentioned it to nobody else; indeed I only heard it since dinner."

"Gossip, I am thunderstruck. The man owes me a thousand pounds. I must go to him instantly, and"——

"My dear Scribble, sit down, sit down, I beg; it may be a mistake, you know; besides, I told it you in confidence. I hate scandal, and would not have the character of a tattler for the world. Do sit down—there's a dear, kind, good fellow—and resume your highly-interesting conversation on China, the porcelain manufactory, *papier maché*, the West Indies, animal physiology, silver mines, and what not."

"Sit down! why, man, I am ruined. Sally, my great-coat. Ruined! perfectly ruined! Good night, Gossip—sorry to be obliged to turn you out so soon. I like you for your discretion and amiable disposition; you are so perfectly benevolent, that the affairs of others ever take precedence of your own in your regard. We are but two. We have been but an hour or two together; yet to how many of our friends have our thoughts been directed! towards how many have our kindest sympathies been drawn! How vastly might we have extended the circle of our beneficent contemplations, had we spent the whole evening together, and included a few ladies in our party! But being a bachelor, you know, Gossip,——Good night! good night!"

POETICAL REMAINS OF A STUDENT.

[The following poems are the remains of one in whom "the vision and the faculty divine" were stirring from earliest youth. He was one of the few who, like Keats, had his name written upon the water; like him, too, poetry was to him

"the food
Of his delighted fancy;"

and, like him, he died of that same insidious and dreamy disease which, whilst it nurtures hope, only digs deeper the grave of open sorrow into which the victim of its misery is ever, sooner or later, hurried. These poems have been published before, but in a periodical of limited circulation, and known, perhaps, but to few of our readers.]

THE SONG OF THE SYREN.

I know thee, I know thee, thou fair-hair'd boy!
Thou art come to the land of light and joy,
To the home of each fair and lovely thing,
Where the bright flowers blow, and the sweet birds
sing,
Where the founts are clear as the skies above,
And the soft wind speaks like whisper'd love,
Where the violet breathes on the dawn-lit air
Of a spring that never dies,
And the asphodel shines as marble fair,
And the stars like woman's eyes,
Where the sunrise is bright as the sunset is calm,
And the silent midnight, from her couch of balm,
Heareth nought but the far stream's ceaseless hum;
To this home of delight have thy footsteps come.

I know thee, I know thee, thou fair-hair'd boy!
Thou art made for this land of light and joy:

The shrill, wild wind, and the lashing sea,
And the foundering skiff. O! it must not be.
Too bright are the treasured beams that lie
Hid in the depths of thy soft dark eye;
Too fair is thy cheek, and the soul too warm
That speaks through thy parted lips,
That lives in and looks from thy graceful form;
And the spirit of calm that sleeps
On the pearly white of thy wreathed brow,—
Too lovely are these, and too beautiful thou,
To brave the chill gale, and the salt sea foam;
No, no; thou art made for this island-home.

I love thee, I love thee, thou fair-hair'd boy!
And have waited thee long in this home of joy;
I have lean'd on the bare rock day by day,
From the purple-plumed dawn until gloomy grey;
And have wept when the far-seen sail grew dim,
Fading away from the water's rim.
Ah me! I could tell of the sleepless night,
Of the still deserted bower,
And the seaward gaze in the pale moonlight,
From yon lone and lighted tower:
But enough; thou art come, and my task shall be
To gather the honey-bee's gold for thee,
With sweets from the mountain, and sweets from the
well,
And others I could, but I may not tell.

I love thee, I love thee, thou fair-hair'd boy!
My home shall be thine in this land of joy.

I know thou wast warm,—and thy couch have made
Of violet wreaths, 'neath the musk-rose shade,
Where the citron's scent, and the sound of the spring,
Are borne on the faint wind's fitful wing.
And O, far other delights than these:—

Heaven's music to lull thee to rest,
When thy form shall be lapp'd on a maiden's knees,
And thy head on her warm white breast;
Bright glances to meet, soft kisses to close
Thine eyes, when a moment they break their repose;
With none to disturb, and nought to alloy,
This home shall be thine, thou fair-hair'd boy!

LAMENT OF THE INDIAN WOMAN.

And art thou changed to clay?
Gone to the spirits' land, pale warrior-boy?
We mourn the fatal day
That saw thee rushing swiftly, and with joy,
To the dark forest where the ambush lay
That smote and left thee on the blood-stain'd way.

Thou wast our hope; we thought
To trust thy prowess when the foe should come;
And lo! thou'rt hither brought,
Borne in deep silence to thine earth-damp home,

With lips and locks that glow with beauty still,
And soft-closed eyes, and brow as marble chill.

Sleep, sleep, pale warrior-boy!

Thou in thy life didst love the moaning river,
And with strange, silent joy,
Didst watch the leaflets in the cool wind quiver:
Now shall that stream moan softly by thy bed,
And the light leaflet flourish o'er thy head.

He fell, but hath not ceased to be,—
His voice came on the blast,
And fearfully it spake to me
In thunder, as it past.

Son of the valiant dead, arise!
I hear the death-word spoken;
And I have sworn by him whose eyes
Behold when vows are broken.

Warriors! our fathers point the path,
Their spirits haunt the field;
His soul awakes their wildest wrath
Who stoops to shrink or yield.

REVIEW.

Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons: illustrating the Perfections of God in the Phenomena of the Year. Winter. By the REV. HENRY DUNCAN, D.D.,
Ruthwell. W. Oliphant and Son, Edinburgh.
1836.

Time is a solemn as well as a sounding title; and he who essayed to follow it out "in spirit and in truth," would have required to "gird up his loins like a man;" for the demand of the Almighty was upon him as strongly as it was upon the patriarch Job, when God called to him from the whirlwind, "I will demand of thee, and answer thou me." We fear we must add, that the reproof would fall still more forcibly upon the Rev. Pastor of Ruthwell than it did upon the man of Uz.

That Dr. Duncan has collected, from various sources, a number of interesting facts, we do not mean to deny; but still the title of his book is a misnomer, for we have searched it in vain for a single grain of philosophy. It more resembles the emptying of a sort of literary savings' bank, in which the laborious author had conserved scraps of all sorts, and poured the *mélange* upon the pages of a book, not only without plan and philosophical purpose, but actually without knowing the intrinsic value of the individual parts. Besides the total want of connexion and concentration upon any one general subject, which alone would render the book a mere lounging-book for the idle, there are some heavier charges for which Dr. Duncan is answerable. We will not of course go into the details of about ninety detached scraps of which the 394 pages are made up. We cannot, however, omit remarking in general, that the same objection applies to all that we have read, which applies to Paley, and every other writer professedly on Natural Theology, with the single exception, perhaps, of John Ray. The objection is in brief this:—There is neither nature nor theology in the matter, the scope of the whole being to show that in every kind of art the Almighty is a better artisan than human beings. Now what ought to be shown is, that the God of Revelation and the God of Nature are one and the same Being; and that the law of Nature and the law

of the Gospel are portions of one and the same general law, pure and perfect as the Lawgiver.

Upon this general point we ought to deal gently with Dr. Duncan, and not blame him for failing where far greater men have failed; but there is a minor point upon which we feel it our duty to admonish him, because, though he himself is possibly not aware of it, in our humble opinion it strikes directly at the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and, by an injudicious attempt to raise other animals to the rank of man, tends to sink man to the level of the brutes. The passage to which we particularly allude begins on page 134, and has the very suspicious title of "Reason in the Lower Animals." We cannot afford to quote the whole; but the following passage, in the Doctor's remarks upon the quotations which it embodies, will show how dangerous it is to tamper with this subject:—

"In some of the insect tribes, there seems to be an extraordinary faculty, which, if it can be called instinct, surely approaches to the highest faculty possessed by man.—I mean the power of communicating information by some natural language. Huber affirms that, 'nature has given to ants a language of communication by the contact of their antennæ; and that, with these organs, they are enabled to render mutual assistance in their labours and in their dangers, discover again their route when they have lost it, and make each other acquainted with their necessities.' This power seems to be confirmed by what occurred to Dr. Franklin. Upon discovering a number of ants regaling themselves with treacle in one of his cupboards, he put them to the rout, and then suspended the pot of treacle by a string from the ceiling. He imagined that he had put the whole army to flight, but was surprised to see a single ant quit the pot, climb up the string, cross the ceiling, and regain its nest. In less than half an hour several of its companions sallied forth, traversed the ceiling, and reached the repository, which they constantly revisited till the treacle was consumed. The same power of communication belongs also to bees and wasps, as may be proved by any one who carefully attends to their habits.

"This is their language, not of articulate sounds indeed, but of signs—a language which, as Jesse observes, 'we have no doubt is perfectly suited to them; adding, we know not how much, to their happiness and enjoyments, and furnishing another proof that there is a God all mighty, all wise, and all good, who has 'ornamented the universe' with so many objects of delightful contemplation, that we may see Him in all his works, and learn not only to fear Him for his power, but to love Him for the care which He takes of us, and of all his created beings.

"Whether this power of communication be rational or instructive, it is obviously only suited to be useful to a being possessed, at least to a certain extent, of intellectual faculties,—of the power of forming designs,—of combining, with others, to execute

them,—of accommodating itself to circumstances, and, therefore, of remembering, of comparing, of judging, and of resolving. These are assuredly acts of reasoning; at least I know not under what other category to arrange them.

"The instance which Dr. Darwin gives of a wasp, noticed by himself, is in point. As he was walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel-walk with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen; and then, taking up with its feet the trunk or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away; but a breeze of wind, acting on the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this, it alighted again in the gravel-walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing and then another, and, having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty.

"Here we have contrivance and recontrivance—a resolution accommodated to the case, judiciously formed and executed; and, on the discovery of a new impediment, a new plan adopted, by which final success was obtained. There is undoubtedly something more than instinct in this. And yet we call the wasp a despicable and hateful insect."—pp. 137, 138.

We must of course excuse what the Doctor quotes from Huber, Franklin, Jesse, and Darwin, though we

think the majority of these parties are very questionable authority on a profound question of a psychological nature, such as that which is here involved. To Darwin we should especially object, for we cannot forget having dipped into his "*Zoonomia*," which is not a beautiful poem, as some Edinburghers of late alleged it to be, but a piece of most unsophisticated prose. The grand objection, however, is to Dr. Duncan's own remarks, in the short paragraph which concludes the quotation. If what he alleges there be true, what can man possess more than is possessed by the wasp, unless it be a mere difference of material structure? Let the Doctor look at that paragraph again, and then let him consider how the scope of it is calculated to shake the better hopes of man; and then let him think what responsibility lies upon a preacher of that Gospel by which "life and immortality were brought to light," if he heedlessly tampers with such subjects.

GEMS.

"Man giveth up the ghost."

"'WHERE IS HE?'—Where, indeed! Look around you on the day when his death is announced, in the place where his life was passed—where is he? Seek him in the countenances of the neighbours: they are without a cloud—he is not there; the faces on which he has closed his eyes for ever, continue as cheerful as they were before. His decease is reported in the social circle; the audience receives it with indifference, and forgets it in haste; the seriousness with which it is told, or the sigh with which it is heard, springs rather from human pity than from moral reflection and social distress; and in a moment the current of convivial mirth recovers the liveliness of its glow; the business and the pleasures of the place proceed with their usual spirit; and perhaps in the house which stands next to that in which he lies an unconscious lump of clay, in the cheerless chamber of silence and insensibility, the voice of music and dancing is heard, and the roof resounds with jubilee and joy. Wait but a few days after his interment; seek him now in the faces of his kinsmen,—they have resumed their cheerfulness, now he is not there. When a few years have circled over his sepulchre, go search for the fugitive in his dark retreat from human notice; his very relics are vanished,—he is not now even there. Stay a little longer, and thou shalt seek in vain for a stone to tell thee in what part of the land of oblivion he was laid; even that frail memorial of him, of whatever materials it was made, has mouldered away: where, then, is he? The inspired penman assures us that he has given up the ghost: a singular expression, pointing out to us the sole prerogative of our nature. The death of other creatures is not announced in such terms as these. They literally cease to be; when they die, they become extinct; the animal life evaporates,

and the lump of matter of which they were formed insensibly crumbles into common dust. But man giveth up the ghost; he is at once subject and superior to death; he yields and vanquishes at the same moment; he alone, among all the beings which inhabit this lower world, must view with apprehensive terror, or joyous hope, the sith of time and the dart of death; it is man's high privilege or dismal curse not to die; he departs, but whither—where is he? This is a question we ought seriously to ponder. It may be answered on the principles of the Christian revelation,—character is destiny, conduct is fate." We may probably resume the subject, and employ our best efforts to enable our readers to decide for themselves whether, as heirs of eternity, they are to be inhabitants of heaven or of hell. We have introduced the text of Scripture because it is seasonable, and may awaken solemn reflection and inquiry, and that we might more widely circulate an elegant passage from the sermons of the once-celebrated Joseph Fawcett.

CONTRIVERSY is not in itself to be deprecated; it is only opposed to the highest interests of those who engage in it on the awful subject of religion, when it is conducted in a litigious spirit, for the purpose of serving a party, to gratify the pride of victory, or to obtain personal aggrandizement. Yet even when it has been most abused, it has ended in the clearer manifestation and ultimate triumph of right principles. Nothing is so apt to rouse attention, and to strike out knowledge, as disputes. In the beautiful language of Bishop Horne, "all objections, when considered and answered, turn out to the advantage of the Gospel, which resembles a fine country in the spring season, when the very hedges are in bloom, and every thorn produces a flower."—*Book of the Denominations*.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ANAGRAM.—There is a comical story in the world of Sir Roger L'Estrange going to see Lee, the poet, when confined in a lunatic asylum. The poet expressing his concern to see his old friend in so dull a place, "Ay, sir," replied the other,

"Manners may alter, circumstances change,
But I am strange Lee still, you still Le Strange.

WAR.—Anthony Beneset, in a conference with the General Chevalier de Chastellux, said, "I know that thou art a man of letters, and a member of the French Academy. Men of letters have, for some time past, written many good things; they have attacked errors,

prejudices, and, more than all, intolerance; will they not at last try to disgust mankind with war, and make men live amongst each other like friends and brothers?"

LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

Says his landlord to Thomas, "Your rent I must raise,

I'm so plaguily pinched for the pelf."

"Raise my rent!" replies Thomas, "your honour's main good,

For I never can raise it myself."

TEMPERANCE *VERSUS* INTEMPERANCE.

ARTICLE THE FIRST.

"Observe
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught."
MILTON.

TEMPERANCE is a bridle of gold; and he who never allows it to fall from his hand, *ego non summi viris comparo, sed simillimum Deo judico*, "is more like a god than a man;" for, having made the human-beast a man again, it contributes to heighten humanity into divinity.

In imagination I lately visited an *Association* of persons who, beginning to awake to the evils of intemperance, and resolved to forsake it, had assembled to devise expedients for aiding and confirming themselves in their good intentions. So true is it that we no sooner form a sincere resolution of amendment, than the beneficent God comes more than half way to our aid, that the company, on coming together, found the place of their meeting pre-occupied, and almost filled with preternatural incentives and encouragements to persevere.

These consisted, principally, of venerable personages of all ranks and times, who received them with looks of cheering complacency; and who, on uttering a sentence of caution or encouragement, slowly and successively withdrew. Many of the sentences so uttered I distinctly remembered to have read; and am convinced, from various circumstances which then transpired, that those who uttered them were their original and veritable authors, who, being dead, were thus allowed to speak.

The first, an eminently venerable man, placing his finger on a page of a book which he carried, read a passage which I recognised as Genesis ix. 20, &c.; and as he read, tears of penitence and looks of compunction, marked his patriarchal face. On the head of the next was the "likeness of a kingly crown;" and as he departed he pronounced, emphatically, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." A train of ruddy and athletic men next walked forth, the personifications of health, followed by a majestic person wearing the prophetic vestments, who said to them, with an air of divine authority, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, Because ye have obeyed the command of your father, not to drink any strong drink, therefore shall he never want a man to stand before me for ever." Two others then departed in company; and as they went one of them said, in a tone of benignant entreaty, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." And the other instantly added, "For the drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Next went an aged man with his son, and pointing at him with delight, exclaimed, "This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found;

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rejoice with me." And the son knelt to receive his blessing.

Of those that followed most of them, instead of speaking, deposited a paper on the table, which was immediately opened and read by one or other of the company. The first was, *Ebrii gignunt ebrios*, and signed "Plutarch;" this the reader interpreted as, "one drunkard begets another." The next bore the subscription of "Tully," and was as follows, *Melior conditio senis viventis ex præscepto artis medica, quam adolescentis luxuriosi*, "better be a temperate old man than a free-living youth." The philosophers were followed by a train of kings and nobles, represented by a patrician of Venice, who laid on the table a book on the art of prolonging life, by Lewis Cornaro. These were succeeded by the poets, in whose name Shakspeare exclaimed,

"Ask God for temperance, that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires."

To which Milton added, with the sonorous voice of an organ,

"Observe
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight."

Statesmen, moralists, and preachers next disappeared, each depositing on the table, as he passed, some memento or sentence to the same effect as those which had preceded them. One of these was evidently by Camden, and stated that "the English, which, of all the northern nations, had been least drinkers, and most commended for their sobriety, learned, by the Netherland wars, to drown themselves with immoderate drinking; and, by drinking to others' healths, to impair their own:" leaving it to be inferred that, as the poisonous habit is not indigenous, but exotic, it may yet be eradicated.* Another was subscribed by the venerable name of "Hale," and ran thus,—
"If ever you expect to have a sound body, as well as a sound mind, carefully avoid intemperance. The most temperate and sober persons are subject to sickness and diseases, but the intemperate can never be long without them." A third bore the name of "Cecil, Lord Burghley," and contained the following: "Banish swinish drunkenness out of thine house, which is a vice

* There is no doubt whatever that excessive drinking was imported during the wars of the League, by our military men; that it was reduced to a science, regulated by laws, and attended by an appropriate dialect. "*Incredibilis diuina*," as a Dutch writer of the time complains of his own countrymen, "*quantum hujusce liquoris immunde da gens capiat*," &c.; "it is incredible how much they will drink; how they love a man that will be drunk, crown him, and reward him for it."—*Bohemus in Saxonid.*

impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink ; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman, than for either a gentleman or a serving-man." "Temperance," said another, "that virtue without pride, and fortune without envy, gives ease of body and tranquillity of mind,—the best guardian of youth, and support of old age;" And to this was appended the name of "Temple."

But to proceed with the account of the incidents which took place after the reading of these and many similar sentences was ended ; the venerable assemblage having nearly all departed, the association now remarked, for the first time, that the walls of their room exhibited a number of devices relating to the subject under consideration. On one side appeared the brutal bacchana-

lian orgies ; on another, the drunken broil between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ ; here, Alexander, in the frenzy of intoxication, rushing on his friend Clytus ; and there, a squalid wretch dragged away by Disease and Remorse from a family perishing with want through his drunken habits. In one place, the apologue of the demon offering to his victim the choice of three sins, and smiling at his choice of drunkenness, well knowing that, when drunk, he would be ready to commit the other two ; and in another, a body in a state of spontaneous combustion ; whilst the whole of the upper part of the room was occupied by a representation of Temperance enthroned, crowned by a hand from the clouds, and surrounded and supported by groups of happy faces, denoting health, plenty, hope, honour, and religion.

THE HISTORICAL RECORDS OF THE BIBLE.

INTRODUCED by the kindness of a beneficent Creator into a state of existence, associated with beings like himself, and inhabiting a world which has undergone a variety of natural, moral, and political changes,—the man who does not feel an irresistible curiosity to inquire into the origin of the terrestrial globe, the nature and history of his species, with the whole train of events which has developed character, controlled the destinies of empires, and illustrated the great principles of the divine government,—has certainly little claim to the reputation of intelligence, goodness, or piety ; indeed, he scarcely deserves the name of man, for he is indifferent to the interests of humanity. Curiosity, however, is a very common, and a very powerful principle in the human breast, and, next to necessity, is the best incentive to the acquisition of important and useful knowledge ; the great difficulty is to guide, to restrain, and to satisfy it, to render it at once a source of gratification, and a means of improvement. Legitimate curiosity has to do, principally, with facts ; and it has been well observed, that facts are the reasons of philosophy, and philosophy is the glory of intellectual existence. The basis of right thinking, and of just principles, must be laid in an accurate and comprehensive acquaintance with the works and ways of God, with the transactions and affairs of men. And it is for this great purpose that we are favoured with the infallible records of the holy Scriptures : in them God himself has condescended to become our instructor, and to be our unerring guide through the labyrinths of the past ; leading us up to the first origin of things, and shedding light upon the gloomy and intricate path of inquiry. The Bible is, in truth, a great instrument of moral discipline, applied to man in his present state of probation ; and is chiefly intended to form his character as

an accountable creature, and thus to prepare him for a condition of immortal felicity.

In this holy book the Divine Being has used a variety of methods to teach us our duty, and to touch our hearts. Sometimes we read those plain and unequivocal precepts which declare his will ; and at other times we are instructed by an interesting parable : now we are allured by the voice of mercy, which sounds from Zion ; and then we are alarmed by the thunders which roll over Sinai : heaven is here unveiled to us, and we almost hear the harps of angels, and the hallelujahs of glorified saints ; hell is there uncovered, and the shrieks of the despairing vibrate on our ears, and the smoke of their torment rises before our eyes : here prophets look down the long current of years, and predict things which are to come ; there inspired historians show us the accomplishment of these predictions : here the merits of the Redeemer, and promises sealed with blood, are reached forth to us by our heavenly Father ; there the deep pollution of our hearts and the demerits of sin are developed to us. Every method is employed to bring back rebellious and wretched man to God and to happiness. The understanding, the heart, and the conscience are, by turns, addressed in language the most forcible, and by motives weighty as eternity. But the inspiring Spirit, well knowing our frame, well knowing how strongly we are stimulated by example, has especially chosen to communicate instruction to us from the lives of others. The greater part of the sacred volume is historical ; and the histories which it relates are not intended merely to excite a barren admiration, or to gratify an idle curiosity, but are designed and calculated to cherish the love and the fear of God, to teach us what he is and what we are, and to give new warmth to our devotional

feelings. Properly speaking, they are not so much the history of particular men or nations, as the history of God, of his nature, his perfections, his providence, and will, as exemplified in these particular instances; and therefore, when duly considered, they are eminently calculated to lead the heart and the affections to him. When the blighted beauties of Eden are presented to our eyes, it is not that our regrets may be excited from contrasting it with its former glory, but that we may be made to shudder at the guilt of sin, and tremble at the danger of disobeying the Most High. When we behold Noah riding on the back of the swelling surges, secure amidst the desolation of the world, it is our duty, not merely to rejoice at his personal deliverance; but to mark, also, the faithfulness of God, and the blessedness that results from believing his declarations and obeying his precepts. When we see the arm of Abraham extended, and ready to be dyed with the blood of his beloved son, we should not merely have our natural sympathies excited; but learn from him to sacrifice the dearest objects of our affections—those on which our souls rest with fondest delight—at the command of God. When the smoking ruins of Jerusalem are spread before us; when we behold the countless number of her children that became the victims of the sword, of famine, and of sedition; when we listen to the shrieks of the bereaved, and mark the convulsive struggles of the dying, it is not merely to fill our eyes with tears, and our hearts with sorrow, for this unhappy nation, that this picture is presented to us; but to show us the terrors of Jehovah, the woes which must crush the guilty when the patience of the Lord is exhausted, and his arm, clothed with thunder, is raised against them, and the accumulated misery which must at last overtake those who despise the means of grace and the offers of salvation. We are, perhaps, scarcely warranted in making the unqualified assertion, that there are no true histories except those which the holy Scriptures contain; though it is certain that the facts and characters which uninspired writers have given to the world were but imperfectly understood by themselves, and exhibited to others through the medium of their prejudices, predilections, and antipathies. It is not our privilege, in the present state, to view objects in their own light; we must altogether depend on the adventitious and uncertain glimmerings of human testimony; and what that testimony is worth must be estimated by the capacity and the integrity of the witnesses,—two things which are seldom united, even when men have actually beheld the events which they relate; and far less frequently when, in some distant age, individuals, ambitious of fame, aspire to distinguish themselves as historians; in these cases, so many motives, and influences, and sentiments combine to pervert judgment, and to blind integrity, that perhaps the

most finished labours of the historic muse deserve no higher character than that of splendid fictions. One thing is certainly obvious,—that the records of the sacred page, and the great scheme of Providence, in connexion with events which those records develop, afford the only true landmarks of history, and enable us to understand and to explain what would otherwise be obscure and unintelligible. In perfect harmony with this remark is the paragraph with which a devout historian concludes his great undertaking: "Whilst all things are in motion, and fluctuate upon earth; whilst states and empires pass away with incredible rapidity, and the human race, vainly employed in the external view of these things, are also drawn in by the same torrent, almost without perceiving it, there passes in secret an order and disposition of things unknown and invisible, which, however, determines our fate to all eternity. The duration of ages has no other end than the formation of the body of the elect, which augments and tends daily to perfection, and the final glory of which shall introduce a new era in the universe. 'Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power.' God grant that we may all have our share in that blessed kingdom whose law is truth, whose King is love, and whose duration is eternity! *Fiat, fiat.*"

Attaching, as we do, such high and unrivalled importance to the sacred books, as themselves true histories, and the clue and only certain guide to the right understanding of all others, it may, perhaps, be demanded of us, how it is that there appears so little harmony and connexion in the narratives of these books; that they are written with so little order, and with so little regard to the disposition and combination of the parts; and that the whole should be pervaded with obscurity or confusion, with discrepancies or contradictions? Does not all this, it may be urged, imply a character of imperfection, of insincerity, and discordancy, which but ill agrees with the high pretensions of the Bible, as a divinely inspired and infallible communication from heaven?

In attempting to reply to these pertinent suggestions, which arise very naturally out of a superficial acquaintance with the sacred volume, I shall, at the same time, explain the nature and object of the present work, as well as prove the importance and value of the undertaking.

The complaint, that the historical Scriptures are destitute of harmony and connexion, that the narratives want continuity, and that, so far from flowing in one grand stream of uninterrupted events, they are irregular and abrupt, arises from two causes, neither of which forms a real objection against their truth or accuracy. The first, indeed, is a powerful argument in favour of both.

First—Let it be remembered, that what are called the histories of the Bible, were written by different individuals at distant intervals of time; that they did not write simply in the character of historians, but of legislators, prophets, teachers, and reformers; that their narratives are incidental portions of their works, and introduced for purposes of a moral and religious nature; that they are therefore interspersed with many things foreign to the express and exclusive object of history. All this will at once account for the want of an obvious connexion and harmony between them. Several of the sacred penmen relate the same facts, with circumstantial additions suited to the principal object which they wished to accomplish. But each one is always consistent with himself; and on a close investigation it will be found, that though the stream of narration is not preserved, yet, that the apparently separated rivulets are contributory to one grand reservoir of historical knowledge.

The books of Moses, though they contain jurisprudence, theology, poetry, and all that in his day were embraced in the circle of the sciences, yet present us with a consistent and harmonious history, occasionally broken and interrupted, and the chasms filled up with different materials; but affording undoubted evidence of design and connexion in the events and facts which he undertakes to perpetuate. "Where," says an authority of some weight on such a point as this, "Where can we find a more methodical history than that of Moses, beginning at the first creation of all things, and the formation of human kind; proceeding in the account of their increase, depravation, and almost total destruction by a universal deluge; after their second increase, relating their relapse into idolatry; and thereupon God's electing a peculiar people to serve him according to his own appointment, and so recording the first original, and various adventures of their progenitors; the afflictions and wanderings of that chosen nation; and the polity which they should observe when once they were settled in the promised land? Nothing can be more clear and regular than this; and as for the other historians, who wrote the transactions of the Jewish nation, from the conquest of Canaan to the Babylonish captivity, they are so exact in observing the order and series of time, and in setting down the length of each prince's reign, that they afford a better foundation for historical truth, as well as chronological certainty, than is to be found in the best heathen writers of this kind."

Should misapprehension still prevail on this subject, and an objection be felt against the scriptural records, because, in point of continuity, they differ so much from the classical specimens of this species of composition, we would just observe, that these records partake more of the character of *state papers* and *original documents*, which are the source of history, than of history

itself. A diligent inquirer may easily discern a connected series of events, by arranging in chronological order, and carefully bringing together the disjointed particulars which are preserved in these different and isolated *memoranda*. It is thus that the inspired books maintain the sacredness of their original character, and at the same time give full scope to the exercise of the human mind; and if persons of a doubting and sceptical spirit, would only investigate the records of the Bible with the same industry and acumen which they would deem it reasonable to apply to those ancient documents, which form the basis of civil history, they would remove all those obstacles to their faith which the apparent want of harmony and connexion in the sacred narratives may have occasioned.

The *second* cause which often perplexes the reader of the sacred books, and induces the hasty conclusion, that they have neither unity of design, nor consistency of parts is, the order, or rather disorder, in which they are thrown together. Here there is nothing like arrangement,—all is miscellaneous and accidental. Little regard has been paid by the compilers of the canonical books to their natural and proper disposition, and hence have arisen those difficulties and obscurities which have given birth to so many commentaries, and which are the foundation not only of infidel objections, but of numerous errors and mistakes among professing Christians. The great work of the learned Dr. Lightfoot was written for the express purpose of applying a remedy to this evil. Since his time, several biblical scholars have availed themselves of his invaluable labours, and made considerable advances towards perfecting his design. Mr. Townsend's late work, which is founded on the basis of Lightfoot's *Chronicle*, and in which the "Old Testament is so arranged that the books, chapters, psalms, prophecies, &c., may be read as one connected history in the words of the authorized translation," possesses very considerable merit, and removes every impediment to a clear and comprehensive understanding of the Scriptures. No man who reads this performance with care, and without prejudice, will have to complain that the Bible is either imperfect in its narratives, or disjointed in its parts.

With regard to the obscurities, confusion, and discrepancies which are charged upon the divine volume, it is sufficient to observe, that they also are imaginary; that they have no existence in the book itself, but are to be attributed, in some degree, to the causes already adduced; but more especially to the errors of translators and transcribers; to the very remote antiquity of the events recorded, as well as the great lapse of time since the accounts were written; to the customs and manners described, which were well understood by the persons addressed, but are by no means familiar to the mere English reader; to

the omission of various circumstances for the sake of conciseness in the narrative, which was yet sufficient to answer the design intended, but is now involved in a degree of obscurity, which the aid of collateral authorities and information supplied from other sources alone can remove; to the changes which revolving centuries have produced in the countries and nations that form the

principal scenes and subjects of sacred history, and to that kind of half biblical education which is picked up in a Christian and Protestant country, by multitudes, who understanding nothing perfectly, either of the sacred writers or their works, are forward to pass a presumptuous judgment upon both.

THE GIPSY.

A TALE.

SAMUEL PARKER was a fisherman, residing on the coast of Kent; that is to say, fishing was his ostensible, and had formerly been his actual and sole avocation. Of late years, however, Sam brought in fish only occasionally, and then seemed not particularly anxious about the disposal of them; nevertheless, his wife and children appeared usually to have all they wanted, and Sam, at all times, more than he needed, for he ever bore about with him, when on shore, symptoms of the free use of tobacco and spirits. It had long been more than insinuated in the neighbourhood, that he considered as fish all that came to his net, and that the majority of those which he now brought to land were of the *leg* species. Rumour in this instance said truly; Parker was a bold and an active smuggler.

One wintry afternoon, at the near approach of nightfall, the smuggler was proceeding to his cottage, when, on emerging from a small wood, he met a female gipsy who had long haunted the neighbourhood, making her appearance in the day-time, and retiring at night, nobody knew whither, for there was no encampment of her people near. She was never accompanied but by the infant which she carried at her back. She appeared to provide for her necessities by promising the maidens of the adjacent villages husbands; the young men wives; to fishermen prosperous voyages; to their dames good luck with their bees and poultry, or any little undertaking which they might have in hand; besides foreboding the dignity of alderman or parish beadle for their ragged-headed urchins.

She was by no means old, perhaps not more than thirty; yet her handsome, though strongly-marked countenance indicated a weight of care and sadness which would seem more naturally to belong to advanced years. In her air there was command almost amounting to dignity; but not derived from superior stature, for she was far from tall. She possessed the olive complexion, oval features, and dark massive locks characteristic of her tribe. Her eyes were black, large, and overflowing with subtle meaning; there was power, cunning, and a fearful fascination combined in them, as in those of the serpent. The twilight was just thickening into darkness; the wind was rising, and blew in fitful gusts among

the neighbouring branches; now sighing, wailing, moaning, and anon yelling and howling, like an angry demon. A man more imaginative and less besotted than Parker, would have felt the very poetical position in which he at that moment stood.

"Shall I tell your fortune, Master?" said the gipsy.

"No," said Sam, pettishly; "but I'll tell you yours without money. You will be sent to the tread-mill, vagabond; and very good exercise it will be for you. And that brat behind you, when he is old enough, thanks to what he will learn from you, will be swinging by the neck some day, for mistaking somebody's horse for his own, or doing something worse."

The eyes of the gipsy flashed fire; her whole countenance was irradiated with rage; her lips separated, exposing a double row of strong, white, regular teeth; guttural sounds proceeded from her throat, of which it was difficult to decide whether they were half-uttered words, or low scornful laughter. She seemed to be gathering and concentrating her energies, like a billow, in order to wreak them with greater certainty and fury.

"Villain!" at length she exclaimed, in a voice which rivalled the dissonance of the wind, and was heard distinctly above it. "Villain, do you threaten an unoffending woman, and a sucking babe, with the terrors of the law? *you*, who, like a beast of prey, prowl only amid darkness, not daring to bare your scoundrel visage to the sun; you who go forth on the ocean, not to fight your country's battles, or earn your bread by honourable toil, but to snatch it by base and cowardly stratagem; or skulk along the shore, starting and trembling as though in every blast you heard the clank of fetters; or, creep like a mole within the bowels of the earth, lest the eye of an honest man should rest on you!"

Parker's rage became uncontrollable; he aimed a sudden and desperate blow at the gipsy's head. With great dexterity she changed her position, and received but a slight portion of the injury intended. At an increased distance she poured forth a torrent of words with greater energy than before.

"Coward!" she continued, "women are your

fitting foes ; but you shall know that a woman's revenge is fatal. I know your secret caves, and dens, and passages ; they hide you not from my eye ; the waves cannot bear you where your actions are unknown to me ; the moonbeam cannot pierce where my agents cannot follow ; the winds that blow from every quarter do my errands and bring me tidings"—

These words, delivered in tones rising to preternatural pitch, were accompanied with vehement action ; her eyes glared through the darkness, her lips were ashy pale, and there was on them a thin surf of foam. Her manner had assumed a deep tinge of insanity. Abruptly abandoning her wilder strain, she continued, in a deeper, more earnest, and impressive tone, " I know your history well ; ay, every incident that you think securely locked in your own bosom. I could present to your eyes, as in a glass, your hideous past self ; but I forbear, and reveal to you, instead, the future. Yes, without silver or recompense of any kind, I will reveal to you your coming fate. Before a week is over and past, your heart, all base as it is, will pour out its life-blood, and earth contain one monster less !"

Although hardened by crime, and stupified by recent intoxication, Parker was not unshaken. The gipsy, as she finished speaking, glided into the wood. Long he looked in the direction in which she had disappeared ; and several times he thought he heard her voice, but was at length convinced that the sounds were but the moaning and hooting of the wind. He reached his home, not more sullen, but sadder than usual ; and it was not until the grog had flowed copiously, and the song had gone round among his comrades, that he forgot the adventure with the gipsy.

The next day the smugglers put to sea. On the fifth from that, a lugger was seen two or three miles from land ; she was the contraband trader, only awaiting the protection of darkness to run her cargo. The smugglers felt unusual security on this occasion, for they had received information from their spies on shore, that the nearest party of the preventive service were not at their station, and had not been seen during the preceding day. They therefore very naturally concluded that the force was on the watch for smugglers elsewhere. The kegs were landed, and deposited in a secret cavern, in order to their being removed the following night. Parker and the men who lived in the neighbourhood were about to extinguish the lights in their lanterns, and proceed to their homes, when, from a winding passage, by which the smugglers could, upon an emergency, make their way under ground to the thickest and most tangled part of the little wood already mentioned, a party of the coast-blockade men presented themselves, and, at the same instant, a larger body from the beach hemmed in the smugglers on that side. The latter were called on to surrender ; but, in-

stead of doing so, they drew their cutlasses, and examined the priming of their pistols. A pistol was discharged,—another,—and another ; the fight speedily became general ; it was a moving battle, and took a direction towards the sea, probably from an instinctive desire in the minds of both parties for the open space, free air, and star-light of the beach. Parker, at this instant, stood at the inner end of the cave, with his back to the receding fight, and two armed foes opposed to him. One he cut down with his cutlass ; his pistol was cocked and pointed, with exact aim, at the breast of his remaining antagonist,—the only obstacle between him and the narrow subterranean passage to the wood ; his finger was on the trigger, when a shrill sound echoed through the cave. Parker, apparently arrested by some vague fear, unconsciously lowered his pistol-hand, turned his head in the direction whence the voice proceeded, and beheld, bounding towards him from the thickest of the deadly contest,—the gipsy !

He had thus placed himself in the power of his adversary, who seized his advantage, sprang forward, and plunged his cutlass into the bowels of the smuggler. The latter fell to the earth, and the undischarged pistol was jerked from his hand two or three paces, by the shock. The gipsy sprang to his side, uttering a shout of derisive laughter, which, echoed as it was from the roof of the cavern, gave the idea of the ironical yell of a fiend. The wounded man raised to his persecutor a scowling look of mingled rage and fear. With a desperate effort he hurled himself some inches towards the still loaded pistol ; a torrent of blood from his gaping wound was the consequence, and he sank on his arm, faint and exhausted by the exertion. A louder and a shriller shout arose from the lips of the gipsy.

Parker's attention was now attracted by the approach of Williams, the chief of the band ; who was led by his captors back into his cave, bound and bleeding, but, apparently, not severely wounded. He bent towards Parker, and they shook hands in silence. The whole formed a picturesque group,—the mortally wounded smuggler ; his leader and comrade wounded too, and a captive ; the gipsy, her black tresses floating on the current of air which swept through the cavern, every feature kindled with fervour, and contorted with passionate triumph ; her infant, unconscious of the strife of deadly weapons and fiendish human passions, sleeping at her back ; three or four of the victors, some slightly wounded, all wearied with exertion or excitement, standing or leaning around. These, with a background formed by the sandy beach, on which groups of combatants were yet struggling ; the vast moaning ocean, and an illimitable arch of pale blue sky, studded with stars, were a subject worthy of the contemplation of the poet or of the painter.

The life of Parker was evidently fast ebbing. He fixed his eyes on Williams, and exclaimed, convulsively, "My wife! my poor wife!" "Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed the gipsy, stepping nearer to him; "yes, thanks to what you have taught her, and the destitution in which you leave her, she will soon find her way to a gaol, or be sent to the tread-mill; and very good exercise it will be for her. Ha! ha! ha!"

The eyes of the dying man were withdrawn from his friend to the gipsy, and then closed, as if in despair. A minute or two elapsed, after

which, like the flame of an expiring taper, life seemed to make another effort: fixing his hazy eyes again on his comrade, Parker exclaimed, "My children! O, my children!" "Yes," shouted the hag, with a terrific scream of delight; "yes, thanks to what you have taught them, they will all be swinging by the neck some day. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!"

The dying man turned his eyes, which were now becoming fixed and glassy, on the spot lately occupied by the gipsy—she was gone.

N.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

We have heard it frequently remarked, by those whose talents and acquirements have led them to the perusal of the best works of the modern poets of England, that the poetry of William Wordsworth would never become popular; that his verse would be forgotten if once read; and that the sentiments he embodied in his poetry were decidedly adverse to those which have ever given to the poems of Scott and Byron, the loftier meed of national praise and popularity. We could go most fully into the subject, and prove the complete fallacy of such an assertion; but the most decided proof and sign that the poetry of Wordsworth is, and ever will be, read, and that his popularity as a great writer is on the increase, is made most clearly evident from the circumstance, that he has published, within the last year, the sweet volume of "Yarrow Revisited;" and that we have now lying before us the two earlier volumes of a complete series of his works.

William Wordsworth! what a glorious name is that! and what a world of serene and happy contemplation of the beautiful in nature is associated with it! The poetry of this gifted author has ever been read and understood by the pure and enthusiastic lovers of that art which beautifies and intellectualizes the visible world of creation around us, and lifts us up, in dreams and visions, from the golden thrones of earthly kings to the regions of the highest heaven, amid principalities, and powers, and spirits of a vast and eternal dominion. Yet though his poetry may lead us up into the realms of a more sublime and lofty imagination, he does yet throw the gleams of a rich and brilliant fancy over the low and humble features of personal life, as he sees it at the cottage door, or the flowery well-side of the humble and happy dwellers around the Rydal Mount. On this point of criticism we may quote his own most appropriate words, when he says, that "the imagination not only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth as imperiously, and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents within the

compass of poetic probability in the humblest departments of daily life." And how beautifully does he thus link the harsher rudiments of this rule in prose, with the sweeter breathings of gentle poesy, when he sings of

A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick, with many a curl,
That clustered round her head.

She had a mystic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

We have always considered this beautiful apparelling of the lowly and the humble in the garments of poesy, this lifting up of the meek-hearted and contrite dweller in the lonely valley and the silent woods, to be one of the great and powerful characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry. In the poems referring to the period of childhood, there are the hopes and fears belonging to these Eden hours of life, expressed in many rich stanzas of soft and touching warm-heartedness. The natural affections of the human heart thrill sweetly, as to the delightful sound of tenderest music, when he thus addresses a child six years old:—

O blessed vision! happy child!
That art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears,
For what may be thy lot in future years.

O, too-industrious folly!
O, vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite,
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop which the morn brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;

A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
Slips in a moment out of life.

Or how is the same sentiment breathed over
again, chastened, though it be, by a sad beguiling
sorrow—

She dwelt among th' untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love;

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, O,
The difference to me!

In all these gentle strains, there is embodied the natural breathings of the happiest and softest affections of the heart; the joyous wish, and the saddening reflection, are all mutually blended together in one sweet undersong of tenderest lamentation. There is no repining at the cares and anxieties of life; no jarring discord at the intrusion of that sickening sorrow which mortifies and abases the rising pride and boasted greatness of the worldling into the dust; but every pain and pang of mind or body are met with the spirit of a pure and humble resignation, derived from the lonely study and the peaceful contemplation of the inner workings of the mortal mind, and the external development of the solemn loveliness and grandeur of nature. In support of this, let us refer the reader to the "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots," "The Last of the Flock," and "The Affliction of Margaret;" which latter, in itself, enshrines all the feelings of a young mother yearning for a lost child, and mutely sorrowing in the depths of penitential affliction. So many are the mirrored sentiments and feelings of the heart depicted by this gifted author, and which we must quote, that the readers of the "Miscellany" may strictly understand the truth and force of our remarks,—that we have only room for some of the concluding stanzas from this latter beautiful poem.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;
They mount—how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight!
Chains tie us down by land and sea;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;
Or thou, upon a desert thrown,
Inheritest the lion's den;
Or hast been summoned to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts; but none will force
Their way to me:—'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead;
For, surely, then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass:
I question things, and do not find
One that will answer to my mind;
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief:
If any chance to leave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end;
I have no other earthly friend!

We question whether the most industrious searcher after the pathos of the affections would find any poem wherein those feelings were so exquisitely combined as in this beautiful lamentation. The moaning of some imprisoned bird sighing for freedom—the crushing suspense of anxiety and sorrow—the nervous and agitated trembling of the spirit, depicted with such fearful strength and power in the four first stanzas—the summing up of a mother's heartfelt prayer—and the tender and touching appeal to the lost or wandering son, in the last lines, are such as will strike to the heart of the most careless reader. It is a requiem sung by a mourning mother, and consecrated therefore to the holiest affections.

But we have now to speak of those poems which have attracted the more noted attention of those who have looked up to Wordsworth with the affection of sons and students—who have dwelt upon, and lingered over, those finer and richer beauties of the mental worlds of thought, fancy, and imagination, which they display in such rich and pre-eminent abundance. In the beautiful tale of "Vaudracour and Julia," he has given the record of two beings who

From their cradles up,
With but a step between their several homes,
Twins had they been in pleasure; after strife
And petty quarrels had grown fond again;
Each other's advocate, each other's stay;
And, in their happiest moments, not content
If more divided than a sportive pair
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are hovering
Within the eddy of a common blast,
Or hidden only by the concave depth
Of neighbouring billows from each other's sight.

Vaudracour loves in his earlier years, and, entranced by the spells of the young affections of his heart,

He beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
Life turned the meanest of her implements,

Before his eyes, the price above all gold ;
The house she dwelt in was a sacred shrine ;
Her chamber window did surpass in glory.
The portals of the dawn ; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him :—pathways, walks,
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
Surcharged, within him, overblest to move
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares ;
A man too happy for mortality !

They are separated, and after a long and vigilant search united again, but only for a few brief moments—that in sweet love-time make so many years ; they depart, Vaudracour resolving

A sacrifice of birthright to attain
A final portion from his father's hand ;
Which granted, bride and bridegroom then would flee
To some remote and solitary place,
Shady as night, and beautiful as heaven,
Where they may live, with no one to behold
Their happiness, or to disturb their love.

But, alas ! this golden dream was formed but to be broken : Vaudracour's father sets three hired braves to seize his son, and for the murder he commits on one, he is thrown into prison. Julia is sent to a convent, lingers, pines, and dies. Vaudracour at the termination of his sentence retires to a lonely dwelling, amid whose

Solitary shades
His days he wasted, an imbecile mind !

The "Idiot Boy," "Michael," "The Armenian Lady's Love," and "The Prioress's Tale," are all examples of the same high standard of refined poetry and sentiment with the above which we have given. In those beautiful selections of verse, in which he, by a theory peculiar to minds of deep and excessive contemplation, has given wings to the waftings of a pure and delighted "fancy," there are many sweet and gentle songs, which we must from want of room pass over ; merely naming some few by name, and quoting others of most touching and tender sentiment, which embody in their very echoes all that is meek and lovely in the thoughts springing up within and around us in the natural and moral worlds. "The Waterfall and the Eglantine," "The Oak and the Broom," "The Seven Sisters," and "The Pilgrim's Dream," are of the number of these. The following we quote, selecting some stanzas from the two first, and giving the two latter entire.

TO THE DAISY.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent,
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy ;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And nature's love of thee partake,
Her much-loved daisy !

Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few grey hairs ;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee ;

Whole Summer-fields are thine by right ;
And Autumn, melancholy wight !
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane,
Pleased at his greeting thee again ;
Yet nothing daunted,
Nor grieved if thou be set at nought ;
And oft alone, in nooks remote,
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted,

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine, lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare ;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art !—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension,
Some steady love, some high delight,
Some memory that had taken flight,
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right,
Or stray invention

* * * * *

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish—and, behold !
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar,
And then thou art a pretty star ;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee ;
Yet like a star with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seemest at rest :
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee !

Bright flower ! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet, silent creature !
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story :
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.

* * * * *

Ere a leaf is on a bough,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal ;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
By what charm for sight or smell,
Do those winged dim-eyed creatures,—
Labourers sent from waxen cells,—
Settle on thy brilliant features,
In neglect of buds and bells
Opening daily at thy side,
By the season multiplied ?

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming spirit !
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show a pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane ; there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth,
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love.

* * * * *

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think I read a book
Only read, perhaps, by me ;
Yet I long could overlook
Thy bright coronet, and thee,
And thy arch and wily ways,
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek ;
While the patient primrose sits
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slip'st into thy sheltering hold ;
Bright as any of the train
When ye all are out again.

Thou art not beyond the moon,
But a thing "beneath our shoon :"
Let the bold adventurer thrid,
In his bark, the polar sea ;
Rear who will a pyramid ;
Praise it is enough for me,
If there be but three or four
Who will love my little flower.

THE DANISH BOY.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

BETWEEN two sister moorland rills
There is a spot that seems to lie
Sacred to flowerets of the hills,
And sacred to the sky.
And in this smooth and open dell

There is a tempest-stricken tree ;
A corner-stone by lightning out,
The last stone of a lonely hut !
And in this dell you see
A thing no storm can e'er destroy,—
The shadow of a Danish boy.

II.

In clouds above the lark is heard,
But drops not here to earth for rest ;
Within this lonesome nook the bird
Did never build her nest.
No beast, no bird, hath here his home ;
Bees, wafted on the breezy air,
Pass high above those fragrant bells
To other flowers,—to other dells
Their burthens do they bear ;
The Danish boy walks here alone ;
The lovely dell is all his own.

III.

A spirit of noon-day is he ;
Yet seems a form of flesh and blood ;
Nor piping shepherd shall he be,
Nor herd-boy of the wood.
A regal vest of fur he wears,
In colour like a raven's wing ;
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew ;
But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue
As budding pines in spring ;
His helmet has a vernal grace,
Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

IV.

A harp is from his shoulder slung,
Resting the harp upon his knee ;
To words of a forgotten tongue,
He suits its melody.
Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill
He is the darling and the joy ;
And often, when no cause appears,
The mountain-ponies prick their ears
— They hear the Danish boy,
While in the dell he sits alone
Beside the tree and corner-stone.

V.

There sits he ; in his face you spy
No trace of a ferocious air,
Nor ever was a cloudless sky
So steady or so fair.
The lovely Danish boy is blest
And happy in his flowery cove ;
From bloody deeds his thoughts are far ;
And yet he warbles songs of war,
That seem like songs of love,
For calm and gentle is his mien ;
Like a dead boy he is serene.

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

Hast thou then survived —
Mild offspring of infirm humanity,
Meek infant ! among all forlornest things
The most forlorn—one life of that bright star
The second glory of the heavens ?—Thou hast,
Already hast, survived that great decay,
That transformation through the wide earth felt,
And by all nations. In that Being's sight
From whom the race of human kind proceed,
A thousand years are but as yesterday ;
And one day's narrow circuit is to Him
Not less capacious than a thousand years.

But what is time? What outward glory? Neither
 A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend
 Through "heaven's eternal year."—Yet hail to Thee,
 Frail, feeble monthling!—by that name, methinks,
 Thy scanty breathing time is portioned out
 Not idly.—Hadst thou been of Indian birth,
 Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,
 And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,
 Or to the churlish elements exposed
 On the blank plains,—the coldness of the night,
 Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face
 Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,
 Would, with imperious admonition, then
 Have scored thine age, and punctually timed
 Thine infant history, on the minds of those
 Who might have wandered with thee.—Mother's love,
 Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,
 Will, among us warm clad and warmly housed,
 Do for thee what the finger of the heavens
 Doth all too often harshly execute
 For thy unblest coëvals, amid wilds
 Where fancy hath small liberty to grace
 The affections, to exalt them or refine;
 And the maternal sympathy itself,
 Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless tie
 Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.
 Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours!
 Even now—to solemnize thy helplessness
 And to enliven in the mind's regard
 Thy passive beauty—parallels have risen,
 Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect
 Within the region of a father's thoughts
 Thee and thy mate, and sister of the sky.
 And first;—thy sinless progress, through a world

By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,
 Apt likeness bears to hers, though gathered clouds,
 Moving untouched in silver purity,
 And cheering oft-times their reluctant gloom.
 Fair are ye both, and both are free from stain:
 But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn
 With brightness! leaving her to post along,
 And range about, disquieted in change,
 And still impatient of the shape she wears.
 Once up, once down the hill, one journey, Babe,
 That will suffice thee; and it seems that now
 Thou hast fore-knowledge that such task is thine;
 Thou travellest so contentedly, and sleep'st
 In such a heedless peace. Alas! full soon
 Hath this conception, grateful to behold,
 Changed countenance, like an object sullied o'er
 By breathing mist; and thine appears to be
 A mournful labour, while to her is given
 Hope, and a renovation without end.
 — That smile forbids the thought; for on thy face
 Smiles are beginning, like the beams of dawn,
 To shoot and circulate; smiles have there been seen;
 Tranquil assurances that heaven supports
 The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers
 Thy loneliness; or shall those smiles be called
 Feelers of love, put forth as if to explore
 This untried world, and to prepare thy way
 Through a strait passage, intricate and dim?
 Such are they; and the same are tokens, signs,
 Which, when the appointed season hath arrived,
 Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt,
 And reason's godlike power be proud to own.

EPHON.

VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

It is our anxious desire to bring before the readers of the "Miscellany" every species of information which is calculated to make them wiser and better, to make the present world full of rational enjoyment, and the future world rich in hope. In order to carry this properly into effect, we must devote no inconsiderable part of our early numbers to the laying of sure foundations. We do this advisedly, and with the fullest conviction on our minds that many well-intentioned periodicals have failed in producing that effect which they probably wished to produce, not from the building of structures which were in themselves fair withal to look upon, but from the said structure being founded on the sand. This we have seen, and this we shall endeavour to avoid. We can, of course, do little upon any one subject in a single number, because the name of our subjects is "Legion." But we ourselves are not few, neither are we unknown to the world; and therefore we hope to do good, and to find our reward in the cordial approbation of an instructed and grateful public.

In taking natural subjects, or events in the history of the human race, there is one sort of artificial memory which wonderfully abridges the labour of knowing, and increases the facility of remembering: this consists in what may be technically called "mapping"—making the map of the world, whenever we cast our eyes upon any

part of it, instantly render up all of nature or all of the story of man which it has to reveal.

The simplest way of doing this, is to take the valleys of the rivers. The river is the source and centre of fertility, the means of inland communication, and the grand attraction for human beings, as best adapted for supplying plenty of food, and promoting that intercourse by means of which man improves man, "as iron sharpeneth iron."

The most splendid river on the surface of our globe is unquestionably the Amazon, which mingles its waters with the Atlantic tide almost directly under the equator. It may be possible that the Mississippi, in North America, discharges an equal, or perhaps a superior quantity of water; but the Mississippi is, for great part of its course, smouldering in the ruins which its own violence has made. Its immediate banks are, in many places, unprofitable bluffs of sand; while behind these there are miles and miles of pestilential marshes, rank with the most deadly effluvia, and tenanted by the most loathsome reptiles.

The Amazon, mighty as it is, partakes of none of those characters. It rolls its mighty flood silently to the sea; and ship or shallop may proceed with perfect safety, upwards or downwards, upon it, for more than two thousand miles, without the slightest interruption of either rock or rapid.

Then its branches partake of much of the

majesty of rivers of the first class; and the greater number flow through countries where nature displays the utmost exuberance of its bounty. Taken on the straight line, the source of the river Madera, in Bolivia, not far from the once-celebrated Potosi, is fifteen hundred miles to the southward of the confluence of the Amazon with the Atlantic; and the Araguay, in the western part of Brazil, rises in latitudes nearly as far to the south. The northern affluents of this mighty river are of smaller dimensions and of shorter course; though one of them, the Negro, rising in Northern Peru, not far from Popian, is equal to at least a dozen of the river Thames. Considering these circumstances, which we have underrated rather than exaggerated, it may with truth be said that, taking it on the straight line—which, of course, is less than the absolute extent of the river,—the valley of the Amazon, in one continuous portion of the most fertile surface of the earth, is more than two thousand miles long, and fifteen hundred miles broad. It thus contains not less than three millions of square miles of surface; and this, considering its extreme fertility, would be capable of supporting the whole of the human beings now resident on the face of the earth. The number of these is reckoned at about nine hundred millions; and this would be only three hundred to the square mile, which is considerably more than two acres for each individual; and we must not measure the fertility of tropical America by what we experience in this country, because a banana plantation bears fruit all the year round, and supplies more human food from a single acre than could be supplied by ten acres of the best corn land in England.

It is true, that this stupendous valley is not, in the mean time, so peopled and so cultivated; but assuredly there is no fault in nature, no reason, in the kindness of the Creator of the valley, why this should not be the case. On the other hand, it is really one of the chosen spots of nature, as the thickness and splendour of its forests, and the countless myriads of its flowers, its birds, and its mammalia, abundantly testify. The trade-wind of the Atlantic is always upon it, bringing the means of fertility. Its trees are festooned with climbing plants of the most exquisite colours; and whenever a little clear spot occurs amid the magnificent foliage, the breeze over it wafts a perfume of plants of the *amarillideæ*, which no human pen can describe.

Nor is this extreme richness of the land all that this choice spot of the earth has to boast of. The river itself, while it unites the extreme boundaries, and might be rendered, in itself and its affluents, a perfect highway for a hundred nations, is rich in the means of life. The *manati* (the *pala vaca* of the Spaniards) inhabits the broad waters of the Amazon in countless thousands. It belongs to the *cetaceæ*, or whale tribe; but it is one of the fresh water ones, and its flesh and fat have none of the offensive qualities of those which inhabit the sea. It grazes the weeds on the banks, or those which are submerged by the water; and it is so plentiful that, in many parts of the country, its flesh is sold in the shops, and very much resembles veal.

Will the reader come with us again to the valley of the Amazon, for we cannot see it all at once?

MORE PROGNOSTICS FOR 1837.

Vox Stellarum.

February.—This month is remarkable for very numerous aspects, many of which are looking towards London, though Edinburgh will not escape *scot* free. Square, trinal, and other ugly opposition aspects casting towards Westminster. About the 14th, much trouble at the post-office. Domestic breezes; cool and frosty to the end of the month.

March.—Funds considerably affected in the Fleet; finances at fault in the King's-Bench. Barclay and trouble brewing; trouble brews most.

April.—Mars and Jupiter both retrograding in Leo, (the ruling sign of France,) portends troubles, changes among the deputies, &c., who succeed in enacting, to the delight of every loyalist, that Louis Philippe shall be shot at only once a month. About the 1st, numbers establish their right to take possession of the Scilly Islands.

May.—A visible eclipse of the sun every evening of this month; nor will the moon en-

tirely escape. Numerous plots cautiously hatched in the country; of which a great many are discovered by the rural police, and crushed in the egg; others not suspected till they are matured and take wing.

June.—Herschel seen at the Cape of Good Hope, with the naked eye.

August.—The sun in Aquarius, which means, the sun at a watering-place; and portends great inundations at Margate, Ramsgate, &c., of visitors.

September.—The dykes of Holland filled with water. Great scarcity in Ireland of tranquillity; the very bogs agitate.

November.—During this month many dark affairs will be discovered by candle-light.

December.—An alderman hung in chains. Turkey, the great subject of conversation at the Mansion-house. Reasons to complain of the state of Chili. Friesland obtains great accessions to its territory.

SUSSEX ROYAL INSTITUTION, AND MANTELLIAN MUSEUM, BRIGHTON.

THE want of a local Institution, devoted to Science and Literature, had long been felt and regretted at Brighton, a place which, with all its varied and powerful attractions, was deficient in any public establishment bearing an intellectual character, and calculated to interest and gratify the educated classes who form so large and influential a portion of its visitors. Several attempts have been made to supply a deficiency so generally felt and deplored; but all had failed of success, until at the commencement of the last year an endeavour was made, which we are happy to announce has been crowned with complete success. Two gentlemen, whose names are most honourably associated with literature and science, Mr. Horace Smith and Mr. Ricardo, in conjunction with other individuals, imbued with similar tastes, and actuated by kindred feelings, set on foot a society, which was based on the public exhibition of the celebrated collection of fossil organic remains, which had been collected by Dr. Mantell, at Lewes, and which a year or two previously had, at the instance of the Earl of Egremont, been removed to Brighton.

The plan of the Institution comprised the establishment of a library and reading room, the exhibition of Dr. Mantell's collection, the delivery of lectures, the holding conversations, &c., &c. The Earl of Egremont accepted the office of patron; and, with his accustomed munificence, bestowed the splendid donation of 1000*l.*; four noblemen, connected with the county, became the vice-patrons; Davies Gilbert, Esq., V.P.R.S., took on him the office of president; and the vice-presidents, subordinate of him and council, were selected from the rest of the intelligent members of the society; Mr. G. F. Richardson, known in the literary world by various publications, chiefly connected with German literature, was appointed curator and librarian; and various gentlemen of the town and county, contributed presents of books and specimens. A graduated scale of subscriptions was formed, which was rapidly filled. The museum was opened, and daily attended by numbers of fashionable visitors; lectures were delivered on geology and its auxiliary sciences; and the whole establishment has progressed in the most favourable manner, exhibiting every appearance of permanent and extended success; adding a new source of attraction to the place, and bestowing a higher and more intellectual character on its attractions and pursuits. In compliment to the venerated nobleman who had become their patron, the members of the society determined to hold their anniversary on the 19th of December, his lordship's birthday. Accordingly, on Monday last, the following arrangements were made for celebrating at once the *fête* of the Institution and of its patron.

At twelve o'clock, a meeting for the despatch of business was held at 20 Steine, when various honorary members were elected; at two, Dr. Mantell delivered a lecture at the Town Hall to the members and their friends, at which 600 or 700 persons were present; and a dinner took place at the Old Ship, at six in the evening, at which about 120 guests sat down: Davies Gilbert, Esq., in the chair. Various addresses were made to the company; and though it might seem invidious to particularize, where all was replete with feeling and talent, yet we cannot but refer to the speeches of the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson, in proposing the health of the revered chairman, and of Dr. Mantell, in returning thanks for his own health, as admirable specimens of animated and impressive oratory. Horace Smith, Esq., recited the following lines, as introducing the health of the Earl of Egremont:—

SONG FOR THE ANNIVERSARY-DINNER OF THE SUSSEX ROYAL INSTITUTION.

19th Dec., 1836.

THOUGH Brighton, the pride of our island, was hail'd
As the gem of the ocean and queen of the land;
Though her rivals for favour and fashion had fail'd
Her progress to check, or her way to withstand;
Though her palaces, halls, and saloons—the domain
Of the great and the gay—might profusely be shown,
One grace was deficient,—she wanted a fane
Which learning and science might hail as their own.

A fane from the strife of opinion apart,
Where the world-wearied man an asylum might find,
Might keep daily Sabbath, and hallow his heart
By the study of nature, the culture of mind;
Where the stranger and idler their hours might beguile,
While our townsmen, combin'd in the soothing pursuits
Of knowledge and lore, might forget for a while
All party dissensions, all local disputes.

This want to supply, we instinctively turned
To a patron, whose high philanthropic renown
And beneficent virtues already had earned
The gratitude, homage, and love of our town;
To one whose munificence fosters the arts,
While thousands his wide-spreading bounties proclaim;
To one whom I need not declare, for your hearts
Have responded beforehand to Egremont's name.

His princely donation a basis supplied
For our young institution, which, thriving apace,
Already may boast, with exorable pride,
That to Brighton it gives new attraction and grace.
For many have honoured and aided our cause
Whose names are in letters and science renowned,
While royalty's sanction, and public applause,
Have ennobled our title, our efforts have crown'd.

If the triumphs which thus from an Egremont flow,
Impress us at all times with gratitude deep,
How much must the sentiment quicken and glow
When, with glad celebration, his birthday we keep!
Still, still may he flourish, that oft we may meet,
To the noblest of nobles our tribute to give,
As with full hearts and glasses this toast we repeat,
"Our munificent patron, and long may he live!"

These were succeeded by the following poetical effusion, delivered by Mr. G. F. Richardson, after the health of Dr. Mantell:—

When wrapt in primal night Creation lay,
And nature languish'd for the birth of day,
Ere yet the world the bliss of light enjoy'd,
And earth and ocean lay a formless void.
Then God's own spirit moving o'er the deep
Awaken'd chaos from its lifeless sleep,
Chased from the dreary void the gloom of night;
And said, let light appear, and all was light!
Soon as the blissful boon to earth was given,
All nature hail'd this first, best gift of heaven,
Then loud hosannas through creation rang,
Then all the morning stars together sang,
Angelic natures shared the blest employ,
And all the sons of God were heard to shout with joy!

E'en thus in later times, to darkness hurl'd,
A kindred gloom o'erspread the moral world;
Primeval night usurp'd her early reign,
Earth's ancient darkness lived and ruled again,
And mental gloom, and ignorance, and crime,
Recall'd the chaos of the earliest time;
When, lo! the spirit of th' Eternal woke;
Again the dawn of light and knowledge broke;
Again the spirit of the immortal mind
Revealed the boon of science to mankind;
Gave to some favoured son, some child of earth,
A ray divine, a spark of heavenly birth,
Nor lent the blessing to his single breast,
But bade his spirit light and guide the rest!
Thus was a Newton taught to trace the skies,
And show how countless worlds o'er worlds arise.
Thus Milton soared in all the bliss of song,
Caught the blest accents of th' ethereal throng,
Rose to the heights of heaven and linger'd there
"An earthly guest, and drew empyreal air."
And many a pilgrim in this "vale of tears"
Came but to point and lead to brighter spheres!

Yet while each realm of nature and of mind
Revealed the secrets in its depths confin'd,
One spot alone was left—this seeming earth
Lay all unknown—its wonders and their birth;
Until some master-spirit dared explore
Its hidden mysteries—mysteries now so more.

Since Leibnitz, Werner, Cuvier brought to view
 Its varied states and changes ever new.
 And last a Mantell, on his native soil,
 With mind untired with self-requiting toil,
 Explored a mine with treasures all replete,
 And oped a scene of wonder at our feet.
 And as Columbus to the admiring world
 Another sphere of light and life unfurled;
 So to our awe-struck mind and wondering gaze
 Our Mantell wakes a world of other days,
 Annuls the former bounds of space and time,
 Recalls to life creations all sublime,
 Restores again the forms that breathed of yore,
 And bids earth's wildest wonders live once more!

And as a Newton bids us gaze on high,
 And trace our Maker mirror'd in the sky,
 As Milton taught the aspiring mind to soar
 To heights of heaven, and wonder, and adore,
 And share in joys to nobler natures given,
 And taste on this poor earth the joys of heaven:
 So, taught by Mantell's science, we may bring
 "Sermons from stones, and good from every thing,"
 Learn holiest lessons from each stone or clod,
 And "look through Nature up to Nature's God!"

The party separated about eleven, highly gratified with their mental feast.

Among those present were the Duke of St. Alban's, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Edward Codrington, Sir Richard Hunter, Sir Ralph Rice, Sir James Fellowes, Mr. Murchison, the geologist, &c., &c.; the gallery was crowded with ladies, admitted after dinner, as spectators, who witnessed with evident delight the gratifying proceedings of the evening.

The enjoyment of the party was renewed at the *conversations* of the following evening; when Mr. Richardson read an "Essay on the Poetry of the Hebrews;" the Rev. Mr. Edwards, a paper on the "Equation of Time;" and Mr. Murchison described a series of interesting investigations respecting the "Geological Structure of the Cliffs of the west of England and of Wales."

We shall, from time to time, lay before our readers some account of the proceedings of this Society, which bids fair to assume an important rank among the institutions of the country; originating as it does under circumstances more than commonly favourable to its permanence and success; placed in a town the resort of the intellectual, and educated, and wealthy classes; honoured with the sanction of Royalty, for their Majesties have recently bestowed their sanction, and allowed it be entitled "The Sussex Royal Institution;" and, above all, directed and controlled by the energies and the genius of Dr. Mantell; who, in addition to his being one of the first geologists and palæontologists of the age, is also one of the most popular of teachers, and the most entertaining, as well as instructive of lecturers, the Society cannot fail to attain permanence and prosperity, and confer advantages not only on the town and county in which it is situated, but also to contribute, in an important degree, to the advancement of science, and the general diffusion of knowledge.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT,

A PRIZE POEM,

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY, OF HARTFORD, AMERICA.

AMID those forest shades that proudly rear'd
 Their unshorn beauty toward the favouring skies,
 An axe rang sharply. There with vigorous arm
 Wrought a bold emigrant, while by his side
 His little son, with question and response,
 Beguiled the toil.

"Boy, thou hast never seen
 Such glorious trees; and when their giant trunks
 Fall, how the firm earth groans! Rememberest thou
 The mighty river on whose breast we sailed
 So many days on toward the setting sun?
 Compared to that, our own Connecticut
 Is but a creeping stream."

"Father, the brook
 That by our door went singing, when I launched
 My tiny boat, with all the sportive boys,
 When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
 Than all those deep broad waters. To my eye
 They are as strangers. And those little trees
 My mother planted in the garden-bound
 Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
 Fell in its ripening gold, was fairer, sure,
 Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."

"What, ho! my little girl,"—and with light step
 A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
 And setting down the basket that contained
 The noon's repast, looked upward to his face
 With sweet, confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see
 Yon bright-wing'd parrot, and hear the song
 Of the gay red-bird echoing through the trees,
 Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear
 In far New-England such a mellow tone?"

"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
 Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
 Did make me joyful as I went to tend
 My snow-drops. I was always laughing there,
 In that first home. I should be happier now,

Methinks, if I could find among these dells
 The same fresh violets."

Slow Night drew on,
 And round the rude hut of the emigrant
 The wrathful spirit of the autumn storm
 Spake bitter things. His wearied children slept,
 And he, with head declin'd, sat listening long
 To the swola waters of the Illinois,
 Dashing against their shores. Starting, he spake—

"Wife!—did I see thee brush away a tear?—
 Say, was it so? Thy heart was with the halls
 Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights
 Carpets and sofas, and admiring guests,
 Befit thee better than these rugged walls
 Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit-home."
 —"No—no!—All was so still around, methought
 Upon my ear that echoed hymn did steal
 Which 'mid the church where erst we paid our vows
 So tuneful pealed. But tenderly thy voice
 Dissolved the illusion."—And the gentle smile
 Lighting her brow,—the fond caress that sooth'd
 Her waking infant, reassur'd his soul
 That wheresoe'er the pure affections dwell,
 And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
 —Placid and grateful to his rest he sank,—
 But dreams, those wild magicians, which do play
 Such pranks when Reason slumbers, tireless wrought
 Their will with him. Up rose the busy mart
 Of his own native city,—roof and spire
 All glittering bright in Fancy's frost-work ray.
 Forth came remember'd forms—with curving neck
 The steed his boyhood nurtur'd, proudly neigh'd—
 The favoured dog, exulting round his feet
 Frisk'd with shrill, joyous bark—familiar doors
 Flew open—greeting hands with his were link'd
 In Friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate
 From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
 Doth blend and brighten—and till morning rove'd
 'Mid the lov'd scenery of his father-land.

REVIEW.

Elements of Plane Geometry, Theoretical and Practical, including Plane Trigonometry, Mensuration of Plane Surfaces, and Geometrical Analysis. By THOMAS DUNCAN, A.M., Professor of Mathematics in the University of St. Andrews. MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh. 1833.

THOUGH this work was published three years before we acquired the faculty of speech, or cut our teeth, (of which we purpose to make vigorous, but, we trust, not unseasonable, use,) yet it has come so recently under our notice, that we cannot help saying a few words respecting it. Those words cannot be many; and it may readily be supposed, that a systematic class-book upon the elements of plane geometry, drawn up expressly for the students of a university, cannot have the most powerful attractions for the readers of popular or miscellaneous writing. This book, however, is an exception: its subject is one of the most interesting to which the lovers of sound knowledge can pay attention, and one which has been literally tabooed to the great majority, not only of tolerably learned persons generally, but of those who actually have professional need of it, by the crabbedness of the elementary works. We say it with regret, but we say it from long personal experience, that there is a grievous lack of geometrical knowledge among the engineers, architects, surveyors, and other professional persons in this country, to whom geometry is more essential than any other science; and were we to enumerate all the bungleings and blunders in the execution of important works, which have resulted from this deficiency, we should require to bespeak more than six months of the "Miscellany" for this list alone.

Euclid's Elements, as restored by Simpson, and as rendered more elegant by Playfair, are delightful books to such as can read them with understanding; but they are sealed books to every one who has not a Columbus going before him to break the egg. In the very first book of Euclid there are many subjects mixed up not german to each other, and between the one and the other of which there is no passage for the young learner, however desirous he may be of learning. Even at the very fifth proposition,—the far-famed *pons asinorum*,—there is a mixture of shadowy matters, all true, no doubt, and beautifully true, but so dimly seen by the tyro, that for one student who passes this "bridge" triumphantly, ten, at least, stand still, and know no more of geometry.

Professor Duncan's elementary work unravels all these conclusions; and though it carries the student through the whole of plane geometry, including the mensuration of lines, angles, triangles, and surfaces, is yet so clear in its expression, and so gradual in its steps, that we could hardly imagine it possible for even a boy of eleven years of age to fail in understanding every word of it, without the assistance of a teacher. To borrow an expression, it is indeed "one perfect chrysolite," transparent, and without a single flaw; and earnestly do we wish that every school-boy

in the three kingdoms could be illuminated by its radiance.

We do not say this casually, as things are sometimes said by reviewers who neither understand their book, nor know its author. We love the mathematical sciences, for we know that in them is contained the mighty lever which has cast the idols of superstition down from their bases, and placed in their stead that illustrious personification of truth, by means of which human and divine knowledge have stricken hands, and glorious light and liberty have renovated the world. We also know Professor Duncan; that is, we once knew him, year after year, week after week, and day after day, for a longer period than the Grecian armies beleaguered the towers of Ilium; we know that he was then the foremost teacher of mathematics, in point of clearness and effect, that had ever come within the scope of our information,—and it was not very limited; and his book tells us that, far from falling off, he has gone on improving.

These are the grounds upon which we cordially recommend this volume, as the most simple, the most beautiful, and, notwithstanding its simplicity and beauty, the most profound that was ever written on the subject.

To give extracts of such a work, or even an analysis of it, would not suit our publication; but we may mention the general contents of the eleven books of which it consists. Book first is devoted to the comparison of straight lines and angles, the simplest of all geometrical subjects, and not confused by any reference to squares or other areas. Book second is devoted to the circle, and to lines in and about the circle, which is the next step in point of simplicity. Book third is devoted to the comparison of triangles and squares, which are the simplest of all geometrical figures. Book fourth is devoted to proportion; and the doctrine of equal ratios, which is so unwedgable in Euclid's Elements, is rendered exceedingly simple. The fifth book contains the application of the doctrine of proportion to the proper subjects of plane geometry,—lines, angles, and plane surfaces. The sixth book contains the elements of plane trigonometry. The seventh book contains their applications. The eighth book contains the mensuration of plane surfaces. The ninth book contains their application to the different kinds of surveying. The tenth book explains the geometry of the circle. The eleventh and last book exhibits a brief but very clear system of geometrical analysis; and to the whole there are appended very useful exercises on the different parts. Such are the contents of Duncan's "Elements of Plane Geometry."

His "Elements of Solid Geometry" are also before us; and we shall take an early opportunity of briefly adverting to them. We hope he will go on, and let us have other two volumes on general quantity; namely, the determinate, the indeterminate, and the differential analysis, in the same clear and masterly style as the present volumes.

GEMS.

CONVIVEMENT.—Is that beast better that hath two or three mountains to graze on, than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouses of heaven, clouds, and Providence? Can a man quench his thirst better out of a river than a full urn, or drink better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it wells over the green turf?—*Jeremy Taylor.*

MISERY.—Were we called upon to name the object under the sun which excites the deepest commiseration in the heart of Christian sensibility, which includes in itself the most affecting incongruities, which contains the sum and substance of human misery, we would not hesitate to say, "an irreligious old age."—*Hannah More.*

EAR-RINGS.—The progress of civilization is slow,

but sure; ear-rings have at last followed nose-rings to the receptacle of things lost upon earth. Patches and "paint an inch thick" long since disappeared, and plucking the eye brows is now little practised among the ladies, except by those of the South Sea Islands. Little by little, and step by step, it is discovered that nature can make up a tolerably good-looking head and face, without having the aid of art to furnish up her handy work. This, however, has not been established completely as regards the body, but that the time will come, say in a century or two, when that problem will be solved in the affirmative, is not to be doubted, and curved spines and dyspepsia, liver complaints and consumptions, will be no longer incurred, in the attempt to teach dame nature the proper method of shaping the human frame. We are first in the race of human civilisation, though our education is not finished, as they say at boarding schools; and by looking at those behind us, we may see the gradations through which we have passed. The American Indians flatten the heads of their children to give them a genteel appearance. The people of Japan blacken their teeth; and ear-rings, and nose-rings, and toe-

rings, as well as armlets and anklets, are fashionable among those styled savages in all countries. Of these we are much in advance, as is proved by the gradual abandonment of ear-rings, which will be thorough, now that the fashionables of England have given them up. In a few years it will be thought as ungentle to be seen with such pendants, as it would for a lady to walk up Regent-street in the finery of an Esquimaux bride—dipped in train oil, and clothed in the entrails of a whale; such being the method adopted by the fair of that tribe to render themselves peculiarly attractive to their lovers.

HARMONY.—He who cultivates peace with others does them a kindness; but he does himself a greater, by the returns to his own breast. If you brighten a knife, it will smooth the stone on which you brighten it. This is the case with nations; they who promote it find happy returns. War is the reverse. The life of a man is a serious thing, it is his all, and ought not to be wantonly trifled away. War is one of the greatest plagues of man; and I am sorry it is a plague much courted. A bleeding man and bleeding nation take long to recover.—*W. Hutton.*

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

DR. PRINGLE.—Solomon has said, "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." Perhaps this has seldom been done in a more happy way than in the following occurrence:—Some years ago, as the late Rev. Dr. Pringle, of Perth, was taking a walk one summer afternoon upon the Inch, two young beaux took it into their heads to break a jest upon the old parson. Walking briskly up to him, they asked him if he could tell them what was the colour of the devil's wig? The worthy clergyman, surveying them attentively a few seconds, made the following reply:—"Truly here is a most surprising case,—two men have served a master all the days of their life, and can't tell the colour of his wig!"

GEORGE THE THIRD.—"The king and queen have suffered infinitely from the loss of the sweet little prince, who was the darling of their hearts (Prince Octavius). I was charmed with an expression of the king's: 'Many people,' said he, 'would regret they ever had so sweet a child, since they were forced to part with him. This is not my case; I am thankful to God for having graciously allowed me to enjoy such a creature for four years.' Yet his sorrow was very great."—*Hannah More.*

A SEA-BULL.—An Irishman who served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of a waister, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow-line of considerable length, which was towing over the taffrail. After drawing in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience, as well as every muscle of his arms, severely to the proof, he muttered to himself, "Sure, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow; it's a good week's work for any five in the ship. Bad luck to the arm or leg it'll lave me at last. What! more of it yet! Och, murder! the sea's mighty deep, to be sure!" After continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labour, he suddenly stopped short, and addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed, "Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's cut off the other end of it."

FAMILY NAMES.—Henry Fielding being in company with the Earl of Denbigh, with whose family his own was closely connected, his lordship asked the reason why they spelt their names differently; the earl's family doing it with the *e* first (Feilding), and Mr. Henry with the *i* first (Fielding). "I cannot tell, my lord," answered the great novelist, "except it be

that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell."

MILLER AND HERSCHEL.—About the year 1760, as Dr. Miller, the organist, was dining at Pontefract, with the officers of the Durham militia, one of them, knowing his love of music, told him they had a young German in their band as a performer on the hautboy, who had only been a few months in England, and yet spoke English almost as well as a native, and who was also an excellent performer on the violin. The officer added, that if Miller would come into another room, this German should entertain him with a solo. The invitation was gladly accepted, and Miller heard a solo of Giardini's executed in a manner that surprised him. He afterwards took an opportunity of having some private conversation with the young musician, and asked him whether he had engaged himself for any long period to the Durham militia? The answer was, "Only from month to month." "Leave them, then," said the organist, "and come and live with me. I am a single man, and think we shall be happy together; and doubtless your merit will soon entitle you to a more eligible situation." The offer was accepted as frankly as it was made; and the reader may imagine with what satisfaction Dr. Miller must have remembered this act of generous feeling, when he hears that this young German was Herschel the astronomer.—*The Doctor.*

ANCIENT CUSTOM.—It is well known that the Bishops, when signing their names, use the old Latin appellations, or abbreviations of them, for their sees, instead of the English ones: thus, Ebor. stands for York, Cantuar. for Canterbury, Wigorn. for Worcester, and Exon. for Exeter. Some well-meaning people are occasionally much perplexed by these subtleties. When the princess Charlotte was labouring under an indisposition, the bishop of Salisbury sent frequent inquiries to her Scotch physician, signing himself "J. Sarum." The doctor, unversed in these niceties, observed to a friend, that he had been pestered with notes from "ane Jean Sarroom, that he ken'd nothing aboot. I tak' nae notice o' the fellow," said he.

A PRETTY BOOK.—"A lady," says Mrs. Piozzi, "once asked me, at Streatham Park, to lend her a book." "What sort of a book would you like?" said I. "An abridgment" was the unexpected reply; "the last pretty book I read was an abridgment."

PROVIDENCE.

A NUMEROUS class of ancient heathen entertained an opinion, that the invisible God abandoned the affairs of men entirely to themselves. They persuaded themselves that it must be inconsistent with his dignity to notice, and incompatible with his happiness to concern himself in, the transactions and objects of this lower world ; that his habitation was so immeasurably remote, and his felicity so essentially dependent on undisturbed repose, that the character and condition of men never shared for a moment his divine regards. They absurdly argued from their own limited capacity to his infinite perfection ; and because they found that the more independent they could render their contrivances of their subsequent care, the more they were at liberty for new contrivances and pursuits, they transferred the same ideas to the infinite God ; forgetting that the perfection of an uncircumscribed essence consists partly in pervading and superintending all things, and yet being absolutely independent and happy.

This was approaching the consummation of their misery and guilt. For, by this virtual annihilation of the Divine Being, they destroyed every adequate restraint on vice, every encouragement to virtue, and every ground of substantial consolation to distress. The vicious might sin on without dreading his frown ; the virtuous might practise self-denial, and aim at improvement, without hoping to obtain his smile ; and had all the sufferers which the world contained sent up one united groan, one imploring supplication for relief, they would only have been giving their breath to the winds. They voluntarily reduced themselves to the blank and cheerless estate of being "without hope," because "without God, in the world."

How different the view of his character and conduct is that which divine revelation supplies ! It draws aside the veil which concealed his glory from our eyes, and shows him in his high and holy place, not in a state of silence and solitude, but surrounded by ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, each of them waiting to do his bidding ; not in a state of moral inactivity, but in active communication with every part of his vast dominions, through a thousand different channels ; not in a state of apathy, regardless of earth and all its multifarious concerns, but as actually bending towards it, listening to every sound it utters, observing the conduct of every being it contains, and approving or condemning every action which it exhibits ; it even shows him to us in the astonishing act of raising up the fallen and prostrate children of earth, and putting them in the way of reaching his own abode.

Deferring, for the present, a detailed consideration of the evidence on which the doctrine of a universal providence rests, I will merely re-

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mind the reader that nature, with all its countless tribes and successive generations, can only be regarded as a part of the family of Providence ; that prophecy is only a leaf from the book ; a section of the great plan ; that remorse is only a recognition of the doctrine of Providence ; that the dread inspired by conscious guilt is only a repetition of Belshazzar's doom—a sight of the hand of Providence guiding the lightning before the sinner's eye ; that prayer is an appeal to Providence ; the final Judgment the winding up of Providence ; and the eternal happiness of the saved, its ample and sublime results.

I will now only invite attention to the consolatory nature of the doctrine. It includes a species of consolation, indeed, even for the irreligious. Solemn thought ! It assures them that if they will perish, their doom shall not commence a moment before it is righteously due, nor in the least degree exceed the severity which their guilt has deserved. Justice shall be done them. But to the Christian the doctrine is an unmixed consolation. He believes that the same providing mind which bestowed "the unspeakable gift," is engaged to supply his daily bread ; that the same kind and careful hand which led him away from the verge of the bottomless gulf, is employed in conducting him to heaven. And can he believe this ? can he realize to himself the cheering truth that he is living in the hand of God, and not be solaced by it ? If this truth had been revealed, and brought to you to-day, reader, for the first time—if your affairs had hitherto engaged no attention but your own, and it had to-day been revealed to you that from this moment God would watch over them, that he intended to treat them as a part of his own affairs, that he had actually taken the management of them into his own hands, would not the report bring you relief, and fill you with delight ?

Go to a person who is in the last extremity of want and wretchedness ; tell him that his situation has excited the sympathy of those who will befriend him ; inform him that they are persons high in rank, and great in resources ; and that they have never been known to abandon a benevolent object when once they have adopted it ; tell him this—and, if he can bring himself to believe tidings so joyful, will he not feel that his wants are at an end, and be ready to give a loose to exclamations of delight ? But though such a case were to occur ; nay, more, though the individuals who befriended him were the most distinguished on the face of the earth, philanthropists, philosophers, and kings ; and though they were daily to meet in solemn deliberation on nothing but his affairs ; and were to place the whole of their resources for his use, what would it all be, great as it seems, compared with the fact, that the great God himself takes

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the charge of our affairs? How insignificant to have a few fellow-creatures assume the management of our concerns, liable as they are to err, weak in their utmost strength, and unable to aid us when most we need assistance—compared with the superintending providence of the all-wise, almighty, all-sufficient God, infinite, immutable, and eternal! Yet this is the privilege of the Christian. With the psalmist, he can say, "My times are in thy hands;" in higher than human, higher than angelic hands; they are in *thy* hands, who art the Lord both of angels and men. They are not conducted at a distance, not indirectly managed, or indistinctly known, they are "in the Lord's hands." Had he powers of vision to pierce to the throne of God, and could he look on all that passes there, he would see that his affairs are represented there as distinctly and as fully as are those of the loftiest archangel that stands in the presence of God. He would behold there the "book of remembrance;" and had he power to inspect its sacred pages, he would find a page devoted to his special interest—a page in which his name is written, his character delineated, his history recorded, and the very hairs of his head numbered. "We know

that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose."

And as if this doctrine did not afford consolation enough, the Saviour of the world draws near, and says to all who have believed, "ask what ye will, let not the fact of a Providence keep you from the throne of benevolence; for while its plans secure to you whatever is necessary to your safety, they secure to you all that is essential to your enjoyment also, provided you desire it: "ask what ye will, and it shall be done." He is aware that he can safely leave them to the free expression of their desires, and the choice of their blessings; that he may safely intrust them with the keys of his vast resources, and give them access to all his treasures. They are so sensible of their own ignorance of what is best for them, that, like Solomon, when allowed to ask what he chose, they would first ask for wisdom to make the choice. They are so satisfied with his wise and beneficent Providence, that they would refer the choice of their blessings back again to himself; saying with the Psalmist, "Thou shalt choose our inheritance for us."

STANDING AT EASE.

THOUGH we are not sure that those who are commanded to "stand at ease" are always at ease "when they stand," yet, for a reason which will presently appear, we have alluded to this subject, at the same time cordially wishing that, by the total abolition of armies and work for them, all mankind may be allowed to "stand at ease;" or, otherwise, to "rest at ease," as may be most agreeable to their own personal feelings.

The reason to which we have alluded will be found in a passage which we shall quote from a Treatise on "Animal Mechanics," published under the superintendence of the Society for the "Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," as it expresses itself, and published anonymously, or rather under the sanction of about eighty names of some weight and authority, as committeemen, central or local. This parade of names was, we believe, put forth for the express purpose of extinguishing all independent literary and scientific men, in order that their places might be supplied by needy members or dependents of the community. It is needless to add, that the society has failed in this: it was a little behind the age at the beginning; and its apparent steps have been what is, in the terse language of the army, called "marking time;" that is, first throwing out one leg and then another, but drawing them back again, and never budging an inch.

This, however, does not remove from the Society the blame of any thing erroneous, either in fact or in velocity, which may have been, or

which may be published, under the *weight* of their authority.

As we do not observe the name of a single military man in the list of the committee, as existing at the time when this treatise on "Animal Mechanics," or, to speak more correctly, this "Animal Treatise on Mechanics," was published, we suppose the committee had in view that consummation which we ourselves so earnestly desire, namely, the total abolition of war; and that they saw meet to undermine the soldier while "standing at ease," by bringing the blunderbuss of false philosophy to bear upon his footing.

The passage to which we allude is in the following words:—"The posture of a soldier under arms, when his heels are close together, and his knees straight, is a condition of painful restraint. Observe, then, the change in the body and limbs when he is ordered to stand at ease; the fire-lock falls against his relaxed arms, the right knee is thrown out, and the tension of the ankle joint of the same leg is relieved, whilst he loses an inch and a half of his height, and sinks down upon his left hip. This command to "stand at ease," has a higher authority than the general orders. It is a natural relaxation of all the muscles, which are, consequently, relieved from a painful state of exertion, and the weight of the body bears so upon the lower extremity, as to support the joints independently of muscular effort."—*Animal Mechanics*, p. 19.

It would be extremely difficult to find, in any

other book whatever, so many blunders in so short a passage as this ; and the committee of the Society for the " Diffusion of Useful Knowledge " are highly reprehensible for having suffered it to get into circulation. In the first place, when a soldier stands at " attention," that is, bearing equally upon both his legs, with the heels together, and the axes of the feet forming an angle of sixty degrees, this is not " a condition of painful restraint," but one in which the human body can remain longer than in any other, though a little training is required in order to this. In the second place, when a soldier stands at ease, he never draws back his *left* foot for the purpose of relaxing the " tension of the right ankle." He does the very reverse : he draws back the *right* foot, until the bend of it is against the left heel, throws the weight of his body upon the right leg, and thus relieves the left side. In the third place, " standing at ease " is not a mere relief from " standing at attention," except to raw recruits and members of the awkward squad, beyond which it does not appear that the military experience of the author of this treatise could possibly have extended.

The authors of the system of military training may possibly not have been philosophers capable of writing a treatise on animal mechanics, or a Bridgewater treatise on the Hand, but assuredly it is not on this account the more probable that they were fools. They knew the means of economizing the muscular power of the soldier ; and they have applied those means in a way from which Sir Charles Bell himself, notwithstanding the mighty volume of his animal science might take a lesson.

The right side of the soldier is, to use a homely expression, the professional side of the soldier, and the left is the pioneering side. The right hand primes, loads, and fires ; the right shoulder is the rest or great point of support in firing, and in order to give it effect, the right foot is drawn backward and turned out ; and in like

manner the right haunch is the point of rest in charging with the bayonet ; both in firing and in the charge, the left hand acts the part only of a stay to steady the musket against its rest. The left side, again, always carries the musket except upon very particular occasions, and those of skirmishing parties, when they have to run in advance or retreat. When the soldier is long under arms, and carrying his musket with the butt in the left hand, the strain upon the left side is considerable. The elbow joint and the hand are relieved by supporting the musket, by bringing the left hand across the breast, with the projecting parts of the lock above the arm. This, however, does not relieve the left side ; and therefore, like the former position, it cannot be very long continued without injuring the efficiency of the man. In so far as the musket is concerned, the left side is relieved by ordering arms, that is bringing it down to the ground with the butt parallel to the right foot. Even then, however, the left leg remains under considerable disadvantage, as the right side does not partake in the previous fatigue of the shouldered musket ; and therefore, in order to give the left side all the relief which is consistent with a soldier standing in a line, the right foot is drawn back, and the weight of the body thrown chiefly upon it, while the left side is in a relaxed and easy position. This is the real mode of standing at ease, and the reason why it is done ; and we have alluded to it from no desire to praise or encourage drilling or soldiering in any way whatever ; but because the account of it which we have quoted is totally incorrect, and shows that the author has quite misunderstood the subject, and should correct it in some future edition, lest some ungentle critic should say he is

" Old dog at physiology :

But as a dog that turns a spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet,
To mount the wheel, but all in vain—
His own weight brings him down again."

THE MUFFLED KNOCKER.

GRIEF ! grief ! 'tis thy symbol, so mute and clear,
Yet it hath a tale to the listening ear,
Of the nurse's care, and the curtain'd bed,
And the baffled healer's cautious tread,
And the midnight lamp, with its fitful light
Half screen'd from the restless sufferer's sight ;
Yes, many a sable scene of woe
Does that muffled knocker's tablet show.

Pain ! pain ! art thou wrestling here with man
For the broken goal of his wasted span ?
Art thou straining the rack on his starting nerve,
Till his firmest hopes from their anchor swerve ;
Till burning tears from his eye-balls flow,
And his manhood yields in a shriek of woe ?
Methinks thy scorpion sting I trace
Through the mist of that sullen knocker's face ?

Death ! death ! do I see thee with weapon dread ?
Art thou laying thy hand on yon cradle bed ?
The mother is there, with her sleepless eye,
She disputeth each step of thy victory ;
She doth fold the child in her soul's embrace,
Her prayer is, to be in her idol's place ;
She hath bared her breast to thine arrow's sway,
But thou wilt not be bribed from that babe away.

Earth ! earth ! thou dost stamp on that scroll of bliss
The faithless seal of a traitor's kiss,
Where the bridal lamp shone clear and bright,
And the feet through the maze of her dance was light.
Thou biddest the black-robed weeper kneel,
And the heavy hearse roll its lumbering wheel :
And still to the heart that will heed its lore,
True wisdom doth speak from the muffled door.

L. H. S.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

CHAPTER I.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE, niece of Mr. Pitt, left England upon the death of her uncle, and travelled over Europe. Young, rich, and beautiful, she was received every where with that eagerness and warmth of interest which her nobility of rank, her fortune, her mind, and her beauty would attract towards her. She constantly refused, however, to unite her fate to any of her noble admirers; and after passing several years in the principal capitals of Europe, she embarked with a numerous suite for Constantinople. The motives which induced her thus to expatriate herself have never been known. Some have attributed them to the death of a young English general, who was killed about that period in Spain, and whose image was ever presented with deep regret to the thoughts and affections of Lady Hester. Others have ascribed it to a fondness for adventure, which might be supposed naturally to exist in a person of so courageous and enterprising a character. She spent several years at Constantinople, and finally embarked for Syria, on board an English vessel, which was freighted with a great part of her treasures and jewellery, and presents of an enormous value.

A tempest overtook them on the coast of Caramania, opposite the island of Rhodes, and the vessel struck on a sunken rock, some miles from the coast. She was in a few minutes beaten to pieces, and her valuable treasures sunk in the waters. Lady Stanhope was saved with difficulty, and was floated on some planks of the wreck to a small uninhabited island, where she remained four and twenty hours without food or succour, till some fishermen of Marmoriza, who were searching the wreck, discovered her, and conducted her to Rhodes, where she introduced herself to the English consul. This sad disaster did not alter her resolution. She passed on to Malta, and from thence to England. She collected the wrecks of her fortune, and sold part of her domains, and having freighted a second vessel with treasures and jewelled presents, again set sail. This voyage was successful, and she disembarked at Latakia, the ancient Laodicea, on the coast of Syria, between Tripoli and Alexandretta. She established herself in the immediate vicinity, made herself perfect in the Arabic language, and gathered around her all those persons who could give her information of the different Arab populations, the Duezes and the Maronites of the country; and prepared herself for journeying into those least accessible parts of Arabia, Mesopotamia, and the deserts around it.

When she had thus familiarized herself with the language, customs, morals, and manners of the country, she formed a numerous caravan, loaded camels with rich presents for the Arab tribes, and traversed the whole of Syria. She

stopped at Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, Kornos, Balbec, and Palmyra; and it was at this latter station that the wandering Arabs, who had facilitated her approach to, and progress through, the ruins, assembled around her tent, to the number of four or five thousand, and, won by her grace, beauty, and munificence, proclaimed her queen of Palmyra, and delivered firmans to her, by which it was stipulated that every European under her protection might freely visit the ruins of Balbec and Palmyra, on engaging to pay down one thousand piastres as tribute money. This treaty still exists, and would be faithfully fulfilled on the part of the Arabs, on positive proof being given them of the traveller being under the protection of Lady Stanhope.

On returning from Palmyra, she was nearly carried off by a numerous tribe of Arabs, enemies of those who had proclaimed her at Palmyra. She was early apprized of the danger by one of her own Arabian troop, and owed her safety, and that of her caravan, to a forced midnight march, and to the swiftness of her steeds, who rapidly crossed an incredible space of the Desert in twenty-four hours. She returned to Damascus, where she resided for some months under the protection of the pasha, to whose care she had been strongly recommended by the Porte.

After a wandering life, spent in all the countries of the east, Lady Hester Stanhope finally settled herself in an almost inaccessible solitude, on one of the mountains of Libanus, near the ancient Sidon. The pasha of St. Jean d'Acre, Abdalla Pasha, who had a high respect and devotion for her, gave up to her the ruins of a convent and the village of Dyioun, inhabited by the Duezes. There she built several houses, surrounding them by a wall of circumvallation, similar to the fortifications of the middle ages; she there formed, artificially, a delightful garden, in the Turkish style, with flowers and fruits, arbours of vines, kiosks enriched with sculpture and arabesque paintings, running waters in marble trenches, and fountains flowing under the shade of orange, fig, and lemon trees. There Lady Stanhope lived several years, in complete oriental luxury, surrounded by a large number of European and Arab dragomans, a numerous suite of women and black slaves, and in the midst of friendly and political feelings with the Porte, with Abdalla Pasha, with the Emir Beschir, the particular sovereign of the country, and especially with the Arab sheiks of the deserts of Syria and Bagdad.

Her fortune, however, which was still considerable, soon became diminished, and her affairs at home deranged in consequence of her absence; and she found herself reduced to an income of

from thirty to forty thousand francs, which was still sufficient for the support of that rank which she maintained. Those persons, however, who had accompanied her from Europe either died or left her; the friendship of the Arabs, which requires to be constantly kept up, either by presents or by dissimulation, began to abate; the reports she received from them were less frequent, and Lady Hester soon became the isolated being that I found her; and it was under these circumstances that the heroic temper of her disposition showed itself, and proved all the constancy and resoluteness of her spirit. She never thought of retracing her steps; she did not give one regret to the world or to the past; she did not sink under abandonment or misfortune, the perspective of old age, or the forgetfulness of the living; she dwelt alone, where she now still remains, without books or journals, without letters from Europe, without friends, or even slaves, who were attached to her person; surrounded merely by some negroes, some black slave children, and a certain number of Arab peasants to take charge of her garden and horses, and to watch over her personal safety. It is generally supposed, and the reports which I have heard induce me to believe, that her supernatural strength of spirit and resolution is shown not only in her general character, but in her belief in certain exalted religious ideas, wherein the *illumination* of Europe is mingled with oriental fancies, and more particularly with the mystic wonders of astrology. However this may be, Lady Stanhope bears a great name in the east, and is a great wonder in Europe. Finding myself so near to her, I was anxious to see her: her dream of solitude and meditation had so much apparent sympathy with my own thoughts, that I was glad of an opportunity of verifying in what our ideas approached to each other. But nothing is more difficult than for an European to be admitted to her: she refuses all communication with English travellers, with women, and even with the members of her own family. I therefore had but little hope of being presented to her, and I possessed no letter of introduction. Knowing, however, that she still kept up some distant communications with the Arabs of Palestine and Mesopotamia, and that a recommendation from her hand might prove of great use to me among these tribes, in my future pilgrimages, I determined on sending the following letter to her by an Arab:—

"MY LADY,

"LIKE you, a traveller and a stranger in the east, coming but to view the spectacle of nature, her ruins, and the works of the Almighty, I have just arrived in Syria with my family; and I shall count as among the most interesting days of my journey, the one in which I shall have known that woman who is the wonder of that eastern land which I am visiting.

"If you will receive me, acquaint me with the day most convenient to you, and let me know if I am to come alone, or if I may bring with me some of the friends who are accompanying me, and who will not attach a less price than myself to the honour of being presented to you.

"In asking this favour, my lady, do not allow your politeness to be constrained in granting to me that which is repugnant to your habitudes of absolute seclusion. I estimate too much myself the price of liberty and the charm of solitude, not to understand and respect your refusal.

"Accept," &c.

I did not wait long for an answer: on the following day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the equerry of Lady Stanhope, who was also her physician, arrived with an order to accompany me to Dyoun, the residence of this extraordinary woman.

We left at four o'clock. I was accompanied by my friends, a guide, and a servant; we were all mounted on horseback. We soon passed through a wood of magnificent firs, originally planted by the Emir Fakardia, on a lofty promontory, from which the view extended on the right over the stormy sea of Syria, and on the left over the magnificent valley of Leban,—an admirable point of view, wherein the beauties of western nature, the vine, the fig-tree, the mulberry-tree, and the pyramidal poplar, were united with the slender lofty columns of the eastern palm-tree, the leaves of which were thrown by the wind like large plumes upon the deep blue of the firmament. Some distance on we entered into a desert space of red sand, that had accumulated in large and moving waves, like those of the sea. There was a strong breeze, and the wind furrowed, ruffled, and fluted the waves of sand as it would have furrowed the waves of the sea. The sight was a new and a sad one: it was like an apparition of the vast and real desert that I was so soon to traverse. No trace of men or animals subsisted on this undulating arena; we were guided only by the moanings of the sea on the one side, and by the shining summits of the mountains on the other. We soon came upon a road, or causeway, strewn with enormous blocks of angular-shaped stones. This road, which follows along the course of the sea even to Egypt, conducted us to a ruined house, the remains of an old fortified tower, wherein we passed the sombre hours of night, sleeping upon a rush mat, and wrapped up in our mantles. When the moon arose we remounted our horses. It was one of those nights when the heavens are glittering with stars, when the most perfect and profound serenity appears to rest in the ethereal depths which we contemplate from here below, but when nature around us seems to moan and tremble in fearful convulsions. The desolate aspect of the shore for the space of some leagues added to this pain-

ful impression. We had left behind us, with the twilight, the beautiful shadowy declivities, and the rich verdant valleys amid the mountains. We afterwards came to a region of hills, covered from their base to the summit with black, white, and grey stones, the remnants of former earthquakes; whilst on our right and left the sea, which since the morning's dawn had been lifted by a rough tempest, rolled in loud and menacing waves, that we saw surging from afar, by the shadow which they cast before them, and, striking on the shore with a loud thunder-shock, threw in white masses the boiling spray on to the ridge of wet sands along which we were journeying, covering our horses' hoofs, and threatening to entrain us back with them. A moon, as brilliant as a winter's sun, threw sufficient light upon the sea to show to us its fury, yet with scarcely sufficient ray upon our road to assure us of the dangers of our journey. We soon afterwards saw the blaze of a fire spring up from the summit of the mountains, mingling with the white and sombre mists of morning, and throwing over the wide landscape that wan and faded light which is neither night nor day, which has not the lightness of the one or the serenity of the other,—an hour painful alike to the eye and to the thoughts, a struggle between two contrary and opposing principles, of which nature often shows the afflicting image, and which oftener still we find within the depths of our own hearts. At seven in the morning, beneath a burning sun, we left Salde, the ancient Sidon, which stretches out upon the waters like the glorious remembrance

of a past dominion; we now descended rough, torn, and naked declivities, which, after a while, rising from height to height, led us to that solitude for which with our eyes we searched in vain. As we advanced and rose over each elevation, we discovered a still loftier one before us: mountains were chained to mountains, leaving between each link dry and deep ravines, covered with large masses of grey and white rock-stones. These mountains were completely devoid of earth or vegetation; they were but skeleton hills, which the winds and the waters have beaten upon for ages past. It was not there that I expected to find the dwelling-place of a woman who had visited the world, and had the whole universe before her whereon to choose her home. From the summit of one of these rocks I saw a deeper and broader valley, surrounded on all sides by mountains of a more majestic, but less sterile character. From the middle of this valley the mountain of Dyion arose, like the base of a large tower, surrounded by circular rocky edges, which, lessening as they arose, terminated in an esplanade of some hundred feet in extent, covered with a rich and verdant vegetation. A white wall, flanked by a kiosk at one of its angles, enclosed this verdant spot. This was the dwelling of Lady Hester. We reached it at noon. It had neither the aspect of an European or oriental residence, but resembled in its appearance those poorer convents of Italy and Spain situated upon the summits of the mountains, and belonging to the mendicant orders of monks. EPHON.

TEMPERANCE VERSUS INTEMPERANCE.

ARTICLE THE SECOND.

BUT the stock of wonders was not yet exhausted. Returning to the various objects which were still awaiting examination on the table, the company appeared to be particularly struck with the following. The pale, hard, shrunken liver of a drunkard; Hogarth's "Gin Alley;" "An Infalible Receipt," &c. To make a man divulge the secrets of his friend, let him take one glass more than his wont; to illustrate the doctrine of transmigration, let him repeat the dose, and his soul will pass into the body of some strange beast; to prove the existence of demons, let him repeat the dose again, and he will strikingly resemble the *possessed* swine, spoken of in Scripture, and well-nigh deserve, if not actually incur, the same fate: a humiliating spectacle; or, Socrates* and Cato† drunk: a picture of the first drunkard;

* *Hos quoque virtutum quondam certamine magnum Socratem, &c.*

They say, in this too, Socrates the wise,
So great in virtue's combats, bare the prize.

Cor. Gal. el. I.

† *Narratur et prius Catonis, &c.*

'Tis said, by use of wine repeated
Old Cato's virtues oft were heated.

with the quaint but striking motto, "Satan's Triumph; or, the Second Fall of Man;" and a representation of the contents of the drunkard's glass, as magnified by a moral microscope in the solar light of eternity, exhibiting nothing but a glass full of lucid flame, alive with knotted and writhing worms, more hateful than the imagination had ever conceived.

Two books remained to be noticed. The first proved to be a volume of the "Temperance Penny Magazine;" every page of which teemed with warnings against intemperance, and with encouragements to the opposite virtue. The other, to my great surprise, was an old book which I had just been reading,‡ and in the margin of which I had marked many interesting paragraphs: two or three, with the permission of the company, I proceeded to read:—

"I can no better compare these cups, than to watering-pots, that water the garden of vices, which come up so thick and fast. * * *

‡ The great Evil of Health Drinking; or, a Discourse, &c. London: Printed for Jonathan Robinson, at the Golden Cross, in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1684"

The drunkard, devil-like, is a sinner, who cannot be content to be wicked alone, but he must needs tempt others to the same wickedness also.

"Drunkenness is the greatest disgrace a man can put upon himself or others. Why shall it not be reputed to be as great a dishonour to be laid by the heels by this sin, as to be put in the stocks or a prison? Suppose a company of rude and impudent servants should combine to abuse their master, a person of noble birth, and great honour; to that end they should wheedle and gull him into a pleasant humour, make him very merry, and, when they have levelled him down to a familiarity, they take his place, and play the master; they then put out one candle, and anon another, and then come the grooms and footmen, and paw upon him, and at last lay him under the table, or in a meaner place. Thus the divine reason is abused by the senses, and the inferiors being little better, or rather, in that, worse than brutes, make sport with their master.

"Again, imagine a noble person to have many graceful and useful servants under him, and if they be not true and officious to him, it is his fault, and not theirs; and this noble person being out of humour, he turns one out of his place, and then another, until he have left him none to help him: would it not be a very ignoble action? Would he not, when come to himself, repent, and do so no more? Is it not like this, when the noble reason and affections are depraved by lust, do serve his senses, and the members of his body, even those that were born with him, bred with him from the very cradle, went to school with him, lay in the same bed with him, and are as dear to him, when he is himself, as his very eye, hands, and feet; but he doth cast them off by the insinuation of wine; the eyes fail, the hands shake, the legs wave like reeds: *neque pes, neque mens satis officium faciunt*. And though they are next day taken home again, yet, for aught he knew, they were quite gone, never to be seen till the resurrection. It is a high offence to our glorious Creator; it perverts the end of our redemption; it unmans the man; and is a contempt of death, the grave, and hell itself. If men had any reverence for their God, Creator, Saviour, Sanctifier; if any honour for their own nature; if any sense of mortality, and of the reference this mortal life hath to eternal life, they would never leave it thus, throw away their time thus. How curious are men of their own pictures, of their children's faces and shapes, of the monuments of their ancestors! how enraged at the violation of their daughters! And will you, with your own hands, by the ungrateful abuse of plenty, deprive, defile, swill, and prostitute yourselves? What, if you were stripped, by your own servants, of your own clothes, and they should put on you their liveries or frocks, would you brook it? Yet a gentleman is a gentleman in the meanest garb;

but you are not men when you undress or put off sobriety: In a word, it is a great sin; and what if the Lord call you away while committing it?"

Under the combined influence of this pointed appeal, and of the impressive circumstances which had preceded it, a series of resolutions, which the members had prepared for the occasion, were unanimously adopted, binding them forthwith to the conscientious observance of the strictest temperance, and to a strenuous endeavour to promote it in others. And as if to confirm them in these noble intentions, letters were read, either from those, or concerning those, who, having formerly numbered among their compotators, had been invited to join them in their present reformation. One of these letters was dated from a gaol; a second from a poor-house, imploring a trifle to enable the wretched writer to gratify his thirst for the poison which had already dragged its victim to the edge of the grave; a third imported that the person expected to write was at present an inmate of a lunatic asylum; and a fourth, dated from the bed of death, and signed with the palsied hand of death, contained this sentence: "A victim of intemperance, and one of your former companions, warns you—flee, flee from the fatal cup; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. My breast, at this moment, is filled with these coiled and gnawing reptiles; my heart is compressed in their writhing folds; they have bred within me the worm that dieth not. Flee, flee from the fatal cup."

When the meeting was about to break up, I took the liberty of making the following remarks: "Gentlemen, were an account of the preternatural scenes which this room has witnessed tonight to be reported, the relation would be considered an idle tale. But wonderful as are the sights which your eyes have seen, and the sounds which your ears have heard, could your senses have been adequately opened, you would have perceived greater things than these. The whole intelligent universe is interested in the proceedings of this evening. Angels have bent over you, a great cloud of invisible witnesses have encompassed you, God himself has approved and has recorded your vow in the book of his remembrance. But though heaven approves, expect not to escape the ridicule of earth. On this subject allow me to quote a sentence or two from the author with whom I have already made you acquainted. Drinking of healths he speaks of as a prologue invented by the great enemy to introduce the tragic scenes of intemperance which so frequently follow. 'And it is most likely to deceive and take, because it hath the face of friendship, and the good looks of love and kindness. And he that dissents from it looks like some odd peevish humourist, an unhewn piece of moroseness, that will not fall in and close in the

square of society, and, therefore, is fitter to live by himself, and to keep home, than to come abroad. And if the dissent breed an argument, the consenters clearly carry it by the poll; and they that oppose it are judged to wrangle against points of honour, civility, breeding, good manners, good nature, yea, innocency, and the received custom of all sorts and qualities of well-tempered men, men of great virtue and accomplishments. How ridiculous doth that odd man look that makes not one among them! as ridiculous as if he wore a high-crowned hat lined and faced with scruples, a deep ruff, and a fur gown; as if he were made up of scruples, formality, and seriousness.' This witness is true; and you must expect to prove it. So little progress have societies like yours made in England, and so little has the subject engaged the consideration even of what is called the religious world, that you will seldom be able to avow your principles with-

out falling under the suspicions of the company. Looks of wonder will be exchanged, difficulties started, cases supposed. One will deem you an enthusiast with an hobby; another will fear that you have a crotchet in your head; and another accuse you of warring against social enjoyment. But persevere; you have a testimony within, and a record on high. Look upon yourselves as divinely appointed to the task. You are moral heroes, who deserve, and will ultimately receive, the thanks of the community. The time will come when, awaking as from a long and drunken dream, the entire people will form a grand, national Temperance Society. It will be your honour to be numbered among its founders."

The assembly broke up; and the members, who had never before met without leaving their humanity behind them, now departed with that humanity invested with a kind of divinity.

THE POWER OF RELIGION IN DEATH!

"We have heard a great deal of those brilliant scintillations of intellect that sometimes cast a dazzling lustre round the dying couch. Eloquent orations on this topic have been addressed to audiences more disposed to swallow the marvellous than investigate the probable! The whole is, in my opinion, an innocent Romance, calculated to gratify the feelings—perhaps flatter the pride—of the living, by throwing a halo round the couch of the dead.

"Every one knows how prone are the friends and spectators of the dying man, to mark each expression—treasure it up in the mind—and embellish it in the rehearsal. But the experienced physician, and the calm philosophic observer, reduce these exaggerations within the narrow and sober boundary of truth. Few have had the melancholy task of witnessing more death-bed scenes than myself, whether amid the storms and havoc of war, or in the quiet walks of peace. But no such coruscations of the mind have I ever beheld when the immortal spark was deserting its uninhabitable tenement. The phenomenon is contrary to nature and experience, and miracles I leave to those who prefer them to experimental truths.

"The alleged fact, though grossly exaggerated, has some foundation. In a very considerable number of instances, the dying man and woman retain possession of their mental faculties till within a very short period of their dissolution; and this depends on the nature and seat of the disease. Many maladies destroy life without materially disturbing the organ of the mind—the brain—till the last hour of existence. Pulmonary consumption is one of these, and the list is rather extensive. In such cases, we frequently observe a serenity of mind; a tranquillity; a placid re-

signation to the will of the Almighty; and even a cheerfulness in contemplating the approaching change. But as to any preternatural blazing-up of the expiring taper, at such moments, it is either sheer imagination in the by-standers, or a poetical creation of after-thought. No rational or physiological explanation of the phenomenon has been attempted by the historians of these death-bed illuminations! No, they have left them to the easy and convenient solution of *supernatural* agency. The explanation which I have given is founded on physical facts, and with the miraculous I have no concern."

The above is an extract from Dr. James Johnson's recent work, "The Economy of Health," and we place it at the head of this article, because if he means by "the brilliant scintillations of intellect," the animated expression of hope and joy, uttered by many a Christian in the hour of death, we totally deny the assertion, that "such phenomena are contrary to nature and experience;" and because we think such a statement, however true it may be in all the instances which have passed under Dr. Johnson's personal observation, it ought not to go forth to the world that the influence of the Gospel, emphatically the religion of immortality, is altogether powerless when its consolations are most needed; and that those who have maintained the contrary in their eloquent orations, have palmed upon their hearers as facts the creations of a poetical fancy. We doubt not but that there have been exaggerated accounts of death-bed scenes; where, nevertheless, piety has not only sustained, but heightened the spirit with the glory of an anticipated heaven; and we regret that things so solemn are sometimes produced for the mere purpose of effect; yet we are prepared to show that it is

both agreeable to nature and experience, that Christianity, sincerely embraced, and exerting its uncontrolled influence in forming the character, should subdue and ameliorate all those considerations which render death really formidable, and which invest it with its peculiar terrors; and that it should, moreover, inspire the sinking heart with joyful confidence, and animate the quivering lips with adoring praise.

Christianity, indeed, seems to have been constructed by its Divine Author with the especial view of destroying death, as well as of him that hath the power of death, that is—the devil. And when the Son of God left the cross for the throne, it was announced in heaven, and proclaimed on earth, as his distinguishing achievement, entitling him to universal and everlasting renown, “He hath abolished death.”

Christianity supplies all that knowledge which as a dependent, guilty, and dying creature, is necessary to make me happy; it supplies all the principles which, in their direct tendency, raise me above the fear, the agony, and the consequences of death; it furnishes me with super-added support in the divine consolations which it ever holds in reserve as a cordial for the fainting spirit in the dying hour.

In whatever view we contemplate death, Christianity is its mighty and infallible antidote. Is it a natural evil? it is compensated by an endless life. Is it the consequence of the Divine displeasure? it is mitigated by a revelation of the Divine mercy. Is it the penalty of sin? the Gospel proclaims pardon and salvation through the blood of atonement. Is it the subject of instinctive dread and terror? the Gospel altogether changes its character; under its influence it becomes not only a conquered foe, but a most munificent benefactor; it wears a heavenly smile, and instead of agonizing my heart with terror, it gently lulls it into a sweet repose. Such is the tendency of Christianity, and such, too, is its express design. But in order to this, it must be embraced; it must form the character, its doctrines and principles must be embodied in the life. It must, in fact, become religion—a personal distinction as well as a doctrinal system. In the New Testament, the Gospel is Christianity—in the believing heart, it is religion. And in this view how are we to understand it, what does it comprehend? The mere connexion which we may have with any particular church, or invisible form of Christianity, is not of the essence of religion; nothing short of the full effect of the Gospel upon a human soul can fit that soul for its eternal change. This grand distinction of human character implies illumination of mind, renovation of heart, and a practical, growing, and habitual conformity to the Divine standard, as it regards the faith which believes, the hope which anticipates, and the operation of both in the whole round of divine and human obligation, prompting

to a universal and upright obedience. The influence of this religion in death will be proportioned to its light, its vigour, its spirituality, and activity, at the moment when the awful season arrives. In instances where it has been progressive, as the light “shining more and more unto the perfect day,” the approach of death produces neither alarm nor surprise. “I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord,” was the exclamation of the Patriarch as he bowed his head and meekly yielded up the ghost.

It is not in the power of death even to interrupt the communion of the soul with its God; nor suspend for a moment his paternal care and all-sufficient consolations. Death forms no break in the course, the comfort, the joy, and the energy of the Christian life,—that life which is hid with Christ in God. If we take a more direct view of the influence of religion in death, that which is both consistent with its own tendency, and the nature and constitution of man, as sincerely, habitually, and increasingly brought under its power, we shall find that it is exerted in rendering death the consummating act of obedience—not only the last of a series, but the crowning act. “Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit.”

Religion irradiates the last scene with the graces, and virtues peculiarly suited to its awful solemnity. In death religion has to exert its power over a new train of circumstances. Its most subtle and dangerous competitors are, indeed, retiring from the field. Health, and the buoyancy of the spirits, which so often invite temptation,—the ardour of the passions, which hurries us from God,—the pride of life, which is not of the Father,—the allurements of the world, which so often fascinate and destroy; all these vanish at the approach of death; but others remain, sufficiently formidable to require the resisting and subduing power of the faith of the Gospel. The mind is left to struggle with bodily pain; but this is soothed by a peculiar infusion of the spirit of Christ,—a spirit of holy resignation to the will of Heaven. “O!” said one, a youth aged only twenty-one years, when conflicting with the last enemy. “when I have most pain in my body, I have most comfort in my soul. What is all that I have gone through to what Christ suffered? When he, in the extremity of his pain, cried, ‘I thirst!’ he had none but enemies about him; and they gave him vinegar to drink; but when I am thirsty, every one is contriving the most salutary and pleasant draughts for me. I would not change condition with the greatest monarch in the world. I do not doubt but that there is love in the bottom of this cup. It is bitter in the mouth; however, for all that, I would not go a moment before God’s time is fully come; and I am sure that when all is over, I shall adore the wisdom and mercy of this dispensation.”

As death is the immediate precursor of judgment, and comes with all the sternness of an officer of justice, it is natural for conscience to take the alarm, and for guilt to put on all its terrors ; but here simplicity of dependence on the infinite merits of Christ, and the assured hope arising out of it—of a personal interest in his almighty care and love—interpose to silence conscience, and to set the soul at perfect rest. Apostles, confessors, and martyrs felt this. "I know whom I have believed," writes Paul the aged, to Timothy, his son in the Lord ; "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." Indeed, this firm and unshaken reliance on the atoning sacrifice of our Redeemer is the great secret of peace, and happiness, and triumph in death. But there is a natural terror in death, and how is this overcome by religion ? The love of Christ, and the manifestation of Christ to the soul in his mediatorial relations and characters, are its effectual antidote ; and by these, through the accompanying grace of the Holy Spirit, which is the common privilege of all who die in the Lord, death has not only been conquered, he has been trampled upon with a triumphant and exulting disdain. Dr. Johnson may regard this as supernatural, and may sneeringly say, that with the marvellous and the miraculous he has nothing to do ; but it is surely incumbent upon him to avow or to deny that he is a Christian. Christians know that, on the assured principles of their religion, this is a phenomenon neither contrary to nature nor experience. "Last night," said an eminent divine in the hour of his dissolution, "I had a clear, full view of death as the king of terrors ; how he comes and hurries the poor sinner to the very verge of the precipice of destruction, and then pushes him down headlong. But I felt that I had nothing to do with that ; and I loved to sit like an infant at the feet of Christ, who had saved me from this fate. Now death was disarmed ; all he could do would be to touch me, and let my soul loose to go to my Saviour." He added soon after, "Even now God is in the room ; I see him. O how unspeakably glorious and lovely does he appear ! worthy of ten thousand thousand hearts, if we had them." Again he said, "It makes my blood run cold to think how inexpressibly miserable I should now be without religion ; to be here, and see myself tottering on the verge of destruction,—O, I should be distracted."

Another evil natural to death, and which often appals the dying sinner, is the darkness in which it wraps the soul and enshrouds the future. But over the darkness of the shadow of death, religion sheds her hallowed and blessed illumination, pervading all its deep recesses with the glories of an everlasting day. "O, glory, how delightful in contemplation !" exclaimed a youthful chris-

tian pilgrim at the moment when she was terminating her earthly course ; "death is but a bridge, a step, when I look on the Lord of glory on the other side. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, make no long tarrying, O my God." It is said of that most devoted of Missionaries, David Brainerd, that, from time to time, at the several new symptoms of his dissolution, he was so far from being discouraged, that he seemed to be animated, as being glad at the appearances of death's approach. He often used the epithet "glorious," when speaking of the day of his death, calling it, "that glorious day ;" and the nearer death approached, the more desirous he seemed to be of it. Another Christian, after a lingering illness, and drawing near the borders of Immanuel's land, being asked how she did, replied, "Almost at home. My precious Bible ! true every tittle ; I never thought it could have supported me thus ; but it does. I never thought I could have enjoyed so much. I have not an anxious wish. It is heaven already begun ; I am happy as I can be on this side heaven." Another in the agonies of death, remarked, "Though it be very painful, I am persuaded that the longer I stay here the better it will be for me. What a charming thing it will be when I get to heaven ! There I shall see my old Christian friends, and many saints whom I never saw ; but it is a glorified Christ that will be the heaven of heavens." Being asked what he thought of heaven now, in this near view of it, he said, "Indeed I know not what to think of it ; the place, the work, the enjoyments, every thing appears so great, that I am lost, I cannot form any distinct conceptions about it. All that my soul is engaged in is Christ ; what Christ hath redeemed me *from*, and what he hath redeemed me *to*. There I can freely enlarge ; all the rest I must leave till I get there." A few hours before he died he said, "My life hath been full of toil and pain ; but I am going to an eternity of glory ; I am within sight of glory. I have a great deal to tell you, if I could but speak."

All the instances here adduced are well authenticated, and have been taken almost at random from the pages of sanctified biography with which the church of Christ is continually instructing, and, we should hope, alluring the world from the vanities which end in vexation of spirit. Dr. Johnson, if he please, may smile, and tell his readers to discredit statements which, nevertheless, we know to be true. Here is no embellishment, no romance ; and we contend that these are the natural results of a thorough knowledge of Christianity, and a sincere affiance in its doctrines and truths ; even as it is natural for infidelity, profligacy, and vice to impress certain evidences of their character and power upon those votaries and victims who have been their zealous advocates and miserable dupes. That there are large classes of human beings who live

without any distinctly marked character, and who die as they live, we are not disposed to question; and that Dr. Johnson has seen many of these pass without consciousness, without either hope or dread, into the awful presence of the eternal Judge, we are as little disposed to doubt. But we assure him, sceptical though he be, that we have met with more than one medical professor who has declared, that he has found himself almost in heaven while seated by a dying believer. He has witnessed, in a conversation maintained on the part of his friend, with supernatural energy, the scintillations of animated hope, the high pulsations of mental health, the involuntary movements of a spirit feeling itself free even in the grasp of death.

And that such cases are not more frequent, that they are not common as the Christian profession, is to be accounted for on principles that establish rather than weaken the claims of Christianity to be the only inspirer of hope and joy in death. Those instances of apparent failure, where the dying scene has presented all that is gloomy and comfortless, even though it had been preceded by a formal and sometimes sincere profession of the Gospel, may be traced either to an imperfect knowledge of the nature of justification, and a wavering reliance upon the merits of the Redeemer; to the morbid nature of dis-

ease affecting the mind as well as the body, as in the case of Cowper; or to lamentable inconsistency in the life, and a consequent irregular progress in religion. "I was called on," said Mr. Cecil, "to visit a sincere man, but who has been hurried too much with the world. 'I have no comfort,' said he; 'God veils his face from me; every thing around me is dark and uncertain.' I did not dare to act the flatterer. I said, 'Let us look faithfully into the state of things. I should have been surprised if you had not felt thus. I believe you to be sincere, your state of feeling evinces your sincerity. Had I found you exulting in God, I should have concluded that you were either deceived or a deceiver. For while God acts in his usual order, how could you expect to feel otherwise, on the approach of death, than you do feel? You have driven hard after the world; your spirit has been absorbed in its cares; your sentiments, your conversation, have been in the spirit of the world; and have you any reason to expect the response of conscience and the clear evidence which await the man who has walked and lived in close fellowship with God? You know that what I say is true.' His wife interrupted me, stating, 'that he had been an excellent man.' 'Silence,' said the dying penitent, 'it is all true.'"

THE LEAF.

In our first number, we have given an introductory article on the natural history of a leaf. Before we pursue the philosophy of the subject, our readers will not be displeased with a poetical illustration, and a theological improvement of it; the one by a universal favourite; the other by a highly esteemed member of our society.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

THE flush of the landscape is o'er,
The brown leaves are shed on the way,
The dye of the lone mountain flower
Grows wan, and betokens decay;
The spring in our valleys is born,
Like the bud that it fosters, to die,
Like the transient dews of the morn,
Or the vapour that melts in the sky.

All silent the song of the thrush,
Bewild'rd she cowers in the dale;
The blackbird sits lone in the bush—
The fall of the leaf they bewail.
All nature thus tends to decay,
And to drop as the leaves from the tree,
And man, just the flower of a day,
How long, long, his winter will be.

HOGG.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—ISAIAH.

Have you never been struck, reader, by the evident resemblance between the various appearances of nature, and the various states of the

human mind, as well as the successive stages of human life? If not, reflect on it, and you will find it interesting. We can easily conceive how the Divine Being might have created a perpetual variance between our condition and the state of nature around us. When he pronounced the earth accursed "for our sakes," he might have aggravated that curse, by surrounding us to a painful extent with immitigable sameness. He might have reduced the large variety of animal tribes to the few which we use for food; and have left us no quadruped to please us with its gambols—no insect to sport in the summer's sun—no birds to delight us with their flight and their song. He might have taken away all the beauty of the landscape, by commanding the hill to sink and the valley to rise to a perfect level—by sinking the torrent and the rivulet beneath the surface of the earth—and by substituting for the towering and luxuriant tree nothing but the thorn and the brier. And from this scene he might have commanded the moon and the stars to withdraw their light, and have permitted the sun to look upon it only through a cloud. And had the face of nature worn an aspect so dreary, he doubtless would have counted himself most happy, or rather least miserable, who could have secluded himself most effectually from beholding it. But so far from being surrounded by such a

scene, paradise was not more adapted to man in his state of primeval purity, than the present condition of nature corresponds with our altered circumstances.

We know not to what extent the fall of man affected the original constitution of nature. In the poetic eye of Milton,

"Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original."

But this, if more than poetically correct, was only a presage of approaching revolution. From the tenour of the curse, we learn that a material change, never to be revoked, immediately followed. Nor do we know the effects produced by the universal deluge, and by other convulsions of nature. But whatever they may have been, we find ourselves the passing inhabitants of a world where nature, animate and inanimate, seems to sympathize with our lot, to point out our duties, and to remind us of our end. Nature, in this light, is only a grand depository of means intended to promote the end of our being. It is a temple in which piety finds herself surrounded by a thousand emanations from the Supreme, and addressed by a thousand voices of warning and encouragement. The poet has drawn from it his most pathetic images—the moralist many of his best arguments and examples—and the prophet some of his most arousing monitions.

In exemplification of this fact, but without pretending to furnish an adequate idea of it, you may be reminded of a few of the more obvious illustrations of our condition with which nature abounds. How often is the restlessness of man compared to the constant agitation of the ocean; and the uncertainty of friendship, and of success in life, to the instability of that element. How beautifully does the setting of the unclouded sun illustrate the closing scene of the Christian's life; how friendly the calm and twilight of evening are to solitude and meditation; and how aptly the rage of a storm represents the frequent turbulence of human passions. If life be compared to a day, it has its morning, its noon, its evening, and its night; and when compared with the year, it has its "flowering spring," its "summer's ardent strength," its

"Sober autumn fading into age;
And pale concluding winter comes at last
And shuts the scene."

No subject, however, has been more copiously illustrated, by comparisons drawn from nature, than the brevity and uncertainty of human life. The change continually passing upon every thing around us, can scarcely fail to remind even the most thoughtless that such, "in his best estate," is man. But it is an unwelcome subject to the majority of mankind, and often remanded, like Paul by Felix, until a more convenient season shall have arrived. It cannot, however, be dis-

missed at present on account of its unseasonableness, for scarcely can we walk out without being reminded of it by some striking emblem. The warmth of summer is gone, and the freshness of the grass. The tribes of insects have gradually disappeared, and those which Providence instructs to provide for the winter, have begun to live on the fruit of their industry. The trees have lost the beauty and luxuriance of their foliage; for while some of them are already left naked to the blast, the leaves which remain on the rest have become sere and yellow, and every breath of air diminishes their number. The birds are become silent, and the sun leaves us in darkness early in the day. Here then is a silent but an eloquent appeal to our hearts, and surely no one can be offended when nature itself becomes the instructor. Had we, by any possibility, been ignorant that all the preceding generations of men had died, and that the same event awaited us, who could go out and contemplate those images of desolation, without wondering whether a change would ever take place in our condition, answering to this change in the aspect of nature? But this is not a subject of conjecture—we *know* that it is the lot of all, and nature only aims to remind us of it. We are too much disposed to act as though the winter of our life would never come. But nature addresses us in the tone of warning, and assures us that it will; and presents itself as an example. We are so far absorbed in the present concerns of life, that we are in extreme danger of forgetting what awaits us at the end. But, as if to prevent this fatal inattention, nature dies before our eyes. It prospectively celebrates our funeral; and while the funeral procession is passing before us, the voice of wisdom pronounces in solemn accents, "We all do fade as a leaf."

And is it so, reader?—Then act as though you believed it. And remember that the portion which awaits the Christian, when he has faded and fallen here, is "an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." His body too, like seed deposited in the earth, is eventually to burst into second life. It is designed to wear no earthly form, but to be "fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body." And at the same moment a new heaven and a new earth are to start into being likewise. Not more certainly will the present season give place to another spring, than the storms and vicissitudes of time will be succeeded by that glorious event. To secure that, the Saviour died; and to accelerate it, he lives, and reigns, and triumphs. It is that to which all the affairs of the universe are hourly tending. Then a summer shall flourish which shall know no winter; then the verdure shall never wither; and the blessed who enjoy it, freed from every thing which rendered them fading on earth, shall know no change but that of advancing "from glory to glory."

"VÆ VOBIS." *

"Væ vobis," ye, whose lip doth lave
So deeply in the sparkling wine,
Regardless though that passion wave
Shut from the soul heaven's light divine.

"Væ vobis!"—heed the trumpet blast,
Fly, ere the leprous taint is deep,
Fly!—ere the hour of hope be past,
And pitying angels cease to weep.

"Væ vobis," ye, who fail to read
That name which glows where'er ye tread,
The Alpha of an infant creed,
The Omega of the sainted dead.
'Tis written where the pencil'd flowers
Their tablet to the desert show,
And where the mountain's rocky towers
Frown darkly on the vale below :

* "Woe unto you."

Where roll the wondrous orbs on high,
In glorious order strong and fair,
In every letter of the sky
That midnight graves,—'tis there—'tis there !
It gleams on Ocean's wrinkled brow,
And in the shell that gems its shore,
And where the solemn forests bow
"Væ vobis," ye, who scorn the lore.

"Væ vobis," all who trust in earth,
Who lean on reeds that pierce the breast,
Who toss the bubble-cup of mirth,
Or grasp ambition's lightning-crest,
Who early rise and late take rest,
In mammon's mine the care-worn slave,
Who find each phantom race unblest,
Yet shrink reluctant from the grave.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

ENTOMOLOGY.

SPIDERS.

THE ingenuity displayed by these interesting creatures, in accomplishing objects which they at any time require, is truly admirable. They are in themselves a fine study, and discover art in nature beyond what intellect and science have ever taught to the sons and daughters of reasoning humanity. "I have often observed," says a gentleman who has paid considerable attention to entomology, and especially to the habits of spiders, "the peculiar manner in which the little animal throws his web across from one object to another, through empty space. There are two ways in which it is principally done; the one is to fasten the end of the thread to an angle of a fence, or any other object similarly situated, and then to proceed along until it reaches an opposite angle, taking the precaution of keeping it from coming in contact with any of its parts, by projecting one of its posterior limbs, through the claw of which the thread is made to glide, in such a manner as to be kept nearly an inch from the wall. After having reached a situation suitable to its purpose, the slack of the web is speedily taken in, and the end firmly secured as before. This acts as the basis-line from which the others are extended in various directions. The second mode is, for the spider to ascend some eminence, and then, by elevating the abdomen, rapidly to dart out threads, so extremely fine as almost to elude the observation of the spectator, until they reach some neighbouring object, along which it then, with unusual speed, pursues its course, at the same time spinning out a much stronger line, and one far thicker in its dimensions.

"With the view of deciding the question, how spiders contrive to extend lines which are often many feet in length, across inaccessible openings, we are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Kirby for the following experiments; for the idea of which he

refers to the writings of Mr. Knight, who informs us, that if a spider be placed upon an upright stick, having its bottom immersed in water, it will, after trying in vain all modes of escape, dart out numerous fine threads, so light as to float in the air, some one of which, attaching itself to a neighbouring object, furnishes a bridge for escape. He says further,—'I accordingly placed the large garden spider upon a stick about a foot long, placed upright in a vessel containing water. After fastening its thread (as all spiders do before they move) at the top of the stick, it crept down the side until it felt the water with its fore feet, which seem to serve as antennæ; it then immediately swung itself from the stick, which was slightly bent, and climbed up the thread to the top; this it repeated perhaps a score of times, sometimes creeping down a different part of the stick, but more frequently down the very side it had so often traversed in vain. Wearied with this sameness in its operations, I left the room for some hours. On my return I was surprised to find my prisoner escaped, and not a little pleased to discover, on further examination, a thread extended from the top of the stick to a cabinet seven or eight inches distant, which thread had doubtless served as its bridge. Eager to witness the process by which the line was constructed, I replaced the spider in its former position. After frequently creeping down, and mounting up again, as before, at length it let itself drop from the top of the stick, not, as before, by a single thread, but by two, each distant from the other about the twelfth of an inch, guided, as usual, by one of its hind feet, and one apparently smaller than the other. When it had suffered itself to descend nearly to the surface of the water it stopped short, and, by some means which I could not distinctly see, broke off, close to the

spinners, the smallest thread, which, still adhering by the other end to the top of the stick, floated in the air, and was so light as to be carried about by the slightest breath. On approaching a pencil to the loose end of this line it did not adhere from mere contact; I therefore twisted it once or twice round the pencil, and drew it tight. The spider, who had previously climbed to the top of the stick, immediately pulled at it with one of his feet, and finding it sufficiently tense, crept along it, strengthening it, as it proceeded, by another thread, and thus reached the pencil.'

"A writer in the *Journal de Physique* asserts, on actual observation, that he saw a small spider, which he had forced to suspend itself by its thread from the point of a feather, shoot out obliquely, in opposite directions, other smaller threads, which attached themselves, in the still air of a room, without any influence of the wind, to the objects towards which they were directed. He therefore infers, that spiders have the power of shooting out threads, and directing them at pleasure towards a determined point, judging of the distance and position of the object by some sense of which we are ignorant. Whereupon, Mr. Kirby remarks, that he once witnessed something like this manœuvre in the male of a small garden spider (*Aranea reticulata*). 'It was standing midway on a long perpendicular fixed thread, and an appearance caught my eye of what seemed to be an emission of thread from its projected spinners. I therefore moved my arm in the direction in which they apparently proceeded; and, as I suspected, a floating thread attached itself to my coat, along which the spider crept.' Another authority is from an article contained in the transactions of the Linnean Society, in which its able writer states, that 'having procured a small branching twig, I fixed it upright in an earthen vessel containing water, its base being immersed in the liquid; and upon it I placed several of the spiders which produce gossamer. Whenever the insects thus circumstanced were exposed to a current of air, either naturally or artificially produced, they directly turned the thorax towards the quarter whence it came, even when it was so slight as scarcely to be perceptible; and elevating the abdomen, they emitted from their spinners a small portion of glutinous matter, which was instantly carried out in a line, consisting of four finer ones, with a velocity equal, or nearly so, to that with which the air moved, as was apparent from observations made on the motion of detached lines similarly exposed. The spiders, in the next place, carefully ascertaining whether their lines had become firmly attached to any object or not, by pulling at them with the first pair of legs; and if the result was satisfactory, after tightening them sufficiently, they made them fast to the twigs; then discharging from their spinners, which they applied to the spot where they stood, a little more of their liquid

gum, and committing themselves to those bridges of their own constructing, they passed over them in safety, drawing a second line after them, as a security in case the first gave way, and so effected their escape.'

"I shall now conclude this communication with a brief description of the whole process, which I had an excellent opportunity of witnessing a few mornings since, even whilst the above letter was still in my possession. It was accomplished by one of the larger species of hunting spiders, that are so commonly met with along the walls and palings of our gardens during the more genial seasons of the year. When first observed, it had taken its station upon a superior corner of a piece of joist, about four inches square, and which projected three feet and a half beyond the building to which it was attached. Its abdomen was elevated in the air, and it was apparently, with great industry, spinning out its web, no doubt with the intention of reaching the nearest object to his position, which proved to be a plum-tree, situated nearly four feet distant. This web was so exceedingly fine, that a considerable time elapsed ere I could readily discern it floating most gracefully in long undulations upon the light morning air. In a short time I observed that it had become entangled in one of the smaller branches of the tree, which the spider almost instantaneously discovered, and after once or twice tugging at the line with its anterior feet, in order to ascertain that it was sufficiently secure, it suddenly, and with great force, launched out upon its aerial voyage, but not, however, before it had taken the precaution of firmly cementing an additional and much stronger thread to the point from whence it started. The utility of this measure soon became very apparent, for it had scarcely proceeded a few inches on this slender bridge, before the light thread suddenly disunited from the weight alone, when the spider was left freely swinging to and fro by the larger line, three or four inches beneath the joist, otherwise perfectly free from injury. It soon, however, regained its former position, and, with an industry fully equal, was soon again employed in a process in every respect precisely similar to that which preceded. Once again, however, it was its destiny to meet the same result; but the third attempt proved perfectly successful, and, with a rapid motion, I soon beheld it reach the desired position. The object of this spider in changing its situation was, unquestionably, for the purpose of procuring with more facility its ordinary food; for I beheld, in great numbers, a small species of *musca* rapidly traversing several branches of the plum-tree, and particularly that one upon which it had landed. Upon continuing my observations of this hunter, I was highly amused to see the cat-like caution with which it stole along the opposite side of the branch towards a position where several of these insects

were assembled, quietly regaling themselves upon a portion of the gum which had exuded from the tree; sometimes running for a short distance with uncommon speed, then resting for some moments, as if for reflection, and so alternately moving onward until it came within several inches of the intended spot; it now proceeded with much greater care, occasionally pausing, and slowly projecting its head around the branch, as if to ascertain its true approximation. At length, after approaching within a few inches to where

the flies appeared, it gradually stole to the upper surface of the branch, and then became perfectly motionless; and so it continued for some moments, as if to select a victim from among their number, and for the purpose of making a more sure and deadly aim. The favourable moment having now occurred, it all at once, and with a motion almost as rapid as the light, sprang through the air immediately upon one of the flies, and soon bore it away triumphantly to some secluded recess among the leaves." E.

HOME.

O HOME, my loved home! welcome thou to my heart,
In childhood, in youth, I have loved thee;
While reluctant and slow from thy threshold I part,
I return with the speed of the swift-footed hart;
Of my wandering soul thou the resting-place art;
In sorrow, in joy, I have proved thee.

Other climes may be light, other scenes may be fair,
With delight I may gaze on them ever;
But O! none with my long-cherish'd home can compare,

My earliest joy, and my earliest care;
I may roam o'er the earth, but my heart will be there,
No distance that union can sever.

The bright lamp of day hath sunk low in the west,
But shall rise again glorious to-morrow:
So the heart that's afflicted again shall find rest
By the smiles of contentment and virtue caress'd,
Again with the home of its soul shall be bless'd,
No more to feel sighing and sorrow.

S.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

BON MOR.—A country gentleman of the name of Pepper, had been several times thrown from a spirited young horse, and was one day relating the circumstance to his friend Lord N., at the same time observing that he had never given his horse a name. "I think," replied Lord N., "you should call him Pepper-caster."

A PREP BEHIND THE SCENES.—In the "Conversations and Recollections of Coleridge" we have the following interesting facts, illustrative of the honour and honesty which sometimes distinguish the conductors of the periodical press:—"Clarkson (the moral steam-engine, or giant with one idea,) had recently published his book, and being in a very irritable state of mind, his wife expressed great fears of the effect of any severe review in the then state of his feelings. I wrote to Jeffrey, and expressed to him my opinion of the cruelty of any censure being passed upon the work as a composition. In return I had a very polite letter, expressing a wish that I should review it. I did so; but when the Review was published, in place of some just eulogiums due to Mr. Pitt, and which I stated were upon the best authority, (in fact they were from Tom Clarkson himself,) was substituted some abuse and detraction. Yet Clarkson expressed himself gratified and satisfied with the effect of the review, and would not allow me to expose the transaction. Again, Jeffrey had said to me that it was hopeless to persuade men to prefer Hooker and Jeremy Taylor to Johnson and Gibbon. I wrote him two letters, or two sheets, detailing at great length my opinions. This he never acknowledged; but in an early number of the Review, he inserted it at length, and added at the conclusion, as his own words, to this effect:—"We have been anxious to be clear on this subject, as much has been said on this matter by men who evidently do not understand it. Such are Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Miss Baillie."

POLLY LEITON.—"My longest visits," says Count Segur, "were paid to a very silent old man, who very rarely uncovered his thoughts, and never his head;

his gravity, his monosyllables, proved sufficiently at our first meeting that he was a Quaker; notwithstanding I must own, that, in spite of my esteem for his virtue, our first interview would have been our last, but that, on a sudden, a door opened, and a being entered the parlour, who seemed to be a nymph rather than a mere woman; I never saw one who united so much elegance to so much propriety of appearance. It was Polly Leiton, the daughter of my grave Quaker. Her dress was as white as herself, whilst the ample muslin of her neckerchief, and the envious cambrics of her cap, scarcely allowed me to see her light-coloured hair; in short, the simple adorning of this pious maiden vainly endeavoured to conceal the finest form and the most engaging features. Her eyes appeared to reflect, as in two mirrors, the sweetness of a pure and tender soul. She received us with a degree of confiding ingenuousness that charmed me; and the language of *thee* and *thou*, which her sect prescribes, gave to our new acquaintance an air of old friendship. I doubt whether the finest work of art could ever eclipse this the finest work of nature, (*le chef-d'œuvre de la nature*), as the Prince de Broglio called her. In our conversation she surprised me by the candour and originality of her questions. 'Thou hast, of course,' said she, 'neither wife nor children in Europe, as thou hast quitted thy country, and art come to such a distance in order to carry on the hateful trade of war.' 'But it is for your sakes,' I replied, 'that I have left all that is dear to me, and it is to defend your liberties that I come to fight against the English.' 'The English,' answered she, 'have done thee no harm; and what does our freedom signify to thee? One ought never to meddle with other people's affairs, except it be to settle them amicably, and to prevent the shedding of blood.' 'But my king,' I rejoined, 'has commanded me hither, to bear his arms against your enemies and his own.' 'Well, then,' said she, 'thy king has commanded thee to do what is unjust and inhuman, and that is contrary to the commandments of thy Maker. Thou shouldst

obey thy God, and disobey thy king; for his kingly power is only given him to save, and not destroy. I am very sure that thy wife, if she have a good heart, is of my opinion.' What could I say in answer to this angel? for, in truth, I was tempted to believe her one. It is very certain, that had I not been married and happy, whilst defending the liberty of America, I should have lost mine to Polly Leiton. The impression made on me by a charming young woman was of so different a nature to that which I had experienced in the brilliant whirlpool of the world, that, for a while, she banished from my mind all ideas of concerts, balls, and entertainments."

SIR R. PHILLIPS.—Sir Richard Phillips, the biblioplist, who, at the beginning of the present century was equally the patron and the terror of authors by profession, the envy of his brethren, and the laughing-stock of the city, is thus noticed by Coleridge:—

"Phillips left Nottingham, where he had just established himself, at an early age. He afterwards kept a hosiery shop in St. Paul's, and sold the 'Magazine' (the Monthly) at the back. He used to boast that he could do more by puffing than all the other booksellers. It is certain that he was a great annoyance to them at one time. He had a host of writers in his pay, whom, however, he never retained. A gross flatterer, I recollect hearing him address some fulsome compliments to Dr. Beddoes, to which the Doctor appeared to listen with patience. He was, after a peroration of ten minutes' duration, told by the Doctor that he was wrong in his chronology.

"'Not right in my chronology?' said the surprised bookseller; 'what has chronology to do with the matter?'

"'Only this—that, so far back as the year 1540, this kind of complimentary insult had become obsolete!'

"The knight said no more, but decamped at once.

"Once, when in an abstruse argument with Mrs. Barbauld on the Berkleian controversy, she exclaimed, 'Mr. Coleridge! Mr. Coleridge!' The knight was present. No sooner did he hear my name mentioned than he came up to my chair, and after making several obsequious obeisances, expressed his regret that he should have been half an hour in the company of so great a man without being aware of his good fortune; adding shortly afterwards, 'I would have given nine guineas a sheet for his conversation during the last hour and a half!' This, too, at a time when I had not been at all publicly known more than a month. He avowed indeed, afterwards, that he never feared offending by flattery, being convinced that, for one man who was offended, ninety-nine were pleased with that which, if presented to others, they would have deemed nauseating and disgusting."—*Letters*, &c., vol. ii.

INDIA RUBBER CARPETS.—Dr. Jones, of Mobile, in a letter to professor Silliman, says, "Having some India rubber varnish left, which was prepared for another purpose, the thought occurred to me of trying it as a covering to a carpet, after the following manner: A piece of canvass was stretched and covered with a thin coat of glue, (corn-meal size will probably answer best,) over this was laid a sheet or two of common brown paper, or newspaper, and another coat of glue added, over which was laid a pattern of house-papery, with rich figures. After the body of the carpet was thus prepared, a very thin touch of glue was carried over the face of the paper, to prevent the India rubber

varnish from tarnishing the beautiful colours of the paper. After this was dried, one or two coats, as may be desired, of India rubber varnish, were applied, which, when dried, formed a surface smooth as polished glass, through which the variegated colours of the paper appeared with undiminished, if not with increased lustre. This carpet is quite durable, and is impenetrable to water or grease of any description; when soiled it may be washed, like a smooth piece of marble or wood. If gold or silver leaf forms the last coat, instead of papery, and the varnish is then applied, nothing can exceed the splendid richness of the carpet, which gives the floor the appearance of being burnished with gold or silver.

METAPHYSICS.—A Scotch blacksmith gave the following definition of metaphysics:—"Twa foulk disputen tighether, he that's listenin disna ken what he that's speakin means; and he that's speakin disna ken what he means himsel,—that's metaphysics."

INSCRIPTION FOR A CHIMNEY-BOARD.

HERE lie entombed
the ashes, earthly parts, and remains,
of a bright and aspiring genius,
who, in his youth,
discovered some sparks
of a brilliant and volatile nature;
but was, in maturity,
of a steady and grateful disposition,
and diffusing benevolence.

Though naturally of a warm temper,
and easily stirred up,
yet was he a shining example
of fervent and unreserved benignity.

For though he might have been
the most dangerous and dreadful
of enemies,

he was the best and kindest
of friends.

Nor did he ever look cool
even upon his foes;
though his fondest admirers
too often turned their backs upon him.

O, undeserving and invidious times!
when such illustrious examples
are thus wantonly made light of,—
such splendid virtues
thus basely blown upon.

Though rather the promoter of a cheerful glass in others,
and somewhat given to smoking,
yet he was never seen in liquor,
which was his utmost abhorrence:
raking, which ruins most constitutions,
was far from spoiling his,
though it often threw him into inflammatory disorder.

His days, which were short,
were ended by a gentle and gradual decay;
his substance wasted and strength consumed.

A temporal period was put to his finite existence,
by his being seized with a cold
in one of the wanton days
of the fatal month of May.

His loss and cheering influence
is often and feelingly lamented
by his friends,

who erected this monument in memory
of his endearing virtues.

A SCOTTISH SABBATH.

CHAPTER I.

It does not seem doubtful, or rather, we may say, it is absolutely certain, that the foundation of all idolatry, be it of how degrading and revolting a character it may, is what is called "natural religion,"—the breathing of the finite created spirit after the infinite spiritual God—the "law of the mind," as Paul expresses it. In all heathen countries, where any advance has been made in civilization and the arts, designing men have used every effort to turn this principle into the instrument of their own purposes. The rudest of all people which have been introduced to our notice in modern times, the aboriginal inhabitants of Australia, had no temple, no idol, no consecrated substance, or sacred place. Their memories did not reach further back than the preceding generation; but still, when they were asked whither their fathers had gone, they pointed upward to the sky in dumb though solemn veneration. The red Indians of North America, still a rude and ignorant people, but far more intellectual than the native Australians, worshipped "the Great Spirit;" and, although some of them had symbolic objects, as for instance the "stone" of the Oneidas, yet these were national rather than idolatrous; and "the Great Spirit" was worshipped by them in the same manner as by those who had no symbolic substance.

The whole tenour of human history shows, that it is only after considerable advances have been made in the arts of life, and when certain individuals of the human race have begun to ply their arts of turning the great body of the people to their own advantage in the way of gain, of glory, or of both, that the temple has been built, and the idol fashioned. Something more gorgeous and imposing than the people are usually accustomed to, something which can attract and captivate the senses. To give the "law in the members" the victory over the "law of the mind," is what has all along been required, and is still required, for producing this effect. What and how much may be necessary, depends of course upon the condition of the people. A queen of savages is delighted with a glass bead; a European queen cares for nothing less costly than a diamond, and not much for that, unless it is of considerable size and price.

It is the same in the case of those idolatries, in which those who have a personal worldly interest in so doing, go about to transfer to the temple and the idol that worship and veneration which the spontaneous feeling of even the rudest mind would give to God only. Any one who is conversant with the history of nations, will easily perceive that there is no exception to this. A rude stone, smeared over with red ochre, is a god

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to the simple Hindú; and a few stones built up under the shade of a tree, and daubed over with lime, is a temple. If tasteless magnificence is the character of the people, then the shapeless idol is loaded with precious metals and costly stones, and clothed with robes of great price; while the size of the temple, and not the symmetry, is the quality upon which its claim to the veneration of the people is rested. The idols of the Mexicans and Peruvians were costly in their ornaments, but hideous in their forms; the temples of the same people were vast in their dimensions, but destitute of every pretension to elegance. These have gone the way which all idols, whether heathen or pretended Christian, must go some day or other; but there are still analogous cases in some parts of the East. The polished Greeks and the luxurious Romans required idols and temples of a different character; and we still admire the remains of the one, and the ruins of the other, as among the choicest productions of human taste and skill. In all the varieties, however, the object has been the same—to take the senses captive by the material display, and thus withdraw the longing of the mind from the invisible God, who, to be worshipped at all, must be worshipped in spirit.

Some may suppose that these remarks have nothing to do with any Christian observance, and especially with "A Scottish Sabbath." The fact is, however, so much at variance with this supposition, that, without some such means as we have stated, it is impossible to judge rightly of Christian worship, or duly to appreciate the peculiarities of the "Scottish Sabbath."

Mankind are in precisely the same condition at their birth, in a land of the purest and most enlightened Christianity, as they are in one of the most benighted savagism; and if a child, immediately on its birth, were to be transported from the one to the other, it would not fail to grow up in all the habits and customs of the country to which it was taken. Mental qualities and mental acquirements are not in the slightest degree hereditary, though there are bodily qualities transmissible, especially from the mother, that appear to fit the body, much better in some cases than in others, for being the informant of the mind from without, and its servant in the execution of its purposes.

It follows, as a necessary consequence of this, that those upon whom the religion of the Gospel has not yet come in its power, but who are merely mocking the true God in his temple, stand in jeopardy of being carried away by the pomp of a highly ornamented church and an imposing ritual, so as to mistake the exhibition and the observance for the essentials of religion; and

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thereby turn, at least virtually, the Christian church into a heathen temple. Hence, the more simple the service, the more conducive it must be to the interests of true religion. Splendid cathedrals, titled ministers, pompous ceremonies, and pealing organs, have really nothing to do with the "still small voice" which calls to those who are without Christ, "what dost thou here?" The Lord is not in the great wind, the earthquake, or the fire, at the present time, any more than in the days of Elijah the Tishbite. The voice of religious instruction to the ear must be an audible voice; and the less it is drowned or disturbed by other sounds, it will do its office the better; but the voice which reaches the inner man—the immortal spirit—"in demonstration of the spirit and with power," is, if the expression may be allowed, a *silent* voice, in so far as any or all of the senses are concerned. If the spirit is to be instructed, the senses must be still the while. All the observances of the Scottish church are more simple than those of any other church having the name of "Established" or "National." The beneficial effects of this are visible in many things, but perhaps not more in any than in the Scottish Sabbath.

It is perhaps as well that the name "Sabbath" has not been used as the common name of the first day of the week, or hebdomadal commemoration of the resurrection of the Saviour. "Sunday" (the sun's day) has been retained, and it was used by the Pagans long before their conversion to Christianity. In London Sunday is any thing but a Sabbath-day of rest, upon which, as is duly set forth on the tablet at the legal side of the altar in every episcopal church, "thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates." Any one who compares this with what is really done in London on the Sunday, would very naturally conclude that it is set up in the churches in derision of the sacred volume, and defiance of the almighty Lawgiver. Those who have been a Sunday in London, and have used their eyes, require no additional evidence on this subject; and those who have not may find ample proofs in the notes to the clear and practical, and, as we may say, manly sermon delivered by the Rev. John Harris, of Epsom, before the London City Mission, Dec. 6th, 1836.

London is, of course, much worse in this respect than the rural districts, because the greater the multitudes the more abundant is the following of that multitude to do evil. But still we are not aware of any district in England in which Sunday is hallowed as a Sabbath. The cattle rest nowhere, in the largest sense of the word; the servants, and even the labourers who live in their own cottages, very seldom. Even a Sunday dress, different from the common working clothes of the week, is rare among the English

rustics. Many, no doubt, go to church in a clean smock frock; but there are also many who loiter about the fields, hedges, and alehouses, in the same dirty and self-neglected style as so many of the labourers do in the purlieus of London. Fiscal regulations do not appear to have the least influence upon this, for they have been much multiplied of late; and the increased neglect of the Sabbath has increased still faster. Such being the case, it is pretty obvious that parliamentary interference would be just as unavailing. Both the evil and its cure, if cure it admits of, lie in quite another direction, in which it is not our present object to follow them.

In Scotland the case is different, though fiscal regulations on the subject are comparatively few there. The people of Scotland are certainly not better at the time of their birth, for morals are not more hereditary than knowledge. The person who offends in Scotland is, also, generally, a worse character than he who offends to the same extent in England, because he breaks a stronger chain of examples. In the towns of Scotland the first day of the week is less of Sabbath than it is in the country, though more so than in an English town of the same size and class; but the contrast should be taken in the country districts, which are, in the great bulk of their population, free from the influence of the towns. Hence we shall take such a district.

The church is a very simple structure, often without tower or spire, but generally with a small belfry, though sometimes the bell is suspended on a post, or in a tree. The church is usually in a beautiful situation, more especially if it is an old one; it is almost invariably in a clump of trees, and very often on a gently-swelling knoll, near the bank of a clear rivulet, which, when favourable for such a purpose, often also turns a mill. Such a church is really a very pleasing object to a feeling mind; and though it has not been consecrated by any formal rite, it is hallowed to the people as well for being the scene of their religious instruction, as from the fact that the bones of their fathers are deposited in the little green mounds around. We know not what influence the hearing of the word of God, surrounded by the bones of their ancestors, and the fact of meditating among the tombs during the interval between the morning and the evening service, may have upon the rustic youths of Scotland; but these things must have some influence, and it cannot be bad. There are memorials there

"With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked;" and besides "holy texts," there are other monitors

"To teach the rustic moralist to die."

Often may then be seen some ancient man, hoary with age, and bent with toil, who yet has

the tinge of health and the lines of contentment and hope upon his face, separating from his companions, and pacing slowly toward the grassy turf which covers the remains of the partner of the years of his prime, and haply some of the pledges of their simple attachment, as if, in the impressive language of Dr. Watts, he had gone alone to

"View the ground
Where he must shortly lie."

It may, it will happen, that during this silent survey the eye will fill, the curved body bend more lowly upon its staff, and the sod shall be watered with tears at the recollection of days

that are gone; but the pang is momentary, for the consolations of true religion are inseparable from his mind.—"graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever." The glance upward says, more forcibly than if the words were spoken,—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Thus having breathed his hope, he joins his companions, and the "in-ringing" bell begins to tinkle.

Such a parish is delightful all the week, but the Sabbath and its services are the choice portion, and to them we shall briefly advert in a second chapter.

THE TEE-TOTALERS.

"WHEN the devil sees that he cannot stop the coach, he jumps on the box, and takes the reins, in the hope of overturning it." Such appears to be his policy in relation to temperance societies. Of the existence of such societies our readers are doubtless aware. For our own parts, we not only admit their necessity, we admire and advocate them, and believe that they have already effected much good. We cannot but grieve, therefore, at the martyrdom they are enduring, especially in some parts of America, at the hands of misguided friends, who have even banished the use of wine from the sacred ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and seriously deprecate the growth of the vine. It is, we suppose, with the intention of placing such pernicious excesses in their proper light that an esteemed correspondent sends us the following account of a Scientific Tee-Total Meeting, recently held at the "Water-Butt Rooms," Well-street, Rainville, county Maine.

On entering we found the room crowded with (what on any other occasion we should have called) *ardent spirits*. Among a number of appropriate symbolic decorations, two flags, suspended over the chair, were particularly conspicuous; the one, apparently burning with flames, in the midst of which the black letters ALCOHOL, were made to writhe about like so many tortured imps; the motto, *A burning shame*: the other, with the sign of Aquarius, the water-bearer, apparently pouring a refreshing stream on the head of the venerable chairman, P. Drinkwater, Esq., with the motto, *Water for ever*.

The chairman, on rising, congratulated the meeting on the favourable auspices under which they met. The very elements, he remarked, seemed to smile on their object, it having been raining in torrents all day. (Hear, hear.) This, doubtless, accounted for the presence of so many friends. He earnestly hoped that no one present was so inconsistent as to use an umbrella, or to wear any waterproof article of dress. (Cheers;

and a bustle at the lower end of the rooms, with cries of, Turn him out.) The disorder was occasioned by the timely discovery of a daring intruder actually wearing a Macintosh cloak. Order having been restored by his instant expulsion, the venerable chairman continued:—Your dripping appearance proves that you do not. For his own part, he was happy to say, that he had been the honoured instrument of buying up and destroying no fewer than thirteen umbrellas, and six waterproof hats, that blessed day. (Cheers.) Would that he possessed the requisite authority, he would as cordially issue an order for the demolition of all such vile innovations, as for the destruction of so many mad dogs. And this, by the way, reminded him of hydrophobia—(Hear, hear)—the most unnatural, the most monstrous of all monstrous diseases. Hate water! (Here the meeting was sensibly affected.) Ungrateful man! This came of alcohol. Was hydrophobia ever heard of before alcohol came into use? Had any one ever heard of a member of the Tee-Total Society dying of hydrophobia? He challenged the world to produce an instance. It was his firm belief that hydrophobia was nothing else than demoniacal possession. And hence, as if in spite, it had of late, as was to be expected, greatly increased; for what were they but an anti-hydrophobia association?

He must apologize for his length and warmth; but abstinence was a subject on which temperance was a sin. Nothing but his deep sense of the importance of the object could have brought him out that evening; for he found that as life advanced infirmities increased. His infirmity, however, called for gratitude rather than complaint; for it was, and he was proud to own it, an *aqueous humour*. This reminded him that at the last meeting he had been asked two important questions; 1st, what disease was to be most deprecated next to hydrophobia? He had now no hesitation in replying, *diabetes*. And, 2nd, which is the most desirable for the termination

of life? He must be unworthy of the post he had the honour to fill in that society, if he did not boldly reply the *dropsy*. (Loud cheering.)

On the chairman resuming his seat, a murmur went round that the rain had ceased, which threw a momentary damp on the assembly; till the secretary, having read the minutes of the last meeting, proceeded to congratulate the society on the rapid progress their views were making. Ten wine-cellars and four breweries had been shut up, several public fountains opened, and more than five wells drained completely dry. If this did not show the public feeling he knew not what could. (Cheers.) He would read to them the following letters, just come to hand, in the contents of which he was sure they would take the deepest interest. The first was dated from "Tee-total Hall, and ran thus:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It is our privilege to live amidst the light of the 19th century, and the liberty of America. What were the boasted discoveries of a Newton, compared with the discoveries and principles of the Tee-totalers? Let us act worthy of the name. I wish to live only to honour it. But of this you shall yourself judge. I have quite destroyed the new grapery, root and branch; though it occasioned, among some of the members of my family, what I may well call a *vinous fermentation*. You remember the walk that leads from the high road up to my house—you will be delighted to hear that I have erected an iron frame to span the entrance, like a gallows; from which a bottle, marked *alcohol*, is seen hanging in *terrorem*. My only fear is, that the vile thing suspended may injure the reputation of the gallows. It is with no small pleasure—perhaps I might be excused for saying *pride*—that I can at length announce the completion of an invaluable little instrument, to be called the *alcoholometer*; which can be easily carried about, and constantly employed to detect the presence and determine the quantity of alcohol in any given substance. For my part, I am quite horrified to think what I have been ignorantly eating and drinking; for, on applying the *detector* yesterday to thirty different articles of food, judge my dismay at discovering the presence of alcohol in no less than twenty-nine. I know not now what I should do with out it.

"My little thermometer project succeeds wonderfully; the mercury never rising, now, above *temperate*, even in the hottest season: this is a great desideratum for a Tee-totaler. But I must conclude. This day is to be devoted to a delicate investigation. The wise Pythagoras says, *A fabis abstineto*—"abstain from beans:" and I am determined to see whether the vulgar interpretation of the admonition—that his disciples should abstain from election matters, in which beans were used for votes—be the right one; or whether, as I shrewdly suspect, he alludes to the presence of the accursed alcohol in

beans. If my suspicion prove correct, I shall have my bean-fields immediately ploughed up.

"Yours, in the great cause,
"J. WATERSPOUT."

The other letter is dated from "Abstinence House;" and contains the reason of the writer's absence from the meeting:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"NOTHING less than a serious domestic calamity could keep me from the meeting of this day. The calamity is this. Ever since the appalling statements of our excellent chairman, at our last meeting, on the subject of 'spontaneous combustion,' I have been living in the hourly apprehension of witnessing such an event in my elderly and, generally speaking, amiable maiden sister, whom nothing can induce to give up her long established habit of a glass a day. But on my venturing, in the most delicate manner, to allude to the dreadful possibility, an explosion took place, of the *temper* I mean, which can be accounted for only by the presence in her system of large quantities of the gases of which alcohol is composed. However, determined to take every precaution, I have kept several vessels of water near me, night and day. Last night I was suddenly awoke by a shriek, proceeding, as I thought, from my sister's room; and, starting to my feet, I felt assured that I perceived a disagreeable scent of burning. Bursting open the door, I entered what appeared to me to be a room full of smoke, and continued to discharge vessel after vessel on my beloved sister, whose screams only confirmed my worst fears. Imagine my astonishment then at finding, when the vessels were emptied, and my strength exhausted, that no combustion had taken place, but that it had all originated in a fearful dream. The drenched condition of my poor sister required immediate attention; and on medical aid being obtained, she proved to be in circumstances of considerable danger.

"Yours, &c. devoted to Tee-totalism,
"Z. RAINY."

Several new members were enrolled, among whom the large family of the *Pumps*, all public characters, were conspicuous.

Valuable presents of books were laid on the table; among which we observed Pamphilus Herilachus *De Nat. Aquarum*: and Crato *De Abstinencia*.

The chairman then called on Dr. Sangrado to bring up the remainder of his report on alcohol. The former part, containing an account of the component parts of alcohol, the mode of performing the analysis, and the quantity of absolute alcohol in mixtures of alcohol and water of different densities, had been read at a preceding meeting. In conclusion, Dr. S. now demonstrated, to the consternation of many of the audience, first, the presence of alcohol in sugar;

secondly, the fact that alcohol has great affinity for, and readily mixes with water; thirdly, the extreme difficulty of separating them; and, fourthly, the power of alcohol to dissolve the resins, &c.; and added, that all bodies with which alcohol readily combined were now very properly called *alcoates*. He concluded with a prophecy that the time was not far distant when mankind would be divided into no other than the two great classes of *alcoates* and *anti-alcoates*. The prediction was received with loud applause.

On the adoption of this report, the chairman threw out several valuable remarks. It was, he said, a well-known fact, as Dr. S. had stated, that alcohol was capable of dissolving the strongest reason. (Here Dr. S. had to correct the amiable chairman, by stating, that his paper referred, not to the human reason, but to *resinous matter*.) The chairman, with that tact for turning every thing to account by which he is so much distinguished, assured the meeting that there was little or no difference between the two, and suggested a vote of condemnation against sugar. This was carried *nem. con.*

Dr. S. rose again to announce another important discovery—the presence of alcohol in bread; adding, that he had lately read of a baker in the old country actually publishing in his shop-window, “Bread sold here, with the gin in it.” This discovery of the demon in bread occasioned considerable demur; which ended by a proposition that the subject stand over till the next meeting.

After several able speeches, and much interesting conversation, the following subjects, allotted to various members, were announced for the ensuing meeting:—Mr. A. to report on the advantages of using the old *clepsydra*, or water-clocks; Mr. M. to report concerning the ancient sect of the *abstinents*, and the origin and meaning of the phrase *Bottle Imp*; and Dr. S. to communicate the result of his experiments as to the comparative strengths of different waters, and whether treble X water is not too powerful for ordinary use, and might not be advantageously diluted and reduced.

The next two meetings to be held on the 1st of April and St. Swithin's day.

DESIGN OF SACRIFICES.

It was the custom of the remotest antiquity for every individual to act as his own priest in sacrifices offered for himself. Cain and Abel offered each his own oblation. In sacrifices designed for the family, the father was entitled to officiate as its priest; a right which we observe Noah and Job respectively exercised. In succeeding times, when sacrifices were presented for communities consisting of various families, the prince of each community performed the public services. Thus Melchizedec was both a king and priest, and was invested with a priesthood such as never distinguished any but Christ himself.

After the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, the priesthood was separated from the sovereignty and transferred to Aaron and his posterity, by the express command of God, who performed all the functions peculiar to that office. “Them,” says Moses, “the Lord thy God hath chosen, to minister unto him, and to bless in the name of the Lord.”

Whatever opinion may be adopted respecting the origin of sacrifices, there can be no question of the fact, that they were appointed by God under the Mosaic dispensation. They were both numerous and specific, and it is therefore of great importance to ascertain their general design.

Some have considered the Hebrew ritual as an imitation of the forms and ceremonies practised in Egypt, a condescension to the prejudices contracted by the Israelites in that country. But this is improbable; for there is no one ceremony

or usage but may be proved to have been used by Abraham or Moses, or by some of the worshippers of the true God, earlier than by any of the heathen nations.

Without attempting to enumerate the various kinds of sacrifices, it may be affirmed in general that they were typical, and types of Christ; that is, they prefigured the fact of his personal sacrifice, and exhibited the nature and design of it. In the epistle to the Hebrews, the holy of holies in the tabernacle is compared with the highest heaven, and the high-priest of the Jews with Jesus Christ; and their sacrifices, especially those offered on the day of expiation, with the great sacrifice of Christ, as shadowing types with antitypes, as earthly things with those which are heavenly. Hence, some particular rites were appointed in relation to the principal victims, to represent some principal circumstances in the sacrifice of Christ.

A “type” is a symbol of something future; what is prefigured is the “antitype.” A type is prepared and designed by God to represent the antitype, which constitutes the distinction between a type and a simile. Many things are compared to others which were not made for the purpose of representing them. In comparing the two, the antitype supersedes the type, so that, whenever it comes, there is no longer any use for the type. The efficacy of the type is nothing more than the symbolical representative which it contained.

All the Jewish victims may be regarded as types of the sacrifice of Christ. The apostle Paul

tacitly compares all the different kinds of victims with the one sacrifice of Christ, as types with the antitype. "Wherefore, when he cometh into the world, he saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me; in burnt-offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure. Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me,) to do thy will, O God. Above when he said, Sacrifice and offering and burnt-offerings and offering for sin thou wouldst not, neither hadst pleasure therein; which are offered by the law; then said he, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God. He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second. By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." Heb. x. 5—10. No reasonable doubt can be entertained that those victims, whose carcasses were to be burnt without the camp, were types of Christ, and that in a more eminent degree than the rest. For, besides their unblemished perfection, in which they prefigured Christ in common with the rest, all these victims were piacular, as was his sacrifice. And they the more eminently typified his sacrifice by the very circumstance of their being commanded to be burnt without the camp. "The bodies of those beasts whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high-priest for sin, are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the camp." There would be no force in the argument respecting the place where it was requisite Christ should suffer death, unless all the victims whose blood was to be carried into the sanctuary had typified his sacrifice.

Our Lord himself taught that the sacrifices of the Jews were typical or prefigurative of his sufferings. "These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures, and said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day." Luke xxiv. 44—46. If the sacrifices of the law were typical, this reference to the law of Moses, as evidence for the necessity of his sufferings, was appropriate and forcible; if not, it was wholly irrelevant.

The Jewish sacrifices were also vicarious, as well as typical; and typical more especially in this respect. Vicarious punishment is an evil inflicted on one being to expiate the guilt of another, with a view to save the transgressor himself from punishment. The punishment inflicted on the substitute may either be of the same kind, or different from that which the offender merited. It is common with the sacred writers to speak of sin as a defilement, and hence to expiate is to purify. On the solemn day of

atonement, the Hebrews, in obedience to the Divine command, transferred the sins of the people, in a symbolical representation, to the goat that was to be led away into the wilderness; and the animal itself was considered as communicating defilement to the person who led him away. The rite consisted in the imposition of the high-priest's hands, as representative of the people, upon the head of the goat, accompanied with confession of sins. The same rites and the same efficacy belonged to the victims whose blood was carried into the sanctuary, and whose bodies were carried without the camp. There could not be a more evident instance of vicarious punishment than for the sins of the offerers first to be transferred, by a symbolical rite, to the victims about to be slain, and then to be immediately expiated by the blood of those victims to which they had been transferred. And the law declared "it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." We must observe also, that the blood was not only shed, but "presented to God." It was thus signified that the life of the victim was surrendered to God as the price of expiation, and to obtain favour for the transgressor; and hence we see on what principle vicarious punishment was sustained by Christ, "who gave his life," as it is declared, "a ransom for us."

It has been said that the transference of sins could never be real, but only figurative. True; but the figure had a meaning, which was, that the victims were substituted for the offenders, and expiated the sins for which they were sacrificed.

The right by which punishment for sin is inflicted on a substitute, rests either on the sovereignty of the party who punishes, or the consent of him who is punished, united with sovereignty. The former was the case in the Jewish sacrifices, the latter in that of Christ. The law may be satisfied either by an offender suffering the punishment of his own sin, or by a substitute who sustains the punishment of another's sin. The substitute suffers not the precise penalty of the law, which can be inflicted only on the offender himself, but a punishment which secures the same end—the restoration and preservation of the authority of the violated law. The efficacy of personal suffering must arise from its being equivalent to the crime; but that of a vicarious kind, from the acceptance of the substitution on the part of God, and from the willingness, purity, dignity, and merit of the substitute.

All these considerations are applicable to the sacrifice of Christ, which therefore the Jewish sacrifices prefigured. He sustained the character of a real high-priest; and in that character offered up himself as a real sacrifice. The apostle runs an exact parallel in proof of his priesthood between him and the Jewish priests, in being taken from among their brethren, in the appointment to other gifts and sacrifices, in being subject to

infirmity and suffering, and other points. And, then, with regard to the offering itself, without a sacrifice there could not be a priest; and what was the sacrifice? "Who needeth not daily, as those high-priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people's: for this he did once, when he offered up himself." Every part of our Saviour's proceedings with regard to his sufferings show they were voluntary; and his very words, "for their sakes I sanctify myself," is equivalent to saying, "I offer myself to be slain as a piacular victim." Having been sacrificed on the cross, he ascended to heaven, and entered the holy of holies as our High-priest, as well as the Lamb slain; precisely as the high-priest of the Jews carried the blood of the victims into the innermost sanctuary of the temple, as a sign of their precious sacrifice, and sprinkled it towards the mercy-seat.

The whole argument of the apostle, in the book of the Hebrews, proceeds on an "assumed similarity and correspondence in the nature and objects of the Jewish priesthood and that of Christ." Now it has been shown that the Jewish sacrifices were a necessary consideration of forgiveness, and a means of obtaining it. It follows, therefore, that as the death of Christ is spoken of in language applied to the Jewish sacrifices, it is the great consideration for the forgiveness of sin, and the long-predicted and perfectly and only efficacious means of obtaining it. In conformity with these views, a few out of numerous passages of holy writ may be cited, which, if they do not proclaim a real atonement for sin, can have no meaning whatever, and must necessarily mislead us. It might also be remarked, that if the Jewish sacrifices were not typical, they were manifestly absurd, and there was the pomp of ceremony without the reality of worship. "He was numbered with the transgressors, and he bare the sin of many." "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed." "Thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin." "Messiah shall be cut off, but not for himself." "The Son of man came to give his life a ransom for many." "For this is my blood of the New Testament,

which is shed for many, for the remission of sins." "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past." "When we were without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." "Even Christ our passover was sacrificed for us." "Who gave himself for our sins." "Now once in the end of the world hath he put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

Some theologians represent our Lord as an example and martyr only. It is not denied that he was both, but he was more—he was a sacrifice for sin. Do the passages quoted represent him as an example and martyr only, or chiefly? Obviously not. They ascribe merit to his blood—efficacy to his death—and a redeeming power to his self-immolation. They connect the fact of his death with the typical sacrifices of the Jews and the remission of sin. What absurdity would there be in the frequent and fervent appeals of apostles, and how dissimilar to all they declare respecting others, if he be viewed as a martyr only! What can they in this case mean by "coming to him," "believing on him," "trusting in him," "committing thy soul to him," and other similar expressions? What can be meant by curses denounced upon those who do not come to him—by the assurance that "he that believeth hath life," and the contrary? How would this sound with reference to Paul, Peter, John, or Stephen? It is needless to urge the inquiry. Such an application of terms would be manifestly an abuse of language—a trial of credulity, and a falsification of Scripture. If Christ were not a sacrifice, he was not a Saviour, and ye are yet in your sins. Then there is no hope on earth—no redemption from the grave—no pardon for sin—no peace with God—no blessedness in heaven! Then had the Jewish economy no meaning, and the Christian no truth. Then is the Bible a book of history or morals; we have no better religion than the wisdom of men has devised; and he who rejects the Cross may, if he pleases, receive the crescent.

X.

GEMS, AND GEM ENGRAVING.

GEMS.—These minor sculptures of antiquity form, in many of the museums and collections of the learned and the wise, very beautiful and perfect specimens of what the French so poetically term the *bijouterie* of sculpture. Many an antique gem is the key to a store of mythological or historical illustration, or the first link of a chain of poetical associations, and, as such, is gazed on, and read, and felt, by the man of classical

taste, in a manner of which none but he can form an adequate conception. It may be the portrait of a Pericles, an Aristides, a Leonidas, a Cato, a Cicero; or it may elucidate an Eleusis, a Marathon, or a Pharsalia; or it may, in the lineaments of a Sappho or a Pindar, wake in the imagination a beautiful paradise of music and imagery, and, like the magic touches of the masters of song, spread before us a feast of rapturous and illusive

enchantment. This may be elucidated by two references, equally beautiful and often quoted; the one where Shakspeare brings "the sweet south" to "breathe upon the bank of violets;" the other where the divine and glorious Milton, that minstrel of the lost Paradise, speaks of those who sail

"Beyond the Cape of Hope —
Sabeian odours, from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blessed."

Such quotations as these, and numerous others which could be named, diffuse a beautiful imagery over our household words and thoughts, and shed the glorious calm of starry dreams over the solitude of our midnight slumbers.

The importance of sculptured gems to the investigation of some of the mystic histories of a renowned antiquity; to the artist and amateur, as assisting further in the development of the same; and to the cultivation of that natural and elevating indulgence which, in the solemn and overshadowing hours of reverential thought, we feel when gazing on the features of the mighty and departed dead, is sufficient at once to proclaim them as objects of delightful and attentive study. Gems illustrate the mystic attributes and tales of mythology, the costumes of antiquity, the delightful romances and fictions of the poets, the characteristics of the earlier tongues and languages of the ancient nations, the great eras of historic actions and events, and the early origin, progress, and increased perfection of the fine arts in the remote and shadowy ages of the past. In support of these assertions, it will be sufficient to refer to the circumstance, that the full countenances and linear profiles of Virgil and Mæcenas, of Cicero and Alexander, are known to us but by the impressions we have received of them from sculptured gems. Again, the Venus of Praxiteles, the head of the Phidian Minerva, the Apoxyomenos of Polyclethus, those glories and triumphs of the ancient art of statuary, are to be found in our day only minutely and faintly shadowed forth in miniature resemblance upon gems; and the restorations of the Venus de Medici and the Laocoon have been made only and entirely from gems. They offer to the reflecting mind a vast and endless treasure of the brilliant thoughts and buried wisdom, the forgotten skill and the vanished beauty of a past era and epoch, when the mind and the form of man had, in the days of the venerable and antique philosophy of Greece and Rome, reached the nearest summit on the Parnassian hill of perfection.

But if we extend the range of our inquiries still further into this singular and delightful branch of art, we shall find that the first use to which the discovery of gem-engraving was applied was to the sculpture of signets, and that this came from the common fountain-source and origin of all the fine arts—India. Signets of lapis-lazuli and emerald, bearing Sanscrit and other verna-

cular inscriptions of that land, have been found, bearing evidence of an olden antiquity beyond all ages of record. From India the natural transmitted stream of the fine arts was to Egypt; and the national museums and collections in England, as well as those of private individuals, artists, and amateurs, abound with cameos and intaglios bearing hieroglyphic inscriptions, figures of Isis, Osiris, the lotus, and the crocodile, together with the entire and endless array of symbolic Egyptian mythology, wrought upon jaspers, emeralds, basalts, blood-stones, and turquoises. Even at this early period of the historic eras of mankind, it will be thus seen that the mechanical skill of sculpture and engraving attained a very high degree of excellence and perfection. In the times of the ancient Israelites, we find this same skill in the fine arts in full exercise. The stones composing the breastplate of the high-priest of the Jews were each engraved with the name and title of one of the twelve tribes of the land, and of those stones one was a diamond.

The Etruscans, that remote and fragmentary nation, of whose existence but little is known to us, save but from the classic and beautiful fragments of their arts,—but who, on the faith of those fragments, must take a high and glorious rank amongst the polished and classical nations of the olden world,—have enriched and beautified many of our national collections with gems of a peculiar compound style of sculpture. Their general shape is somewhat similar, in its outline and appearance, to the Egyptian, that of the scarabeus more particularly; and even in those gems where the shape and style vary, the scarabeus is frequently found engraven. The subjects which they represent are chiefly Greek, but of the more antique history of that land,—the war of the chieftains at Thebes, Peleus devoting his hair, Tydeus after bathing, Theseus imprisoned by Pluto, Perseus with Medusa's head, Capaneus struck by lightning before Thebes, and Hercules bearing the tripod; these, and others which embody the early mythological histories of the Grecian deities, have been among the finest sculptures on the Etruscan gems. From this nation we find that the art of gem-engraving passed to the Greeks, who cherished and cultivated it among the arts which they had made their own; and in a short time, by their energy and perseverance, brought it to its highest summit of perfection. In due process of time the genius of the Greeks, which has left to us the remnants and fragments of so many wonders in the larger sculpture, became displayed with scarcely less power and beauty in those more minute and miniature works of art. So truly has this been proved, that it may be asserted as an axiom in the artistical history of Greece, that had the fame of the statues of Greece perished, the fame of her arts might have been as well and as nobly sustained by the exquisite beauty and

sculpture of her gems. The era of that school whose followers more particularly excelled in the art of gem-engraving may be divided into three separate and distinct periods. From the time of Theodorus the Samian, who was the sculptor of the celebrated emerald Polycrates, to the period including the reign and victories of Alexander the Great, may be considered the first period; from the reign of Alexander to that of Augustus, the second; and from the time of Augustus to the fall of the empire may be considered the third and last period.

The characteristics which particularly distinguish the Greek gems, are those of delicate grace and stern vigour; the auxiliaries and adornments are composed in a fine classical spirit; the emblems and attributes exhibit a care and accuracy of delineation and composition, which implies an extraordinary degree of historical and mythological information in the class of artists to whom the delicate workmanship of these sculptures was intrusted, and who may be considered to have been but as slaves during the long period of years in which the art which they possessed was known and practised. The Greek gems generally exhibit the figure nude; the Roman gems displayed the figure draped; the former were chiefly intaglios, and exhibited the finest workmanship; and where cameos were produced they were generally inferior in form, delineation, and sculpture.

The great number of these gems, which were sculptured whilst the art was in the rich freshness of its youth and glory, compared with the actual small number which have come down to us in modern times, cannot but afford the melancholy proof that a vast number of these beautiful works of art must have perished; but with this sorrowing reflection we may mingle the happy reminiscence that many of these gems have reached us, whose delicate beauty and superiority of design and sculpture make the glory of the cabinets in which they are enshrined. Of this character are—

The Alexander and Olympias, a cameo in the Vatican, which was formerly in the Odescalchi collection, and is a work of remarkable size and beauty.

Bacchus and Ariadne in a chariot drawn by centaurs, the apotheosis of Germanicus, Agrippina and Germanicus, Ulysses, Tiberius, Hadrian, Antinous; all in the royal collection at Paris.

The apotheosis of Augustus, in two lines of figures, with Livia as Rome, and her family, with Neptune and Cybele in the background; in the imperial collection at Vienna.

The magnificent cameo sculptured on a sardonyx, and which has given origin to much learned dispute among the Tristans and Montfaucons, but which is now considered to represent the apotheosis of Augustus and his family. On the upper line, and at the summit of the

gem, are represented the emperor and the princes of the house of Tiberius seated among the gods. On the second line, and more in the centre of the gem, is represented Germanicus, with Agrippina and Caligula beside him. On the lowest line, at the lower border of the gem, are represented the captives.

The intaglios which have been handed down to us are still more numerous than the cameos, and of a more remote period of antiquity and excellence of detail and design. Many and various have been the keen and classical disquisitions indulged in and written upon with reference to the design and intent which some of these are intended to represent. As an example of this, we may mention the beautiful gem Cornelia, which is supposed to have been Michael Angelo's seal, and is now in the cabinets of the Parisian collection. In this some have recognised a sacrifice in memory of the birth of Bacchus, the birth of Alexander, or the festival of Panathenæa. Others, again, have supposed it to represent the Paanepsia; Alexander in the character of the Indian Bacchus, or a copy of figures in the *plafond* of the Capella Sistina, at Rome; or, lastly, the representation of a simple village *féta*; which latter has been considered, and with much truth, to be the most probable conjecture. The industry of Pliny has collected a list of the most celebrated Greek engravers; and the additional names and notices which have been collected are but few and obscure. Among both of these we may enumerate—

Pyrgoteles—the only engraver to whom Alexander would intrust his portrait on gems—the heads of Alexander and Phocion.

Tryphon—the marriage of Cupid and Psyche.

Chronius—Terpsichore standing.

Admon—Hercules drinking.

Cœnus—Adonis, a Faun celebrating the bacchanalia.

Cneius—the stealing of the palladium, a young Hercules, a Cleopatra of singular beauty, a Theseus wearing the spoils of the bull of Marathon.

Dioscorides—the most eminent engraver of the reign of Augustus—a Mercury with the petasus, the caduceus, and the cloak; a Diomedes with the palladium; an Io, an incomparable gem; a head of Demosthenes, two busts of Augustus, a Perseus gazing on Medusa's head.

Epitychanus—A Bellerophon mounted on Pegasus, a rich cornelian, in the possession of the chevalier d'Azard; a head of Sextus Pompey.

Evodus—an aqua-marine, on which is sculptured a portrait of Julia, the daughter of Titus and Marcia. This work is a most admirable one for the elegance of the design and the skill and delicacy of the workmanship.

These artists and their works constitute but a small proportion of the names or productions of the great engravers of Greece. From that favoured land it may be traced to the sunny cli-

mate of Italy, where it was cherished and supported, though with less aptitude and skill, by those who professed it, than had been evinced by the artists of that land where it had risen to its highest pitch of pristine excellence.

When the last ruin of the Roman empire fell, the art of engraving upon gems sank into comparative lowness and insignificance, and was but feebly cultivated and sustained during the savage darkness and tumult of those ages, which have ever been denominated "barbaric." During the reign of the Medici, literature and the fine arts underwent a general revival; and during the years of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, the most celebrated engravers on gems were found among the Italians. Next to Italy, Germany held the next rank; and Kilian, (who, from his skill in the art, was named the German Pyrgoteles,) Pickler, and Natter, were among the ablest and the most famed of modern artists.

In France, the fondness and, we had almost said, the exclusive taste of the nation for works of art on a vast and extended scale, to strike the popular eye, hastened most materially to turn off and withdraw the attention of the artists from the finer skill and minuter beauty of gem-engraving and sculpture. There are but few French artists of repute; and the science and skill required for the higher perfection of gem-engraving seem to have nearly perished, or dropped into comparative oblivion.

In the museums and cabinets of both public and private collections, the skill and science of English artists have ever held a deservedly high and favoured rank; and the names of Simon, Reisen, Brown, and Marchant, may be named

amongst those who have sculptured many gems of remarkable taste, spirit, and learning.

The principal collections, cabinets, and museums of gems are to be found in foreign cities. Previous to the last invasion of the French, the principal ones in Italy were the Florentine, founded by Lorenzo de Medici; the Strozzi, the Ludovisi, the Azara, and that in the Vatican. Besides these may be enumerated the St. Petersburg, the Prussian, the Danish, the Orange, and the Vienna collections. In the British Museum is a fine collection of valuable gems, which deserve to be more publicly known than they are. The principal private collections in England are those of the noble families of Devonshire, Marlborough, Bedford, and Carlisle.

We cannot conclude this article without remarking, that although the finer and richer class and order of gems may be seldom within the means of private purchasers, yet that the art of making pastes or coloured stones places all that constitutes the true value of the original gem—its story and its beauty—entirely within the most moderate expenditure. In Italy sulphur and wax impressions from the most famous gems are frequently to be met with; but we believe that the best imitations of the antique are to be met with in the pastes executed by Mr. Tassie, of Leicester-square. Among these the delicate sculpture and fine tint of the gem are executed and copied with a most praiseworthy and extraordinary fidelity. This collection of Mr. Tassie's, which may be considered as the most complete in Europe, amounts, we believe, to upwards of fifteen thousand, and comprises the finest facsimile copies of the most wonderful and celebrated gems known.

EPHON.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES.—No. I.

MISTER LOFTY.

It is our intention to prepare, for the amusement and edification of our readers, a series of pen and ink sketches of some of our and their dear friends. Many have already sat, others are now sitting to us; and others, again, only wait their turn. Among the portraits now in progress are those of Mistresses Kind, Smooth, Fussy, Snake, Meddle, and Soft; Misses Double, Finical, and Precise; Messieurs Sanguine, Gossip, Busy, Subtle, Purseproud, and Snap. The first which we are enabled to hang, in what we hope will hereafter be a very respectable gallery, is that of Mr. Lofty.

Lofty is a great man—a very great man. There have been many great men since the creation. Horace informs us that brave men were living before Agamemnon, and doubtless many great ones were also living in that remote period. We have since had Homer, Hesiod,

Pindar, Euripides, Xenophon, Plato, Demosthenes, Euclid, Terence, Cæsar, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Livy, Tacitus, Plutarch, Alfred, Dante, Hannibal, Alexander, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Cromwell, Dryden, Pope, Wren, Marlborough, Locke, Frederick, Peter of Russia, Charles XII., Addison, Newton, Raffaële, Michael Angelo, Salvator Rosa, Claude, Cervantes, Racine, Corneille, La Place, Handel, Mozart, Burke, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Washington, Watt, Canova, Napoleon, Goëthe, Scott, Byron, Canning, Coleridge, Wellington, Wilkie, Chantrey, Wordsworth, Majendie, Brougham, Moore, and a host besides, both ancient and modern, too numerous to mention.

These were, or are, all great men; yet Lofty, in his greatness, resembles none of these: he is not a great statesman, warrior, poet, painter, architect, orator, chemist, sculptor, mathematician,

surgeon, or philosopher; but he is a *great* lover and admirer of himself. A deceased statesman proved that it is possible for a man to turn his back on himself. It must, therefore, be possible for him to behold himself through a glass. This Lofty does, taking care to use a magnifier of first-rate power, and when he has occasion to look upon his fellows, he inverts the telescope, and thus deludes himself into a feeling similar to that which Gulliver must have experienced while residing among the Lilliputians. An artist having occasion to illustrate the singular production of St. Patrick's eccentric Dean, above alluded to, could not do better than take a full-length of Mr. Lofty. The air, carriage, every thing required, he would be in immediate possession of, without the slightest exercise of imagination, if indeed he should happen to possess a faculty so rare. Yes, in Lofty he would find a Gulliver ready made, for he ever walks as if there was danger at every step of his crushing a hundred or so of the subjects of his majesty of Lilliput beneath the sole of his boot.

Lofty's notions are ludicrously aristocratical, as far as his station in life is concerned. Had he been a peer, he would have been one of the most pertinacious sticklers for the privileges of his *order*, unless indeed the superior degree of enlightenment and more enlarged view of society which such rank supposes, should have prevented his imbibing the vulgar and narrow feeling which now influences him. He pretends not to the distinction of birth: indeed, the fact of the existence of his father is only presumptive, yet he is a man of fashion, for he pays and receives morning visits; he moves in a circle of gentility, for he receives and attends tea-parties; his station is exalted, for he is member of a profession; he is eminent in learning, for he proceeded in the Latin grammar beyond *hic, hæc, hoc*; and we believe, though we cannot vouch for the fact, knows nearly the whole of the Greek alphabet. He has a knowledge of the fine arts, for he pays an annual visit to Somerset-house;—of science, for he peruses the *Mechanics' Magazine*. He is decidedly literary, for he seldom omits to turn over the pages of the *Literary Gazette* and the *Athenæum*; and altogether, as we trust we have made sufficiently apparent, he is a very exalted and consequential personage.

Lofty's associates are mostly men possessed more or less of that species of greatness by which he is so distinguished; and although he perceives among them no equal, he yet permits the approaches of a chosen few, and extends to them the peculiar privilege of basking occasionally in

the beams of his genius—of now and then drawing life and light from a luminary so resplendent.

Lofty, as may be supposed, is in the habit of speaking in a depreciating strain of most of the inferior individuals moving around him. But the wonder is—and the fact says much for his disposition, which we believe to be naturally amiable—that he does not do this to a greater extent considering his fixed belief in the magnitude of his own importance, and the diminutiveness of that of others. It will sometimes happen that some one of his acquaintance is not disposed to acknowledge the gulf fixed between him and his traducer to be quite so wide as the latter supposes. He is presumptuous enough to require an explanation of something which Lofty has said; then the character of the latter shines forth in all its glory and grandeur.

Lofty will not, of course, condescend to acknowledge that he did, or assert that he did not, say the thing complained of. He will not demean himself by giving a direct explanation of any kind; but, to preserve his dignity, he dodges right and dodges left of the question, like a full-dressed courtier returning from a drawing-room, who sees in the crowd a sweep already nearly in contact with him; and as the aforesaid courtier may, in his endeavours to avoid actual contact with his sooty neighbour, put his leg knee-deep in the kennel, so Lofty sometimes comes out of these affairs bedaubed to an extent which would be very prejudicial to self-complacency less invulnerable than his. Extremes meet; pride and meanness are twin-brothers. So Lofty, in endeavouring to retain his supposed altitude, descends to a level which would never be reached by an individual less exalted in his own estimation.

Yet, after all, even in his sinuosities Lofty is the great man: if he deviates from the direct course, it is not with the gentle, moderate curvature of the earth-worm. No, his twistings and twinings are all on a large scale, like those of the *boa constrictor*. Great he aims to be in all situations; therefore, when he shuffles, he is a *great* shuffler. We are not without hope that time and a few lessons, unpalatable it may be, yet extremely salutary, may modify Lofty's character, and reduce him to the natural dimensions of man; a result much to be desired, for, in proportion as he becomes less *great*, he will undoubtedly become more respectable.

Reader, if you wish to discover Lofty, do not trouble yourself to look in the "*Court Guide*," he is to be met with in most of the *genteel* streets of London.

COLERIDGE AND PLAGIARISM.

MR. COLERIDGE has often been charged with plagiarism, whether justly or not we do not now mean to decide; perhaps the following statement may be mistaken by some for a confirmation of the charge.

The following lines of Coleridge's were published in the complete edition of his poetical works, by Pickering, without any allusion to a similar poem by any other writer;

STROPHE.

Unperishing youth !
Thou leapest from forth
The cell of thy hidden nativity.
Never mortal saw
The cradle of the strong one ;
Never mortal heard
The gathering of his voices,—
The deep-murmured chorus of the son of the rock,
That is lisped evermore at his slumberless fountain.
There's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil
At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing ;
It embosoms the roses of dawn,
It entangles the shafts of the moon,
And into the bed of its stillness
The moonshine sinks down as in slumber,
That the son of the rock, that the nursing of heaven
May be born in a holy twilight !

ANTISTROPHE.

The wild goat in awe
Looks up, and beholds
Above thee the cliff inaccessible.
Thou, at once full-born,
Madd'nest in thy joyance,
Whirlest, shatter'st, splitt'st,
Life invulnerable.

The following is a literal translation of a German poem by Count Friedrich Leopold von Stolberg :—

Unperishing youth !
Thou streamest from forth
The cliff of the rock.
Never mortal saw
The cradle of the strong one ;
Never mortal heard
The lisping of the noble one in the bubbling well.

How beautiful thou art
In silvery locks !
How terrible thou art
With the thunder of the echoing rocks around !
Before thee trembles the fir ;
Thou hurlest the fir,
Both root and branch.
The rocks implore thee ;
Thou seizest the rocks,
And spurning rollest them like pebbles away !
The sun clothes thee
In the beams of his glory ;
He paints, with the hues of the rainbow,
The waving clouds of the scattering flood.

Why hastenest thou so
To the green, green sea ?
Art not pleased so near to heaven ?
Not pleased in the echoing rocks ?
Not pleased in the hanging oak-bush ?

O, hasten not so
To the green, green sea !
Youth ! still thou'rt strong as a god,
Free as a god.

True, the tranquil calm smiles on thee beneath,
The rolling motion of the silent sea,
Now silver'd by the floating moon,
Now golden and red in the western beam.
O, youth ! what is the silken calm,
What the smiling of the friendly moon,
The purple and gold of the evening sun,
To him who feels himself in the bonds of slavery ?
Still streamest thou wild,
As thy heart doth bid !
Yonder, beneath rule of changing winds,
Of the stillness of death, in the servile sea !

O, hasten not so
To the green, green sea !
Youth ! still thou art strong as a god,
Free as a god !

It would have been no disparagement to Mr. Coleridge if he had mentioned that such a piece had been written by Stolberg; and if he had called his own an imitation from Stolberg, it would not have been more than was due to the German poet. The German has great merit, perhaps as much in that language as Coleridge has in English. Coleridge's poem was cited, in No. CI. of the "Quarterly Review," ("Review of Translations of Pindar,") as a rare specimen of rhythm without rhyme; and justly so. Perhaps there is no instance in the whole compass of English poetry in which words, metre, and cadence are so admirably adapted to express the sense intended to be conveyed. The wild, ebullient sportiveness of the gushing cataract could hardly have been transferred to paper more faithfully than it is here. Certainly, it was written under the inspiration of Stolberg; but, notwithstanding this, it is, in most respects, original,—the melody is original, and the latter part is original in words, ideas, and every thing else. With Stolberg's lines before him, probably no writer but Coleridge could have produced so perfect a poem. No other poet with whom we are acquainted, in any language, appears to have possessed so delicate a sense of harmonious combinations, so elastic a susceptibility to the impulses of the melodious, or so unerring an instinct in detecting and perpetuating the just balance: *instinct*, we call it, though, in reality, the power to which we allude, if primarily a gift of nature, is only brought to the perfection we speak of in its wider application, by close and minute attention, and a continued observation of the phenomena of sound.

Coleridge has imitated, and acknowledged the imitation of, another poem of Stolberg,—*"Tell's Birth-place."* This is almost a translation.

FUNERAL CEREMONY AT TAVOY.

BY THE REV. H. MALCOM, A. M.

DURING my stay at Tavoy were performed the funeral-rites of a very distinguished pongee, or priest; it is a rare occurrence, of course, and attracted the attention of almost the entire populace. He had been dead several months, and was preserved, embalmed, and cased in wax, till now, when the ceremony of burning was to be performed. The body had been covered with wax, after extracting its juices and applying the usual preservatives, and was lying in state under a highly ornamented canopy. The face and feet, where the natural shape had been restored by the coating of wax, were visible and completely gilded. Five or six cars on low wheels, very magnificent in Burman eyes, had been prepared, to which were attached long ropes, to some of them at each end; they were constructed chiefly of cane or bamboo, and were, in their general construction, in pretty good taste, and quite costly withal, in gold leaf, worked muslin, &c. When the set day arrived, the body and its decorated coffin was removed, amid an immense concourse, from its place under the canopy to one of these cars, with an excessive din of drums, gongs, cymbals, trumpets, &c. When it was properly adjusted in its new location, a number of men mounted the car at each end, and hundreds of people grasped the ropes, to draw it to the place of burning, half a mile distant. But it had not advanced many paces before those behind drew it back. The air was rent with the shouting of each party to encourage their men. The other cars of the procession were dragged to and fro in the same manner. The pretence of the one party was a devout desire to accomplish the funeral-rites; and that of the other, an affectionate reluctance to part with the remains. Some two or three old women at the ropes looked grave; all the others were laughing and making sport of the operation. I came away, at length, leaving them contending still.

For several days the populace amused themselves with dragging the cars backward and forward which I did not care to see; but at length, being informed by the governor that at three o'clock to-day the burning would take place, I repaired to the spot, and found the advancing party had, of course, succeeded; and all the cars were in an open field, where was the place of burning, enclosed by a light fence. A great concourse filled the area, dressed, as before, in their best clothes, and full of festivity; not a beggar or ill-dressed person was to be seen. Almost every person, of both sexes, was dressed in silk; and many, especially children, had ornament of gold or silver in their ears and round their ankles and wrists. Not an instance of

drunkenness or quarrelling came under my eye, either now or on the preceding day.

Within the enclosure was a car, on which was a pyramid, open on all sides, like the others. The height was about forty feet. At an elevation of sixteen or eighteen feet it contained a sort of sepulchral monument, like the square tombs in our churchyards, highly ornamented with Chinese paper, bits of looking-glass arranged like flowers, and various mythological figures, and filled with combustibles. Over this the car was formed into a canopy, with a long spire, all decorated to the utmost with tinsel, festooned embroidery, wreaths of flowers, &c. The body, in its gorgeous sarcophagus, being removed from the car on which it was brought, and placed on the monument, a procession of priests was seen approaching, who took their seats within the enclosure, at one end, on a raised platform, while in another direction came an artificial tree, called "the tree of life," borne on the shoulders of men, who reverently placed it between the priests and the pyramid or funeral pile. Women also came, bringing on their heads baskets of fruit and other articles. The tree was ingeniously constructed of fruits, rice, boxes, cups, umbrellas, staves, raiment, cooking-utensils, and, in short, an assortment of all the articles deemed useful and convenient in Burman housekeeping. These and the other offerings, I was told by a bystander, were for the use of the deceased. They were, however, taken to the neighbouring monastery, and, of course, applied to grosser uses.

The priests, confronted by a small audience of elderly persons, having mumbled over one or two short prayers, and performed some absurd ceremonies, retired. Then commenced an exhibition of fireworks, at a little distance, a parade of which Burmans are very fond, and in some parts of which, especially the rockets, they certainly excel. Cords from the place of exhibition were attached to the funeral-car or pyramid, along which ran horizontal rockets, bearing various figures, which dashed into the pyramid, demolishing, each time, some portion of it, till at length, more combustibles being thrown into the car, it began to blaze, and in half an hour was totally consumed. A few other fireworks concluded the ceremony, and the people quietly dispersed.

Nothing could be further from solemnity than the whole proceedings. Not the least effort was made by the priests to instruct the multitude; but after their part of the pageantry was performed, they instantly mixed with the people, gazing and laughing like boys. The principal feeling manifested before white persons was pride at the glory of the occasion. This seemed very

apparent: they were evidently pleased to see Europeans there; and as I was standing with some of these, a principal chief came up with his retinue, and, from a long-necked vessel with a perforated stopper, sprinkled us profusely with rose-water, making a salaam very politely. The occasion was just a festival, and carried forward

with the same feelings that they get up any other spectacle. I longed to be able to enter into conversation with some of the many who sat quietly looking from an adjacent grove, but was obliged to content myself with humble prayer that this great people might be soon turned from idols. O that the day may soon come!

THE ALBUM.

AN Album once went far astray
From house to house, from day to day,
In search of writers able:
At length, its weary journeys done,
It stretched itself at ease upon
Dear Madam's spider table.

And Madam now with beaming look
Hastes to explore her favourite book,
And con her new-made treasure;
But see the smiles forsake her brow,
And every feature darkens now
To sadness and displeasure!

The book was sent to careful hands,
With oft repeated, strict commands,
To shun all *vulgar* dealing;
But here are names which no one knows,
And rhymes far worse than sorry prose—
Her friend could have no feeling!

Full sure there is among the score
A Walter Scott, and Thomas Moore,
But nought besides their *name*.

While blockheads with their scrawl abound,
As if they ne'er before had found
An open door to fame!

But chiefly this perplexed her mind—
That good and ill were so combined
Beyond her power to sever;—
Had it been evil altogether
Her heart had lightened to a feather,
Her book destroyed for ever!

Or, had the good surpassed the ill,
The bad might be forgiven still,
Since nought can reach perfection;
But thus it was—Oh wretched fate!—
The book she could not love nor hate,
Though *pet* of her affection.

Then, lady, whosoe'er you be,
When you shall scan this history,
Just make this memorandum;
That whosoe'er you love beside,
You ponder well ere you decide
To idolize an *Album*.

CALAMUS.

REVIEW.

Nature considered as a Revelation. By the Rev. ROBERT BAYLEY, F. S. A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. pp. 250.

ALL theology is revealed, the natural as well as the verbal: hence the propriety of Coleridge's remark, that the phrase "revealed religion" is a pleonasm. There can be no religion but revealed; the only distinction lies in the mode of the revelation. Mind itself is a revelation: "Let us make man," said the Triune God, "in our own image;" that is, "to reflect our likeness." Mind, then, is not merely the instrument by which a revelation is received and appreciated, but constitutes, *per se*, a divine revelation,—the first intimation, to man, of a Primitive and Supreme Mind. The sun, in the very act of causing its own reflection, reveals itself to all intelligent beings; and God, in the very act of reflecting his Divine image in man, discovers himself.

In the same sense "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." The expanded volume of nature is inscribed and illuminated by the same finger which wrote the law on Sinai; it is instinct with lessons of morality, and full of the rudiments of art and science, an encyclopædia of wisdom. But the fall of man has rendered the addition of another volume indispensable. By sin he brought himself into a new situation, in which all his previous knowledge was only calculated to fill him with alarm. New knowledge must be imparted; for how does he know what a holy God may see fit to do with him, a transgressor? A revelation adapted to

fallen man, while it includes and authenticates the great principles of natural religion, must also provide for the expiation of his guilt, for the renovation of his nature, and his restoration to God.

Now, while Mr. Bayley, in the interesting and original volume before us, is perfectly orthodox on these points, and freely admits that, even within its own circumscribed and peculiar limits, many of the readings of the book of nature are conjectural and obscure, he contends that it is almost universally disparaged, and allowed to become comparatively a sealed book; and proposes to vindicate its lofty claims to occupy and adorn the chair of wisdom.

We have called his work original: we are aware, indeed, that many, especially of our elder writers, have thrown out hints of the idea which pervades it: we remember *Aim* who was called "the Priest and Interpreter of Nature;" we remember the intimation of Gale, that "the world is a universal temple, wherein man may contemplate natural images and pictures of Divine wisdom and goodness;" and admire Richardson's expression, that the divine Being, instead of verbally announcing certain truths, "put it into the things;" we are aware of the Hutchinsonian sentiment, that the objects which nature presents to man are "like drawings of such things as were out of the reach of his senses;" and of the remark of Kirby and Spence, that "the entire system of nature is representative as well as operative;" and we remember—for who can forget?—the immortal "Analogy" of Butler; nor are we unacquainted with "the Sentiment of Flowers," and "Flora's Interpreter," and

such small craft, all doing their little to turn nature's great *forerilegium* into a school-girl's album, full of the amatory, mawkish, and nonsensical; but Mr. Bayley aspires to consider nature as a divine revelation, to restore the holy oracle to its shrine, and to invest the willing reader with the Urim and Thummim. And, in our estimation, his conception of the work is as novel as its execution is vigorous. It consists of two parts: first, proving that nature should be considered as a revelation; second, containing specimens of the manner in which the material revelation may be explained.

The first part, distributed into thirteen chapters, shows that nature must be a revelation of much moral and scientific truth, because for ages man had scarcely any other; that there is an evident adaptation in nature to impart, and in man to receive, such instruction; that this mutual relation could not have been accidental; that the great service which the natural revelation still renders to morals, warrants the general conclusion, that nature is the only revelation, and almost ever has been, to four-sixths of mankind; that the material revelation has many advantages over the verbal; that it illustrates the Divine character and government, and the character and condition of man; and that there are obvious analogies between the verbal and the material revelations.

The reader who looks over the table of contents only to select a chapter, would most likely turn to the sixth, on the advantages which the material revelation has over the verbal. And as the book has put us into a benevolent and happy mood, we will give it entire.

"The material revelation is cognizable to the senses; but the things which are of the highest consequence to man, because eternal, are invisible. This, to a perfect mind, would be no evil, because truth, whether visible or not, present or future, would operate to its proportionate value. But 'the entrance of sin' raised the temporary value of matter above mind; and, in so doing, it made the region of sense more influential than that of spirit. The fields are visible; and, to an undevout mind, the lessons they teach are more impressive than the music of heaven, or than the walls of the damned. The harvest is a present good; but the ultimate consequences of our character and conduct are removed to a distant time, and to an immaterial world. A leaf is an indisputable object; but a word may be confounded by critics. A plant appeals to every sense, and is neither liable to the sophist's art, nor to the sceptic's perversity; but a sentence may be mystified by learning, or injured by transcribers. A hand adapted to its duties is a mixed mass of physical and moral evidence, which none but the fool denies; but a book may be doubted, a fact may be controverted, an allusion may be mistaken, a testimony may be forged. In nature all the objects may be examined, and all that belongs to it may be submitted to every possible test, it is handled by children, or analyzed by men; but in revelation nothing is visible except words, which are but the shadows of the vast thoughts that are only realized and seen, in their 'full stature,' in eternity.

"And the material revelation is universal. But we have seen that, with all the activity of letters, the zeal of the religious, and the circulatory aids of commerce, the verbal revelation is confined to a very small section of the human family. How few are the students who pore over its page! And even in that partial use of the verbal revelation, what difficulties present themselves from the three thousand and fifteen dialects of this many-tongued earth! How few scholars ever become competent to translate! How few translations merit the entire confidence of the illiterate! How various the customs of countries! How peculiar their superstitions! How idiosyncratic their institutions! How obscure their histories! How different the national passions! Marked is their natural history, and individualized is their commerce. And yet these must be all known so far as they relate to Judea; or the verbal revelation, which contains at least twenty thousand allusions to such subjects, must be, just so far as ignorance prevails, a 'sealed up fountain.' Now, the material revelation has no such obstacles or defects. Its sense depends on no conjugation of a verb, on no inflections of a noun, neither on idiomatic anomalies, nor rhythmic laws; nor is it modified by accents or prosody. But nature appeals with the same form, and discourses in the same language, to a million different minds; yet she establishes in each the same facts, and might excite in all the same influences. Besides, the sameness and propriety of nature are constant advantages. Lebanon bears not the Iceland moss; nor are those vegetable inns for the desert-pilgrim, the cow and viter plants, found in Ireland. The Dead Sea never exhibits a swirl choir of water-spouts, dancing to the thunder, and ncking up, with their food-drinking mouths, its putrid and hideous waves; nor does the Pacific, where such wonders occur,

poison its shores with the maledictory salt, to forbid the approach of animal or vegetable life. England has not the volcanoes of Owhyhee; nor France the boiling fountains of Hecla. Scotland boasts its mountains and its lakes; while Switzerland possesses avalanches of eternal snow, which sometimes fall in mountain masses, with a silent dreadfulness, at the mere vibrations of the human voice, the fairy tread of the curling mist, or from the impulse of the passing eagle's wing. All the pages of the material revelation, like those of the verbal, are various; but they are filled with fact, are simple and sublime. Where is the land undecked with Divine goodness? Where the hill which is not crowned with a wood, if not inlaid with ores, or beautified by dancing streams? Whose eye roams far for an interesting natural page? Who makes the complaint that nature's lessons are few, that her colours are faint? Ah! none: 'Her lines are gone out into all the earth, and her words unto the end of the world; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.' Nature is all instruction, all authority, all impression; whether you climb to the ragged horns of the Cordilleras, grope into their caverns, where no other beams of light have struck since the deluge than those from the jaguar's eyes, or from the awful pupils of the guacharo; or whether, from the centre of the earth, you stray to its poles, where animal and vegetable life mainly exist in extremes.—monsters of power and ferocity, with moss and shrubs that stoop beneath the snow.

"The material revelation is also unaffected by any of the changes which, by continually altering society, are modifying its literature. No Vandal hordes can blot out its inscriptions or burn its library; the middle ages stifle not its tuition nor confound its tones. No loss is here sustained by the change of languages; nor have we to study the opinions of men half a life before we are supposed competent to explain its facts, or elucidate its examples. Not the critic's spleen nor the satirist's pun affect it. After Europe has changed its language ten times, the terms of the material revelation are unaltered. Does Africa jabber in a thousand ruleless languages? Does Asia forsake her venerable tongues? Is America, the modern Babel, forming a new race of languages from the refuse of the old families? Nature changes not hers; she owns no authority, she suffers no provincialism in her universal speech. The larks now carol the same song, and in the same key, as when Adam first turned his enraptured ear to catch the moral. The owl first booted in B flat, and it still loves the key, and screams through no other octaves. In the same key has ever ticked the death-watch; while all the three-noted ships of the cricket have ever been in B since Tubalcain first heard them in his smithy, or the Israelites in their ash-ovens. Never has the bus of the gnat risen above the second A; nor that of the house-fly's wing sunk below the first F. Sound had at first the same connexion with colour as it has now; and the right angle of light's incidence might as much produce a sound on the first turrets of Cain's city, as it is now said to do on one of the pyramids. The tulip, in its first bloom in Noah's garden, emitted heat four and a half degrees above the atmosphere, as it does at the present day. The stormy petrel as much delighted to sport among the first billows which the Indian ocean ever raised as it does now. In the first migration of birds they passed from north to south, and fled over the narrowest parts of the seas, as they will this autumn. The cuckoo and the nightingale first began their song together, analogous to the beginning of our April, in the days of Nimrod. Birds that lived on flies laid blueish eggs in the days of Joseph, as they will two thousand years hence, if the sun should not fall from his throne, or the earth not break her harness from the planetary car. The first bird that was caged oftener sung in *adagio* than in its natural spirit, as it does in the parlour of my fat friend, who was a zealot for the liberation of the slaves, and yet keeps two of these charming creatures in a square of one foot, though freedom and space are to them more essential than to man. Corals have ever grown edgewise to the ocean-stream. Eight millions two hundred and eighty thousand animalcule could as well live in a drop of water in the days of Seth as in ours. All flying insects had on their coats of mail in the days of Japhet, over which have ever waved plumes of more gaudy feathers than the peacock ever dropped. The bees that afforded Eve her first honey made their combs hexagonal; and the first house-fly produced twenty million eighty thousand three hundred and twenty eggs in one year, as she does at present. The first jump of the first flea was two hundred times its own length, as it was the last summer. That concubinal sinner, the ursine sloth, who scorns at all the anathemas against polygamy, kept ten or twelve wives before Moses was born, as he will when we are forgotten. There was iron enough in the blood of the first forty-two men to make a ploughshare, as there is to-day, from whatever country or men you select. The lungs of Abel contained a coil of vital matter one hundred and fifty feet square, as mine; and the first inspiration of Adam consumed seventeen cubic inches of air, as do those of every adult reader. The rat and the robin followed the footsteps of Noah, as they do ours. But why enlarge? Has nature's pendulum ever altered its strokes? Does some seraph come occasionally to earth to lower its screw, and diminish its motion? Or does the almighty Wisdom ever shorten its fall, to increase the activity? Are not these features of eternal regularity commendatory of the material revelation?"—Pp. 54-58.

The style and manner of the author often remind us of Sir T. Browne. But on these and certain other particulars we shall reserve ourselves for another "Miscel-

lany;" for as the book is by no means an ordinary production, we cannot dismiss it in an ordinary manner. By way of whetting the appetite of the reader for the next repeat, let him take the following specimens of the manner in which the material revelation might be explained. Class I., quadrupeds:—

"The Zebra teaches that the quality of the skin too often settles the fortune, if not the value, of a person. A zebra is an ass, with a more beautiful skin, but not half so useful.

"*Illustration.*—How commonly the female part of the world depend entirely for their fortune on this quality! Many a play-girl has been raised to the peerage, and some women have become queens, merely because they had those great virtues, a fine skin, form, and voice!

"The Bull teaches that one bad quality often renders many good ones useless. The uncertainty of the bull's temper makes his strength and surefootedness of little use in husbandry.

"*Illustr.*—A servant may be quick, clever, polite, industrious, and careful; but if a liar, all the other virtues are nearly useless.

"The Ouran Outang teaches that the form of man, without his mind, is of little worth. This animal is the wild man of the woods.

"*Illustr.*—What a proof of a disordered world, that the mere animal form of man, instead of his qualities, should often rule his destiny! In the camp, in the affairs of love, and in the service of the rich, the man who bears the same relation to others as the ouran-outang does to the monkey, mostly fares the best.

"Swine teach that no mere cultivation will refine some natures; clean the swine, and feed it how you will, it prefers the puddle and the mire to the finest room!

"*Illustr.*—I knew a gentleman who loved a poor girl, educated her expensively with great care, and then married her; and when he had done so she vowed that she loved his servant-boy more than the master, who was not an ugly but a well-bred gentleman.

"The Bear teaches that many do little good till they are dead: as the bear is chiefly valuable for its skin, hams, and grease.

"*Illustr.*—Of this class are misers, the vicious, tyrants, &c. William Law died worth £70,000, but while he lived he gave nothing away, left his poor relations to pine for bread, and by his will devoted his property to a public institution.

"The Rhinoceros teaches that nothing is so well defended but it may be somewhere injured; even this animal may be wounded in the joints.

"*Illustr.*—There is no mind, however fortified, which has not its sore part. A philosopher will bear you to gibe him with his poverty or dress; but—sneer at his judgment!

"The Ferret teaches that one evil is often employed to overcome another. We use the ferret, itself a vicious animal, to destroy the rat.

"*Illustr.*—We employ medicine, itself disagreeable, to remove pain; labour to prevent want; or the army to check the operation of abused physical force.

"The Ichneumon teaches that little persons may prevent great evils by crushing them in time. The ichneumon destroys alligator-eggs!

"*Illustr.*—The boor who mends the sea-dikes in Holland, saves it from an inundation; or the schoolmaster who checks the ambition of his pupil, saves the world from a tyrant.

"The Camelopard teaches that superiority has always some disadvantage equal to it. The camelopard has the beauty of the deer, the camel's neck, and is the tallest quadruped; but it is timid, defenceless, and slow.

"*Illustr.*—The great have more wealth, but less freedom than the poor. They live in palaces, but they always move with the ceremonial chain.

"The Sloth teaches that the peculiarities of our nature are often mistaken for vices or virtues, though both must be voluntary. The sloth is so called from its supposed indolence, though its motion is to it happiness, and necessary to its being.

"*Illustr.*—When I was a boy, I saw many abused for their dulness and want of spirit; and my friend is lauded for his intellect, which is no more a virtue than that dulness was a vice.

We must quote a few paragraphs relative to birds.

"The Swan teaches that every thing is beautiful in its proper element. On land the swan is the most awkward, in water the most graceful of all birds.

"*Illustr.*—A ploughman would not be more awkward at court than a peer at plough, or in the smithy. What would a countess do in the kitchen or the mill?

"The stork teaches that many virtuous people are taciturn. The stork neither sings, talks, nor hoots; but it carries its worn-out parents on its wings!

"*Illustr.*—Persons who say the least are often both wise and devout. Two of our most popular authors, one male and the other female, who recently died, were taciturn.

"The Ostrich teaches that the least important points about

us are often the most valued; as, the tall feathers of the ostrich, the skin of woman, the titles of men, &c.

"*Illustr.*—One of my acquaintance boasts, unceasingly, that he is descended from one of the freebooting esquires of William the Conqueror, and would rather be praised for that than for kindness!

"The Swallow teaches that there is a very great art in knowing one's time, and a great virtue in being punctual to it. The swallow never omits to come at the approach of summer.

"*Illustr.*—

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'

We may be very diligent and clever, but if at the wrong time, it will be of little use.

"The Linnet teaches that we are not to judge of abilities from mere external appearance. Who would think that such a plain bird as the linnet could sing so well!

"*Illustr.*—If judgment had gone by appearance, nearly the whole race of genius would have been proscribed.

"The Goose teaches that there is a great difference between our real and our imaginary height. The goose stoops in passing under an archway six feet high, lest its head should strike against the top.

"*Illustr.*—Our imaginary height is fixed by ourselves. Our real stature is the average between the opinions of our friends and enemies.

"The Cuckoo teaches that many persons will work for the public, and leave their family to starve; as while the cuckoo sings, it abandons its young.

"*Illustr.*—How many of our crispin politicians and beer-shop statesmen do this daily!

"The Woodpecker teaches that as much as possible we should economize our labour. The woodpecker never bores through the bark till it knows that insects are beneath it.

"*Illustr.*—We should always look at the probable results of our labour before we perform it.

"The Ruff teaches that, in the animal world, the females are the least showy; in the human world they are the most so.

"*Illustr.*—This is, however, only true in civilized society, and chiefly in those countries indebted to Christianity.

"The Spoonbill teaches that the mouth is made to suit the meat. What would the sparrow and the spoonbill do with exchanged beaks?

"*Illustr.*—This is one of the many arguments in favour of the existence and goodness of God, which the material Revelation furnishes.

"The Duck teaches with what powers God can endow the meanest creatures; that, out of the garbage which the duck eats, its stomach should extract such fine flesh.

"*Illustr.*—The capabilities of matter, therefore, depend on what God determines that matter should be. He could make a porous stone as musical as the harp.

"The Cock teaches that nature made clocks before man. Formerly, the divisions of the night were only known by the cock crowing.

"*Illustr.*—In the poor and rural districts the labouring men will acquire great accuracy in finding out the hour of the day from the length of the shadows, or from the habits of animals.

"The Lark teaches that the nearer we rise to heaven, the more sweetly we should sing; as the lark sings the best when it ascends towards the skies.

"*Illustr.*—An advance in religious character should be marked by an increased sweetness and harmony of dispositions, which are the music of the mind.

"The Redbreast teaches that we should be cheerful in the worst times, as there is no winter, however severe, in which the redbreast does not sing.

"*Illustr.*—Cheerfulness in adversity 'breaks the fall of sorrow's wave.' Mons. Ducrow escaped unhurt from the Bastille, after a confinement of fourteen years, because he endured it cheerfully.

"The Nightingale teaches that remarkable persons must expect that many fictions will be told about them; as it was long said, the nightingale sang the best when pierced by a thorn!

"*Illustr.*—This is one of the fees which fame ever exacts from the distinguished.

"The Eagle teaches that great minds are not much formed for companionship. It is a rare thing to see a pair of eagles; and no one ever saw the eagle and the blackbird together!

"*Illustr.*—Who ever saw a flock of eagles? But who has not seen a flock of geese? I do not know that either Milton or Locke had an 'intimate friend.'

"The Jackdaw teaches that some minds see no interest in many objects until they have ceased to possess it in the estimation of others. The jackdaw is fond of old towers, steeples, and buildings.

"*Illustr.*—Of this class are the antiquaries, who see little charm in a building until it is old; and some poets, who are sooner inspired by desolation and ruins, than by life and its wondrous arts.

"The Crow teaches that a bad taste is often very acute. Crows smell carrion at a great distance.

"*Illustr.*—Neither acuteness nor taste is always the property of good men. Paine was a powerful writer, but a drunkard; and Shelley was remarkable for his taste and his infidelity."

THE COMING SPRING.

I SING the spring :—

"The spring, the spring, the beautiful spring."

Whose heart does not leap up at the sound ? It renews one's youth like the eagle's. It makes one feel all over wings ; requiring weights and policemen, like the monster balloon, to keep one down. But the allusion reminds me of the murky town. *I live in the country* : what will the poor townites say to that ? I know what they ought to say and to do ; let them acknowledge my superiority, and take off their hats, and stand while I address them. Talk of classification ! what division of the human race so simple, natural, and comprehensive, as that which distributes it into city-dwellers and country-dwellers ? Do you require proof ? "God made the country, and man made the town :"—there the point is settled. Even you poor town-dwellers have your anticipations of the coming spring—anticipations bright as a farthing rush-light in a fog ; you expect your two or three stunted and imprisoned trees will find out, somehow or other, that the season of spring is at hand, and will try to look green. Hope is the evergreen, the perpetual spring of the heart—and you hope to hear your cockney sparrows give two chirps instead of one, and to see them fly by your windows with bits of string, in default of hay and straw ; and you hope your poor confined mignonette will smell as sweet "as can be expected ;" and that your two or three sickly shrubs—which, though not dead, are decently buried—will still hold up their heads. And even the poor Esquimaux, at Wapping and thereabouts—with their arctic winter and polar fogs—are no doubt beginning to hope ; not that they expect to see more summer for the present, but a *little* less fog.

Oh ! who does not love the country ? It is a passion born with all ; an element of our common nature, infused at the creation of the kind ; a flame that lives on unextinguished even amidst the brick-and-mortar influence of town—

"Where nothing feeds it ; neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city-life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it, nor abate.
The villas with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian, with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterated air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame !
Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms
That soothe the rich possessor ; much consoled
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
That nature lives."

Oh ! who does not love the country ? "We are here," says Cowley, in language more passionate than can any where be found in his
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passionless poetry, "we are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature ; we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy : we work here in the light and open ways of the Divine bounty ; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice : our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries : here is harmless and cheap plenty ; there guilty and expensive luxury."

But what has this to do with the coming spring ? What ? why, is it not very introductory ? and would you rush into the presence of such a subject without a formal introduction ? With this preparation, then, we proceed. And, first, has it never struck you as a thing to be wondered at, that of the five hundred and one essays, odes, sonnets, and verses written last year on the four seasons, just five hundred were devoted to them while current, or else celebrated their glories when they had passed away ; and that only the odd one (and that a very odd one indeed, of which the least said the better,) looked forwards, and antedated the object of its regard ? I propose to add another.

I have just been strolling abroad to refresh my vernal associations. It is true the landscape still wears a bald and wintery aspect ; and a month, at least, must yet elapse before it will assume a much lovelier hue. But I need not wait till then, thought I, in order to enjoy a foretaste. The spring is even now invisibly at work in ten thousand times ten thousand ways. Nature, at this moment, is a vast laboratory, in which all her vital elements and divine essences are in process. The omnific word has gone forth,—*"Let the face of the earth be renewed,"* and all the agents of the material universe (and many of the spiritual too, for aught we know) are busily obeying the fiat. Below the brown surface of that ploughed land there lives, and wakes, and works a sleepless principle, which is silently but irresistibly converting these clods into food, and life, and beauty. That bank is covered, at present, with nothing but grass, but he who has an ear to hear will hear, if he bends and listens, a sweet whispering below, between a violet, a daisy, and a wild primrose, about an annual visit which they have lately received, and which has put them all in the highest spirits. That old hawthorn looks dead, but not he ! spring has touched his remotest and minutest fibres ; his juices are already ascending, and every thing within him is saying—"only wait a little, and you shall see me one white impurpled shower of fragrant blossoms." In all her myriad ways Nature is abroad, reviving her works, shedding her perfumes, mingling her colours, breathing on her seeds, and calling her beautiful children to

life. The very air owns it, and is balmy; the soil feels it, and inhales the incense of gratitude; that cloud, so different from the clouds of winter, so soft and wreathy, and like the dew-filled fleece of Gideon, comes spring-loaded from the great Giver—one of the wishes of nature fulfilled. Only stand still, and listen; all is silence, the silence of hope, of assured expectation. The very birds, for the moment, are hushed; but it is only the hush of pleasing suspense; let the signal be given, and out they will burst into a glorious chorus. Did you note that slight rustle among the branches? was it not soft as the folding of angel-wings? It was nature breathing over her beauties.

But I need not tax imagination in order to see the spring. Already its outward and visible signs are every where around me. Yesterday morning, on visiting my garden, I descried that welcome messenger of spring, the *galanthus nivalis*, or snowdrop. There it lay "beneath its white coverlid, so pure and pale, so true an emblem of hope, and trust, and confidence, that it might teach a lesson to the desponding, and show the useless and inactive how invaluable are the stirrings of that energy that can work out its purpose in secret, and under oppression, and be ready in the fulness of time to make that purpose manifest and complete." A little further on, a group of hepaticas smiled to receive me; the fringed star of Bethlehem and the spring bulbocodium were trembling with delight—a crocus was looking like a whole spring in itself—a primrose spoke to the imagination of thatched cottages, and sloping banks, and woody dells, and happy children—and a violet, without holding up its head, spoke to the heart of modest retiring beauty, and the fragrance of virtue. Going forth again, in the open weather of the evening, I was greeted with other harbingers of spring—less lovely to the eye, indeed, than those which I have named, but far from unacceptable to the lover of nature—the grey slug, and the homely earthworm, and the bat, just awoke from its winter's sleep.

Before I left home this morning for my walk, a redbreast, which I have fed through the cold weather, came to my window, sang as merrily as a robin can—thanked me for all past favours—

and said, as plainly as he could, that he was about to look out for a "better half." A tom tit and chaffinch were by and heard him, and signified that so good an example deserved to be followed. As to the sparrows, they have all paired, and are furnishing their houses. But what large bird is that winging its way on high, as if from the sea-coast? surely it is the curlew; then he is retiring from his winter haunt to his inland breeding-place. And, hark! the lyric sky-lark is aloft at heaven's gates, raining down a shower of music to the earth; and there bursts forth the song-thrush, singing "as if he would never grow old," and as if the six pure scarlet drops in his body were *elixir vitæ*; and there darts by a bee, humming as merrily as if all the world were a hive, or every thing in it flowers and honey.

Man of the city! dost thou not almost wish for a country calenture, that thou mightest taste the spring, if only by the force of a diseased imagination? Wilt thou not treat thy poor wheezing lungs with a little country air? Dost thou not long for "the key of the fields?" Wouldst thou not give thy freedom of the city to be made free of the green paths,—

"The haunts of deer,
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs;
And lanes, in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root?"

Will thy street-music compare with that music of the flock? or thy dancing dogs with the joyous gambols of those new-year lambs? Hear what Milton saith on the subject: "In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth." Dost thou not feel inclined to go forth at once? Is not the spring strong upon thee, and the sun shining in upon thy heart? Lift up thy voice, then, and sing of "the coming spring:"—

"Hail, bounteous spring, thou dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with one early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

SITTINGS FOR MY PORTRAIT.

FIRST SITTING.

AFTER the usual number of friendly contests between the powers of persuasion on the one side, and the less vigorous and persevering efforts of doubt, hesitation, and objection on the other, I sat down quietly to suffer or to enjoy, as it may be variously interpreted, the painful pleasure of having my portrait taken. Aware (for it was

not the first time of my being introduced to a similar Elysium) that it was important to the artist to feel myself unconstrained and at ease, that I might not be exhibited on the mimic canvass in a stiff and formal attitude; convinced, also, that as he was to paint the exterior, not the mind, which might therefore range wherever it

pleased in unfettered freedom ; unwilling, besides, to give so many hours to mere vacancy and in-occupation, I resolved to employ myself in some train of reflection, or some reverie, which might entertain, perchance improve, the time ; and on each occasion, after the painter had finished with his pencil, to take my pen and sketch a portrait of my thoughts.

This was a day eminently favourable to those fancies which delight the imagination ;* the elements were in a state of turbulence and confusion, the rain descended in torrents, the clouds flew about in the wildest disorder, and the winds came roaring from their caves. Pitying the poor creatures who were forced to brave the whirlwind and the storm, some with the miserable defence of an umbrella, now and then turned inside out, and others shrinking into their cloaks or great-coats upon that "bad elevation" in a tempest, the top of a coach, I soon withdrew my eyes from the window, and fixed them, as he desired, upon the painter. He, however, soon vanished from my sight amidst the visions of an ideal scene.

"Be good enough, sir, to look at me. There, that will do ; the position is excellent."

The wind was perfectly tremendous, howling like unkennelled dogs baying to the moon, then rushing like the ocean-billows lashed into fury, till imagination pursued it into another region, and heard those kindred sounds of terror which agitate the distant wilderness. In truth, a few moments presented to view a vast and apparently boundless forest. I traversed it in various directions, and saw birds of every feather, and beasts of every name. Few indeed were the scenes of peace and love ; the general movement was indicative of hurry and hostility ; the fowls of heaven fluttered to the conflict, and the vulture's eye directed his rapacious fang to the field of carnage. At length, reaching an extensive enclosure, which seemed to comprehend several miles in length, and not a few in breadth, I paused on the brink of a river running along a valley in which the mountain slopes on either side terminated. From different openings in the forests I observed a variety of animals emerging and forming themselves into hostile groups. My ear soon became affected by a confusion of sounds, such as may be easily conceived to proceed from the commingled voices of strange utterances, in none of which were to be recognised the least resemblance to intelligible speech. The dreaminess of a reverie, however, seems to produce, for the time, a kind of new sense, so that in a few moments I found myself capable of un-

derstanding enough of the language employed to enable me to transfer the meaning to my own ; in fact, by that rapidity of motion of which the mind under such impressions is susceptible, I became the attentive hearer of a long and ardent debate ; with the conclusion only of one speech I shall make my reader acquainted ; he will, I trust, not question the accuracy of my translation of the following braying of an ass :—

"What signifies your roaring, Mr. Lion ? and your stamping and snorting, Mr. Horse ? or your twirling and twisting of that ridiculous trunk, Sir Elephant ? I tell you we shall not submit to yield one inch of this part of the realm to you. Keep to your forest, keep to your ground. I promise you we will fight to the last. You may push, and you may bite, and you may tear ; but we can kick and bite as well as you, and, on our side, are resolved to keep this little plot, and have free range along this western side of the river. You say, 'What do you get by fighting but blows and blood ? and may, besides, lose your territory.' Some one says, too, 'Why not have all the forest in common, or at least live in peace ?' Tush about peace. We will have our own ; and, blood or no blood, we hurl you defiance." Upon this a mighty acclamation followed.

I now beheld each party making arrangements for a furious onset. A mottled line of wolves, tigers, leopards, and wild beasts of every kind, arranged themselves in furious opposition, and moved on irregularly till they met in combat. The air soon resounded with the yellings of the wounded, and the ground was overspread with torn and lacerated carcasses. Dissatisfied with their first encounter, they returned again and again to the charge. At certain intervals I perceived that efforts were made to arrest the carnage, and proclaim a truce ; but passion raged, calls of honour or of gain were uttered and re-echoed, and the war raged with ever-increasing fury. In the midst of the awful din the elephant raised his voice and exclaimed, "On, on, we shall win the day ; on, brother animals——"

"Have the goodness, sir, to relax that stern look, and sit a little round," said the painter.

The vision in an instant fled, but not without leaving behind a subject for reflection. O the folly, the recklessness, and the guilt of those kindred brutal passions which agitate and convulse human society ! How wise, thought I, the philosopher, and how dignified the Christian, influenced by still nobler principles, who can sit, as I sit to my painter, amidst the war of elements, far from the strifes of prejudices, temper, and ambition, possessing his spirit in tranquillity !

Man has been sometimes called "a superior animal ;" to the latter epithet he has indubitable claim ; animal he unquestionably is, in his physical constitution allied to the material and animate creation, a compound of instincts and bodily senses. If the vastness of the all-surrounding

* It happened that I was sitting for my likeness at the very hour when the most violent tempest, or hurricane, that has visited England for many years occurred. It was toward the close of the last year, and has left many a sad memento behind, in the total wrecks of shipping on our coasts.

universe be considered, he might be described of the entomological species,—a *brute* often, but an *insect* always. What a worm amidst worms! In some forms and modifications of his being inactive and sullen like the chrysalis; in others, fluttering about, amidst the business and bustle of this terrestrial scene, like the butterfly, with its gauzy pinions and brilliant reflections of light. The insect, the animalcule, the infinitesimal orders of existence, through all their descending gradations, do but constitute so many portions of living matter, smaller or larger, of which he is one; and to moderate any self-estimation, be it observed, too, that if he surpass in corporeal stature and magnitude millions around and beneath him, he is surpassed by millions more. Does he, on this account, look with contempt upon the worm or the fly, and swell with a proud inflation when he takes his microscopic glass to peer into the otherwise hidden regions of a miniature creation, thinking how many millions of these puny things are swimming in what to him is indeed a drop, but a mighty ocean to them? Let him recollect that he has only to look abroad, and he will discover the earth peopled with tribes which, like the scaly rhinoceros, or the ponderous elephant, may, in their turn, scorn his littleness and feebleness of bulk and limb.

But it may be inquired, Is not man still worthy of the name of “a superior animal,” notwithstanding his comparative insignificance in the general scale of creation, or even the restlessness and sometimes the brutality of his passions? Considered only as an *animal*, the question might involve much perplexity; but, viewed in other respects, he rises into higher relations. Small and circumscribed, however wonderful, in bodily organization, and even low in many of his instincts, he possesses the higher endowments of reason, and the blessed gift of immortality; so that if the spirit of a beast go downward, his shall aspire upward, in the hour when the mortal elements sink into dust. If connected by his corporeal nature with all that is material, he is allied by his soul with all that is spiritual and eternal. If he be now the inhabitant of the merely sensible and sensual world, he is the expectant of the immortal, the intellectual, and the infinite state; and even now is elevated above the material system, by amazing capacities and predestined associations. Man, then, is a being of extremes, as nobly sings the poet,—

“How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mix'd,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb't!
Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!

An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost.”

It is always necessary to distinguish between the endowments of an intellectual elevation and the characteristics of moral superiority. Mere sagacity confers a certain kind of superiority, but it is not the highest and the best; nay, more, it may become the instrument of a real degradation. True excellence depends on the *use* of the powers which our Creator has conferred upon us; their *mere possession* is but the *means* of good or evil. Hence the true greatness of man is to be seen only in a virtuous pre-eminence,—the right direction of his faculties, and the consecration of his being to God. Hence, therefore, his insignificance and baseness consist in the depravation of those faculties,—in the turbulence of his passions, and the demoralization of his reason.

What, then, with the facts which present themselves at every turn, are we to infer? If it be conceded that, in the capabilities of his rational nature, he surpasses the brutes that perish, what are we to think of his assumed pre-eminence when we observe his moral debasement? It might surely admit of an argument, and perhaps more than a plausible one, whether, taking every thing into view, where religion does not transform and elevate, man is not an *inferior* animal. Might not this inferiority be pleaded, on the ground that he has vitiated his nature, and desecrated powers which the other animals never possessed? He, in short, is capable of crime which they are not; so that if they cannot rise to the level of his natural faculties, they are equally incapable of sinking to the depth of his guilt and misery; and thus it would appear that, though superior by nature, he is inferior by crime; because, while animals and men are equally the subjects of strong passions and fierce resentments, the latter, by being made higher, really descend lower, and degrade and ruin a moral constitution, which has been formed for the sublimest purposes of existence.

And is not the world actually a scene of turbulence and confusion? Can we fix on any place that is exempt from the rage of passion? Where has not war prevailed? Where have not animosities been kindled? Where have not families, tribes, and nations been divided? Where have not men, at some period, been hateful, and hating one another? And where is there even now, amidst the very illuminations of Christianity, a paradise on earth of peaceful, united, and holy beings? Christianity, indeed, confers the real superiority, which otherwise cannot exist; but without it the animal predominates above the intellectual man, and, in the contest of claims, asserts and maintains a dominion.

In thus bringing into view the confusion of the world, the constant and perfect superintend-

ence of an all-wise Providence must not be overlooked. Were this the ultimate state of society, it might be difficult to comprehend, or even to conjecture, the reason of what is so apparent; but to determine on the real character of the Divine administration by the chaos of the present moment, would be as absurd as to pronounce upon the painter's skill or purpose by the first sweep of his pencil, or the mixing of his colours.

This sin-smitten part of creation is indeed a moral chaos; yet are the disordered elements overruled, and working towards a grand development hereafter. No passion, and no combination of passions or efforts, can pass beyond a prescribed limit; and let us ever be consoled amidst temporary evils, that this is the great moulding and modifying season, the season of preparation for another and a perfect order of things. Y.

MAIDEN AUNTS.

Who among us of the age of forty and under has not a maiden aunt? That would, indeed, be a singularly unfortunate and, necessarily, unhappy family which should not number a maiden aunt among its members. Nature has apparently, in some degree, provided against such an occurrence; for we are assured by statistical writers, that in a given number of births children of the gentler sex predominate; and the artificial state of society in which we live, by increasing the number of our wants, and otherwise multiplying impediments to marriage, completes what nature began, and secures to each successive generation the advantages derivable from the example and superintendence of maiden aunts.

I have a sort of Platonic affection for those inestimable beings rudely and ungallantly called "old maids;" and much do I lament the narrow and vulgar prejudices which exist against them. I do not mean to say that I admire that imaginary being which is popularly set forth as the type of the species, just as a skeleton is used to represent death, and a black hide, horns, a tail, and cloven feet, the "archangel fallen," who has been so differently drawn by Milton. I have no sentimental love for the old maid of our popular prints—a lean, wrinkled, yellow hag, with snuffy beard, blue lips, rheumy eyes, and a pursed chin, to the tapering termination of which feature the nose makes a most *pointed* approximation, with an arm like that of one of the baked corpses at Aleppo, a gimlet elbow, and a fist like the claw of a vulture. I discard entirely these abominable fictions, high-heeled shoes and all; and will only think and write of the antiquated spinster as I find her in actual life. Not but that there are some individuals of whom the popular caricature is but an exaggeration; but I must protest against the exception being constituted the type. The cross old maid would, undoubtedly, have been a snappish wife and scolding mother; and it would be quite as just, because there are unamiable and disagreeable wives and husbands, to libel and ridicule the state of matrimony.

The being who is now present to my mind's eye is sometimes fair, sometimes dark, sometimes tall, sometimes short, sometimes attenuated in her figure, and at others "more fat than maid

beseems;" generally good tempered and chatty; somewhat too anxious, perhaps, about trifles, and a *wee* bit (I am not a Scotchman) too fond of tea-table tittle-tattle, more especially when comfortably seasoned with the curry of scandal.

Your old maid has a keen perception of the universal declension of the present age. It is often a subject of lamentation with her that the young ladies of the present day are more forward than those of "auld lang syne;" that the men are less polite; and that the reflecting surfaces of mirrors are much less perfectly manufactured than in the days of her youth. Nevertheless, your true old maid manages to make as much of the times as their degeneracy will allow.

I have heard it asked, "What is the use of an old maid?" We are bound, both as Christians and philosophers, to admit, that nothing is permitted that has not its use, whether perceived or not. It is difficult, no doubt, to decide what is the use of an earthquake or of a tornado; but the utility of the veteran spinster is obvious, more especially when contemplated in the character of aunt—that in which it is our purpose to discuss her.

In the first place, she is invaluable to her nieces. Being their chief companion, and having in her youth observed, and in after-life heard of numberless instances of impropriety and immorality of conduct on the part of young females, she narrates all these to her charge, with strict fidelity as to the most minute details; thus storing their young memories with a catalogue *raisonné* of *faux pas* and indiscretions which it is their duty to avoid. Then our aunt possesses, specifically, the faculty of being in twenty places at once. Every one must have observed that wherever there is an old maid—and where is there not one?—go into what apartment you may, walk in whatever direction, call on whatever friend, at whatever time, you will inevitably meet, overtake, or be overtaken by her; so that to her nieces is secured the perpetual felicity of her company. Then, being herself the model of female excellence, she will inevitably make her nieces paragons of propriety, and, if they follow her instructions and example in all things, qualify them to be, to the next generation of nephews and nieces, what she is to them.

To her nephews she is alike invaluable ; all the early knowledge they acquire of any thing beyond tops and gingerbread, they receive from her. She convinces them, or if she does not the fault is not hers, that learning is better than play, physic more salutary than lollypop, that history and geography are preferable to cricket, that it is better to write and exercise accurately than to set fire to the Dominie's wig, and that it is far more proper to remain in bed after having gone thither, than to escape by the window, and tie up a vagrant donkey to the knocker of some miserly old bachelor, who, in answer to the repeated summonses of the patient and contemplative animal, shivering, meanwhile, with fear and cold, opens the door, and draws into contact with his own the visage of what might well be considered the apparition of himself.

But the maiden aunt is chiefly useful to her male collateral descendants, by exercising their ingenuity, and sharpening their wits, when a year or two at school has rubbed off the respectful awe which she inspired in the atmosphere of the nursery. I know an individual, now a stated contributor to "Ward's Miscellany," who is very much indebted to his maiden aunt for whatever small quantity of wisdom he may possess, the said wisdom having been derived partly through the very excellent moral lessons which she was wont to inculcate, but chiefly through the exercise which she afforded his expanding wit, or, as she in her perverse words called it, "mischief." This was, of course, before the effervescence caused by the sodaic properties of her counsels, on coming in contact with the sharpness of his disposition, had subsided into the gravity and sedateness which have since marked his character. Had he never put back the clock and watches an hour, when a party was expected to dinner, (having first satisfied his own craving,) in order that he might witness the dismay of his dear aunt when the company arrived, (for your old maid is always the responsible mistress of the ceremonies,) and the broiling concern of the cook at the announcement of the hungry guests, before an interview had taken place between the poultry and the fire ; had he not laudably sought to improve his talents in the arts of penmanship and epistolary composition, by manufacturing letters purporting to have been sent from "the Great-house," to secure aunty's presence at some grand and select festivity ; had he never enjoyed that delicious scene—his highly respected relative setting out, bedizened with all producible finery, to arrive, like death, where and when least expected, and, like him, least welcome ; had not his maiden aunt, albeit unintentionally, by affording him opportunities of thus cultivating his talents, taught "the young idea how to shoot," perchance he had not now been worthy of the distinguished honour of being a contributor to "Ward's Miscellany."

The maiden aunt is extremely useful in preventing the need of a library. She is a living, walking set of the "Annual Register," especially as far as the family and neighbourhood are concerned ; not a fact, not a date escapes her. If you happen to say that, in the year 18—, you were crossing from Calais to Dover, when the gale was so strong that your personal safety was much endangered, she will question you as to the month and day ; and when you express uncertainty, will tell you that she has no doubt it was on the 4th of October, for a very boisterous wind prevailed on that day, so much so, that three slates were blown off the pigstye of her cousin in Hampshire, one of which was fatal to the flower of the litter,—

"The father's hope, the mother's joy ;"

and how the maternal parent was very visibly affected by the calamity. Then follow all the events, public and private, great and small, which happened on that day, and a great many which did not ; no incident is forgotten ; she has chapter and verse, or rather month and day, for every thing ; deaths, elopements, executions, marriages, and all other unfortunate events, are stereotyped in her memory.

The maiden aunt is also the pharmacopœia of the family and neighbourhood. The doctor is seldom required ; and when he is called in, she very much expedites the recovery of the patient by making such deviations from the treatment recommended as her superior sagacity and knowledge may suggest. She has twenty remedies for a cold, and at least fifty for toothach ; all infallible, as you may prove by making trial of them in succession. In fact, she has a multitude of remedies for all diseases, known and unknown ; and if any of the neighbours die, it is because they have the folly to call in members of the faculty, instead of trusting solely and implicitly to our maiden aunt. I never think, even now, of my maiden aunt, but the taste of jalap and currant-jelly passes over my palate, occasioning a shudder, which sometimes jerks my wig into a position very indecorous for a person of my years, and a contributor, albeit, to "Ward's Miscellany."

The maiden aunt is also the Almanac of the family—a matter of less importance than before the stamp duty was removed, for her erudition in this line now only effects the moderate saving of one penny per annum. As, however, even the penny Almanack will sometimes mislay itself, our aunt may be occasionally very useful ; for the saints' days, holidays, birthdays, eclipses, times of high tide, changes of the moon, &c., &c., are intimately known to her ; indeed, we are not quite sure that she cannot calculate the changes of the wind, a species of knowledge which we know no existing Almanac can supply.

Then the honour of the family is always en-

trusted to the keeping of the maiden aunt. Her memory has a bee-like property, and extracts honey from the meanest plant, rejecting every thing of a less agreeable flavour. So far are all facts reflecting credit on the family from being impaired by the action of time, that they have grown better by keeping, like wine, or like old cheshire cheese are all the richer for the maggots which have introduced themselves. You never hear a word about the cousin who was hanged in 1796; but you do hear that, in the year 1785, a fox was killed in papa's meadow, and that Lord —, and others of the hunting party, came in and were refreshed with a luncheon at papa's table; not omitting that Lord — complimented the flushed face and curd-like fingers of papa's daughter. She tells us, further, how her great uncle's brother-in-law was sheriff of London, with many other anecdotes equally honourable to her house, and interesting to her visitors; and altogether proves, most satisfactorily, that the Tomkineses or Jenkineses, as the case may be, are indeed a very distinguished family.

A fact in the natural history of the old maid occurs to me, which, as it is characteristic of, and peculiar to the species, should not be omitted. They never reach old age; in fact, they never

grow older than forty. I have known many at that age, and for years after; but from that period they never advanced; and if they made any movement it was backward, to five or eight and thirty.

Considering the subject of the foregoing pages in all its bearings, I think I may say, without fear of contradiction, that the abolition of maiden aunts would be a national as well as individual calamity; a fact which was duly appreciated by Mr. Malthus, and which, no doubt, very considerably influenced him in the adoption of his system of philosophy. In conclusion, I trust that the maiden aunt will remain unshorn of her honours in the ages which are to come. It will be seen that they are great favourites of mine; and I can conscientiously wish, in concluding this paper,

"To each and all a fair good night,
And rosy dreams, and alumbers light;"

and more, as the Spaniards say, "May they live a thousand years!" or, to adopt the more benevolent and comprehensive wish of the orientals, "May they live for ever!" and subscribe, the whole time, to "Ward's Miscellany."

A SCOTTISH SABBATH.

CHAPTER II.

Or the million and a half of human beings that compose the population of London and its suburban boroughs and villages, fully one-half never by any chance attend any place of worship on the Sundays, or make any difference between that day and the other days of the week; unless it is being more restless and dissipated than they are when they must attend to their business, their trades, or their professions. To this half of the population, the Sunday is any thing but a sabbath—it is the very opposite. Of the other half, by far the greater number content themselves with the mere formal ceremony of going "once" to a place of worship "for the sake of appearances," while, both before and after this formal display, they enter into the same kind of accustomed and worldly enjoyments as those who do not go to a place of worship at all. To these, also, the Sunday is not a sabbath. Then, as for the "servants" and the "cattle," it is a day of more severe labour than any other in the week. The six "working" days are, therefore, their sabbaths—if they have any at all.

The character of every place must be that of the majority. In London, a stranger has no feeling of the Sabbath from any thing he sees and hears around him. In Edinburgh, he becomes awed by its presence, and involuntarily joins with the multitudes that keep holy day. *Scotchmen, when they reach our southern me-*

tropolis lose every semblance of religion—and some, whose apostacy is not altogether free from the twinges of a northern conscience, and the apprehensive doubts of an unconfirmed infidelity—excuse themselves on the ground of the unsabbatical, unholy atmosphere which they are constrained to breathe, and which stifles all their latent religious propensities. As if religion and principle were a thing of time and place, and not immortal as the soul, and the very element of its moral being—unaffected by locality, unchanged and the same amidst all the varieties and mutations of human life. A sentimental exotic from the other side of the Tweed, taking root on the banks of the Thames, may tell us, that in the land of his fathers he was accustomed to the repose of a Sabbath in the whole of society and of nature around him—that here he cannot, for the soul of him, feel that the day which comes between Saturday and Monday is a Sabbath—that he is dinned, oppressed, and wearied with this working-day world in which a Sabbath has no place—and occasionally, when a shade of melancholy passes over him, as he thinks of the habits of his former and his better days, he may refer plaintively to the waters of Babylon, and murmur out something about singing the Lord's song in a strange land; and this sort of momentary and poetic penitence, he may mistake for religion, and vainly imagine, if he were to return

to his native glen all the spirit of his early piety would return with him. We admit, and do it with sorrow and shame, that a London Sunday and a Scottish Sabbath have little or no resemblance; and we marvel greatly that those who have been brought up in the strict observance of the latter should so soon conform to our loose southern manners; and while we blame ourselves for setting a misleading and dangerous example, we cannot acquit those who have been better instructed, and who, knowing what is right, scarcely wait to be tempted, but at once, and heedlessly, plunge into the vortex of dissipation, and on that very day which from the associations of their earliest existence they have been accustomed to reverence as a day sacred to piety—the day of God. But enough on this ungrateful topic; let us contemplate the Scotchman at home, spending his Sabbath after the primitive fashion, and surrounded with every incentive to devotion.

To one who has seen and felt the Scottish Sabbath, in its purity and simplicity, in the country, it is unnecessary to say a single word. You sleep for the night in some clean, comfortable, and airy house, amid the highly-cultivated fields, the trimly-kept hedges, the spreading beeches, and golden-tasseled laburnums of the earlier time, with here and there a dark pine, or a tall larch, rearing its cone of emerald high above the grove. The gentle rustle of the leaves at the turn of the current of the air from sea to land, and the murmur of "the brook that babbles by," lull you into a balmy and dreamless sleep, one hour of which is more refreshing than six hours of tumbling, "scared with dreams, and terrified with visions," in the murky atmosphere of a great city. There is a wonderful economy of time in these delightfully pure country atmospheres: you can rise with the lark, without any necessity of roosting with the raven. The cheering breath of morn awakens you, refreshed to the utmost of your heart's desire, and the water, drawn from the living fountain in the rock, braces you with additional vigour.

Forth you fare. A few dappled clouds have collected around the point of sunrise, among which the refracted beams are playing at rainbows. Well, the rainbow before the falling cloud never brought foul weather yet; so speed you to the upland, and if you take that bible with you, which was by purposed mistake left on your toilette, you will not want company.

Many are up before you, early as you are, but all is stilly and serene; the gentle breeze and the gurgling waters, which left you in repose within nature's lullaby, are silent, and you speed to the upland. How one steps out in such places: the heart is calm, but the blood dances, and the nerves are like the strings of a harp, tuned for sacred melody. The God of the Sabbath has blessed the Sabbath; and his blessing

runs full and free to all his creatures, rational and irrational, animate and inanimate.

You have gained the height, and the sun is up; but never mind,—you should see the rising sun from the hill on another morning—a week of the stranger is welcome here. Sit down, you have the book; and when you have drunk the water of life at the well-spring from on high, yonder is a bed of wild thyme, softer and more fragrant than any cushion that ever was prepared and perfumed for queens in a chapel-royal. There is One to hear, to answer, and to accept; fail not, therefore, to bow the knee to the God of nature and of grace in this his own temple, for he "heareth in secret, and rewardeth openly." Calm meditation, on the airy height, in the early morning, when the works of God are displayed wide around us in all their beauty, is far from being the worst preparation for a Sabbath according to the Gospel; so do not hurry, but let the feelings of the mortal body be tuned into harmony with the breathings of the immortal spirit.

You are wound up to your bent, and eager to join the congregation of them who seek the Zion of their God, with their faces thitherward. Well, the desire is commendable; but the time has not yet arrived; many have to come from a long distance, and they must not be disappointed. Take the circuitous path back to the home of your balmy repose for the night—a Sabbath morning's breakfast awaits you there. Pass in front of these straw and heath-clad cottages, which hang on the brow of the hill; there is a stilly repose about them, which suits the simplicity of the place and the sacredness of the morning. Hark! a low and murmuring sound; it is a father reading the sacred volume to his family, as the first portion of his simple and unaffected family worship on the Sabbath morning. A louder and more modulated sound breaks from the next simple cottage. It is the hymn of praise; and though in the ears of the fastidious the music may be false, the hearts are true. Another, and a more deep and solemn strain! In that humble cottage the father of a promising family is on his knees; and the family, some of them come miles to enjoy the father's instruction for the sacred day, are on their knees around. You hear the earnestness of his wrestling—"I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me;" and blessed of "the Angel of the covenant" be he who thus labours to bring up his family in religion and virtue. You linger and linger, for one or other of these sounds, finely adapted to the morning of the day, issues from every cottage of the long-protracted file.

At last you leave the cottages, and descend into the little glen which winds far among the hills, and shows a passage for the upland people to come down and worship God in his own temple. There is a mumbling voice from that haze!

copse, one word of which you cannot understand. A highland family are there ; they have travelled on foot since midnight, and ere they touch that very simple meal which they have brought with them, they must pour out the overflowings of their hearts at the footstool of the eternal throne, "All around the earth's wide girdle find me a willing worshipper, and I will find a fitting altar :—"

Pene me pigris, ubi nulla campis.

But leave them ; you cannot understand one word of what they say ; and they have gone into the copse in order to be alone with their God.

Down through the weeping birches, outdoing in sweetness all the perfumes of "Araby the blest," and cross the brawling torrent on the rounded blocks of granite—sienite it happens to be ; but *n'importe*, this is not the time nor the place for disputing about geology ; there are

two or three buxom lasses who, having come barefoot over the hill, are bathing their feet in the dancing crystal, ere they put on their stockings and shoes. They heed not you, so heed not them ; perfect innocence is a jewel more worthy the caskets of kings than all that Golconda ever boasted.

You at last gain the plain, and all is repose—the very cattle feel the repose, and the birds sing more softly. Truly it is the morning of the sabbath. At last you reach the home where you reposed. The "big ha' bible" is on the parlour table ; all the servants are called in ; and the worship of God is devoutly paid. It is not, however, the cold solemnity of the ascetic. It is the uplifting of the heart full of hope, and adds to the cheerfulness of the whole household. Then the free, full, and welcome breakfast comes, and you accompany the family to the parish church.

THE AMERICAN SLAVE.

WRITTEN BY THE REV. CHARLES FITCH, OF BOSTON, UNITED STATES.

THE following facts were related in my hearing by a man of colour from one of the southern states. This man has by some means purchased his own freedom and that of his wife ; but his children, several of them, have been taken away from him and sold, he knows not where. He proves himself, to the satisfaction of all who have intercourse with him, to be an humble disciple of Christ. I will give the facts, as nearly as possible, in his own words :—

"I had a little boy about eleven years old. One night as he came home he said to me, 'Father, the constable has been measuring me to-day.' 'Measuring you !' said I, 'what does that mean ?' 'Don't know,' said he ; 'he measured me about my body, and then he measured how high I was. I am afraid, father, they are going to sell me.' I tried," said the poor father, "not to think of it ; but the next morning, soon after I went to my work, a little boy came running up to me, crying out, 'John is gone, yonder they are taking him off now.' I went after them, and when I came near, my dear babe reached out his hands to me, and said, 'Father, I'm gone ; can't you do something for me ?' At this the man who was taking him away gave him a kick, and kicked him along the road ; and I have not seen my dear child, or heard of him, from that day to this. I could do nothing to help him ; it hurts me to think of it." Here he wept. Never in my life has my heart been so agonized at any deed of man, as when I heard this grey-headed father give this simple relation. "I had a daughter also," said the poor old man, "who was married, and had one child. One day a carriage drove up to the door, and took her in with her child, and carried them on board a vessel then

lying at the wharf, about to sail. As soon as I heard of it, I went after them. When I went to go on board they pushed me back ; but some one standing by said, 'That's too bad ; let the old man see his daughter.' I then went on board, and my poor child threw her arms about my neck, and said, 'Father, I'm gone.'" Here the old man's sobs prevented his utterance ; but he recovered himself sufficiently to say, "I have not seen or heard of my child since. Her husband heard of it, and went to the vessel ; but they drew a dirk upon him, and would not allow him to go aboard. O !" said the old man, as the tears streamed from his eyes, "it hurts me every time I think of it." Probably it would hurt a slaveholder to suffer such wrongs ; and the best of them could be no more injured by them than this poor disciple of Christ. This man has, if I recollect right, six children sold into hopeless servitude, he knows not where. Three remained with him ; and these, some months ago, were bought up by a notorious firm of slave-dealers, and shipped for the southern market. Here the old man felt that he had lost his all ; and the distress of his wife, "who wept," to use his language, "as though her heart would burst," drove him, with great reluctance, after endeavouring to put his trust in God, to state his case to some pious friends, and ask if something could not be done for him. A minister of the Gospel, who was affected to tears at the old man's recital, went to the slave-dealers and interceded for him. They at length consented, that if the poor father himself could raise the money in one week, amounting to considerably more than two thousand dollars, he might have his own children, that is, the ones last taken away. Perhaps they

considered the question settled, as they would consent to no other conditions, and regarded it as impossible for the father to do as they proposed. He lifted his cries to God, however, and they were heard, and friends raised up, who gave him some few hundred dollars, and at length made him a loan of what remained, amounting

to eighteen hundred, on condition that it should be repaid in two years. If, at that time, it remains unpaid, the children are to be sold to pay it. The poor father is now, with much diffidence, and great embarrassment, stating his case to the pious and benevolent, and asking their aid, that his children may not again be sold into bondage.

"ME ARE SEVEN."

A DOMESTIC STORY.

ARE you a parent? Have you a heart? Then you have been a thousand times delighted with the inimitable blunders of children, and you will be well pleased with a scrap of domestic history.

Papa and mamma were seated at the breakfast-table, with their several olive-branches, and with one or two friends on a visit, when divers questions arose adapted to little folks. Among other inquiries their respective ages came into consideration.

"Pray, master James," said the visiter, "and how old are you?"

"Fourteen, ma'am."

"And you, William?"

"Twelve."

Upon this a discussion arose between the two younger boys.

"I am six," exclaimed George with eagerness. To which the last-born added, with a droll and significant nod of the head, "Me are seven."

"No, dear," replied George, "you are only three."

"Yes, me *are*, me *are* seven," rejoined the undaunted Harry; and to have seen the ardour, the insistence, the pertinacity, and the oratorical motion, they were admirable.

"Come, tell seven, my man," said the visiter.

"One, two, five, seven."

"Bravo!" *ridet omnes*.

These childish inaccuracies spread a charm over domestic conversation; and I have often felt that I would not, for the world, have little Harry talk otherwise than like a child; it would be a David in Saul's armour. And I would as soon hear a fine gentleman speak vulgarly, or add the aspirates where they should be omitted, or omit them where they should be given, all which are detestable things in the intercourse of life. It may be an error or a weakness, but I must candidly confess, that I have almost regretted the arrival of the period when my pretty little false grammarians pass beyond the enchanted boundaries of infant peccadilloes in language and sentiment into the regions of enlarging knowledge and juvenile maturity. Not that I do not in my heart desire the improvement of my offspring; not that I do not watch with interest, and cherish with a growing pleasure, the

germinations of thought, the general expansion of the intellect, and the accumulations of knowledge; but one naturally regrets to part with an amusement, especially when it is so pre-eminently innocent. If any person should philosophically object to this, and say that by laughing at errors we encourage a wrong principle, the simple, self-satisfying answer is, that the errors are in themselves insignificant, they involve no moral delinquency, and are sure to be corrected.

It might be curious, and not uninteresting, to analyze the source of that gratification which we feel in the ridiculous mistakes of children, especially of our own. Is it not possible that there may be existing in the mind some ideal comparison or measure of ourselves with the interesting dwarfs of the coming generation, originating a degree of self-complacency at our own superior knowledge and attainments? If, as some one declared, he could never feel indifferent even to the praises of a child, may not an analogous feeling awaken a conscious delight, when our own greatness, of whatever kind, is brought into juxtaposition with an infant's littleness? Even corporeal greatness, much more mental, even though it imply no merit, and be merely in the order of nature, excites self-gratulation; so that, as the giant looks down upon the admiring man, the man looks down upon the child. May there not also be some ideal comparison of the present little amusing blunderer with the future man of talent, cultivation, and influence? And may not the kindling eye, especially of the parent, all the time of the utterance of his pretty nonsenses, be glancing along the line of future progress to the point of imagined or predestined eminence? He sees, as it were, the first germinations of mind, the earliest unfoldings of intellect, and prognosticates the rich and varied harvest. In the delightful and entertaining prattler he sees in embryo, and with a parent's fond calculations, the accomplished scholar, the clever advocate, the learned judge, the skilful physician, or the celebrated divine; or he may trace in its elements the poet's fancy, the historian's research, or the orator's mighty magic. There is, moreover, a lurking humour in the very phraseology itself, which is the more agreeable, as, whatever interest it may excite, the applause given inter-

fers in no degree with our personal distinction and celebrity. The happiest hits, or the merriest combination of infant wit, or the drollest humour by mistake, or, when somewhat more advanced, by design, cannot awaken envy; so that we gain much of pleasure, and lose nothing of honour, by our admiration.

But when my prattling boy said, in the very best grammar he could command, "Me are seven," I was soon led into other and more serious reflections; and perhaps was not wrong in thinking that there was an incipient something to be watched over. It is impossible to ascertain how early the germ of sentiment may be formed and begin to evolve, or when education, properly speaking, may or should commence. The language in question surely betrayed a moral indication worthy of being cherished or repressed, which, like an oozing drop from the rock, might be the commencement of a wide and far-rolling river. Here was at least ambition; but of what kind? The brother of the little mannikin had uttered too much for Harry's self-complacency. If his elder were six, he must be seven; just as a few moments before, when the comparison respected height, he must be taller: "yes, pa, tall chair, taller;" that is, tall as the chair and taller. How his eye brightened, and his little heart beat at the thought! And mark how the company, then inattentive to his eloquence, were to be dinned into observation. In vain said mamma, "There, Harry, be quiet, my boy." Harry thought

"the world was made for Cæsar," and therefore was determined that, by repetitions of "taller—tall—high—up," it should admire how he had passed the Rubicon of his exploits.

Most minds are conscious (and may not this be traceable to infant education?) of the ambition to excel, which may have in it a very trifling quantum of the better passion of an ambition of excellence. The former is emulation; the latter, virtue. The desire to excel may, indeed, be a good or a bad feeling, according to circumstances; it may be blended with, or perhaps wholly consist of, a wish to disparage and degrade others, to throw them into the shade, and establish a proud claim to superiority. It may, in consequence, lead, in the end, to the perpetration of many vices, and become a permanent and unsightly trait of character. In this view it is mere ambition, and an offshoot of selfishness; its growth in the mind is therefore dangerous, and if it cannot be wholly extinguished, its deleterious and destructive effects should be neutralized, as poison is mingled in medicine with other ingredients, by infusing the elements of a right morality, that it may work good instead of evil. The ambition of excellence is a pure and elevated sentiment, tending to the attainment of it, and salutary in all its varieties and ramifications; it cannot be too soon instilled, or too diligently cultivated, for an infant's mind is susceptible of a repressing look or an encouraging word. X.

THE ATONEMENT.

[The following remarkable passage on the necessity of an Atonement, argued from reason, is from the pen of the celebrated Adam Smith. In the early editions of his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," it formed the concluding paragraph of part ii., section 2. The doctor is said to have cancelled it at the suggestion of Mr. Hume; certainly it is not to be found in the editions of his works published since his death. We earnestly commend it to the careful attention of those who are disposed to scepticism on this great topic.]

THAT the Deity loves virtue and hates vice, as a voluptuous man loves riches and hates poverty, not for their own sakes, but for the effects which they tend to produce; that he loves the one, only because it promotes the happiness of society, which his benevolence prompts him to desire; and that he hates the other, only because it occasions the misery of mankind, which the same Divine quality renders the object of his aversion—is not the doctrine of untaught nature, but an artificial refinement of reason and philosophy. Our untaught natural sentiments all prompt us to believe, that as perfect virtue is supposed necessarily to appear to the Deity, as it does to us, for its own sake, and without any further view, the natural and proper object of love and reward, so must vice, of hatred and punishment.

That the gods neither resent nor hurt, was the general maxim of all the different sects of the ancient philosophy; and if by resenting be understood that violent and disorderly perturbation which often distracts and confounds the human breast, or if by hurting be understood the doing mischief wantonly, and without regard to propriety or justice, such weakness is undoubtedly unworthy of the Divine perfection; but if it be meant that vice does not appear to the Deity to be, for its own sake, the object of abhorrence and aversion, and what, for its own sake, it is fit and right should be punished, the truth of this maxim seems repugnant to some very natural feelings. If we consult our natural sentiments, we are even apt to fear lest, before the holiness of God, vice should appear to be more worthy of punishment than the weakness and imperfection of human virtue can ever seem to be of reward. Man, when about to appear before a Being of infinite perfection, can feel but little confidence in his own merit, or in the imperfect propriety of his own conduct. In the presence of his fellow-creatures he may, even justly, elevate himself, and may often have reason to think highly of his own character and conduct, compared to the still

greater imperfection of theirs ; but the case is quite different when about to appear before his infinite Creator : to such a Being he fears that his littleness and weakness can scarce ever appear the proper object of esteem or of reward. But he can easily conceive how the numberless violations of duty of which he has been guilty should render him the proper object of aversion and punishment ; and he thinks he can see no reason why the Divine indignation should not be let loose, without any restraint, upon so vile an insect as he himself must appear to be. If he would still hope for happiness, he suspects that he cannot demand it from the justice, but that he must entreat it from the mercy of God. Repentance, sorrow, humiliation, contrition at the thought of past conduct, seem, upon this account, the sentiments which become him, and to be the only means which he has left for appeasing that

wrath which he knows he has justly provoked. He even distrusts the efficacy of all these, and naturally fears lest the wisdom of God should not, like the weakness of man, be prevailed upon to spare the crime by the most importunate lamentations of the criminal. Some other intercession, some other sacrifice, some other atonement, he imagines, must be made for him beyond what he himself is capable of making, before the purity of the Divine justice can be reconciled to his manifold offences. The doctrines of revelation coincide in every respect with these original anticipations of nature ; and as they teach us how little we can depend upon the imperfection of our own virtue, so they show us, at the same time, that the most powerful intercession has been made, and that the most dreadful atonement has been paid for our manifold transgressions and iniquities.

CHARADE.

[A well-written charade is about as harmless a sort of thing as any one may write, when he is in the mood for so doing : withal it exercises the imagination, fancy, and memory, in a manner proportioned to its peculiar and complex construction ; and when dictated by a warm heart and spirit—a generous temper, and a ready memory, and quiet wit, it may be rendered both instructive and amusing—results which are among the most gratifying to us all. The following charade may be somewhat long, but is not the worse for that reason.]

PRONOUNCED as one letter, and written with three,
Two letters there are, and two only, in me.
I am double, am single, am black, blue, and grey ;
I read from both ends, and the same either way.
I am restless and wandering, am steady and fixed,
And you know not one hour what I may be the next.
I melt and I kindle, beseech and defy,
I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry.
I am scornful and scowling, compassionate, meek ;
I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak.
I am sluggish and dead, I am lively and bright,
I am sharp, I am flat, I am left, I am right ;
I am piercing and clear, I am heavy and dull,
Expressive and languid, contracted and full.
I am careless and vacant, I search and I pry,
And judge, and decide, and examine, and try.
I'm a globe, and a mirror, a window, and door,
An index, an organ, and fifty things more.
I belong to all animals under the sun,
And to those which were long understood to have none.

By some I am said to exist in the mind,
And am found in potatoes, and needles, and wind :
Three jackets I own, of glass, water, and horn,
And I wore them all three on the day I was born.
I am covered quite snug, have a lid and a fringe ;
Yet I move every day on invisible hinge.
A pupil I have, a most whimsical wight,
Who is little by day, and grows big in the night,
Whom I cherish with care as a part of myself ;
For in truth I depend on this delicate elf,

Who collects all my food, and with wonderful knack
Throws it into a net which I keep at my back ;
And though heels over head it arrives in a trice,
It is sent up to *table* all proper and nice.
I am spoken of sometimes as if I were glass,
But then it is false, and the trick will not pass.
A blow makes me *run*, though I have not a limb ;
Though I neither have fins nor a bladder I *swim*.
Like many more couples, my partner and I
At times will look cross at each other or shy :
Yet still, though we differ in what we're about,
One will do all the work when the other is *out*.
I am least apt to cry, as they always remark,
When trimmed with good lashes, or kept in the dark.
Should I fret and be heated they put me to bed,
And leave me to cool upon water and bread.
But if hardened I grow they make use of the knife,
Lest an obstinate humour endanger my life.
Or you may, though the treatment appears to be
rough,
Run a spit through my side, and with safety enough.
Like boys who are fond of the fruit and their play,
I am seen with my ball and my apple all day.
My belt is a rainbow ; I reel and I dance ;
I am said to retire, but I never advance.
I am read by physicians, as one of their books,
And am used by the ladies to fasten their hooks.
My language is plain, though it cannot be heard,
And I speak without ever pronouncing a word.
Some call me a diamond, some say I am jet ;
Others talk of my *water*, or how I am *set*.
I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,
And an isle of his sea in the Irishman's dream.
The earth without me would no loveliness wear ;
The sun, moon, and stars at my wink disappear.
Yet so frail is my tenure, so brittle my joy,
That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

The solution of this problematical charade will be clearly seen by all who have an *eye*.

REVIEW.

Memoirs and Select Remains of the Rev. Thomas Rawson Taylor, late Classical Tutor at Airedale College, Yorkshire. By W. S. MATTHEWS; London.

How many harps have caught their tones from that of the youthful White! and how many hearts have been sweetly saddened by the melodious outpourings of his! It was fabled of the nightingale, that she sang with her bosom against a thorn. With regard to poets this is no fable; their history is usually a history of mental suffering. Not, perhaps, that the ordinary calamities and trials of life fall peculiarly to their lot, but that, having their share of these, acute feelings and a vivid temperament hurry them into difficulties which the more prudent and calculating qualities of their neighbours would have avoided; and, also, that their keen sensibilities cause them to writhe with agony beneath infictions which would pass like a summer cloud over the minds and hearts of the million. The feelings of the true poet are like the strings of an *Æolian harp*—the lightest breath causes them to vibrate, while the hearts of his more literal neighbours are cased as in the hide of the hippopotamus. White died early, and thereby, probably, escaped much of misery and mortification; for his was a spirit not formed to stem the current of this elbowing, huxtering, wrangling, over-reaching, Cocker-studying world. His melodious expression of his sorrows, and his early subjection to our indigenous disease, will always excite sympathy, as they always have done. In our boyhood we remember his "Remains" were our walking and pillow companion; indeed, we had become considerably attenuated, had contracted moreover a slight hectic and a short hard cough; we chose night as the season for walking, and rambled in the most lonely spots we could find by the light of the moon, to whom, as in duty bound, we addressed sundry sonnets. At length we began to persuade ourselves that we bore much resemblance to poor Henry, but never completed that resemblance, either by growing consumptive or writing verses equal to his.

If the writings of Henry Kirke White have never moulded a great poet, they have yet caused the production of many sweet and elegant poems, refined many hearts, and purified many tastes. He has not, like Byron, generated sceptics, sneerers, and mystifiers; nor, like Moore, jesters and demireps; but he has fostered amiable feelings, and, through the medium of sweet and lofty verse, instilled into the youthful minds of thousands a love of piety, virtue, and literature. The mind of Mr. Taylor appears in early youth to have been much influenced and modelled by the writings of the bard of Nottingham, an influence which his subsequent residence in that city could not fail to strengthen. He was born, it appears, at Ossett, in Yorkshire, in May, 1807, and was the son of the Rev. T. Taylor, of Bradford. At the grammar-school there he was placed at the age of seven years, and at a later period with the Rev. Dr. Clunie, in the neighbourhood of Manchester. At this period his poetical genius first displayed itself in satire; a form in which it was likely to be called forth just in proportion as his feelings were amiable, generous, and susceptible. They are not the ill-natured men who are masters of satire. The ill-natured man may traduce, backbite, defame, abuse, but he cannot satirize; although the satirist may, by the habitual exercise of his powers, become ill-natured. The man of warm, generous impulses, and lofty aspirations, is he who is usually stung into satire. He has, perhaps, trusted implicitly, and been basely betrayed; loved fervently, and met with

coldness or with scorn; acted generously, and received in payment heartless ingratitude; opened the recesses of his heart confidingly, and been misunderstood, misrepresented, and calumniated. Intense bitterness of spirit is the result; and the qualities which unconsciously invoked injury become their own powerful avengers, as the waters which, in their calm and ordinary course, confer beauty and fertility, spread around them, when wrought by outward action into convulsive energy, destruction and ruin. But this is a digression. In 1822 Mr. Taylor was placed in a counting-house, at Bradford; and in 1824 apprenticed to Mr. Dunn, printer and bookseller, at Nottingham, but subsequently undertook the ministry, and became classical tutor at Airedale College, Yorkshire. He died of consumption, in March, 1835.

The letters in this volume breathe an affectionate and pious spirit, but they do not indicate great powers of mind, nor originality of thought. As a favourable specimen of his prose compositions we select a paper on boyish days; a subject which has often before elicited the raptures of poets and prosers. "Ah, once again, who would not be a boy?" wrote Byron. For one, we would not; for we believe that we were not then happier than we now are, although in looking back we are apt to fancy that we were so. The trials of the man, it may be said, are heavier and more severe than those of the boy. Granted; but might not the trials of the boy have been to the boy as severe as subsequent ones are to the man? In our own case we think they were so. Man, however, exists but in the past and the future; the present is a moment which before we can say it is here is gone. He sees a vague and purely imaginative happiness in his future years; and looks back upon a happiness less vague, but scarcely less imaginative, in his past. The whole weight and severity of his present grievances are *felt*, while those of his past are diminished and almost lost in the distance. He is like a traveller who pauses in his journey to look back on the path by which he came. The ruggedness and difficulties of the road just traversed stand palpably in view, while the distant prospect appears softened to a smooth and verdant level. This is our theory. The following is Mr. Taylor's more delightful and poetical one:—

OUR SCHOOL-DAYS.

"We all love to think and speak of our school-days; wearied with the dull, monotonous realities of the present, and suspicious of the flattering promises of the future, we turn with calm satisfaction and delighted confidence to the past.

"The path of life is all up hill; and it is a pleasant thing to pause on our journey, and look back from the point of vantage which we have gained in progress of years, upon the road we have travelled, to survey its sinuous mazes, its perplexing intricacies, its dreary wastes, which we have so happily overpassed, its smiling Edens, which we can thus revisit and re-enjoy. And the remoter parts of that landscape are always most transcendently lovely in our eyes; a more beautiful heaven seems to overhang them, a softer and more melting sunshine to brood upon them; the trees are greener and more richly umbrageous; the flowers (for memory's far-seeing eye can distinguish even the celandines, and daisies, and forget-me-nots at the distance of forty years,) the flowers are more gaily apparelled and more tastefully grouped, and there are far more of them.

"Over hill and valley, wood and waterfall, meadow and moorland, there are flung 'a glory and a joy' which have passed away like summer mists from the nearer landscape.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy, and throughout all our early days we are surrounded by influences and pervaded by emotions which, in more mature life, we may remember, but cannot recal. When once we have ceased to be children, we have lost the power to think and feel 'as only childhood can.' We have become sophisticated, cold-hearted, suspicious; we are too wise, too cautious, too incredulous; we will not submit to be cheated into enjoyment, and take the benefit of a happy error. 'The world is too much with us,' the solid, substantial, matter-of-fact world, in which grown-up men and women slave at the dolorous drudgery of money-getting; and our senses, and facul-

ties, and susceptibilities have suffered injury from the tainted atmosphere in which we live. Where are now the marvels and glories which met our earnest gaze every where, in heaven and earth, when we were six, or eight, or ten years old? We search for them in vain; there is a film upon our eyes; we are short-sighted beyond the power of surgery or optics to cure us; and the sounds which then rang in our ears, awaking the sense of divinest melody in our souls, and wrapping us in thrilling trance from morn to night, where be they? The song of birds, the hum of bees, the flute-notes of summer's winds, the soothing murmurs of the running brooks, the mysterious whispers of autumnal woods, are they all silent? Not one is mute, but, alas! they fall upon deaf ears. Nature still 'pipes to us, but we will not dance;' and what was once 'most musical' is now, to our altered spirits, sometimes 'most melancholy.' And we can never recover what we have lost, or be again assimilated to our former selves; we can only remember what was then experienced. The 'formal man' can realize the careless joyance and light-heartedness of days which are long since past in no other way than by contemplating, in memory's magic glass, what and in what manner, and with what emotions, he saw, and heard, and spake, and acted, 'when he was a tiny boy.'

"Hence we all love to think and speak of our childhood and early youth, and especially of our school-days, because they are, for the most part, the commencement of our juvenile reminiscences. We can go no further back, and because, in all cases, it is from that period that all our recollections become distinct in their particulars, and interesting in their associations.

"We can remember many grave lectures of parents and pedagogues, to the effect that school-days are the happiest part of man's life, and that we should find them so. Then did we not believe a word of it, the thing appeared to us a plain contradiction: long lessons and short play-hours, dreary pages of geography and English grammar, and *propria quæ maribus*, with all the fears and anxieties, the pains and penalties, of our pupils, were, in our estimation, any thing but elements of happiness or incentives to enjoyment; and besides, 'hope told a flattering tale,' and we looked forward to the time when we should leave school and be our own masters, with no dry tasks to learn, and no tiresome bounds to keep, and no frowns or flagellation to fear, as our jubilee,—the period of complete emancipation from all trouble and annoyance, when we should pass at once into a state of perfect, uninterrupted, and interminable bliss. Alas! we have seen 'hope's summer visions die;' we have been in the school of experience, and disappointment has taught us many a sad and sobering lesson. We have cut Campbell for Rogers; we have read through the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and have got into the pages of 'The Pleasures of Memory.' And now (is it not your experience, gentle reader, as well as ours?) even the little sorrows of our early days are dwelt upon with feelings near akin to pleasure. That ancient school-house, (we thought it a dungeon once,) what a pleasant place it looks! And of what gentle restraints, and easy labour, and innocent mirth was it the scene! And its presiding genius, with the awful spectacles, and still more awful 'rod for the fool's back,' whom we once regarded as an apt prototype of all the ogres and giants in our delightful story-books—what a kind good old man he was! How much more 'sinned against than sinning!' With what loud and hearty praise did he reward our smallest merits! With what surpassing patience did he endure our intolerable and endless provocations! Peace to his gentle shade!

"How pleasant it is to send our fancy on a pilgrimage to all our school-day haunts!—the walk across the meadows, and down by the brook side, and over the crazy bridge by the mill, and back again through the shady lane, where we gathered sweet violets:—the Vicar's copse, where blackberries were as plentiful as pebble stones—and the hazel-wood, to which we once a year went a nutting; and, above all, the old play-ground, with its smooth turf and weeping birches, (bless the tender-hearted trees for their sympathy!) which would have been a jewel of a place for all our games if it only had been out of bounds! Oh, those merry games! the boisterous sports of our short play-hours; the riotous rambles and madcap frolics, and innocent mischiefs of our long half-holidays; the

'Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles'

which made us every day, and every hour at once a plague and a delight to each other, and to all about us! And who were our companions in these glorious romps and rambles? The whole group is before us. Of all the 'old familiar faces' not one is absent—not one is changed. We can see them all clearly—we can distinguish them all accurately, as we did so many years ago when we were one of them. There they are from the oldest to the youngest; from the clever little rogue who taught us to make whistles, and to fish for minnows, and who so often made us an April-fool, to the grave melancholy boy who never once fought a battle, nor joined in the romp, nor went birds-nesting, but told us such marvellous and touching tales, in such eloquent words, as 'often did beguile us of our tears.' There they are! we could name them one by one without a single mistake; we could arrange them in their old classes, and seat them in their old desks; we could describe, with most exact minuteness, the qualities, bodily, intellectual, and moral, of every one of them; and, if we wrote ourselves R.A., we could paint their pictures to the life; so clearly and distinct are they present to our inward eye. And, hark! the air is vocal with their glee. Their merry voices ring in our ears; we can recognise every tone; we know to whom every shout

belongs. Again we listen to their 'gibes, their songs, their flashes of merriment;' and again we hear their old nick-names and by-words, none of them unkindly meant or harshly spoken, but flowing from a frank familiarity and innocent open-heartedness, which knew nothing of formal propriety and forced politeness.

"Beloved companions! years have passed since we parted; but ye are our companions still. Ye have gone each to his appointed portion and station. We know not what or where you are—in what circumstances—of what character:—certain it is, that neither in body nor soul are ye the same as in former days. But no matter. We know you only as a troop of joyous children, who studied and sported—who read and romped—who laughed and wept with us when we too were a child. As such ye abide in our memory, and in our 'heart of hearts,' unchanged and unchangeable. And your simple society affords a precious solace and happy retreat to our troubled spirits, when we are weary of the heartless formalities and insincere professions of the world.

"For your sakes, then, we shall always love to think of our school-days, and, as far as retrospective fancy may enable us, to live them over again: and though the gay and thoughtless may eschew such musings as fantastic and melancholy, and though they must ever be attended with somewhat of pensive sadness and tender regret, yet will we often indulge them, and they shall employ our thoughts and engross our sensibilities, even in our choicest moods. If they should make us sigh sometimes, or even shed a tear, we are content. Not always would we dwell with—

'Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides;'

but sometimes follow the silent steps of 'divinest Melancholy,' knowing as we do most surely, and feeling as we are daily constrained to feel, that—

'There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;'

that—

'There's not a string attuned to Mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy.'

The chief characteristic of the poems of Mr. Taylor is feeling. He appears at all times to have written from the dictation of his heart rather than of his head, as a poet should do. Perhaps feeling is the grand characteristic of modern poetry. If the last few years have produced no great epic or dramatic poem, how prodigal have they been of the most exquisite lyrics. Who can enumerate the Byrons, Campbells, Coleridges, Moores, and Hemanses, who have made this branch of the art second to none. Even the anonymous lyrics of the last thirty years throw the Shenstonian namby-pambies—the Strephons and Chlorises of former times into the densest shade, whence they are not likely, we think, to be recalled.

There is much pathos in the poem commencing at page 290, entitled, "Communion with the Dead." It is addressed to the author's deceased sister, Mary, to whom he appears to have been tenderly attached. If our limits would allow we should feel much pleasure in extracting it, but must content ourselves with the following less lengthy specimens:—

SONNET

WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCHYARD, A FAVOURITE HAUNT
OF HENRY KILKE WHITE.

"Here would the martyr-student oft retire,
And watch the shades of eve descending, till
Meek twilight robed the valley and the hill!
Then would he sweep his sad, melodious lyre,
And bid such music from the chords respire,
So melancholy, soft, and sad, and sweet,
As angel choirs might waken when they meet
Around the bed where holy men expire.
Henry! thy lyre is mute, thy song is sung,
And we may list thy plaintive notes no more;
But thou hast waked a happier strain, and strung
A sweeter harp upon a fairer shore.
O, martyr-minstrel! let thy mantle fall
On all who love the lyre,—on me, though least of all.

STANZAS.

I.

"Blooms there a rose without a thorn?
Go search creation round,
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
There shall not one be found.

Sweet they may be, and fair, and bright,
 All life, and loveliness, and light;
 The leaves may be green as the mermaid's locks,
 When she wreathes them with shells on the coral rocks;
 And the beautiful flowers may far outvie
 The golden tints of the sunset sky;
 And far more fragrant their breath may be
 Than the spicy gales of Araby;
 But be they ever so bright and fair,
 There's many a thorn in ambush there.

II.

"And oft across the waste of life,
 The few frail joys that flee,
 Seem thus with fragrant beauty rife,
 From shade of sorrow free;
 And lighten all our gloomiest hours,
 Like such a rose among the flowers.
 But let their beauties be all forgot;
 Oh! think of the thorns, and touch them not,
 For the hand that plucks the fair false weed,
 Though it gain the flower, is sure to bleed.
 And they may be sweet and fair to night,
 But all is over by morning light;
 And withered and shed are the leaves so fair,
 And the roses are gone, but the thorns are there."

SONNET.

"It is a melancholy joy, at eve,
 To sit upon some woodland seat, and list
 The moaning of the brooklet, softly kiss'd
 By evening winds; and through the boughs that weave
 Their branches overhead, and gently leave
 Their flowers and leaves athwart the deep blue sky,
 To watch the pale moon as she travels by.
 Ah! sad remembrance!—she bids us grieve
 For those erewhile on whom she shone;—she shines
 As brightly now as then—upon their graves.
 For them no more this bower its cool shade twines,
 The tall dark grass in cheerless whisper waves,
 Where they are sleeping on their couch of clay:—
 A few more waning moons, and we shall be as they."

The foregoing are a fair sample of the poems contained in the volume, which are highly creditable to the author's talents, while they prove him to have possessed a tender, affectionate, and fervent spirit. There is one poem, "A Fragment," which, short as it is, proves that Mr. Taylor could write with power as well as sweetness. The "Fragment" reminds us, in some lines, of Pollok, and in others, of Byron's "Darkness."

MORSELS.

EARLY MISSIONS TO AFRICA.—It is well-known that the Church of Rome has always been zealous in the diffusion of her erroneous system of religion; but the means employed have been very frequently opposed to the spirit of Christianity. In the latter part of the sixteenth century some Portuguese Missionaries were sent to Africa, where, if the historians of that age are to be credited, they used violent methods to effect their purposes. When, for example, they could not persuade the people to renounce their superstitions, they used a large staff, with which they threw down their idols, and beat them in pieces; they even sometimes stole secretly into the temples and set them on fire. A Missionary at Maspongo, having met one of the queens, and finding her mind inaccessible to all his instructions, determined to use sharper remedies, and seizing a whip, began to apply it to her majesty's person. The effect he describes as most auspicious; every successive blow opened her eyes more and more to the truth, and she at length declared herself wholly unable to resist such forcible arguments in favour of the Catholic doctrine. She hastened to the king, however, with loud complaints respecting this mode of illumination, and the Missionaries thenceforth lost all favour, both with that prince and the ladies of his court, being allowed to remain solely through dread of the Portuguese.—*Edinburgh Cab. Library.*

DROWSY HEARERS.—In the early history of New England, it is stated in Lewis's History of Lynn, a person was deputed to wake the sleepers in church. He bore a long wand, on one end was a fox's tail, with which he gently touched the drowsy fair; but on the other end was a ball, with which he bestowed on the searers of the snoring men a startling rap.

OLD BOOK.—The first book ever printed at Valenciennes, and which is at the same time the oldest specimen of typography known in the north of France, has just arrived in France from England. It was at

one time sold in London for £6 8s., and at the sale of Bishop Heber's books it fetched £18. This curious book has the following title:—*S'ensuivent les Chançons Georgines faites par Georges Chastelain, (imprimées à Vallanchiennes de par Jehan de Liege, demorant devant le couvent de St. Pol.)* [No date, but the date is from 1499 to 1500.] These songs in old French are very interesting, as showing the state of poetry at the end of the 15th century. The price now asked for the book is 500 francs.—*Le Voleur.*

THE MONTHS.—December, which in the Anglo-Saxon ages stood first, was called *Mid-winter-Monath*, the mid-winter month. January was denominated *Aefter-Yula*, that is, after the feast called Yula, a Pagan, riotous, lawless festival, observed at the same time of the year as our Christmas, and hence the origin of the Yule-log, still selected in some parts of the country for the Christmas evening fire. February, they called *Sol-monath*, the sun month, from the return of the sun at that season. March, they called *Rhede*, or *Reth-monath*, the rough or rugged month. April's month was *Easter-monath*, from a favourite Saxon goddess, whose festival was kept at that time. May was *Trimilchi*, from the cows being then milked three times in the day. June's name was *Sere-monath*, the dry month. July was called *Mæd-monath*, the mead month, from the meads being then in their bloom and beauty, or the people being then employed in hay-making. August had the name of *Wood-monath*, the weed month, from the luxuriance or abundance of weeds at that time. September was called *Hærfest-monath*, or the harvest month. October bore the name of *Winter-fylleth*, or winterfall, from winter approaching with the full moon of that month. November, their last month, they called *Blot-monath*, blood month, from the blood of the cattle then slain and stored for winter provision.

GEMS.

WOMAN.—Woman is a very nice and complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate, and differ from those of a man as the work of a repeating watch does from that of a town-clock. Look at her body—how delicately formed! Examine her senses—how exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding—how subtle and acute! But look into her heart—

there is the watchwork, composed of parts so minute in themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye to be clearly comprehended. The perception of woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition—I had almost said instinct. By a glance of her eye she shall draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it,

she cannot answer the question. As the perception of woman is surprisingly quick, so their souls' imaginations are uncommonly susceptible. Few of them have culture enough to write; but when they do, how lively are their pictures! how animated their descriptions! But if few women write, they all talk; and every man may judge of them in this point, from every circle he goes into. Spirit in conversation depends entirely upon fancy, and women all over the world talk better than men. Have they a character to pourtray, or a figure to describe, they give but three traits of one or the other, and the character is known, or the figure placed before our eyes. Why? From the monument of susceptibility, their imaginations, their fancies, receive lively impressions from those traits, and they paint those impressions with the same vivacity with which they receive them. Get a woman of fancy warm in conversation, she shall produce a hundred charming images, among which there shall not be one indelicate or coarse. Warm a man on the same subject, he will probably find stronger allusions, but neither be so brilliant nor so chaste.—*Sherlock*.

VALUE OF CHARACTER.—Colonel Chartres, (who was the most notorious bad man in the world, and who had by all sorts of crimes amassed immense wealth,) sensible of the disadvantages of a bad character, was once heard to say, that "although he would not give one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a character, because he should get a hundred thousand pounds by it." Is it possible, then, that an honest man can neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear?—*Lord Chesterfield*.

LIFE.—Oh, how many ties there are to bind the soul to earth! When the strongest are cut asunder,

and the spirit feels cast loose from every bond which connects it with mortality, how imperceptibly does one little tendril after another become entwined about it, and draw it back with gentle violence! He who thinks he has but one love is always mistaken. The heart may have one overmastering affection, more powerful than all the rest, which, like the main root of the tree, is that which supports it; but if that be cut away, it will find a thousand minute fibres still clinging to the soil of humanity. An absorbing passion may fill up the soul, and, while it lasts, may throw a shade over the various obligations and the infinite multitude of kindnesses and tender associations that bind us to mankind; but when that fades, these are seen to twinkle in the firmament of life, as the stars shine after the sun has gone down. Even the brute, and the lilies of the field, that neither toil nor spin, put in their silent claims; and the heart that would have spurned the world settles quietly down again upon its bosom.

THE GOAL OF SCIENCE.—See only in what contemplations the wisest of men end their most sublime inquiries! Mark where it is that a Newton finally reposes, after piercing the thickest veil that envelopes nature—grasping and arresting in their course the most subtle of her elements and the swiftest—traversing the regions of boundless space—exploring worlds beyond the solar way—giving out the law which binds the universe in eternal order! He rests, as by an inevitable necessity, upon the contemplation of the Great First Cause, and holds it his highest glory to have made the evidence of his existence, and the dispensations of his power and of his wisdom, better understood by men.—*Lord Brougham*.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE FATHER OF THE FOLEYS.—Is it not of the nature of all things human to deteriorate? Perhaps it is, when unchecked and unmodified by circumstances. We have seen the founder of a great name toil up the ascent with unwearied and continued exertion, and deserving the eminence which he gained and transmitted to his posterity. Again we have also seen that posterity descend as rapidly as their father rose, possessing the patrimony but dishonouring the virtue that bequeathed it. So likewise it has sometimes happened, that a nobility founded on baseness the most abject, and profligacy the most revolting, has been purified and exalted to true greatness by the virtuous scions that have sprung out of it, heaven knows how. What the Foleys now are or have been, we know not, and shall not trouble ourselves to inquire; we are sure, however, that they have no need to be ashamed of him who laid the foundation of their house, as the following brief narrative will certify:—"The most extraordinary and the best-attested instance of enthusiasm existing in conjunction with perseverance, is related of the founder of the Foley family. This man, who was a fiddler living near Stourbridge, was often witness of the immense labour and loss of time caused by dividing the rods of iron, necessary in the process of making nails. The discovery of the process called 'splitting,' in works called 'splitting-mills,' was first made in Sweden, and the consequences of this advance in art were most disastrous to the manufacturers of iron about Stourbridge. Foley, the fiddler, was shortly missed from his accustomed rounds, and was not again seen for many years. He had mentally resolved to ascertain by what means the process of splitting of bars of iron was accomplished; and, without communicating his intention to a single human being, he proceeded to Hull, and thence, without funds, worked his passage to the Swedish iron port. Arrived in Sweden, he begged and

fiddled his way to the iron founderies, where, after a time, he became a universal favourite with the workmen; and from the apparent entire absence of intelligence or any thing like ultimate object, he was received into the works, to every part of which he had access. He took the advantage thus offered, and having stored his memory with observations, and all the combinations, he disappeared from amongst his kind friends as he had appeared, no one knew whence or whither. On his return to England, he communicated his voyage and its results to Mr. Knight, and another person in the neighbourhood with whom he was associated, and by whom the necessary buildings were erected, and machinery provided. When at length every thing was prepared, it was found that the machinery would not act; at all events, it did not answer the sole end of its erection,—it would not split the bar of iron. Foley disappeared again, and it was concluded that shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away for ever. Not so; again, though somewhat more speedily, he found his way to the Swedish iron works, where he was received most joyfully; and to make sure of their fiddler, he was lodged in the splitting-mill itself. Here was the very end and aim of his life attained beyond his utmost hope. He examined the works, and very soon discovered the cause of his failure. He now made drawings, or rude tracings; and having abided an ample time to verify his observations, and to impress them clearly and vividly on his mind, he made his way to the port, and once more returned to England. This time he was completely successful, and by the result of his experience enriched himself, and greatly benefited his countrymen. This we hold to be the most extraordinary instance of persevering self-devotement in modern times."

STORY OF A LEAF.

ARTICLE THE SECOND.

THE ancient fable tells us that the *leaves* of the sibyl always became the more valuable, or—which comes to the same thing “on ‘change”—she always asked the higher a price for them the lower she reduced their number. The moral of this fable “tells home:”—the sibyl’s leaves are the days of human life; and those who are ignorant, unprepared, and yet near the brink of the grave, can tell, from the bitter recollection of the number they wasted in early life, the great value of even a few days.

“Ward’s Miscellany” will be the very antipodes of the sibyl’s leaves, except to those who, like the idler in youth, neglect to procure and profit by the early numbers; for while the numbers go on increasing in an arithmetical ratio by the addition of eight leaves every week, the value cannot fail to go on in the geometrical ratio of a continual multiplication by eight. I shall say nothing about the quality; but the quantity of what I could say about *my leaves*—even though the first was a withered leaf in autumn, and the last of the season upon its tree—threatens me with the geometrical progression. The intelligent readers of the Miscellany—and they must, as matter of course, become intelligent, whatever they may have been *before they began to read*—the readers of the Miscellany must, for these many days, go to the rest for fruit, for they can get nothing but leaves from me.

Even this is part of the “story of a leaf,” and a fruit to which growers of both leaves and fruit pay very great attention. If they wish to have numerous and valuable leaves, there must be no flowering and fruiting; and if they wish to have fine flowers, and choice and abundant fruit, they must beware of having too many leaves.

There is a useful scrap of moral here too; indeed there is a moral in every thing, as, for instance, a mouse, or the mustachio of a fop, if folks would note it. [Note it in the last instance: were it not for the mustachio, folks would be apt to *miss*-name the creature.] That is a “make-weight moral,” given to the reader for luck; and now for the proper one. Plant, beast, or man, always does best by doing one thing at a time. The parson’s wife used, indeed, to boast that she could scold the housemaid, direct the cook, and judge of the rehearsal of the sermon, very perfectly, and all at the same instant. The parson hinted, however, when she was out of the way, that the intonation against Betty was always more sonorous, the dinner more savoury, and the beauties of the sermon more full and fine, when the three duties of his better half were performed *seriatim*, with rests between.

After we know what a leaf is, our next inquiries naturally are, what it is like, and what it is [No. 7. Feb. 15, 1837.—2d.] Vol. 1.

good for, that is, what purpose it serves in nature; for in art it may be food, clothing, physic, poison, and one knows not what. A leaf, then, separates from the plant producing it, is dead instantly after, if not before this, and never has the least tendency to produce a plant like that upon which it grew, or any part of the same or any other plant, though it may be, and generally is, useful to some plant or other as manure.

Leaves often consist of two distinct parts,—a petiole or footstalk, and a blade or expansion; but some leaves have no apparent footstalk, and are called *sessile*, because the base of the blade, as it were, *sits* upon the member bearing the leaf; and there are other instances in which the base of the leaf sheathes or embraces the stem or twig in whole or in part. These, however, are fully as often mere fronds, or green expansions, rather than leaves. It is sometimes said that trees with sessile leaves make better timber than those which have long footstalks. This may be true in the species of any other genus, but it is not true in different genera, even of the same family. The leaves of the *araucarias*, or pines, of the southern hemisphere, are much more sessile than those of the pines of the north, but the timber is of very inferior quality.

There are many cases in which it is not easy, from mere inspection, to say whether a blade or broad expansion upon a plant is a leaf or a frond. A very little dissection, and the help of a moderately good glass, may soon settle the matter, however. In a true leaf there is always an articulation of one distinct part upon another; however firm the union may be, as long as the function of the leaf is required, and however the vessels of the one may appear to have a temporary connexion with those of the other, there is always the rudiment of a *decidua*—“something that can part,”—existing between the vessels; and when the function of the leaf is performed, the *decidua* contracts the vessels, and cuts off the communication; and when it has done this completely, it parts, and the leaf tumbles to the ground. Thus, for instance, a beech, if a young or low-growing one, in a very cold and bleak situation, will keep its brown and withered leaves the whole winter, in spite of the frost and the wind; and were it not for the well-formed buds and the healthy bark, one would be apt to pronounce the tree dead. On the other hand, a mulberry-tree shall—on some of those warm but treacherous “halcyon” days pretty early in autumn, when not a wind stirs, and the stubbles are literally carpeted with little cobwebs—be standing in all the solemn majesty of its dark foliage, with scarcely a leaf altered from the full colour of the summer; in the night the frost shall pinch, and

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the hoar-frost whiten every blade ; and then, if the sun comes out but in the forenoon, down will come all the leaves of the mulberry, in the course of an hour or two, all completely peeled off, and many retaining their greenness after their fall. The *membrana decidua* must do its work very expeditiously in these cases, and this without any of that gradual decay and change of colour in the leaf which we observe in many other cases ; indeed, the membrane appears to work alone, or nearly so, in all such cases as this ; and when this leaf also works, the operation is much more slow in the performance ; and the changes of colour through which the leaves pass are often many, and sometimes beautiful, so that painters often prefer the autumnal decay to the spring prettiness or the summer fullness of the leaves.

We believe that, in all trees and bushes which have this struggle and change of colour in the leaves in autumn, there is always some corresponding effort in the development of the leaves in the spring. Trees which colour in the autumn begin to show their leaves earlier in the spring, and are longer between the first show and the full development. The mulberry, to which we have alluded, comes late, but is out fully in a few days. It is this tardiness to put out its leaves, and haste to shake them off, which has gotten the mulberry the name of *morus*, "the fool ;" which is, of course, an ironical allusion to the caution of the tree in avoiding the late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn.

There seems to be something more connected with the rapid action of this membrane, namely, a power of action in the tree. It is well known that a branch from a mulberry-tree, however large, if planted as soon as it is torn off, will at once grow as a tree ; whereas most other deciduous trees will not grow at all in a large branch, and many not even in a small cutting. This is a part of the subject, however, which requires to be further studied.

The forms of leaves and their textures are exceedingly varied, and afford good external means of distinguishing one plant from another ; but they are not to be depended upon as indicating the qualities of the respective plants. Thus fatal accidents often happen from eating fool's-parsley—which, in some soils, is difficult to eradicate from gardens—instead of the common parsley, which, though pungent, is not poisonous. Similar accidents have arisen from mistaking fool's-watercress for the common watercress, as what are called the leaves of both of these are also very similar. If the latter plants are in flower it is easy to distinguish them, as the wholesome cress is a *cruciferous* plant, or has the petals, four in number, arranged like a cross ; while the poi-

sonous plant has the flower *umbellate*, or with the flower-stalk standing out like the stretchers of an umbrella. There is another means of detecting these two : the leaves of the poisonous plant embrace the stem like sheaths at the bases of their footstalks, and those of the wholesome plant do not. Ground, or treatment, will sometimes alter the qualities of these plantæ. Thus, wild celery is a very acrid plant, and a wholesome one when it is properly cultivated, though even then it requires to be blanched by earthing up the stem, which also draws up and strengthens the stalks of the leaves, that is, the narrow parts of the fronds, and at the same time renders them tender and juicy.

Though we have mentioned these few particulars, for the sake of such as may chance to be ignorant of facts so generally known, yet the plants of which we have been speaking can hardly be said to have any real leaves. The only plants that have these, are plants whose stems and branches consist of wood and bark, and have their growth in substances between these. Such trees do not work in the above-ground part of their structures in the addition of any new matter, except when they have leaves in a living and healthy state ; and when the leaves are deciduous, or annually cleared from the tree, as they are in the greater number that are to be met with in Britain, the leaves never drop off by peeling till the tree is prepared for answering to the stimulating action of the coming year. In as far as this concerns the lengthening of the parts of the tree, or the production of new branches upon it, it is done by buds. It may generally be observed, that the bud is early brought to maturity in proportion as the decidua parts concur with the action of the cold ; while in some of those species that are to retain their green leaves during the winter, and shed them only when the hot season again sets in, have the autumnal buds very small.

The connexion between the leaf and the flower, and the fact that the cultivator may work either of them as he pleases, at the expense of the other, are not unimportant parts of the story of a leaf.

The leaf is always in some way connected with the production of the bud which contains the embryo flower. This connexion is, in many trees, and in most forest trees among others, with the leaf of the former season ; and then the flower of the season comes before the leaf ; in other cases the leaves of the year are produced before the flowers, and the flowers are on the shoots of the same year, or properly summer flowers ; whereas the spring flowers that come before the leaf, are on the shoots of the former season.—But we must stop.

SITTINGS FOR MY PORTRAIT.

SECOND SITTING.

"WHAT a feast for vanity!" Was that a whisper or a fancy?

"Be pleased," said the painter, "to resume the position of yesterday, it was a *graceful* attitude, and the light so fell as to give a just and pleasing expression to the countenance."

Forthwith he adjusted his canvass, glanced at the several parts of his outline with apparent satisfaction, and seemed to look forward with delighted anticipation to the completion of the beau ideal with which he had fed his fancy. Now then for the elementary likeness; to-day it is, in some degree at least, to manifest itself; I, my family, my friends, posterity, are all to be gratified—fine ideas these!

But *who* whispered the words "what a feast for vanity?" Who, indeed, but *conscience*? And did not the secret monitor speak truly, though then, as heretofore, often rebuked, resisted, and scornfully turned away? That same conscience is a wonderful tell-tale, and what it tells is perfectly and universally correct. Possessed of a kind of ubiquity it can never be escaped; it is every where—at home, abroad, by night, by day, in company or alone, it is still about us and within us, to condemn or to approve, with uncompromising severity of judgment and decision. This same inward judge of right and wrong in human character exposed the appalling fact to our original parents that they were naked and had sinned, though they sought an impossible concealment amidst the trees of the garden;—confounded the notorious king of Babylon amidst his wine cups and his lords, though ten thousand shouts of applause echoed through the hall of a guilty festivity, by fixing his silent gaze on mysterious and unintelligible tracings on the wall;—and overwhelmed by its convincing testimony, with inexpressible anguish and ruin, the betrayer of the great Redeemer of mankind.

The suggestions of conscience ought in every case to be regarded, not only because they are true, but because they are important. The convictions it aims to produce are invariably benevolent in their object, for they are intended to improve character, and promote happiness, by the subjugation of an evil passion, or the advancement of a good principle. While the demon influences of the external world, and the depraved propensities within, would hurry us on to mischief and personal suffering, this sacred instinct of our nature restores to rectitude of thought and feeling, thus ministering both to our intellectual and moral elevation.

But it may be supposed there was no necessity for its interference on this occasion. Whatever may be said of the individual or the occa-

sion, surely much might be said on the subject of vanity; and though one particular exercise of it might appear unimportant, yet whoever has right ideas or right desires with regard to the formation of character, must admit that what is deemed insignificant in itself, may be of material consequence by its associations and results. The infant Hercules is to be dreaded, for its maturity will gradually come,—its gigantic and destructive power is already formed. The passion in question, however, is capable of working inconceivable mischief; and the less liable it is to detection, or the more easily capable of extenuation and concealment, the greater should be our vigilance to trace its insinuating operations, and deteriorating effects.

Moralists have made a strong distinction between pride and vanity, the former being regarded as a higher or nobler order of vice, the latter as more mean and contemptible. Thus, we speak of the *pride* of intellect, and the *vanity* of person and dress. The application of the terms, however, shows an attempt to invest a bad passion with some of the attributes of virtue, and to indulge the spirit of self-flattery at the expense of reason and truth; nay, so perverted are the conceptions of mankind, that they adorn it with factitious lustre, and deem that which is really debasing, capable of dignifying the very animals themselves. Thus they are led to express admiration of what is termed the *noble pride* of a horse! No wonder that whole volumes are written to illustrate and to celebrate this disposition of mind, and that the very basest passions challenge esteem and applause by decking them out in this splendid investiture. After all, pride, which is so often extolled, and vanity, which is so universally condemned, are essentially the same in origin and character; so that, in fact, pride is but *disciplined vanity*, and vanity only the exfoliations of pride. The latter, therefore, has been well denominated "petty pride"—pride operating upon small occasions. But though the one has often been regarded as exclusively the characteristic of superior men, and the other of little minds, neither the one nor the other class are exempt from the power of both. Swift, with a keen discernment of human character, says,—

"'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit."

There are few occasions in human life when vanity finds a stronger incentive to action, or an ampler field of exercise, than during the period of sitting for a portrait. Your own person, the conformation of every feature, figure, expression,

whatever it may be, is not only to be minutely observed by the painter who is to transfer each and all to the mimic canvass, but, with a flattering unction, are to be pointed out and commented upon by the artist, or the friend that watches the progress of the work, or your own self-approving, self-lauding consciousness. If you are ugly, you have one very striking feature; if no expression, your features are beautiful. You have fine eyes, or handsome eyebrows, or an intellectual forehead, or an amiable mouth; or your face is an elegant oval or circle, or—in short, of one thing you may be assured, you have no faults of countenance or form, or if you have they are not dwelt upon; a mere cursory reference to them, however prominent, will prove that they are absorbed amidst surrounding marks of character. Vanity, like a wily serpent, creeps into the very folds of the dress, and soothes while it destroys.

If a man will be true to himself, this one important advantage is derivable from having one's likeness taken, that it tends to bring out vanity from its hiding-place in the heart, to exhibit a man to himself, and thus, if he be a person of any reflection, to furnish him with the means of moral improvement.

It is commonly difficult to convince persons of the existence of faults which are visible enough to others; and they will exhibit, even when they deny them. There is in us so great an unwillingness to detect what is wrong, so determined an aim to deceive ourselves, to resist stern conviction, and to welcome flattering plausibility, to extenuate and conceal our own errors, and to magnify those of others, that the perfection we dream of is almost always to be found in one form and degree or another in ourselves, and the follies, infirmities, and obliquities of character incident to our fallen nature to be easily detected and very visible in the millions around us. But the pencil of the painter is a kind of Ithuriel's spear, at whose touch the crouching vices of pride and vanity start into view, compelling us, if we do not resolutely avert our eyes, to see ourselves in vexing but in profitable mimicry.

An observant painter might trace the different modifications of vanity in the various classes that from time to time present themselves as candidates for the canvass. It would, perhaps, even require no great discrimination to perceive the diversified operation of this curious passion. He would clearly and easily discover the kinds of vanity in those who were the same by profession, as well as its chief characteristics in each separate person. He might soon witness the developments of the vanity of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar, and of the commoner and the lord. He might mark the vanity both of men and women, of great and little, of babes and sires; and, alas! this vice is worst in the fairest of our race, and vigorous even amidst the feebleness of infancy. Some of high pretensions aim to justify to them-

selves their self-admiration, by desiring the painter to take care to catch that particular resemblance; and some, to conceal their inward mortification at defects of countenance or mind, by denouncing as wrong in the painting that fault of countenance, or vacancy of expression, which is nevertheless true to the life. It is doubtless very unfavourable to the veracity of the canvass, that the painter should know, as he in general must know full well, how readily he will be pardoned for omitting any special blemish, or softening down a notorious deformity; and how certainly he will be denounced and underrated in his art if he should forget or fail to give at least the due degree of prominence to a fancied excellence of face or form. Still this weakness, yea, this *wickedness* of our nature is fraught in its developments with useful lessons to *him*; if it may not be to unreflecting minds—to *them*.

Apropos to the above remarks is a story which I lately heard, and which is but one of a thousand of a similar kind. A lady young and fair had married a gentleman (*proh pudor!*) aged and unsightly; but both agreed—he being the delighted dupe of soft persuasions—that his portrait should be forthwith taken. They accordingly proceeded to the house of an artist, and even acceded to rather an extravagant charge. He sat patiently and anticipatively. The work was finished—the likeness complete. The painter himself accompanied it home; it was exhibited, and, alas! alas! it disappointed. “No, sir,” exclaimed the lady, “it is not like, it cannot be like.” “Madam, I have taken, as I found myself bound to do, unusual pains. My own impression is, that I have fully succeeded, and I trust it will please.” “My husband like that? Impossible! Besides, every little scratch or fault is not to be so marked; a likeness should be a general and striking representation of the whole character of countenance —” “Madam, I beg pardon. I am very anxious to succeed; I will furnish another painting, and I am certain of giving you satisfaction. There shall be no additional charge.” The agreement was made, and the task resumed. The painter had wit enough to perceive that the disappointment arose, not from its being a failure, but from its being too perfect a likeness. He saw that his business was to please, and in his second performance he carefully omitted or softened down every carbuncle, wrinkle, or spot; it was then done to admiration—an excellent likeness; he was paid with the greatest cheerfulness, and with wine and thanks. The fact was, he first made a *likeness*—that would not do; then he drew a *picture*—that was satisfactory.

The fact is, that vanity does not wish for a likeness, it wishes for concealment or exaggeration; it consists in a false estimate of ourselves, or of the trifles which belong to us; and that it is that imaginary excellence, whether of person or mind, that it desires in some way or another

to be impressed on the canvass, for itself and for others to admire. It is the picture in a man's own mind, and not the reality of corporeal form, which vanity is solicitous to have caught and perpetuated,—a kind of other self, the self of fancy, not of fact. What a folly and an illusion! as if others could be as much deceived, and overreached, and befooled as our own beloved and flattered selves!

Dr. Johnson, though generally correct and profound in his views of human nature, has surely committed an error in a paragraph upon this subject, written in the "Idler." "Whoever," says he, "is delighted with his own picture, must derive his pleasure from the pleasure of another. Every man is always present to himself; and has, therefore, little need of his own resemblance, nor can desire it, but for the sake of those whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This use of the art is a natural and reasonable use of affection; and though, like other human actions, it is often complicated with pride, yet even such pride is more laudable than that by which palaces are covered with pictures that, however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue nor excite it." It is true, that a man being always present to himself he may have no need of his own resemblance; but it does not follow that he may not desire it, even without reference to those he loves, or by whom he may be remembered. A vain person takes pleasure in his or her reflection in a glass, not merely because of

the beauty or expression which is to gratify others, but often solely for self-gratification. It is to please a personal fancy or consciousness; and, for the same reason, a minute painting might, and doubtless would, afford pleasure to a vain person, though it were never exhibited. The latter is doubtless a means of greatly augmenting the pleasure, but it is not the sole cause. It is objectionable, besides, to speak of pride as laudable in any of its exercises, and more or less so in particular cases. What is entirely condemned by Christianity, can never be justly a subject of approval in any degree, or even of toleration. We might as well refer to robbery or sensuality, to envy or covetousness, as more or less laudable. On the contrary, we should oppose, denounce, and aim at the extermination of every evil principle. Other objections might be made against the concluding comparison, but these remarks may sufficiently rectify what is most exceptionable.

Besides the pride or vanity of sitting for one's portrait, there is the pride of *not sitting* for it; for there may be pride in the pertinacity of refusal, as well as in the readiness of compliance. The case is the same here as in what is technically termed "taking honours;" poor human nature is exhibited in both instances, and in a similar manner. "To yield or not to yield, that is the question; whether 'tis nobler ——" but stop, it has been already shown there is no nobility in a bad passion.

THE LEVEE AND THE DRAWING-ROOM.

(From Colton's "Four Years in Great Britain." 1836.)

THE LEVEE.

THE throne-room is the place of reception; the adjoining apartment, George the Third's room, is occupied by foreign ambassadors, ministers, nobility, and other distinguished personages; Queen Anne's room principally by commoners and strangers, until the time has come for a general mingling.

It happened that the Duke of Wellington appeared in his robes as chancellor of the University of Oxford, accompanied by a respectable corps of the academical and chief dignitaries, also in their official robes, for the purpose of presenting a petition to his majesty, that he would graciously be pleased to put a stop to the impertinencies of the dissenters, and to resist their unreasonable and arrogant claims. The duke's robe was a new one, with some yards of train, all of black satin, and not a little heavier for the gold that was laid along its borders, from the collar to the end of the train. The train of a robe is a troublesome and inconvenient thing to manage by men or women, and is always in the way of somebody's feet; they have the privilege, however, of

carrying it on the arm, except in the presence of majesty.

After the company had been half an hour in waiting, the doors of the throne-room were opened, displaying his majesty on the throne, supported by members of his family and high officers of state; and a guard of the honourable corps of gentlemen at arms were marched in, forming two ranks from the foot of the throne to the door, between which the Duke of Wellington entered at the head of his *academic* corps, all making obeisance as they approached the throne. The petition was read audibly and distinctly by the duke, and his majesty nodded gracious signs of attention. This ceremony being ended, the duke, his academic staff—a new sort of staff for him—and the guard retired, when the centre door was closed, a side one thrown open, and a call made for the foreign ambassadors and ministers, whereupon ambassadors and ministers took rank according to seniority of residence at court, and prepared to pay their respects to the king. The king had taken his station near the door, in front of the first window; the lord chancellor

(Brougham) held the purse, standing motionless, like a statue, a very unsuitable office for him ; his majesty being surrounded and supported by those appointed to wait upon his person on such occasions, the dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester being among the number.

The king takes his station in the throne-room on his feet, and uncovered, at a point most convenient to receive his company, in like manner as the president of the United States on similar occasions. He does not give his hand ; the salutation of the parties as they meet, the king being always one, is the best bow they can make—a series of bows, concluding with a *congé* from the king, differing from other bows by a peculiarity more easily recognised than described, which signifies, "You may pass on." His majesty, of course, cannot speak to every one, and in the majority of cases the bow of reception and of *congé* immediately succeed each other. With most of the foreign ambassadors and ministers he has a word or two ; but he cannot have time to speak to one in a score of those who approach him on such an occasion ; yet the opportunity of observing the king's form, features, and manner, is excellent.

I cannot claim the honour of having held a conversation with his majesty. When I was presented I happened to stand very close to him, within two feet or eighteen inches ; he received my name from Mr. Vail, with such particulars as were proper to be mentioned ; then turning to me made several very low bows, the marked civility of which compelled me to attempt some like courtesies in return ; and had we not both stepped back a little, to give space for those arcs of circles described by our heads, we certainly should have bumped rather unpleasantly. Immediately on passing the king I returned to mingle with some sprigs of nobility, strangers, clergymen, and others, who had the privilege of the *entré*, but did not belong to the diplomatic corps. The doors to the throne-room being open, we could still see what was passing there without difficulty. I took my station in the recess of a window, where I could see the king receive his company, and observe his manner. By this time all that had been admitted with the *entré* had paid their respects to his majesty, and immediately the door of the other room was opened to admit the commonalty.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

We left our names at the reporter's table in the portrait gallery, according to custom, and arrived in the middle state-apartment, or George the Third's room, next to the throne room, at a quarter before two o'clock. There were not many in by this time.

Soon after we entered the room the centre folding-doors at both ends flew open, and the

Duchess of Kent was announced. As by magic, a passage was opened through our apartment, and all turned to pay the duchess respect. She entered, being ushered in by the men in waiting, followed by the ladies attending upon her, but without the Princess Victoria. It would have been especially agreeable if I had seen this young heiress presumptive to the British throne under such circumstances. The duchess curtsied and bowed with great grace, both to the right and left, as she passed through the opened and smiling ranks. She is a woman of truly royal bearing ; her looks are most interesting, even charming ; her manners expressing every winning grace. No wonder that she is popular ; and if her husband had lived she would have been the idol-queen of the nation. She glided into the throne-room to join the royal party, and to support the queen during the ceremonies ; and the doors closed behind her.

The throng in our apartment continued to increase, by new arrivals, for nearly an hour ; and such also, I perceived, was the fact in the east room, until the latter became absolutely crammed. I hardly need say that every thing around had now become the most brilliant scene I had ever witnessed, as brilliant, indeed, as the great wealth of the English nobility, lavished in the richest profusion on the persons of the fairest of their women, and of their high and honourable men, could make them ; and this in no wise diminished, but increased, by that borrowed splendour which the presence of the representatives of the greatest and richest nations of Europe added to the general effect. It was a dazzling pageant. The East contributed its gems, Africa its snow-white, lofty, and nodding plumes, the shops of Europe furnished the wardrobe, and her arts mingled the colours, determined the forms, and fixed the relative position of all the parts of this moving diorama.

The doors to the royal presence opened ; an instinctive movement seemed to bring all whose duty it was first to offer their respects to the queen into their proper places. I cannot speak positively as to the order in every particular, but the foreign ambassadors and ministers seemed to me to take the lead. A plural number of distinguished females, however, threw down their trains and preceded us, among whom was the Duchess de Dino, niece of Prince Talleyrand, and Madame Tricoupi, the lady of the Grecian minister, who was now for the first time presented.

The king stood where he did at the levee, supported by certain lords in waiting on his right, and his brother Cumberland, and cousin Gloucester, on his left, with a nephew, Prince George of Cumberland. The queen stood immediately before the throne, a little to the right, supported by the Duchess of Kent and her attendants on the left, and by her own personal retinue on her right. The king's dress was a scarlet coat and

a military uniform ; the queen appeared in white satin, with a pearl head-dress.

Our progress after entering the throne-room was exceedingly slow. I stood opposite the king, with only space for one person to pass between me and him, for about ten minutes. The queen was occupied during this while, I believe, with Madame Tricoupi, wife of the Grecian ambassador. In the mean time the Duchess of Richmond came between me and the king, and talked with him freely. The king spoke very low, and I caught but a few words.

"Poor fellow," said the king to the duchess, "I am told he was very miserable. I am extremely sorry not to see him," &c. They appeared to be speaking of the death of some person, I know not who.

"And are you in town?" said the king, &c.,

to the duchess. The Duchess of Richmond is evidently a very superior woman ; her looks and manners are exceedingly interesting.

Next came Earl Grey and talked with the king, while I stood in the same place. The noble earl has a head that is worth looking at. As I had a fine opportunity for a close observation of the king's countenance for several minutes, while he was engaged in conversation, his features seemed to me quite of the benevolent character.

We at last came in our turn to the queen. She received my name, looking alternately at Mr. Vail and myself, and very graciously asked how long I had been in England, expressing a wish that my visit might be agreeable. She curtsied, and we passed along to give place to others.

DIVINE CONDESCENSION.

SOME of the most magnificent expressions of Scripture are those which relate to the Divine condescension. The doctrine that the infinite God, who inhabits immensity and eternity, enters minutely into all the affairs of his creatures, presented to the mind of the psalmist an image of condescension so overwhelming, that he exclaimed, "Who is like unto the Lord our God who dwelleth on high, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth!" Observe, he couples together the things that are in heaven and earth without distinction. Now, to our apprehension, the things of heaven are inconceivably greater, more important, more worthy the Divine attention, than the things of earth. But in the eye of God the difference is only a difference in minute degrees—a difference in degrees of littleness—and therefore, in itself, a very little difference.

Were you, from the top of some lofty eminence, some dizzy height, to look down upon two objects—the one a man and the other a child—though they would doubtless consider the difference between themselves to be very great, to you it would appear to be very little, if any. This, indeed, would arise from the necessary imperfection of your organs of sight—but the idea may serve for an illustration. For while to our apprehension the things of heaven are unspeakably greater than the things of earth, we are to bear in mind that the Almighty is infinitely higher than the highest created intelligence in heaven ; that while the difference between the highest and the lowest of his creatures can be measured, the difference between him and the highest creature which he has formed cannot be measured ; so that he has to look down—(if we may say so) he has to look down from an infinite height upon the highest as well as upon the lowest, upon the things that are in heaven as well as upon the things that are in

the earth. The wonder is that he condescends to regard the things that are in heaven ; but having stooped thus far, we are prepared to hear that he stoops a little farther, and regards the things that are on earth. For though there is a difference between them, and though his eye measures that difference in all its proportions, yet is it really so insignificant to Him whom heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain, that it is an act of infinite condescension in him to notice either.

Looking at the history of this condescension towards man, there appear to have been four remarkable stages in it, at each of which we behold him carrying it a degree farther than before, until he has reached the very lowest point to which it could be carried. We say nothing of the benignity which he displayed towards our first parents, while yet they retained their original purity,—benignity which showed itself in symbolically walking with them in paradise, in visible manifestations, in frequent and familiar converse. *That* belonged to a state which soon passed away, and of which we know little more than this—that it once existed. But we have to contemplate the Divine conduct in a subsequent and far different state—a state which was commenced by an act of disobedience and rebellion against God—a state in which man has outraged every attribute of the Divine character, in which he has lost all love and likeness to God, and has joined in league with his enemies ; in which the prevailing habit of his mind is that of enmity against God ; and a state, therefore, in which his holy and insulted Maker might justly have left him to perish, and have withdrawn and enclosed himself for ever within the depths of his everlasting dwelling-place.

Now it was towards man in this state that the Almighty took the first step in his career of con-

descension, *by speaking to him*. He broke the fearful silence which sin had produced, and which might have lasted for ever, and spoke to us. And every accent he uttered was an accent of love. For the sentence which consigned our bodies to the stroke of death was only the application of what had been *previously* threatened; while every *additional* word was intended to mitigate that doom, by inspiring us with the hope of being finally delivered from it. And having broken the silence, he proceeded to address us at sundry times and in divers manners. He prescribed the way by which we might hope to regain his favour; he added promise after promise to encourage our obedience; and though it did not comport with the majesty of his holiness to maintain, as before, familiar intercourse with our polluted race, yet every time he spoke to us he opened a fresh view of his excellence, and furnished an additional proof of his condescension.

Another stage in his divine condescension to man was, when he appointed a place for the symbol of his presence to dwell in, and where man might be always welcome to approach and commune with him. That *PRESENCE*, indeed, was concealed from the public eye, and could be approached only in a prescribed manner. But still it was a vast advance in the Divine condescension: it seemed to say that his benignity knew no limits; it seemed to place earth in close proximity to heaven. When Solomon offered up the first prayer at the dedication of that hallowed edifice, he appears to have been almost overwhelmed with the idea:—"Will God," said he, "in very deed dwell with man upon the earth? Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee, how much less this house which I have built!" Will the Divine Omnipresence take up his dwelling here? Is not the expectation too great to be realized? Will he do so "in very deed?" To this appeal of his servant, which showed a mind labouring and staggering under the amazing conception, the Almighty replied, "I have chosen and sanctified this house, that my name may be there for ever; and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually." And through a long succession of ages he continued to meet with his people there, and to commune with them from off the mercy-seat.

But all this—astonishing as it was—was only preliminary. The next stage in the condescension of God to man threw all its past history into the shade. The "*WORD*" himself became flesh and dwelt among us. Great, indeed, is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest "*in the flesh*"—came and tabernacled among us in our own nature. By a mysterious act he took our nature into union with his own, and actually walked the earth, conversed with us, instructed us, pitied and wept over us, by all the arts of a divine compassion commended his love to us. This was a stoop of condescension immeasurably deep. Be-

yond *this* (we might have said) he cannot go—even *he* cannot go. He has now reached the lowest point to which he can descend, for he has reached the low basement of earth, he has placed himself on a perfect level with ourselves. We have now seen the utmost limits of his condescending grace.

"But my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." Look at that cross—at Him who hangs upon it. Look at that bleeding form—that is a lower point of condescension. He is *dying*—*dying for us*—*dying for us the accursed death of the cross*. "He was in the form of God, and thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but he made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." That was, indeed, the lowest point to which he could descend. The sun shrunk back, amazed at that sight; angels hung over it perplexed, unable to comprehend it. All nature sympathized and wondered. And shall we, for whom all this voluntary humiliation was endured, be the only beings who are unmoved by it?

Let us glance at the ground over which we have passed. We have seen that man had reduced himself to the condition of an enemy against God; and that with this condition he was in love, when God, who is rich in mercy, resumed the intercourse which sin had interrupted, by speaking to him. This was the commencing act of his condescension—and it was amazing. When any thing of a similar kind takes place among men—when a party injured is known to have spoken first to the party which injured him, especially too if he be his superior in rank—the act is spoken of with unfeigned admiration. But that the Creator should have thus acted towards his creature—that the infinite God should have first spoken, and have spoken amicably, to the poor, alienated, debased children of men, surpasses unspeakably the utmost condescension which man can show to his fellow-man. And still more, that he should appoint a place for his presence to dwell in, where we might go and commune with him; that he should hide from our sight the glories of his throne, lest they should overwhelm our feeble spirits; that he should conceal from us the ministries of his celestial court, and, dismissing that train which filleth the temple above, should stoop to visit the lowly abodes of those that fear him, and dwell as a Father in the homes of earth—this was a lower stage in his condescension still. That he should have left the high and holy place which he had inhabited from eternity, and have assumed the nature of his creature man, and have become a resident on earth, was another and a far lower stage in his condescension still. But that while

here he should have submitted to suffer death—"the death of the cross"—by the hand of those he came to redeem—was a depth of condescension never before imagined, never after to be surpassed. If he humbles himself when he only

deigns "to behold the things that are in heaven and earth," then what shall we say of his condescension in becoming flesh, and dying for us? It is the everlasting wonder of the universe.

CHARLOT TAYON.

It is curious to speculate on the infinite variety of causes which have influence in the formation of character; on the numerous diversities which are found under different circumstances; and the multiplicity of qualities, which in their various combinations, make up each whole. What any man might have become under different training, or with different fortunes, it is vain even to conjecture. Yet we cannot refrain from speculating on the change which circumstances might have made in the characters and destinies of many, who "crawl from the cradle to the grave" unregarded and unknown.

Poor Charlot Tayon! I have often puzzled myself to tell to what class of men he belonged by nature. Illiterate, uncultivated, ignorant, bred up on the outermost verge of civilized life, and spending all the prime of youth and manhood far beyond it, it was hard to tell whether this rude training had retarded or encouraged the growth of those qualities which made him in my eyes a remarkable man.

A native of Upper Louisiana, he had entered in early youth into the service of the king of Spain, as a private soldier. His corps was one of those whose duties condemned them to pass their days in the wild prairies, which, extending from the neighbourhood of the Mississippi to the Rio del Norte, serve rather as the range than the habitation of small but numerous bands of Indians. Such a life is of course a life of toil, hardship, and danger. The qualities which fit a man to encounter these, are, under other circumstances, rewarded by fame. Even in scenes so remote, they do not always fail of a reward, which to him who receives it seems like fame. His few companions are his world, and their applause is to him the applause of the world. He perils every thing to win it, and having fought his way to the head of a company of rangers, is as proud, and with as good reason, as Wellington himself of all his honours, purchased at less expense of hardship or danger. It is thus that I account for the unequalled pride of this poor old man, associated as it was in his uncultivated mind with all that lofty courtesy which so surely accompanies a just sense of unquestioned and unquestionable merit.

I have said that he began life as a common soldier. A campaign of hard service was rewarded by the rank of fourth corporal. Another gave him the third place among those humble but important officers. In eight years he rose, step by step, and year by year, to the rank of first ser-

geant. Three more placed him, by the like regular gradations, at the head of his company.

As this was an independent corps, serving at a distance from the settlements, and only returning to them at long intervals, his station was one of great responsibility. This he assumed boldly, and exercised freely. Incapable of fear, he was not easily withheld from the danger by a distant authority, and, relying on the brave man's maxim, "that success in war justifies a breach of orders," he made little scruple of disregarding his, whenever an opportunity of striking a blow presented itself. On some such occasion he incurred the displeasure of his immediate superior, the commandant at St. Charles. To this worthy, the success which exposed the impolicy of his own cautious prudence, was by no means a justification for disobedience. He accordingly recalled Tayon, imprisoned him, and sent him in chains to New Orleans.

Here the history of his imputed offence was so creditable to him, and the bearing of the rude soldier so forcibly struck the intendant, that his persecutor was deposed, and the prisoner returned in triumph, bearing with him a commission as commandant of the post.

This was, in his estimation, the acmé of greatness to a subject. Of the unapproachable majesty of the "king his master," as he delighted to call him, he might have formed some such conception as we have of angelic natures. But among mere men of common mould, he had seen nothing, until his forced journey to New Orleans; and had perhaps never imagined any thing above the dignity that encircled the commandant at St. Charles.

There is nothing strange in this. An officer at once judicial and executive, supreme in both capacities, always acting in person, and enforcing his authority by the summary processes of despotism, is an awful personage in his province.—Though but a king of Lilliput, he is a king to Lilliputians, and especially to himself. Such was Charlot Tayon in his own estimation; he truly "bore him like a king," and when the throne of his power was removed from under him, he lost nothing of majesty in his fall. He was neither Dionysius at Corinth, nor Bonaparte at St. Helena. He was neither familiar nor peevish, nor querulous, but sat himself down, in quiet poverty, in a cottage on the edge of the village over which he had reigned.

I saw him but seldom, but always delighted to

converse with him. I found him uniformly affable, courteous, and communicative. Though too self-respectful to talk gratuitously about himself, a little address alone was necessary to make him do so. He spoke not a word of English, but though illiterate, (for he could not read,) his French was remarkably pure and euphonical.—Speaking slowly and deliberately, and calmly, in a strong, stern, sustained tone, with a countenance which bore no trace even of a bygone smile, there was more to strike the ear and awaken the imagination in his manner, than in that of any man I ever saw. The *tout ensemble* spoke an ever-present, deep, but proud and uncomplaining sense of wrong unutterable and irreparable. His figure, except on horseback, was awkward and ungainly. He was very old, and moved with difficulty. His short legs and arms, his broad bony hands, and his huge Roman nose, reminded me always of the legs, claws, and beak of a parouet. His features, however, were not bad, though harsh. A deepset dark grey eye surmounted by a shaggy brow, and a mouth firmly compressed and flat, were in perfect keeping with the rest of his face, and in character with the man. His dress was uniformly a blue cotton hunting shirt and trowsers, with mocassins on his feet, and a blue cotton handkerchief tied on his head, in what is called the French fashion, with the ends hanging far down his back. In this garb his centaur figure, mounted on the back of a wild horse, was certainly one of the most picturesque I ever saw.

I once drew from him a sort of a sketch of his life. It was a little more than a confirmation of what I had heard from others. But his manner, and the ideas which escaped from him, gave me more insight into his character. His was the first example I had ever seen of loyalty, not originated in personal attachment, wholly uninfluenced by personal considerations, adopted as a principle, but cherished into a passion. I doubt if he knew whether the king he served was king of France or of Spain, and am very sure he knew no difference between Charles III., Charles IV., and Ferdinand. Whoever he was, he was "*Le Roi mon maître*." As such he always spoke of him to the last, owning no other allegiance, acknowledging no other political obligation but the will and pleasure of the "king his master." Was he therefore malcontent?—just the reverse. "The king my master laid his commands upon me, to deliver up the post which he had done me the honour to place under my authority, to an officer appointed to receive it on behalf of the United States; and I obeyed him. He gave me to understand at the same time, that it was his pleasure that I and my people should submit to the authority of the United States, and conform to their laws, and I have obeyed him. You see me quietly acquiescing in the new order of things, and endeavouring in all things to regulate myself by

your laws; and I do so, because the king my master has commanded it."

There was nothing in his manner of saying this betokening that restiveness with which men submit to what they cannot help; he seemed merely to find a satisfaction in rehearsing the principles by which he had always professed to be governed, and contemplating the conformity between these and his actions.

At the time of the cession of Louisiana to the United States the old man was in comfortable circumstances; the best house in the village was his, and he had slaves and several arpens in the common field. But he had now fallen on evil days. He scorned to acquire any knowledge of the language, laws, and customs of the new masters of the country, and desired only to live in retirement and obscurity. But he could not help having some dealings with the world, and the management of these he committed to an only son, who had acquired a considerable proficiency both in the language and laws of America.

But if master Louis excelled his father in these things, he was as much his inferior in every honourable and manly virtue; in short, a greater knave never breathed, as soon appeared, by his so managing the old man's affairs as to reduce him to want. At the same time his craft, though sufficient to defraud his father, was no defence against the superior art of the adventurers who flocked to the country: he, too, was reduced to poverty; and, spurned by his father, detested by his countrymen, and despised by the Anglo-Americans, his name was a byword of scorn. But he still bustled about, trafficking in every thing he could lay his hands upon, negotiating bargains between the new comers and the old inhabitants, and cheating both as often as he could. But the profits of his villiany were small, for he was too cautious to venture on any bold measure.

At length, however, the fiend he served seemed to have betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. At the opening of one of the terms of St. Charles' Court, I found his name on the criminal docket. I looked for the charge, and found it to be for stealing a slave. This was a capital offence, and I at once concluded that Louis's time was come. He had not a friend on earth; no witness could be expected to soften a word of testimony; no juror would do violence to his conscience for his sake, and he had therefore no hope but in innocence; and nothing could be more improbable than that.

The trial came on. In a corner of the room I observed a cluster of the poor peasantry of the village huddled together, with looks of concern and awe, occasionally muttering in low and earnest tones. They are a good-natured people, and I was not surprised to see, as I supposed, some tokens of relenting toward poor Louis. But I was soon led to put a different construction on

their manner, when I caught a glimpse of a figure sitting with the head bowed between the knees, which I at once recognised as that of the culprit's father.

As the cause proceeded the excited interests of the old man came in aid of his pride, and he at length raised himself, made signs to those around him to stand aside, and thus sat full before me. He was pale and ghastly, and his eye was sunken, fixed, and rayless; with a countenance betokening stupor, like that of one just recovering from a stunning blow, he appeared to look on without seeing, and to listen without hearing.

It turned out that Louis's case was not so bad as I had apprehended. The prosecution was conceived in folly or malice, for the slave had been taken on a claim of property, by the advice of a lawyer. Of course, I had to say but a few words to the jury, and he was acquitted.

This turn of the case was so sudden that the poor Frenchmen, who understood only a word here and there, were unprepared for it, and began among themselves an eager jabbering, which at length awakened the faculties of the old man. He caught a few words, and then seemed, for the first time, to listen understandingly to what he heard. But whatever emotion he felt was either repressed by self-command, or buried in the depth of conscious abasement. He soon rose and left the room, followed by the little party that had surrounded him.

The next morning I happened to be passing through the bar-room of the house I lodged in, and as I entered the door I heard the bar-keeper say, "Here he is." I looked up. There was only one other person present, and his back was to me. Turning at the moment I saw it was old Charlot. I immediately approached him, accosting him with marked courtesy. He seemed not to hear me, but tottered toward me, looking up in my face with a dim lack-lustre eye, as if endeavouring to distinguish who I was. As I accosted him, extending my hand, he laid hold of it and drew himself forward, still gazing on me with the same fixed, inquiring look. "*C'est Monsieur le juge ?*" asked he, in a subdued and tremulous voice. At the moment his eye found the answer to his question, and before I could speak he had fallen on his knees, and my hand was pressed to his lips, and bathed in tears which rained from his wintry eyes. I was inexpressibly shocked, and more humbled in his humiliation than at any other moment of my life.

I raised him with difficulty, and, in a voice choked by tears, he tried to speak. I knew what he would say, and replied to his meaning: "You have no cause to thank me," said I; "your son had done nothing for which he could be lawfully punished; his acquittal was inevitable, and he has merely received sheer justice at my hands." While I spoke he recovered himself enough to speak. "Ah! Monsieur," said he, "that is true; but in the case of a poor wretch hated and despised by all, who neither has nor deserves to have a friend on earth, is not mere justice something to be thankful for? Bad as he is, he is my only son; and I must have leave to thank you."

I led the poor old man to a seat, and tried, as soon as possible, to change the conversation, and lead his mind to the topics on which I had heard him before dwell with pleasure. A question about his friend and comrade, the famous Philip Nolan, effected my object. His dim eye for a moment flashed up, like the last flickering of an expiring lamp, and he became eloquent in praise of the companion of his youth, his fellow in arms, and partner in innumerable dangers. The excitement soon died away, but it subsided into calmness and self-possession. He rose and took his leave with recovered dignity of manner. He tottered to the door, and to his horse,—a half-broken colt, which he mounted with difficulty. As he touched the saddle he became a new creature; his infirmities had disappeared, and he was now a part of the vigorous and fiery animal he bestrode. There he sat, swaying with every motion of the prancing horse, restraining his impatience with a skill and grace too habitual to forsake him, and with an air betokening a momentary flush of pride. He was like Conrad restored to the deck of his own ship. I could not see his face, but I had pleasure in thinking that the excitement of the moment might operate as a cordial to his drooping spirit. I looked after him as he passed up the street in a curvetting gallop, with his head-gear streaming on the wind, and bethought me I might never see him again.

I was not mistaken. The blow that brought him to his knees before any but his God, or "the king his master," had crushed his heart; he never held up his head again, and was soon at rest. The prevalence of the Catholic religion among the French has preserved one spot sacred to the men and customs of other days,—and there he lies.

FANATICISM.

THE other day, while turning over the pages of a modern volume of divinity, our attention was arrested by the following passage:—"Enthusiasm has the glory of the sun to kindle up its mists and clouds with

beauty; fanaticism has thunder, and lightning, and meteors in its gloom, and the tempest which it threatens may be soon dispersed. But bigotry is the palpable obscure, the solid temperament of darkness

mixed with drizzling rain; its pestilential vapours blast the lovely fruits of piety and goodness; while all noxious, all prodigious things crawl forth, and increase the horror of the night." We closed the book, and as is our custom when suddenly awakened to thought, we yielded to the wholesome process of intellectual rumination. The somewhat gorgeous and not very intelligible sentence we have quoted, seemed to present us with an inexhaustible theme for inquiry and reflection. Here were metaphysics, poetry, and theology, not very accurately distinguished, nor conveying any very precise ideas, strangely blended together; and, as it would seem, rising before us for the very purpose of tasking our faculties. We found ourselves at once defining the terms enthusiasm, fanaticism, and bigotry; tracing them to their origin, accounting for their distinctive characteristics, and ascertaining how far the author's descriptions of their attributes are borne out by the evidence furnished by their natural history and their practical results. Our thoughts and imaginings were at first confused: but when, like the original chaos, they began to assume something like form, and to promise, if not a new creation, a volume, or at least an article, they were at once suspended by the appearance on our table of a work on the very subject which had so deeply employed them.* And this work, which we have perused with critical attention, we are happy to introduce to our readers as philosophical and imaginative, maintaining the high and refined morality of the Christian Lawgiver, and breathing his spirit of compassionate tenderness towards the weaknesses and infirmities of human nature.

The author has very justly distinguished between the original constitution of man, and those evils which the deprivation of that constitution engendered. Thus he has clearly shown that enthusiasm and fanaticism are identical in their source, and that bigotry is only a precocious and aggressive variety of fanaticism, by which it acts offensively towards those who become the unfortunate victims of its malignant influence. Enthusiasm is good in itself, and has nothing but good for its object. It is the exaltation of the human agent above the little motives and the gross selfishness by which our nature is debased; it is the pure element of benevolence, which, excited and roused into energy, is conversant only with the sublime and beautiful in nature, in art, and social virtue. Its goal is perfectibility, a glorious and a happy universe. When religion becomes its grand incentive and its end, it is spiritualized, materialism sinks into nothing in its estimation, and it is bounded only by eternity. All is not spurious that is enthusiastic; though it cannot be denied that its tendency is to an extreme, and that extreme the exaggeration of imaginative piety into a principle which totally unfits its votaries for the business and duties of the actual world in which they live. While enthusiasm is confined within its proper limits it elevates the character of religion; when it degenerates into something allied with human weakness, it ought to excite our pity: but when it is associated with malignant passion, and is transformed into fanaticism, it deserves only our execration and contempt. The great distinction between enthusiasm and fanaticism is this—the one elevates the nobler principles of our nature, the other works chiefly upon what is base and vicious. This view of the subject justifies the God of nature, and relieves us from the painful emotions which we sometimes feel, when contemplating the guilt and the misery of our species. "What the contour and symmetry of the moral form was as it came from the hand of the Creator, may be more readily determined in the dry method of ethical

definition, than vividly conceived; and this is especially true of those emotions which imply the presence of evil. How delicate the task, if indeed it be a practicable one, to trace the line between nature (in the best sense) and deformity—between the true and the false in these instances! And yet the most rancorous or foul of the malign sentiments cannot be considered as any thing else than a disordered state of some power indispensable to the constitution of a rational and independent agent. We need then take care lest, in our haste to condemn what is evil, we should denounce as such that of which God himself is author, and which, if we think closely, cannot even be conceived of as altogether wanting in a being placed where man is placed. Within a certain line there can, however, be no difficulty in deciding between good and evil. It is quite obvious that a passion or appetite subservient to some specific purpose, is in an irregular state when it overpasses or fails to secure that purpose; the end must give law to the means; and where the end may clearly be defined, the limit which the means should reach is not hard to ascertain. Either by *excess* and too great intensity, or by *perversion* or misdirection from their proper object, or by prolongation from momentary impulses to habits and permanent qualities, as well the animal appetites as the irascible passions assume a pernicious form and derange the harmony of nature."

It is not our purpose to establish and illustrate this assumed principle of the author of *Fanaticism*. It is quite sufficient for us to observe, that from various inductions of facts he has confirmed it beyond the possibility of contradiction. He has proved that evil for the most part is the abuse of good, the perversion of what is right; confounding ends and means, while the avowed object is the same. Thus the best things, when diverted from their legitimate intention, become the worst; thus religion, the greatest blessing to such a being as man, when perverted is his greatest bane. He turns into a curse what would otherwise ensure his own happiness and that of society. The history of fanaticism furnishes abundant proof to establish this appalling fact; and though it never can impress, to any very large extent, its demoralizing and ruinous character upon the present enlightened age, its threatenings in particular instances ought to fill us with dread and alarm; it may not become an epidemic, but its appearance in any of its forms should awaken us to a sense of our danger: if it do not prove infectious, it may drive us to the opposite extreme, and induce a moral disease equally malignant and destructive. When it does not propagate itself it engenders infidelity and atheism, and by making religion appear odious, altogether subverts its claims, and renders it a byword and a reproach. Burke, indeed, has told us, that man by his nature and constitution is a religious animal, and that atheism is not only opposed to our reason but to our instincts. But the depravity of man has transformed this natural instinct into one of the most ferocious maladies that can infect the human heart. If irreligion has slain its thousands, perverted religion has destroyed its myriads. Its most rancorous form is that of fanaticism—its superstition stimulating to madness all that is cruel and vindictive in the human agent, converting the man into a demon, and sending him abroad among his fellow-creatures like a wild beast, seeking whom he may devour.

The author of the work which has induced this train of reflection has thus analyzed this hateful principle. In the fourth section of his treatise, entitled "*Fanaticism the Offspring of Enthusiasm, or combination of the malign emotions with spurious religious sentiments*," he observes, "The imagination, when inflamed by anger and hatred, exerts a much more decisive influence over the active principles and the

* "*Fanaticism*;" by the author of the "*Natural History of Enthusiasm*."

character of men than otherwise ever belongs to it, (them); or we might rather say, that by the aid of those strenuous elements of our nature, imaginative sentiments extend their empire, and bring under their sway minds of a robust order, which would never have yielded to any softer impulses. A thousand fanatics have run their course of mischief, who would have spurned religious motives altogether in the simple form of enthusiasm. Rancour has been the true reason of their religion, and its rule and end. And as the empire of spurious religious sentiments is greatly extended by their alliance with the malignant passions, so do they acquire from the same quarter far more energy than they could boast in their simple state. A malign enthusiasm carries human nature to the very extreme boundaries of emotion possible to man; nothing which the heart may know, lies beyond the circle occupied by fanatical extravagance; and this circle of vehement sentiments includes many enormities of feeling or of conduct, of which scarcely a sample is to be found in a country and in an age like our own."

Distinguishing between the moral elements of enthusiasm and fanaticism, he goes on to say: "The false religion, then, of the fanatic includes elements not at all known to the mere enthusiast; and before we descend to the particular instances, it will be advantageous to ascertain the general, if not universal, characteristics of the spurious malign religion which animates his bosom; they may be reduced to three capital articles; namely, 1st, a deference to *malignant invisible power*; 2nd, the natural consequence of such a deference, rancorous contempt, or detestation of the mass of mankind, as religiously cursed and abominable; and, 3rd, the belief of corrupt favouritism on the part of invisible powers towards a sect or particular class of men; and this partiality is the antithesis of the relentless tyranny of which all other men are the objects."

From these premises, ably supported, the writer proceeds to show the different ways in which this malignant principle thus fostered generates its various abominations. He divides fanatics into several classes, admitting that the division occasionally comprehends individuals attached to each. "For the purpose of fixing a characteristic mark of each of our classes," he observes, "let it be permitted us to entitle them as follows; namely, the first, the fanaticism of the scourge, or of personal infliction; the second, the fanaticism of the BRAND, or immolation and cruelty; the third, the fanaticism of the BANNER, or of ambition and conquest; and the fourth, the fanaticism of the SYMBOL, or of creeds, dogmatism, and ecclesiastical virulence."

Whoever wishes to contemplate human nature under its most degraded forms, has only to trace fanaticism in its progress, as the malignant perverter of all that is good, and the demon-like perpetrator of crimes which, but for its ingenious and detestable cruelty, would never have been known among men. We remember, years ago, the reverend Momus of the Edinburgh Review diverting himself and his readers at the expense of the self-indictions and immolations of the poor idolaters of Hindostan. It was to him a merry spectacle, to see the victims of this revolting fanaticism, swinging in cages suspended in the air under a vertical sun, lacerated by knives, and hanging from the trees by hooks inserted in their flesh, because it was on their part voluntary—because they had the power at any time of relieving themselves. But, in our view, this is the very circumstance which deepens the whole scene with horror. What a terrible principle must that be which wildly hurries men into extravagances like these—which makes them their own tormentors and murderers!

In developing this principle our author tells us

that there are three distinct elements upon which fanatical sentiment employs itself; and in each instance the product is very distinguishable. There are, first, the miseries, physical and mental to which man is liable; 2nd, a consciousness of personal guilt and dread of retribution; and, 3rd, the supposition of supererogatory or vicarious merit. With regard to the first, the fanatic reasons thus. "If pain, sorrow, and want are to be my companions, I vow to have none beside: I will run forward and embrace wretchedness: I will live for misery, so that she may never overtake me or set me as the mark of her arrow. Disappointment shall for me hold no shaft which I will not have wrenched from her cruel hand, ere it can be hurled. The power of bodily pain shall have no anguish in store which I will not freely have forestalled. Famine, thirst, heat, and cold, shall assail me with no new lesson of distress: no; for I will frequent their school. Every pang the flesh or the heart can feel I will prevent by existing only for sorrow. Even that unknown futurity of evil which death may reveal, I will penetrate by continual meditation of horrors. So will I daily converse with ghostly despair, as to taste beforehand the very worst, and to nullify fear by familiarity."

Language like this may read like the very extravagance of madness, and perhaps the modes of feeling which it implies can only be produced so as to justify the full energy of the expressions, by the fanaticism which attributes malign power to the Deity, and trembles before him under a consciousness of guilt and dread of retribution. Misery is not chosen, in the first instance, for its own sake; but as it is inevitable, and the infliction of vindictive power, it is embraced, and the victim takes the scourge from the hand of the Deity, and lashes himself with tenfold fury, in order that he may appease the wrath which he dreads, obtain the favour of a Being who has at his command such tremendous spirits of vengeance; and at last, by a merit derived from supererogatory sorrow, secure heaven not only for himself but for others. "The fanaticism of personal infliction is not ripened until it approaches this latter point. That is to say, it wants spring and warmth. It has no heroism so long as mere dread and the sense of guilt are uppermost in the mind; but when pride takes its high standing, upon the supposition of merit won, and when invisible powers are deemed to have been foiled, then the spirit gets freedom and soars. Pitiable triumph of the lacerated heart, that thus vaunts itself in miseries as useless as they are horrid!" Must we not mourn the infatuations of our nature, as we watch the ascent of the soul that climbs the sky only to carry there a sullen defiance of eternal justice! So the bird of prey, beat off from the fold, and torn with the shepherd's shafts, its plumage ruffled, and stained with gore, flaps the wing on high, and fronts the sun, as if to boast before heaven of its audacity and its wounds.

This is human nature in its lowest grade of guilt and wretchedness; yet even in this its state of utter degradation, there is afforded a glimmering of its original grandeur. "After we have scoffed at the folly, or wondered at the infatuation of the voluntary sufferer, let us return and ask, whether so strange a perversion of the power of the spirit over the body does not furnish evidence of an overthrown greatness in the human mind, such as the atheist and sceptic quite leave out of their theory of man? If it be said that these witless personal inflictions take place in consequence only of an error of belief, and may properly be compared to the ill-directed fatigues of a traveller who, on wrong information, pursues a worse road when he might have found a better; let only the experiment be tried, of leading into a parallel error any being to whom the body and its welfare is the supreme and only interest to be cared for; not a step would ever

be set by such a being towards a folly of this order. The liability of man to go so far astray springs from those ulterior principles that are involved in his nature, and which bespeak an immortal destiny."

This it is that renders the superior powers of the soul, when brought under a malignant influence, so peculiarly fatal to the happiness of the individual and society. For he that so unnaturally turns his vladictive propensities against himself, becomes utterly regardless of the miseries of his fellow-creatures: nay, he riots in them, and they minister to the only enjoyment of which his heart is susceptible. If his creed is the dictate of a ferocious superstition, he obeys its mandates with a joy which is exactly proportioned to the sufferings which he inflicts, and the brand, the rack, the torture, and the flames he delights to employ against all who differ from his faith, or dare to question his infallibility. When the religion is confessedly divine in its origin, and merciful in its character, which seizes upon his imagination and controls his destiny, the fanatic contrives to extract from it the very essence of malignity, and his ingenuine inventions to torment the schismatic and the heretic are multiplied with the evidences which sustain the truth of the system which he has strangely perverted into the elements of a demoniacal malevolence.

Thus the dogmas of the Church of Rome, acting upon the worst passions of human nature, are justly chargeable with having immolated more victims, and by a process of infliction infinitely more terrible than all the other persecuting religions that have ever obtained among men. This pre-eminence in crime, as attributable to the Romish superstition, the author before us has irrefragably established. "What modern heart," he exclaims, "would not leap with fear if it were permitted to us for an hour to step back from the nineteenth century to the age of Vespasian, and to push our way into the theatre of imperial and popular diversions, just when the gladiator was about to die for the sport of a philosophic prince, and of sumptuous citizens; or when hungry beasts were to be glutted with the warm flesh of the nobility of a conquered kingdom! And yet the ancient Roman theatre, with its mere sprinkling of blood, and its momentary pangs and shrieks, quite fades, if brought into comparison with that coliseum of papal cruelty, in which not a hundred or two of victims, but myriads of people—yes, nations entire—have been gorged! If we must shrink back, as assuredly we should from the first spectacle, we shudder even to think of the other. Though it were possible to summon courage enough to gaze upon the mortal, yet equal conflict of man with man in the theatre, how shall we contemplate torments and burnings inflicted by the strong upon the weak; or if we might endure to see the lion and the panther spring upon their prey, could we force ourselves to the far more horrid sight, when the priest and the friar, athirst for their blood, were to rush upon men, women, and babes."

The writer then proceeds to contrast the cruelties of the Druidical, Scythian, and Indian idolaters, with the incomparable example of religious ferocity supplied by the Roman hierarchy. "Superstition," he adds, "does indeed tend to blood, and often is guilty of it; but fanaticism, fanaticism such as that displayed by the church of Rome, breathes revenge, and murder beats from its heart."

Compared even with the horrors under which Christians suffered during the first three centuries, from the pagan predecessors of the popes, on the seven hills, the latter appear insignificant. This the author has proved to the satisfaction, we think, of every man who will follow him in the clear statements which he has made, and who is able to form any thing like a competent judgment on the question. The fanaticism of the banner

and the symbol, the one aiming at conquest, and the subjugation of the world to a particular ecclesiastical despotism, the other assuming all the characteristics of an intolerant and systematic bigotry, contending for dogmas and opinions with an equable and remorseless fury, as if resolved that the human race shall be exterminated, or this particular order of belief, universally established, opens to us a wide field of speculation. We cannot enter upon it. Every where it unfolds a mournful, nay, an appalling exhibition of the fall and misery of man; and would seem to impress us with the conviction, that nothing in the form of religion can restore him: but that even mercy, the religion of redeeming love, with all its divine charities and healing influences, when brought into contact with human depravity, instead of softening and humanizing the heart, eradicates and destroys its best sensibilities, while it only inflames and aggravates the darker passions, and brings them out into fearful action, making man the destroyer of himself and of his species. Of course this is a conclusion which a little reflection must repudiate. Christianity has no such tendency; and the most triumphant portion of the present work is, that in which the writer meets this formidable objection against the religion of the Bible.

The diffusion of just views of the character of the Divine Being, as he has condescended to reveal the principles of his moral government in the Holy Scriptures, is directly at variance with every species of fanaticism. As opposed to turbulent and malignant emotion, it is altogether calm and passionless. Its element is love. Fanaticism, be it observed, as springing from spurious and exaggerated ideas of Christian doctrine, could never have produced any very considerable amount of evil, had it not allied itself with worldly power, and nerved the secular arm in support of its detestable murders and massacres. If the governments of the earth had left religion to itself, and suffered theologians to maintain nothing more than a wordy controversy, we should have had logomachies in abundance but no persecutions. It is a curious question how far fanaticism has availed itself of worldly power to accomplish its nefarious objects, and how far worldly power has employed fanaticism to perpetuate and extend its domination. But history has shown that in the end, fanaticism is always dangerous to states. If at any time it puts on the garb of an obsequious slave it is only that it may compel the world's masters to assist in its works of darkness, that in the end it may assume the triple crown, or some other badge of supreme authority, for the purpose of laying thrones and monarchies prostrate at its feet. In the present day we have nothing to apprehend from churches, whether established or tolerated, while the diffusion of general knowledge corrects the bigotry and extravagance of the pulpit. But if alarm be at all reasonable, it ought to separate us from those who put on a kind of patent sanctity, who deal damnation round the land, and who by one sweeping anathema, consign to perdition all who are not members of their own communion. This is the most dangerous of all heresies; from which, and all its tendencies, all true Christians should pray, "Good Lord deliver us." But in order to this, perhaps it will be necessary to construct a new liturgy; at least we must expunge from the present, the clause which assures us, that if a man believe not the doctrine of the Trinity, according to a human explication, "without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."

It is our intention to analyze, after the manner of this article the most important and valuable works of the day.

Mr. Taylor's last production, the "Physical Theory of another Life," we shall thus lay before our readers as soon as we have time to do it justice.

THE REVIEWER'S TABLE.

[Under this general title we propose to give a very brief character of books which may demand attention, but which the want of room, or the claims of other topics, may not allow us to review at length. We shall not be at the pains of clearing our table every week, but we will endeavour to do it as often as its weighty contents may require.]

Dunn's Christian Theology for every day in the year is carefully selected from 365 religious writers, is well arranged, and contains many beautiful passages.

Jones's Spartacus, a Tragedy, is written for the stage, and therefore not "in our line of things." We neither think it fit for the stage, nor the stage fit for it.

Philip's Lydias; or the Development of Female Character, forms a portion of his "Lady's Closet Li-

brary." It displays ingenuity, and breathes a pious spirit.

The Outcast is one of the thousand poems which please only the immediate connexions of their author, and which even they cast out before they have read to the end of it.

Belcher's Pastoral Recollections convey instruction of the most important kind in a pleasing manner. Interesting facts, and events which discover the hand of Providence, and unfold the character of sanctified human nature under the process of trial and preparation for a brighter world, as well as incidents which tell upon the heart of sensibility, are here detailed with great pathos and simplicity.

SCENES FROM HOME.

PRAYERS AT SEA.—We were now sixteen days from Callao, (says Stewart in his visit to the South Seas,) without any incident worthy of notice. Having run the whole distance in the full strength of the south-east trade winds, and directly in their course, we have had a breeze unceasingly fresh and fair, with all the inconvenience of rolling so heavily before it as to have been denied, to a great degree, every profitable occupation of time, even that of reading with comfort. Yesterday was our Sabbath. The only difference in the mode of performing religious service here, and on board the *Guerriere*, is in the signal used in assembling the crew. Instead of the boatswain's pipe, followed by the hoarse call around the decks, "all hands to prayers, ahoy!" as the bell strikes the time, the Portuguese hymn, from the band, breathes to every heart, in sweet and solemnising strains, the welcome invitation,

"O come and let us worship;"

while, from all parts of the ship, we silently obey its impressive call. My desk is the capstan, spread with the American ensign, beside which I stand mounted on a shot-box, to secure the elevation of a foot or two above my audience.

THE FIRST SABBATH IN A NEW SETTLEMENT.—In 1819 it was resolved by the government that about five thousand new settlers should be sent to the Cape of Good Hope. The first party, to which the late Thomas Pringle and many of his Scottish friends were attached, reached the colony in the early part of the following year. These emigrants journeyed some hundreds of miles from Cape Town to the location assigned to them. On a Saturday evening, they unyoked in a valley which they resolved to name *Glen-Lynden*. The ensuing day, their first peaceful Sunday, is thus described by Mr. Pringle in his *African Sketches*:—"Having selected one of the hymns of our national church, all united in singing it to one of the old pathetic melodies with which it is usually conjoined in the Sabbath worship of our native land. The day was bright and still, and the voice of psalms rose with a sweet and touching solemnity among those wild mountains, where the praise of the true God had never, in all human probability, been sung before. The words of the hymn (composed by Logan) were appropriate to our situation, and affected some of our congregation very sensibly:—

O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide:—
O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

While we were singing, an antelope, (oribi,) which appeared to have wandered down the valley without observing us, stood for a little while on the opposite side of the rivulet, gazing at us in innocent amazement, as if yet unacquainted with man, the great destroyer. On this day of peace, it was, of course, permitted to depart unmolested."

A LEPER.—A day or two after our arrival at Bombay, says a writer in the *Oriental Annual*, I was strolling, about sunset, on a beach of Colaba, a small island, separated from Bombay, only when the tide rises, by a narrow creek, the passage being perfectly dry at low water, when my attention was arrested by a peculiar object. A man approached me in the costume of the lowest orders, having only a cloth wrapped round his loins. I could not help being forcibly attracted by his appearance. His skin was perfectly white, as white as chalk; and when he came near me I perceived that it seemed glazed, as if it had been seared by a hot iron. His hair, for he wore no turban, was precisely the colour of his skin, and hung in long strips upon his lean and withered shoulders: his eyes, excepting only the pupils, were of a dull, murky red, and he directed them perpetually towards the ground, as if the light was painful to him, which, upon inquiry, I discovered to be the case: his gait was slow and tottering, and his limbs were shrunk to a state of attenuation quite ghastly. His ribs were so prominent that they might be counted at the distance of several yards, and the whole anatomical development was so singularly conspicuous, that it seemed to stand before me a living skeleton. He did not at first venture to approach within several yards of me. I advanced, but he gently retreated, beseeching me to give a miserable man a few pieces to save him from death, as he was an object of universal scorn, and an outcast from his tribe. His supplication was piteously imploring. He bid me not come near him, as he was a polluted creature, against whom the hand of every one was raised, and for whom there was no pity. By speaking kindly to him, I in a short time obtained his confidence, when he stood still and allowed me to stand close beside him. I asked him the reason of his extraordinary appearance. He told me that he had been for years a martyr to the leprosy, which, though at length cured, had left upon him the brand of irremediable pollution. The very hue of his skin had changed from a brown to a cadaverous and sickly white, and no one could mistake that he had been a leper. In India, lepers are held to be accursed of the Deity: they are in consequence universally shunned, and many yearly die in an abject state of destitution truly deplorable, from the universal abandonment to which their dreadful visitation exposes them. Though the poor man was of the lowest caste, none of the members of his tribe would hold intercourse with him; and he was cast forth a wanderer, where he could find none, but such as were

labouring under a similar infiction, who felt any sympathy in his wretchedness. Nothing can be more melancholy than the thought of a human creature so situated. Not only an outcast from general society, but shunned even by the most degraded of his tribe, he has no home but such as he makes for himself, apart from the haunts of men, who frequently drive him into the jungles, where he becomes a prey to the wild beasts; or where he refuses to withdraw himself beyond the remotest neighbourhood of human habitation, in violation of every law both human and divine, the members of his own family will frequently put the wretched creature to a cruel death.

THE PENITENT SLAVE.—A traveller who was riding through a forest in Virginia on horseback, thinking he heard a human voice, rode towards the thicket whence it seemed to proceed. When sufficiently near, he overheard a voice, though he could discern no object; he only caught the words, "O Lord, look down, see poor nigger; him heart as black as skin—dear Lord Jesus came all way down to save poor nigger."

Here the horse snorted, and alarmed the black. He raised himself a little, and cried out beseechingly, "Oh, no whippee poor nigger."

Mr. S.—What were you doing?

Slave.—Praying to God?

Mr. S.—What for?

Slave.—Me poor nigger: sinner black heart, black as skin: me come to wood pray God save me.

Mr. S.—Boy, I pray to the same God.

Slave.—Do you?

Mr. S.—Yes, and will pray with you.

Slave.—(falling flat on his face)—Oh do, Massa, and kneel upon poor nigger.

Mr. Smith immediately knelt down, but, as it will be readily conceived, not upon him, but by his side; and thus they both worshipped together Him who made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth, and who by one and the same precious blood will wash away the equally offensive stain of sin upon the white man and the black.—*Cox and Hoby's Baptists in America.*

A MAHOMETAN SERMON.—"I once had," says Mr. Updike Underhill, an American, who was long a captive in Algiers, "an opportunity of approaching, unnoticed, the window of one of the principal mosques. After the customary prayers, the priest pronounced the following discourse with a dignified elocution. It was received by his audience with great reverence. It may, undoubtedly, suffer from translation, and the fickleness of my memory; but the manner in which it was delivered, and the energy of many of the expressions, made so strong an impression, that I think I have not materially varied from the sentiment.—The attributes of the Deity were the subject of the priest's discourse; and, after some exordium, he elevated his voice, and exclaimed—

GOD ALONE IS IMMORTAL!—Ibrahim and Soliman have slept with their fathers; Cadijah, the first-born of faith; Ayesha, the beloved; Omar, the meek;

Omri, the benevolent; the companions of the apostle, and the sct of God himself, all died; but God most high, most holy, liveth for ever. Infinities are to him as the numerals of arithmetic to the sons of Adam; the earth shall vanish before the decrees of his eternal destiny; but he liveth and reigneth for ever.

GOD ALONE IS OMNISCIENT!—Michael, whose wings are full of eyes, is blind before him. The dark night is unto him as the rays of the morning; for he noticeth the creeping of the small pismire, in the dark night, upon the black stone, and apprehendeth the motion of an atom in the open air.

GOD ALONE IS OMNIPRESENT!—He toucheth the immensity of space as a point; he moveth in the depth of the ocean, and Mount Atlas is hidden by the sole of his foot; he breatheth fragrant odours to cheer the blessed in Paradise, and enliveneth the pallid flame in the profoundest hell.

GOD ALONE IS OMNIPOTENT!—He thought, and worlds were created; he frowneth, and they dissolve into thin smoke; he smileth, and the torments of the damned are suspended. The thunderings of Hermon are the whisperings of his voice; the rustling of his attire causeth lightning and an earthquake; and with the shadow of his garment he blotteth out the sun.

GOD ALONE IS MERCIFUL!—When he forged his immutable decrees on the anvil of eternal wisdom, he tempered the miseries of the race of Ismael in the fountains of pity.—When he laid the foundations of the world, he cast a look of benevolence into the abyss of futurity, and the adamantine pillars of eternal justice were softened by the beamings of his eyes. He dropped a tear upon the embryo miseries of unborn man, and that tear, falling through the immeasurable lapses of time, shall quench the glowing flames of the bottomless pit. He sent his prophet into the world to enlighten the darkness of the tribes, and hath prepared the pavilions of the houri for the repose of the true believers.

GOD ALONE IS JUST!—He chains the latent cause to the distant event, and binds them both immutably fast to the fitness of things. He decreed the unbeliever to wander amid the whirlwind of error, and suited his soul to future torment. He promulgated the ineffable creed; and the germs of countless souls of believers, which existed in the contemplation of the Deity, expanded at the sound. His justice refresheth the faithful, while the damned spirits confess it in despair.

GOD ALONE IS ONE!—Ibrahim the faithful knew it! Moses declared it amidst the thunderings of Sinai; Jesus pronounced it; and the messenger of God, the sword of his vengeance, filled the world with that immutable truth.

• Surely there is **ONE GOD, IMMORTAL, OMNISCIENT, OMNIPRESENT, OMNIPOTENT, most MERCIFUL and JUST;** and Mahomet is his apostle.

Lift your hands to the Eternal, and pronounce the ineffable, adorable creed: **THERE IS ONE GOD, AND MAHOMET IS HIS PROPHET.**

GEMS.

PREJUDICE.—Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October; a man goes forth to an eminence; he sees at the summit of a neighbouring hill a figure, apparently of gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him appear; he goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances towards him; the size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually but sensibly diminished; at last they meet, and perhaps the person he had taken for a monster proves to be his own brother.

TEMPERANCE.—The quiet and safety that are found in solitude and retirement from the world, may be equally enjoyed by us, though in it, provided that we keep strictly to the medium of temperance, and confine our wants to what nature exacts for its preservation, which is common and easily to be procured. In effect, whatever she counts most delicious and exquisite is common and limited; but if we listen to the unlimited appetites opinion creates when it is deceived by false appearances, our luxury will be insatiable, and nothing will be able to satisfy it.

THE SALMON FISHER.

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"A melancholy man——"

That loved, unseen, beneath some shelt'ring cliff,
 To sit as one whose brightest thoughts were drown'd
 With the wreck'd joy of forgotten days."

OLD PLAY.

FREQUENTLY on my journey to Inverness, in passing an almost desolate glen of cliffs, near the borders of Murray Frith, I had observed a solitary cabin in the bosom of this retired and romantic spot. There was a stormy grandeur, a wild and captivating sublimity in the scene, which always drew me towards it, and induced me to pass that way, although considerably from the main road. Often as I paused to gaze with emotions of untold delight on the picturesque beauties which the pencil of Nature had here sketched, I imagined this little lonely dwelling the habitation of some melancholy being, who, like myself, valued more the seclusion afforded by those shapeless rocks, than all the pomp and pageantry of the world. Why I entertained such ideas I am at a loss to imagine, they must have been created by the influence of the prospect on my own romantic imagination. One morning I came earlier than usual to my favourite haunt; the sun's golden beams had scarcely tinged the white foaming waters of the Frith; I ascended an eminence, where unseen I could distinctly observe the fishermen, with their nets loosely flung across their arms, entering their rude barks, and piloting them along the flood; even when the joyous tones of their matin songs were for a time distinguishable, till they either died away in distance, or became lost in the hoarser murmurs of the breakers' roar. "Ah," thought I, "on these banks there is nothing but peace; it is only in retirements like this that true happiness is to be found. These simple fishermen are strangers to the cares and calamities which dwell beneath the gilded domes of kings, and enter the crowded assemblies of the great. Their's is a golden age; their employment is an invaluable mine, from which they not only extract the means of existence, but the objects that alone can render it desirable—health and vigour." Thus musing I almost conceived myself a fisherman, and had fashioned a little world of uninterrupted felicity, peopled with creatures of my own dispositions and my own sympathies. I began to consider, that the desolate cabin, which had hitherto shown no sign of being tenanted, would form a delightful hermitage; and mechanically directing my eyes towards the declivity on which it hung, how was I astonished at beholding a figure, totally unlike the inhabitants of the adjoining hamlet, slowly emerging from its narrow door! Curiosity induced me minutely to observe him. He was

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above the common height, moved with a majestic step, and possessed an air infinitely superior to the generality of salmon fishers. His dress was composed of coarse grey cloth, over which he wore a plaid, thrown with a careless grace across one shoulder, and almost sweeping the ground with its long folds; he had on a bonnet also, fashioned like those of his neighbours, from which a profusion of long black tresses escaped, and, wafted by the breeze, mingled themselves with the descending ringlets of his unshorn beard. The winding path by which he descended (with his eyes bent upon the earth, his hands clasped in each other, and his whole frame wrapped as it were in the deepest rumination) conducted him past the angle, behind whose extremity I was standing. There was a pale dignity in his features—a grief not to be expressed; which at once put to flight my supposition that this solitude was the abode of unalloyed tranquillity. Never had I beheld such an expression of intense feeling as the countenance of this stranger exhibited; it was too evidently the index of a great mind sinking beneath a weight of overwhelming sorrow. Partially concealed by the jutting rock, he passed me unobserved, and turning abruptly under some shelvings of the height, suddenly disappeared. A feeling of the most powerful interest, excited possibly by the singularity of his appearance, induced me to follow at a distance his footsteps. In a few moments he reached the banks of the Frith, and seated himself on a fragment of rock, his feet almost touching the water; of which he evidently remained unconscious. By a scattered net extending from his listless hand, I had no doubt but his occupation was that of a salmon fisher, however he might refrain from mingling in the society of a class of men whose boisterous habits, I was willing enough to believe, were materially at variance with his own.

It appeared a singular circumstance to me, that any species of misfortune should be capable of throwing such a degree of dignity over a man, as totally to distinguish him from his companions. I felt an ardent desire to become acquainted with the object of my surprise. My heart dictated, that perhaps my hand might afford the means of mitigating his too visible sufferings, although I scarcely could prevail upon myself to suppose that those sufferings were other than mental ones, only to be alleviated by the hand of Heaven. At this instant two of the other fishermen approached him, but with a courtesy quite unlike that which I knew they accustomed themselves to practise towards each

other. He too seemed to shake off his abstraction, and with an unexpected cheerfulness accompanied them to their boat, and aided them in their employment and exertions. I followed their course with my eyes to a considerable distance, and in the course of my excursion through the glen, called at the cabin of an old peasant, to whose infirmities I was in the habit of administering pecuniary aid; when in reply to my inquiries concerning the peasant for whom I was so strangely interested, he informed me that his real name was as much unknown to the inhabitants of the place as myself. It appeared, by an indistinct account, that he had been almost shipwrecked in the western ocean; but with a part of the crew, and a lady supposed to be his wife or daughter, had effected his escape on a raft. He had abandoned his seafaring brethren, and accompanied only by his female partner, wandered as far as the little cabin in this glen; which, from its unfrequented stillness, seemed best suited to his wishes, as he immediately fixed on it for a residence. Of his fair companion in seclusion I could gather nothing: it was seldom she appeared abroad, and seldom addressed herself either to the fishermen or their wives. Sometimes, indeed, they had been noticed like lovers slowly rambling along the sides of the craigs by moonlight; and often, during the calm of evening, the sounds of music were heard from the rock on which they were known often to seat themselves.

Among the fishermen, the stranger was distinguished by the title of Rholf; with them he was considered serious, but not melancholy; and they respected him not more as a superior being to themselves than for that kindness of heart he had on several occasions displayed.

What I heard, added to what I had seen, convinced me still more, that the person whose secret grief I had so undesignedly witnessed, was far above the rank of a salmon fisher; nor could I cease to dwell upon the deep impression his looks and situation had made upon my mind. I felt an insurmountable desire to effect an interview with him, and to make a tender of my services; but feared that any intrusion on my part might be considered as the efforts of impertinent curiosity. With these reflections passing in my breast I arrived at the extremity of the glen, from which it was necessary to cross a ferry, in order to join my servant, who waited my return at a small public house at no great distance. The boat had glided about half way from the shore, when by some accident it upset, and plunged both the ferryman and myself into the water. In a few moments my luckier navigator succeeded in effecting his escape; and I, who was a tolerably expert swimmer, should have done the same had not the belt of my game bag, by escaping from my shoulder, twisted itself about my feet in such a manner as to render me

almost incapable of exertion; and as I a second time ascended, firmly adhered to the ruins of an old bridge which lay concealed at the bottom of the river. In vain for a time did I struggle—my strength began to subside in ineffectual writhings—the power of my exertions was not equal to the cruel bond that held me—I felt that I must perish, and abandoned myself for lost. My senses already began to be disordered; a violent oppression seized my brain; and a sort of chaos came over my mind, which not only extinguished reason, but every sense of danger likewise.

The earliest dawn of existence that again kindled in my breast was accompanied by a sensation of deep distress, more painful, more trying, than the actual combat between life and death. In the latter case, the expiring throes became gradually weaker and less painful; in the former, those of reanimation were each time stronger and more torturing: indeed my sufferings were so material after the still serenity I had attained, that I was at first very far from blessing the hand which had roused me from it. By degrees the new glow of life took firm possession of my frame.

The first object that met my view, was the person of my own servant, bending over me and chafing my temples. I found myself to be in some small apartment, which could not belong to any common individual, for the walls were not only neatly matted, but adorned with a variety of foreign prints, the beauty and value of which would have been perfectly unknown among the salmon fishers. The bed, too, on which I was extended, was of the neatest and finest order, and furnished with curtains, a luxury unknown in this secluded glen. The heavy sighs at intervals escaping from my lips, and the wild glance with which at length I observed both his features and the different objects around, convinced Donald that I was fast recovering; and, in a low voice, he said something to a figure at the back of my pillow, which, from the elevated situation of my head, I could not clearly distinguish till it came gently forward, and drawing aside the drapery at the foot of the bed, gazed anxiously and fully upon me. That countenance had been too well perused in the morning not to be instantly recognised.—It was Rholf, the mysterious salmon fisher.

"Ye did'na ken he wad ha' lived just now," said Donald, with an air of honest exultation, arising probably from the realization of his own hopes. The stranger lifted his eyes to heaven with a look of strongest emotion.

"God," he exclaimed, "that you have rendered me the humble instrument of *preserving* a fellow-creature, is a blessing of which I am too unworthy."

His lips quivered as he uttered this simple sentence; the peculiar emphasis with which he articulated the word, *preserving*, thrilled me.

A SCOTTISH SABBATH.

CHAPTER III.

In most of the country parishes of Scotland, where the population is rather dense, and the parish not of very great dimensions, the bell is tolled three times on the morning of the Sabbath; but there are some parishes of such ample breadth, and with the population so thinly scattered, that the loudest discharge of artillery which could be made would not reach the half of the people, and therefore the tinkle of a small bell would be of no avail whatever. "The first bell" is understood to call the people to their family devotion, or to make them prepare for going to the place of worship; or, at all events, this is the understanding they have of it, which amounts to nearly the same. "The second bell" is intended to make them begin their journey churchward; but that journey is begun before, at, or after the tolling of the bell, according to the distance; for the distance is one of regular weekly measurement, and thus they are at no loss to judge of the time necessary for performing it, at that slow and measured pace which accords with the quiet, and solemn character, and observance of the day.

Unless the day is very inclement, or some of the people are of that class of society to which fashion nearly proscribes the use of their limbs, the whole come to the church on foot. Their march is, as we have said, slow; and as they are decked out in their best attire, and many of the paths are footways in the fields, or, at all events, roads not concealed by hedges, they present a very agreeable sight; and as the lines which are advancing along the different paths converge toward the place of their destination, they put one in mind of the living streams from many hills, pouring their waters into some stilly, transparent, and healthful lake, whose pure waters and uniform temperature tend to mitigate the extremes of all the seasons, and render the whole circle of the twelve months, to some extent or other, both pleasing and fertile.

The comparison suggested here is not a bad one: for "the assembling of themselves together," regularly as the Sabbath-day comes round, has a most happy effect in allaying even the first strivings of the turbulent passions in these rustics, and making them hold on "the even tenour of their way" in a manner worthy of imitation where the population is more crowded, and the hearts and intellects of men are higher and more varied.

The boys, who have come to church for the first time, which they seldom do till they are able to repeat the text and a note of the sermon extempore on their return, and to look up and read the chapter containing the text, as an evening lesson, or the foundation of a simple family lecture by the father, or the master, as it happens, are generally the first to arrive. But old heads cannot be put on young shoulders, and perhaps

it is as well that they cannot. There are other attractions for them. The "kirk-stile," or principal entrance to the churchyard, is sometimes a gateway of stone, rudely hewn by the men of a former age, and bearing some such inscription as this,—

Heare ye wearis are att rest.

Then there are the angels, the implements of trade, and the prose and verse, on the upright stones; all very interesting to such youthful admirers of art.

I myself have gone many times to ponder, in wondering though melancholy meditation, over a recumbent skeleton with an angel blowing a trumpet at each ear, and thought I had seen the noblest work of art in the wide world. I was drawn by the force of the clinging and brilliant recollection to visit it many years after; and I wish I had left it alone, for the beauty of the vision had fled, and 'oh, what a mangling of form and proportion!

If there happen to be a hearse, which is, or which used to be, the case only in rich parishes, it is a great attraction. It is usually in the shelter of a windowless house, no larger than just to hold it, and it is dimly seen through the sparsely gates in front, which are black, and spotted with huge bars of white. The vehicle is also black; but there are sundry emblems most rudely limned upon it, which draw the mingled awe and wonder of the gazers, and put their erudition to a task for which it is, generally speaking, unable. The cherubs, with nothing but head and wings, are easily understood. The hour-glass is also in part made out; for most of them have seen an hour-glass. But this one has wings, of which they cannot see the use, as there are no other winged hour-glasses in the parish, and the wings of their own hours, as yet, have only down upon them, not pinions. The *fugit hora*, seals the mystery of that emblazonment. Still more perplexity attends the next, however. The skull, the cross-bones, and the *memento mori*, are each more perplexing than the other; and as fear follows fast on the footsteps of ignorance, especially in twilight times or twilight places, they retire in silence from this last emblem of the hearse.

By the time that the juveniles have seen all the sights, and have been worked into becoming solemnity in the way that has been mentioned, the adult part of the congregation have arrived, exchanged their salutations, and are ready for the commencement of the service. The "be-thell," or beadle, though his office is very different from that of an English beadle, acts as observer for the minister upon such occasions.

If it is the ordinary congregation, an ordinary sermon will do, as the people are more interested in the worship than in the words. But it sometimes happens that an "unknown" is there, in more fashionable, though not cleaner, attire than the ordinary hearers, and this never fails in sending the minister to the pet pigeon-hole of his *escrutoire*, thence to cull one of his very best; and if you stand apart, and show yourself in a manner conspicuous enough, the sermon you shall have will be all the better.

As soon as the "bethell" has reported "stranger," or "no stranger," as the case may be, he goes to the rope and tinkles the "in-ringing" bell. The people begin to enter the church as the bell begins; and it continues till they have all entered the porches or doorways. A door in each end, or one near each end, in the front, is the usual ingress and egress for the congregation. The pulpit is usually against the middle of the south wall, between two windows; and to your right of it there is often "the minister's door, a small wicket, which does not communicate directly with the body of the church. The desk, for the leader of the psalmody, or the "letterin'," as it is locally called, is under the pulpit in front, and about two thirds of the height of that from the floor. Another third below this there is a railed platform, from which those who bring children to church to be baptized present them to the minister, but on ordinary occasions it serves as a seat for the aged, whose eyes have become dim and their ears dull. There is a stair leading from this to the floor of the church, and the steps of this are, upon ordinary occasions, filled with the same aged people as the platform above. At the lower landing of the stair there is usually a square pew, which in ordinary contains the "best voices," where the psalmody is given in parts; and the elders, and ministers in waiting at the sacrament of the supper. If the place is modern, a row of square boxes extend along the middle, so as to be convertible into communion tables by removing the partitions; and, with the exception of a square box under the pulpit at each side, the rest is filled with pews, but without any provision for kneeling, which is never used in the church service in Scotland, and without any elevated parts to hide the sitters. A modern gallery has its front four sides of an octagon; but the ancient ones are of no definite form. There sometimes is what is called an "aisle" in the old-fashioned places, but it is generally opposite the pulpit, and has more the plan and form of a transept. The very old ones have still the iron frame for the hour-glass, attached to the "letterin'," it being part of the duty of the precentor to turn the glass, and lay it on its side on the forks when the minister outran the stipulated tale of glasses; but modern structures have generally a dial in the middle of the front of the gallery, and modern preachers are not quite so lengthy as

those of the olden time. There are very seldom any mural or other monuments inside the church to attract your attention, on entering, or distract it during the sermon; and perhaps they are just as well away. When frail and fallen men approach the footstool of the throne of their God, in those solemn exercises which he has appointed, it may very gravely be doubted whether emblems of human pomp, and specimens of the sculptor's art, are the most appropriate of all accompaniments. The Scotch have two objections to burying in churches. In the first place, they look upon all consecration of places as mere mockery; and, in the second place, they do not consider that interment under a church can, in any way, be conducive to the health of the living.

The minister enters by his little wicket, slowly mounts the steps, and seats himself at the back of the pulpit, looking round the congregation to see if all are there as usual; and Dr. Bryce, whom we shall suppose you are about to hear, never addressed empty pews, either in his own church or any other, if his presence there happened to be known. He was a man considerably above the middle stature, and beyond the middle age; but he was still young in mind and heart, and even in the colour and expression of his countenance. It was a common remark that, "nobody became a pulpit better than Dr. Bryce," and the saying was true. Mildness, or rather perfect repose, and a feeling of peace with all in heaven, and goodwill to all upon earth, was the predominating expression; but there was a light in the eyes, a depth of enunciation in the eyebrows, and a firmness in the character of the mouth, which showed that if his duty required it, Dr. Bryce could wield the terror of the law. The day was warm; so that he had not on even the simple canonicals—the plain black gown and the Geneva band.

He took the psalm-book from the "book-board" of the pulpit, and began to turn the leaves. He rose: "Let us begin the public worship of our God, by singing to his praise a part of the twenty-third Scripture hymn, from the beginning." He paused, till the people should find the place in their books. The psalm, or hymn, is not unfrequently a key to the sermon; and thus there were nods of inquiry, answered by nods of approbation, in various parts of the church. When all had found the place, he read, slowly, and in a full and deep key, but with peculiarly mellifluous intonation. His voice was just what that of a preacher of the Gospel should be—solemn, but sweetly solemn. It used to be said, that the people of Glengowan parish read better than others, for they learned from Dr. Bryce in the pulpit. He read—

"Behold my servant! see him rise
Exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.

" On him, in rich effusion poured,
My spirit shall descend;
My truths and judgments he shall show
To earth's remotest end.

" Gentle and still shall be his voice,
No threats from him proceed;
The smoking flax he will not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.

" The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
The weak he'll not despise;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.

" The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine."

To what an exceedingly high mountain of prophecy must the spirit of the Lord have carried the son of Amos, when he poured forth that clear and graphic delineation of the coming and ministry of the Saviour, which is given in the first twelve verses of the chapter of which four are versified in the above quotation. No translation can catch the glowing spirit of the original; and no versification, trammelled with rhyme, can come up to the abrupt and inspiring energy of the prose translation. But Dr. Bryce made the reading tell most powerfully on his congregation; and one could not help feeling how tamely the versicles by rote, and the peal of the organ, move the soul to devotion, as compared to the judicious reading of an appropriate hymn.

The earnest call of attention—"Behold my servant—mine elect." The endowment—"I have put my spirit upon him." The promised work—"He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles." This promise is full, free, and general as the light of the sun, or as God's providential care of all that he has made—a beautiful embodiment of "the glorious liberty" of the Gospel. Then the mildness of his procedure, and his tenderness to the feeble—"He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets." Lastly, the exulting triumph at the full establishment of the kingdom of grace—"He shall not fail, nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law."

Dr. Bryce brought out all these varied expressions in a manner which could not but be felt, yet cannot be described; and the leader of the psalmody rose, struck his little pitch fork on the board before him, and began the lines, two of which had been repeated by the Doctor. The words "Behold my servant," were nearly confined to the leader and the choristers; but "see him rise, exalted in my might," brought in the full swing of the congregation, whose music, rendered in the genuine fervour of the heart, appeared to have caught the spirit of the Doctor's reading. It softened away at the lines beginning "Gentle and still;" became firm and confident at "Judgment he shall bring forth;" and during the four

concluding lines, "the beam out of the timber," was literally quivering to the rolling flood of sacred melody.

There may be a great deal in habit; but at the time of hearing a psalm or hymn sung by a whole congregation, in the fervour of their voices and without accompaniment, as this was sung in the church of Glengowan, it is not very easy to imagine a better preparation for the willing and effective hearing of Divine truth.

Dr. Bryce rose again: "Let us pray." The congregation stood up: he spread forth his hands towards heaven; and after an acknowledgment of the majesty, power, wisdom, and goodness of "the Hearer of prayer," and an ascription of praise for past mercies, general and particular, he took in succession the three parts of public prayer—confession, supplication, and thanksgiving. The prayer was fervent; and from the volume of information which it embodied, and the style in which it was expressed, most likely it was a studied prayer, and one upon which much labour had been bestowed; but it harmonized so well, not only with the devotional feeling in the church, but with the season and the state of nature around, that it had all the effect of a spontaneous production of the time. At the close of it he took the Bible, and read the first twelve verses of the forty-second chapter of the book of Isaiah. They were well read, and followed on the book by the congregation every one; but there was not a word of commentary.

"Let us again sing to the praise of God:" and he read these eight lines of the same hymn as before:—

" I will establish with the lands
A covenant in thee,
To give the Gentile nations light,
And set the prisoners free.

" Asunder burst the gates of brass,
The iron fetters fall;
And glorious light and liberty
Are straight restored to all."

The singing was as fervent as before, and the strain of exultation during the last four lines was given with perhaps more power, but it had not to a stranger the force of a first impression.

Again, "Let us pray;" and a short prayer was offered up for Divine counsel and strength in declaring the truths of the Gospel, and in hearing the declaration. When this was finished, he read his text: Isaiah xlii. 1, "Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him: he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles." Having read these words twice, Dr. Bryce closed the Bible, and again repeated them in a very slow and solemn manner, laying the emphasis in such a way that the text showed the principal points that were to be in the sermon.

The closing of the book shows that you are to

have a sermon of the olden time, of those days when every minister of the Church of Scotland devoted his whole heart and soul to the study and practice of his sacred calling. The analysis, or even the printing at length of a good sermon, is always an injury to it; because the expression and the voice, which send it home to the heart of the hearer, cannot be written or printed.

Dr. Bryce's sermon was eloquent certainly, but the eloquence was in the matter, not in the words. These were simple; and it contained not a single trope or flourish for the purpose of showing the orator. The object was instruction to the whole people, and so it became necessary that they all should understand.

The Saviour was not held up to the view of the world only as God, but as God-man, in the character of Mediator. His mission being to men in their compound nature, and to reach the soul through the organs of the body, the Son of God took human nature upon him: "The Word was made flesh." It is this body, this human nature of Christ's, which is the "servant," the "elect," that men of all ages and nations are called to behold, and not only the Divine nature, as co-equal and co-eternal with the Father and the Holy Ghost; for that, being Spirit, can only be spiritually discerned. The preacher showed, that the whole tenour of the evangelical history—the history of Jesus of Nazareth, from his birth at Bethlehem to his ascending into heaven from Bethany, as simply but faithfully recorded by his inspired disciples, goes to establish the truth of this.

But if he took human nature upon him so that he could sympathize with the frailties of humanity, and address instruction to mankind in the body, the only state in which instruction can avail them, still he was God as well as man. The nature, which he had "elected" as the instrument of his mission, was the "servant;" but the governing spirit which that servant obeyed, was the Most High God. "I have put my Spirit upon him." It is not said *in* him, as implying a finite spirit, but *upon* him, as may be said of an infinite and eternal Spirit, present through all space, in all duration.

The necessity of such a Mediator, for delivering the human race from the vengeance of that holy law which they had broken, and the goodness of God, in having of his own free grace provided such a Mediator, were points which Dr. Bryce enforced with great clearness and effect. He showed according to the judgment of human reason, that as man had fallen under the Divine law as innocent, he was under it as guilty; and that as, even in innocence, he could not have done more than keep the law, and in fact did not keep it, much less could he, after he was guilty, regain his innocence of his own strength, or even prevent himself from adding transgression to transgression. Then he showed

that the whole history of the Old Testament is a practical confirmation of the great and important truth, that there can be no salvation for man except through the atonement by the Saviour. The proof afforded by the Jewish history is complete: they had every privilege given them; they had a law and a ritual of God's appointment; they had every form of government; and God fought their battles for them. They had, in a word, all that they could have as mere men; but that did not make them better than the nations around them. It is in this example which it furnishes, that "the law is a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ;" and because, without Him, the law only convinces men of their guilt, without affording the least hope of pardon, "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to them that believe."

The next point was the promise and its fulfilment: "He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles." Not indiscriminate "mercy" to those who neglect or despise the appointed means of grace, but "judgment,"—the rewarding of every one according as the means and the opportunities are improved; the evidence of this improvement in the sight of man, who cannot see and judge the heart, being "a life and conversation becoming the Gospel." Dr. Bryce showed that this promise is equally given to all men; and then he drew a most cheering picture of the spread of the Gospel among all nations.

Then followed the application to those whom he was addressing; but as this was between pastor and flock, and adapted to the peculiar state of the latter, it cannot be very easily adapted to general readers. The whole sermon was listened to with great attention, and this last portion of it with much apparent delight, as if every one present had personally felt "a word in season" in it.

Next came the last prayer of the morning service, consisting chiefly of supplication and benediction blended together. This is the proper method. When a man takes upon himself to bless, even in the name of God, there is something arrogant in it; but nothing is more becoming than to hear a minister of the Gospel imploring the blessing of God. That by Dr. Bryce began with the service of the morning, then his flock and himself, after that the whole church of God, the nation and its rulers, all nations—all mankind, as one great family, the workmanship of one God. After prayers sixteen lines of the metrical version of the ninety-eighth psalm, beginning thus,

"O sing a new song to the Lord,
For wonders he hath done,"

were read and sung, in the same manner as before; and then a short benediction, alluding, however, to meeting again in the afternoon, closed the morning service.

The interval lasted only half an hour, during which some talked together in the churchyard,

discussing the points of the sermon ; some sauntered along the fields, or down the brook ; and a very few from the more distant parts refreshed themselves with rolls and small beer ; but the leading topic with all was the service and sermon.

The afternoon service was shorter, as there was only one psalm and prayer at the beginning, and no reading. The opening prayer was also shorter, and the sermon one of duties more than of doctrine. The concluding prayer was longer, however, and went more into detail ; and the blessing which concluded the service was more comprehensive and earnest than that of the morning. There is a sort of adaptation in those prayers and implorings of benedictions to the varied lengths of time to which they are understood to apply. The first prayers, both of the morning and the afternoon, are, to a certain extent, retrospective, the morning one reaching back to the preceding Sabbath, and the afternoon one only to the time that has elapsed in the interval. The closing prayers are more of a prospective character, the morning one having reference to the interval only, and the evening one to the whole time until Sunday shall again come round. It is not to be understood, however, that these distinctions are systematically observed, for they are partially departed from in all cases, and wholly neglected in not a few, though in every case there is a difference in the strain of the prayers

for the different parts of the service, and a similarity in those that apply to the same time of it.

The dismissal of the congregation in the afternoon is the time for hearty greetings with those friends who, living in different parts of the parish, do not see each other often, except on the Sabbath ; and when the minister is a favourite, a farewell takes place between him and his flock generally, though a few often go to dinner with him, and afterwards consult as to how the welfare of the parish, religious, moral, and otherwise, may be best promoted. The others seek their way to their homes ; and it is no very unusual thing to see a few of the numerous families exchange two or three of their younger members for the evening. This keeps up friendship, affords variety to all, and crowds nobody. The dinner is plain but comfortable, and all are satisfied. When dinner is over the young ones repeat their notes of the sermon, and then take their books, very generally to the pleasant spots of the fields. The labourers follow nearly the same practice, and may be seen in the shelter of the hedges and copses, some reading alone, and sometimes one reading to another. The evening wears away in this quiet manner ; and just as it closes in the voice of family devotion is again heard, after which all retire for the night, refreshed in their bodies and instructed in their minds, by the repose and the devotion of a genuine Sabbath.

THE MURDERER'S CONSCIENCE.

" I HAVE had no peace nor rest these two years ; ever since that night I have been a miserable fellow as ever lived," said he ; " that Wilson has appeared before my eyes many times." The parson told him that was his evil conscience ; but Bob told him again, he did not know what he was talking about, because he had not seen it. Says Lowe, " If you had seen it, as I have, as plain as I see you at this blessed moment, you would not say it was my conscience, any more than you yourself are my conscience.

" On dark rainy nights particularly," said he, " it used to come up when I was watching the kiln, (he was a brickmaker,) and stand before me as if it was alive ; and if I had not known that it was Wilson, I should have thought it was somebody belonging to the place. It used to come and look at me a little time, and then seem as if it wanted to warm its hands by the fire, and dry itself. But it never could ; for it stayed all night before the kiln, and seemed to be always dropping wet, like as if it had been just got out of the Trent. Sometimes I thought it moaned, and said the same as Wilson said about Liza Hammond when we flung him over ; and that hurt me more and more ; so that I used to shut my eyes, and put my fingers in my ears, and get somebody to sit down close to me in the blaze

of the kiln, to see if we could not frighten it away. But what use was that ? It was under my eyelids directly ; and I did not know whether they were shut or open, till I felt them with my fingers. And then it seemed to come closer and closer, and I could see water run out of its eyes, and it would say, ' Why hadn't you some pity ? ' And sometimes, when the wind blew hard, and drifted round the kiln in a stream, it was blown all about like smoke ; but it came back again, and settled over against me, and shivered, and wrung the wet off its hands, as if it were starved to death.

" At last," said he, " I got tired of seeing it, and felt as if it would crumble my heart to dust. I took no pleasure in drinking ale, as I used to do ; and I said to Jack Swanwick, one time when we had been talking about it together, said I, Jack, I am tired of my life, such as it is, will you throw me over ? For, do you know, I must not do it myself ; because, when I thought of such a thing sometimes, as I did often stand on the kiln wall, and think I would throw myself into the fire, because I was only fit for hell,—it would come up directly, as bright as silver, and cry like a child before me.

" So I put my hands before my face, and went down to the clay-pools to wash my forehead cold.

I never could think of killing myself but there it was, as if it wanted me to live till God should call me. So I turned to my work like a man, and took to going to church on a Sunday, as I never had done in my life before. But I used to see it for all that, till I asked Jack Swanwick to fling me over the wall in the same place as we had flung Wilson. * * * It was in the autumn time that was; and when we were getting towards the brig-foot, says I, Jack, will you do for me now?—"I'll fling you over as soon as look at you, if you like," says he, and laid hold of my arm. But when we were getting against the same place, he stopped all at once, and says he, 'Bob, what is that on the wall?' Good God! I knew what it was in a moment, and I turned like ice when he said *he* saw it as well as me. 'It's that Esau,' said he in his drunken courage, 'and I'll go and knock him off.' I caught hold of his arm, and held him fast, but I could not speak. Jack was resolute, and pulled hard to go; but when he saw he could not get away, he doubled his fist, and held it up where the thing was, and says he, 'You—

you, what have you come out of the Trent for? And then he made a sudden start to get at it; but something came across his mind at that moment, and he fell down on his knees, and prayed to the Lord like a preacher.

"When he got up again, his face dropped sweat; and, says he, 'Bob, let us go away from here, for there is a dead man about, come out of his dust again. He licked my eyes with a tongue like iron, and I can see the stones of that wall, and Wilson's blood on them, as plain as sunshine, and yet it is as dark as pitch.'

"So we tried to cross the brig, but it came again, and set a row of fire across from one wall to the other, and stood in the middle itself, with its arms and head hanging down, as if it were dead. We turned back and got into the Horse-shoes again, (the public-house which they had just left,) and there we stopped till they turned us out at twelve. But we durst not go over the brig again; so we went and stayed under a hedge all that cold night, but we never shut our eyes."
—*Bilberry Thurland.*

MEHEMED ALI, VICEROY OF EGYPT.

(*From l'Egypte et la Turquie, de 1829 à 1836.*)

A SENTINEL was placed at the door of one of the rooms which occupied the four corners of the great hall; Méhémed Ali was there. When we entered he was striding across the room, and talking with his minister, Boghos-Bey, who was standing before him in the most respectful attitude. He immediately made us a sign to be seated, and he placed himself on the angle of his divan. Three enormous candles of wax, in silver candlesticks, nearly three feet high, spread a dull light over the room, whose white-washed walls were ornamented only by a few rude paintings, and two frames, containing the drawings of the first two ships built in Egypt. The rest of the furniture consisted of a divan of scarlet, with a great round table, surmounted by a chandelier. Méhémed Ali is an old man, of short stature; his quick and piercing eyes, and the white beard which covers his breast, redeem, in some measure, the expression—which is rather common—of his physiognomy, habitually gay and open. By a remarkable singularity, the pacha, whilst imposing upon his troops the new costume adopted throughout the empire, has scarcely made any modification in his own. In the evening he wears generally the long dress of the mamlouks, and his head is always covered by the folds of a large white turban, arranged in the Albanian fashion. Endowed with much natural intelligence, joining the most prepossessing manners to a great enthusiasm for the European innovations, the pacha possesses, in the highest

degree, the art of captivating his hearers, and of imposing his manner of seeing things on those who are about him. We need not be surprised, therefore, at the reputation which has been given to him in Europe by the persons who have had an opportunity of approaching him. We were impatient to begin a conversation in which we expected that the regenerator of Egypt was going to reveal himself to us; but it turned almost entirely on questions of commerce; and we could not help feeling a kind of disappointment in finding only the speculator and merchant where we thought we should have found the conqueror and legislator. * * *

Alexander the Great is the favourite hero of the viceroy. Having learned that there existed a summary of the histories of this conqueror, he ordered the work to be procured from France. We were present when it was brought to him: arabesques in gold added to the elegance of this handsome volume, on which Thouvenin seemed to have exhausted the resources of his art. "In how short a time can you give me this book translated?" was the question put to one of his interpreters. "In six months." "It is too long," answered the pacha with vivacity; and seizing immediately the yataghan of one of his khawass, he quickly parted the rich volume into three. "In this manner three of you can work upon it; I must have the translation in two months. And I, also," said Méhémed Ali to us, "I intend that the events of my life shall be related to men.

Every day I dictate to my *kiatib* (secretary) a portion of my history; and it is wonderful how one fact brings up another, and how a crowd of circumstances which I had forgotten are brought back to my memory. Admire," added he, after a moment's silence, "how He who knows all things is impenetrable in his designs. They tell me that Alexander and Ptolemy were Macedonians; and I, too, am of Macedonia. Our country, then, was destined thrice to give masters to Egypt; but my power extends much further than theirs in this country; and I hope, with the assistance of Heaven, to discover one day if, as your Champollion believes, the Pharaohs reached the sources of this Nile blessed by God." Our con-

versation lasted more than an hour. The physiognomy of the pacha was animated; and we experienced an inexpressible charm in hearing this extraordinary man abandoning himself to his natural talkativeness and curiosity, and mixing, more than once, traits of ingenuous ignorance with the observations of a subtle and penetrating mind. After we had been served with coffee, in *zarfs* ornamented with diamonds, the viceroy arose, and we took our leave of him, announcing to him, at the same time, our departure for Nubia. "Go," said he, "visit without fear every part of my dominions; every where you will find aid and protection."

THE SNOWDROP.

Ere a leaf is on the bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none.

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love.

WORDSWORTH.

Thou beautiful flower of the forest-woods!
Alone 'midst the cold snow's solitudes,
Like a spirit come down 'midst the leaves to dwell,
In the beautiful bloom of thy silver cell.

I could worship the starlight that dwells in thine eye,
As e'en I could worship the stars of the sky,
And the mantle of peacefulness spread over thee,
Like a garment of shadowless purity.

Thou dwellest alone in the forest-cave,
Where the moss spreads around like an emerald wave,
Where the insects of winter do sleep and dwell,
Till they wake at the chime of thy silver bell.

Thine own white leaf is thy couch of rest,
And the viewless woof of the gossamer's vest
O'ershadows thy sleep from the cold moonlight,
And the arrowy wind of the keen midnight.

Thine anthem at eve is the redbreast's hymn,
When she droopeth her wings in the twilight dim,
And murmurs her song at the death of the day,
When the clouds and the sunshine are dying away.

Thou hearest the songs of the angels of light,
As they waft through the heavens the stars of the night,
And bear the white moon through the shadowy sky,
Till her "sweet light" is quenched in eternity.

And the spirit-like song of the lark, when she sings
To the heavens of morn, on her shining wings,
Awakens thee up from the cave of thy bower,
In the light of thy loveliness, beautiful flower!

But O! whence hast thou wandered to slumber here,
'Neath the cold dead boughs, so wan and serene,
With no canopy woven to shelter thy dream
From the tempest's rush and the north-wind's scream?

The clouds and the shadows will pass over thee,
As they sail o'er the mountainous woods to the sea;

And will blight with their sadness thy loveliest bloom,
And the hail-storm will scatter thy leaves to the tomb.

Alas! thou wilt mourn when the cold wind's moan
Shall pass like a storm through the woods alone;
And the boughs of the forest shall shake with dread,
And the dead leaves shall rustle around thy bed.

And the thunder shall come with a terrible sound,
And the lightnings shall wander the woods around;
And the tiger shall rise with affrighted ken,
And howl from the depths of his lonely den.

And, oh! if the lightning should gleam over thee,
And crush thy pale bloom in its purity,
And shed o'er thy beauty the blight of death,
And the pale snow should weave thee a funeral wreath

The Naiads, that dwell in the flowery vale,
Whose eyes are as lovely as moonlight is pale,
Would weep o'er thy death-bed that thou too wert
gone
To dwell like a star in the blue horizon.

And the spirits that fold up their lovely wings,
By the mossy haunts of the fountain-springs,
Would bring to thy bower, in the lonely dell,
A shroud of the funeral asphodel.

And the wind would bear up thy burial train,
And murmur around thee a requiem-strain;
And waft thy soul from the lonely woods
To an isle 'midst the ocean-solitudes.

There wouldst thou dwell by the sound of the sea,
A sound like an anthem choristry;
And the swell of the billow—the foam of the wave,
Would wander like sadness around thy grave.

But these may not be—such visions of death
Shall never blight over thy silvery wreath.
And the hail-storm's blast and the deep wind's moan
Shall crush every flower but thine alone.

The dawn of the day-light shall shine upon thee
Like a spirit of love in its purity;
And the sunshine of heaven shall open thy bell,
And see its bright beauty shine down in thy cell.

The moonlight's pale fingers shall close up thy leaves,
And the silvery clouds 'round thy bower shall weave
A beautiful vision of flower and star,
Sent down to thy couch from the heavens afar.

Therefore we may not weep over thy bloom,
Though thy light be as pale as the lamp of a tomb;
For thou in thy purity surely wert given
But to tell of the spring-time of flowers in heaven!

EPHON.

INFANT EDUCATION.

(From *Mudie's "Spring," now in the press.*)

WHEN the infant is taken into the garden, gay with flowers on stem and shrub, its little hands are eagerly "on the stretch," its eyes are widely opened and sparkling with delight, its face is all radiant with smiles, it "coos" and murmurs a language in the ear of nature which none but nature can interpret; every muscle of its frame quivers, every articulation moves, and it probably learns more, acquires more of the knowledge and use of the members of its own body—the first and most valuable of all education—in one half hour among the flowers, than in a whole month in the nursery.

The nursery! Education is but too often spoiled there, and the body is enfeebled, much in the same manner as the mind is subsequently narrowed, warped, and perverted in the schools. Among the wealthy, especially, the body is often cruelly bereaved of its infant education; and this because the fond but foolish parents "can afford to have their children taken proper care of." The cares of vanity are the curses of man. "Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?" But we may prevent a cubit of the growth, or, which is worse, spoil the quality and usefulness of what does grow. In every rich and luxurious state of society thousands are deprived of the proper use of their bodies, virtually maimed and crippled by this ill-directed though well-meant care. If such can continue to afford servants instead of hands, and carriages instead of legs, they may linger out their helpless lives, not only without actual suffering, but in the enjoyment of all that can be bought with money. Still they are inferior creatures; for where is the price that can buy a manly hand, a well-nerved arm, a fleet foot on the lea, or a frame thewed, and sinewed, and tempered to all the winds of the heaven, and all the toils of the earth?

Yet these are the temporal heritage specially provided of God for every member of the human race, though the possession is, as we have said, but too often barred by the ill-informed, and therefore injurious, labour of endeavouring to do by art that which can be done by nature only,—to accomplish by the hands of hirelings from without, that which can be done only by the living principle within. Adult imbeciles may remain idle as to all ordinary labours, if they can hire others to perform those labours for them; but the wealth of the world could not hire a set of servants who should grow the bones and muscles of a child, and so leave it perfectly free and at leisure to act the infant gentleman or lady. Yet this is the result to which "the nonsense of the rich man's nursery" constantly tends; and we know no better corrective of it than the flowers and the freshness of nature, which will stimulate the little creature to the use, and therefore to

the growth and tone, of the working structures of its body, in spite of all the efforts that art may make to the contrary.

The constitutional heritage which is thus injured by art and restored by nature, is the only one which is absolutely secure from the contingencies of society. It is not exempted from disease, for disease, like death, will happen to all human beings; and though both, of course, have natural causes in every case, yet these causes are very often equally inscrutable. But the well-developed and properly-tempered human body may be said to be excepted from the grief and suffering, the mental anguish, of disease. The feeble in body are always ailing, very generally they cannot tell what ails them; and thus, what with being sick of the disease, and sick of the doctor, they pass their time in the most piteous misery.

But the frame which has been allowed to work, and sinew, and season itself, dashes all the minor ailments aside; and if strong disease assails it, it stands up to the contest like a giant. That contest is, of course, always severe, and it is often fatal, even in the prime of life; but it has none of that mental anguish, of that half-real, half-imaginary diseases of the feeble, which is truly the heavy and afflictive part of them. As in the compound nature of man the body only can be diseased, so the properly-reared and developed body always takes the burden of the disease upon itself. If this burden is heavy, pressing down to the gates of death, or nearly so, then the body severs the mental connexion, and grapples alone with the grim king, unconscious that any thing is the matter; and there have been many instances of such vigour in the final struggle, as that a dozen men have been required to keep one strong man on his death-bed.

To the sorrowing friends, when hope and stay, haply, is thus stricken down in the prime and middle of its days,—and, if we may use the expression, bearding death, in order that it may maintain and protect them still,—this display is no doubt painful in the extreme. But there is not the least question that is a great blessing to the sufferer. Anguish of which we are unconscious, whatever may be its external display, is really no anguish at all; so that the actual suffering of the strong man may be said to end the moment that the band between bodily sensation and mental perception is loosened. It does far more than this, for a means of recovery is involved in it. Those who feel that they are dying, always in part, and often in great part, die of the feeling. From this those who have consciousness severed from sensation are entirely exempted; and the struggle with the disease, and even with death itself, should that be the termination, is wholly

physical ; consequently it is more completely under the command of physical remedies, and, among the rest, the grand healing power of nature itself, than if it were mixed up with mental apprehensions and alarms. The blood courses like an impetuous torrent, throbbing and thundering on the walls of its containing vessels, and straining the capillaries, with vastly-increased force. If these shall give way in any part which is not vital, (and it is generally in a part not vital that they do give way,) then the excess of tide is poured in that direction, topical inflammation ensues, and the disease lessens, an abscess forms, the disease is subdued, and the patient is speedily restored to health and strength.

These are distinctions of which any one who is observant may see numerous instances ; and no one will refuse to admit that they are distinctions of the utmost importance, and that the securing of a healthy and vigorous constitution is far more valuable, and therefore far more worthy of attention than the securing of any other earthly possession. It is in the very earliest infancy, almost at the very hour of birth, indeed, that this begins to be lost or won ; and if the beginning is in the losing direction, change to the winning one becomes more and more difficult every hour.

Some may consider this a digression, and ask what it has to do with "spring flowers." We would answer such by asking them, Are not infants "spring flowers?" the most lovely, interesting, valuable, and worthy of skilful treatment, that can possibly engage the attention of rational beings? Who can, who dares answer that question in the negative?

All fruit is in the flower, and it is the fear of injury to the flower which gives most solicitude to the cultivator, whether he cultivates the fields for corn, or the garden and the orchard for fruit. It is true, that every part of a plant has its natural enemies, or rather, there are some other productions of nature set over it, in order to keep it down to the place which it ought to hold in the duly-balanced system of nature. We understand but little of the balance of that system, and therefore the plants which we cultivate artificially are the most subject to these attacks ; and they are always the more subject to them the more artificial that our system of culture is, either as regards the plant or the soil.

But the flowers whose bloom the cultivator thus watches with so much solicitude are only for one year, or for part of a year in very many instances. The blossoms of the nursery are for a generation,—the hope of threescore and ten years to the healthy individual, and about the half of that period for an age of the whole, in a healthy country like Britain. Upon the cold principle of *utilitarianism*, therefore,—that heart-sickening and hope-withering abomination of modern times, which has crept in since cold-blooded selfishness pilfered the name and tried to usurp the chair

of philosophy,—upon the principle of this detestable doctrine, which ranks human beings among chattels, and, like "the mother of abominations upon the earth," numbers "slaves and souls of men" among the articles of mere merchandise,—upon this—the most loathsome, revolting, and demoralizing doctrine to which the abused and insulted name of philosophy was ever degraded—the blossom of the nursery is thirty-five times as valuable, on the average, and seventy times as valuable to the hope of the individual, as the blossom of the field or the orchard ; and if it is so according to such a system, what must it be, then, in the estimation of those who possess common sense and human feeling, and are actuated by the spirit of the Gospel,—who feel, as well as firmly believe, that "children are God's heritage!" Let those who have them, and especially those who have had them, answer the question.

By all means let us go to the fields, and see and gather the wild flowers, and try if we can find out their uses in nature and to man. But let us take the infants with us, for assuredly, in spite of all our wise looks and profound researches, they will profit far more in the regions of wild flowers than we. We get health ; and if we do not get instruction and enjoyment it is our own fault ; but they get vigorous bodies, and learn how to use them. Walk over the common ; if the flowers are few and simple, the air is sweet ; and though the birds which are to sing and summer in the thickets may not yet be come, the skylark is over head, and your footing on the sod is cleanly and elastic. At the farther end there is a little and very rude cottage, though without any air of neglect and ruin ; and hard by there is a woman, hanging out clothes on the furze bushes,—they are few in number, and far from rich in texture ; but they are white as the driven snow. Near her on the open sward, which is peculiarly close, smooth, and green, there is a little flaxen-haired girl, with sky-coloured eye and crimson cheeks, busily employed in culling the early daisies. On the sward there is a young baby, tossing about his arms and legs with much delight, and actually wantoning in the use of them in the free air, and under the simple canopy of heaven. His dress is very humble, and, externally, not over clean ; but look at his colour, and mark what limbs he has got! They are not swelled out like pillows, with cumbrous fat, soft to the touch, and hardly able to move,—they are firm and knit ; and their action is so vigorous, that if you were to take him by the foot and try to hold it still, he would shake your arm to the shoulder ; or if you were to give him a finger of each hand, he could grasp them so firmly as that you could raise him from the ground. All this arises from his food being simply that which nature has provided, improved in quality by the mother's activity and exposure to the fresh air, and from his being allowed to take his own

exercise in every limb and member of his body. At his age there can be no mental training, and no perception of distinction of rank or fashion in him; and therefore, whether his future station is

to be that of ploughman or that of peer, he is at this moment under better training than the son of any nobleman at the same age.

THE AGED SOLDIER.

SLOWLY he pursued his way to dispose of the last remnant of his property, which the long sickness of his aged companion, the wife of his bosom, constrained him to part with, to add to her comfort. It would leave him without a farthing, dependent upon the charity of the world for support.

He seemed lost in thought; and though the busy crowds with hasty steps passed and repassed, he heeded them not. His brow wore the gloom of care, and the rigid expression of his features bore ample evidence of the agony within. His thin grey locks, attenuated and scanty dress, and feeble steps, attracted no attention from the happy throngs who, boasting of their liberty and independence, gaily pursued their own career, unheeding the aged soldier whose valour won those blessings. Liberty and independence were the watchwords of his youth; and as the sounds met his ear, a gleam of native fire flashed from his eyes, and his lips essayed to speak, but the remembrance of unrequited suffering choked his utterance. He glanced at his wounds—a shudder ran through his frame, and he groaned aloud at his country's ingratitude. The paroxysm was soon past; it was but the repetition of many such; and the heroic martyr-spirit which prompted him in early life to brave both battle-field and

halter, was called again to rouse his sunken spirits. Just then the antic gambols of a passing troop of school-boys presented to his mind a faithful picture of happy security. "No," exclaimed the grey-haired veteran with exultation, "I have not fought, I do not live in vain; and though now neglected, perhaps despised, posterity will yet do justice to the soldier of the revolution."

* * * * *

Years rolled on, and the long-delayed compensation for toil and suffering was ultimately granted. Again I saw the veteran soldier: he was seated in the porch of a neat little cottage, situated in the midst of a highly-cultivated garden, recounting to his grand-children the deeds of the revolution, and praising with lively ardour the virtues of the great and good Lafayette. Content and happiness burned in his countenance; and as he mentioned the object of his early toil,—the completion of our independence, and the unrivalled prosperity to which our nation had arrived,—tears fast flowed down the channels of his deeply-furrowed cheeks. They were tears of gratitude, that the soldier's services were at last requited, and the evening of his days made happy by the justice of his government.—*American Periodical*.

COALS.

(From *Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise*.)

As there is no reproduction of coal in this country, since no natural causes are now in operation to form other beds of it, whilst, owing to the regular increase of our population, and the new purposes to which the steam engine is continually applied, its consumption is advancing at a rapidly accelerating rate, it is of most portentous interest to a nation that has so large a portion of its inhabitants dependent for existence on machinery, kept in action only by the use of coal, to economize this precious fuel. I cannot, therefore, conclude this interesting subject without making some remarks upon a practice which can only be viewed in the light of a national calamity, demanding the attention of the legislature. We have, during many years, witnessed the disgraceful and almost incredible fact, that more than a million chaldrons per annum, being nearly one-third part of the best coals produced by the mines near Newcastle, have been condemned to wanton waste, on a fiery heap perpetually blazing near the mouth of almost every coal-pit in that dis-

trict. This destruction originated mainly in certain legislative enactments, providing that coal, in London, should be sold, and the duty upon it be rated, by measure, and not by weight. The smaller the coal is broken the greater the space it fills; it became, therefore, the interest of every dealer in coal to buy it of as large a size and to sell it of as small a size as he was able. This compelled the proprietors of the coal-mines to send the large coal only to market, and to consign the small coal to destruction. In the year 1830 the attention of parliament was called to these evils, and, pursuant to the report of a committee, the duty on coal was repealed, and coal directed to be sold by weight instead of measure. The effect of this change has been, that a considerable quantity of coal is now shipped for the London market in the state in which it comes from the pit;—that after landing the cargo the small coal is separated by screening from the rest, and answers as fuel for various ordinary purposes, as well as much of the coal which was sold in

London before the alteration of the law. The destruction of coals on the fiery heaps near Newcastle, although diminished, still goes on, however, to a frightful extent, that ought not to be permitted, since the inevitable consequence of this practice, if allowed to continue, must be, in no long space of time, to consume all the beds nearest to the surface and readiest of access to the coast, and thus enhance the price of coal in those parts of England which depend upon the coalfield of Newcastle for their supply; and, finally, to exhaust this coalfield at a period nearer by at least one-third than that to which it would last if wisely economized. (See "Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the State of the Coal-Trade, 1830," page 242, and Bakewell's "Introduction to Geology, 1833," pp. 183, 543.)

We are all fully aware of the impolicy of needless legislative interference; but a broad line has been drawn by nature between commodities annually or periodically reproduced by the soil on its surface, and that subterranean treasure and sustaining foundation of industry which is laid by nature in strata of mineral coal, whose amount is limited, and which, when once exhausted, is gone for ever. As the law most justly interferes to prevent the wanton destruction of life and property, it should seem, also, to be its duty to prevent all needless waste of mineral fuel, since the exhaustion of this fuel would irrecoverably paralyze the industry of millions. The tenant of the soil may neglect or cultivate his lands, and dispose of his produce, as caprice or interest may dictate; the surface of his fields is not consumed, but remains susceptible of tillage by his successor. Had he the physical power to annihilate the land, and thereby inflict an irremediable injury upon posterity, the legislature would justly interfere

to prevent such destruction of the future resources of the nation. This highly-favoured country has been enriched with mineral treasures in her strata of coal, incomparably more precious than mines of silver or of gold. From these sustaining sources of industry and wealth let us help ourselves abundantly, and liberally enjoy these precious gifts of the Creator; but let us not abuse them, nor, by wilful neglect and wanton waste, destroy the foundation of the industry of future generations. Might not an easy remedy for this evil be found in a legislative enactment, that all coals from the ports of Northumberland and Durham should be shipped in the state in which they come from the pit? and forbidding, by high penalties, the screening of any sea-borne coals before they leave the port at which they are embarked? A law of this kind would at once terminate that ruinous competition among the coal owners which has urged them to vie with each other in the wasteful destruction of small coal, in order to increase the profits of the coal-merchants, and gratify the preference for large coals on the part of rich consumers; and would also afford the public a supply of coals of every price and quality, which the use of the screen would enable him to accommodate to the demands of the various classes of the community. A further consideration of national policy should prompt us to consider how far the duty of supporting our commercial interests, and of husbanding the resources of posterity, should permit us to allow any extensive exportation of coal from a densely-peopled manufacturing country like our own, a large proportion of whose present wealth is founded on machinery, which can be kept in action only by the produce of our native coal-mines, and whose posterity can never survive the period of their exhaustion.

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

THE sun has sunk to his nightly rest,
With the cloudlets of beauty around his breast;
Where the crested waters in glory rolled,
And the skies were mantled in crimson and gold;
Bright as the shores of that happy land
Where the ranks of the blessed in beauty stand.

I am called from the cloud-wreathed mountain's brow
By the voice of the breeze that is murmuring low;
The eagle on high to his cyrie floats,
And the night-birds are waking their silvery notes;
And the vesper star, with her chastened beam,
Shines calmly and bright in each rolling stream:

She has watched the sun to his nightly home,
And she calls me forth, for my reign is come.
I gird on my zone with its emeralds bright,
And my coronal sparkles with lustrous light;
They have set my throne in the darkened sky,
And the watchers are out in their towers on high.

I come, I come, with my fairy song,
O'er the homes of the sleeping to wander along;
While the zephyr her balmy fragrance flings
To the dew-crowned rose from her musky wings;
And the voice of the stars is arising on high,
As they roll in their glory along the sky.

And silence has come from her secret cell
To enchain the world with her mystic spell:
The hum of the murmuring bees that roam
Awakes not the nymphs in their sylvan home;
And the flowers are shedding a pearly tear
For joy that my nightly song they hear.

Earth sleeps with her bright and sparkling streams,
And her children are gone to their pleasant dreams;
Let the music of gladness arise on high
From the spirits that sweep o'er the darkened sky:
For I come, I come, with my starry train,
Through the depths of the heavens to wander again.

T. A.

EVANGELICAL PREACHING.

THE number of the "Edinburgh Review" just published, contains one of the most violent and indefensible attacks on evangelical preaching which it was ever our calamity to witness. Charges the most unfounded, and caricatures the most exaggerated, are to be found in every page; and all because those who are denominated "Evangelical Preachers" insist on "man's natural depravity, and inability to do any thing for himself;—the new birth by the Spirit;—and salvation by faith alone;" and will not content themselves with being, what Horsley very properly termed, "the apes of Epictetus." That the mode of exhibiting evangelical truth might, in many instances, be improved, and that a defective education, mental inferiority, or contracted views of the great Gospel system, often impair the natural effects of that system, are facts which none can deplore more deeply than the great majority of the evangelical preachers themselves; though in making the acknowledgment they are, in truth, doing little more than confessing to the imperfection of all human instrumentality. But the reviewer aims higher than this,—he would not only change the mode, but revolutionize the character of evangelical preaching, robbing it utterly of that energy to which, under God, it owes its success. His accusations look so much like a new out-break of the old enmity to the Gospel, that we are constantly reminded, as we proceed, of the names of those who, in different ages, have disastrously shone as "accusers of the brethren."

But we beg to put him into the hands of a master: the following defence of evangelical preaching, from the pen of the late Robert Hall, is not merely appropriate, it contains information on the subject in question sufficient to enlighten the most ignorant, and argument to silence the most unevangelical:—

"The term 'evangelical' was first given the class, simply on account of their preaching the Gospel; or, in other words, their exhibiting with clearness and precision the peculiar truths of Christianity. In every system there are some principles which serve to identify it, and in which its distinguishing essence consists. In the system of Christianity, the rules of moral duty are not entitled to be considered in this light, partly because they are not peculiar to it, and partly because they are retained by professed infidels, who avow without scruple their admiration of the morality of the Gospel. We must look, then, elsewhere, for the distinguishing character of Christianity. It must be sought for in its doctrines,—and (as its professed design is to conduct men to eternal happiness) in those doctrines which relate to the way of salvation, or the method of a sinner's reconciliation with God. There are some, we are aware, who would reduce the whole faith of a Christian to a belief of the Messiahship of Christ, without reflecting that, until we have fixed some specific ideas to the term Messiah, the proposition which affirms him to be such contains no information.

"The measure of zeal they display for them, they conceive to be justified, as well by a view of the actual state of human nature, as by the express declaration of the inspired oracles. Conceiving, with the compilers of the articles, that the state of man is that of a fallen and apostate creature, they justly conclude that a mere code of morals is inadequate to his relief; that having lost the favour of God by his transgression, he requires, not merely to be instructed in the rules of duty, but in the method of regaining the happiness he has forfeited; that the pardon of sin, or some compensation to Divine justice for the injury he has done to the majesty of the supreme Lawgiver, are the objects which ought, in the first place, to occupy his attention. An acquaintance with the rules of duty may be sufficient to teach an innocent creature how to secure the felicity he possesses; but can afford no relief to a guilty conscience, nor instruct the sinner how to recover the happiness he has lost. Let it be remembered, that Christianity is essentially a restorative dispensation: it bears a continual respect to a state from which man is fallen, and is a provision for repairing that ruin which the introduction of moral evil has brought upon him. Exposed to the displeasure of God and the curse of his law, he stands in need of a Redeemer; disordered in his powers, and criminally averse to his duty, he equally needs a Sanctifier. As adapted to such a situation, much of the New Testament is employed in displaying the character and unfolding the offices of both, with a view of engaging him to embrace that scheme of mercy, which the Divine benignity has thought fit to exhibit in the Gospel. The intention of St. John, in composing the evangelical history, coincides with the entire purpose and scope of revelation. 'These things are written,' said he, 'that ye may believe that

Jesus is the Christ, and that, believing, ye might have life through his name.' Whoever considers that, upon every hypothesis except the Socinian, Christianity is a provision of mercy for an apostate and sinful world, through a Divine Mediator, will acknowledge that something more is included in the idea of preaching the Gospel, than the inculcation of moral duties; and that he who confines his attention to these, exchanges the character of a Christian pastor for that of a fashionable declaimer or a philosophical moralist. If we turn our eyes to the ministry of the apostles, we perceive it to have consisted in 'testifying repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ'; repentance, which is natural religion modified by the circumstances of a fallen creature, including a return to the path of duty; and faith, which is a practical compliance with the Christian dispensation, by receiving the Saviour as the way, the truth, and the life. Faith and repentance being the primary duties enjoined under the Gospel, and the production of these the professed end of the inspired writers, we need not wonder that those who are ambitious to tread in their steps, insist much, in the course of their ministry, on the topics which supply the principal motives to these duties:—the evil of sin, the extent of human corruption, together with the dignity, power, and grace of the Redeemer. Remembering that the object of repentance is God, they do not, in treating of sin, satisfy themselves with displaying its mischievous effects in society: they expatiate on its contrariety to the Divine nature; they speak of it chiefly as an affront offered to the authority of the Supreme Ruler; and represent no repentance as genuine, which springs not from godly sorrow, or a concern for having displeased God. In this part of their office, they make use of the moral law, which requires the devotion of the whole heart and unflinching obedience, as the sword of the Spirit, to pierce the conscience, and to convince men 'that by the deeds of it no flesh living can be justified, but that every mouth must be stopped, and the whole world become guilty before God.' The uniform course of experience serves to convince them, that, till a deep impression of this truth be made on the heart, the character of the Saviour, and the promise of pardon through his blood, will produce no gratitude, and excite no interest. In inculcating faith in Christ, they cannot satisfy themselves with merely exhibiting the evidences of Christianity; a mere assent to which upon historical grounds, undeniably falls, in innumerable instances, of producing those effects which are uniformly ascribed to that principle in the New Testament,—neither overcoming the world, nor purifying the heart, nor inducing newness of life. They are of opinion, that the external evidences of the Christian religion are chiefly of importance, on account of their tendency to fix the attention on Christ, the principal object exhibited in that dispensation; and the faith on which the Scriptures lay so much stress, and connect with such ineffable benefits, they conceive essentially to involve a personal reliance on Christ for salvation, accompanied with a cordial submission to his authority. Attempting to produce this scriptural faith, in a dependence upon the Divine blessing, (without which the best means will be unsuccessful,) they dwell much on the dignity of his character as the Son of God, the admirable constitution of his person as 'Immanuel, God with us,' the efficacy of his atonement, and the gracious tenour of his invitations, together with the agency of that Spirit which is intrusted to him as the Mediator, to be imparted to the members of his mystical body. In their view, to preach the Gospel is to preach Christ; they perceive the New Testament to be full of him; and while they imbibe that spirit with which it is replete, they feel a sacred ambition to diffuse 'the savour of his name in every place.'

"Let it not be inferred from hence that they are inattentive to the interests of practical religion, or that their ministry is merely occupied in explaining and enforcing a doctrinal system. None lay more stress on the duties of a holy life, or urge with more constancy the necessity of their hearers showing their faith by their works; and they are incessantly affirming, with St. James, that the former without the latter is dead, being alone. Though, in common with the inspired writers, they ascribe their transition from a state of death to a state of justification solely to faith in Christ previous to good works actually performed, yet they equally insist upon a performance of those works as the evidence of justifying faith, and, supposing life to be spared, as the indispensable condition of final happiness. The law, not altered in its requirements, (for what was once duty they conceive to be duty still,) but attempted in its sanctions to the circumstances of a fallen creature, they exhibit as the perpetual standard of rectitude, as the sceptre of majesty by which the Saviour rules his disciples. They conceive it to demand the same things, though not with the same rigour, under the Gospel dispensation as before. The matter of duty they look upon as unalterable, and the only difference to be this,—that whereas under the covenant of works the condition of life was sinless obedience, under the new covenant an obedience sincere and affectionate, though imperfect, is accepted, for the sake of the Redeemer. At the same time, they do not cease to maintain that the faith which they hold to be justifying comprehends in it the seminal principle of every virtue;—that if genuine, it will not fail to be fruitful;—and that a Christian has it in his power to show his faith 'by his works,' and by no other means. Under a full conviction of the fallen state of man, together with his moral incapacity to do what is pleasing to God, they copiously insist on the agency of the Spirit, and affectionately urge their hearers to im-

phore his gracious assistance. From no class of men will you hear more solemn warnings against sin, more earnest calls to repentance, or more full and distinct delineations of the duties resulting from every relation in life, accompanied with a peculiar advantage of drawing, from the mysteries of the Gospel, the strongest motives to strengthen the abhorrence of the one, and endorse the practice of the other. In their hands morality loses nothing but the pagan air with which it is too often invested; the morality which they enjoin is of heavenly origin,—the pure emanation of truth and love, sprinkled with atoning blood, and baptised into an element of Christian sanctity. If we look at the effects produced from the ministry of these men, they are such as might be expected to result from a faithful exhibition of the truth of God. Wherever they labour careless sinners are awakened, profligate transgressors are reclaimed, the mere form of religion is succeeded by the power, and fruits of genuine piety appear in the holy and exemplary lives of their adherents. A visible reformation in society at large, and, in many instances, unequivocal proofs of solid conversion, attest the purity of their doctrines, and the utility of their labours; effects which we challenge their enemies to produce where a different sort of teaching prevails.

"The controversy between them and their opponents, to say the truth, turns on a point of the greatest magnitude,—the question at issue respects the choice of a supreme end, and whether we will take the 'Lord to be our God.' Their opponents are for confining religion to an acknowledgment of the being of a God, and the truth of the Christian revelation, accompanied with some external rites of devotion, while the world is allowed the exclusive dominion of the heart. They are for carrying into effect the apostolic commission, by summoning men to repentance, and engaging them to an entire surrender of themselves to the ser-

vile of God, through a Mediator. In the system of human life, their opponents assign to devotion a very narrow and limited agency; they contend for its having the supreme control. The former expect nothing from religion but the restraint of outward enormities by the fear of future punishment; in the views of the latter it is productive of positive excellence,—a perennial spring of peace, purity, and joy. Instead of regarding it as a matter of occasional reference, they consider it as a principle of constant operation. While their opponents always overlook and frequently deny the specific difference between the church and the world, in their views the Christian is a pilgrim and stranger in the earth, one whose heart is in heaven, and who is supremely engaged in the pursuit of eternal realities. Their fiercest opposers, it is true, give to Jesus Christ the title of the Saviour of the world, but it requires very little attention to perceive that their hope of future happiness is placed on the supposed preponderancy of the virtues over the vices, and the claims which they then conceive to result on the justice of God; while the opposite party consider themselves as mere pensioners on mercy, flee for refuge to the cross, and ascribe their hopes of salvation entirely to the grace of the Redeemer.

"For our parts, supposing the being and perfections of God once ascertained, we can conceive of no point at which we can be invited to stop, short of that serious piety and habitual devotion which the evangelical clergy enforce. To live without religion, to be devoid of habitual devotion, is natural and necessary in him who disbelieves the existence of its object; but upon what principles he can justify his conduct who professes to believe in a Deity, without aiming to please him in all things, without placing his happiness in his favour, we are utterly at a loss to comprehend."—*Hail's Works*, vol. II.

SCENES IN THE EAST.

JERUSALEM.—Jerusalem is peculiarly situated on a species of promontory, nearly encircled by higher eminences.

This terminates on the east in the craggy valley of Jehoshaphat, through which runs the brook Kedron, and is bounded on the south and west by the valley of Hinnom, while to the north it stretches away in an uneven plain, over which the ancient city probably extended. Immediately beyond the ravine rise the other elevations: that of the Mount of Olives, with its three summits, a few clusters of trees, and its highest point crowned with a building, commands a fine prospect of the whole city. Like other Turkish towns, the survey of the interior disappoints the expectations excited by its external appearance. The streets are narrow and uneven. Irregularly placed houses with diminutive doors, and now and then a projecting upper window, are badly built; and, from the scarcity and dearth of timber, are usually covered with rude beehive-shaped roofs. In some directions are detached heaps of ruins, and in others are inclosures fenced with the prickly Indian fig. Towards the Jews' quarter some extensive ranges of walls and arches, the remains of the spacious hospital of the Knights of Malta, are still considered by the Hebrew inhabitants as English property. A few stragglers only are seen wandering in the streets—the bazaars are miserably furnished—one of them, arched and dark, is fast falling to ruin. The trade of the town is confined to chaplets, crosses, carved shells, models of the sacred places, and mother-of-pearl receptacles for holy water, which, sanctified in the sepulchre, are eagerly sought for, and widely distributed through Catholic Europe. So low, however, is the state of art, that one individual only, an ingenious and intelligent Jew, can engrave the seal rings, so generally worn in the east, while a few native Christians carve rudely in mother-of-pearl, or tattoo the arms of pilgrims with sacred symbols. Of bread and meat there is no lack, but of the latter little variety. Fruit and vegetables are sparingly supplied, although on Fridays the neighbouring peasants hold a kind of market—those of the Moslem faith assembling for devotion, as well as to dispose of their scanty produce.—*Dr. Hogg's Visit to Jerusalem*.

PATMOS.—Patmos, the place of St. John's banishment, at present named Palamos, is one of those small islands in the Archipelago, or *Egean* sea, which went

under the general name of the Cyclades, and is supposed to have been the most rocky, barren, and unproductive among them. Its whole circumference does not exceed eighteen miles; and though it is placed at the distance of forty miles from the Asiatic continent, yet, owing to its mountainous surface, it can be easily seen from the city of Ephesus. It was long used as a state-prison by the Romans. It was, indeed, their principal depot in the Mediterranean for those prisoners who were put for any length of time under severe restraint. In most places the shores are inaccessible, rendering it difficult of access, and equally difficult to escape from. There is not a spot in the Archipelago which has more the appearance of a volcanic origin than Patmos. Different parts have the semblance of craters, and substances resembling lava are common among the fragments of the rocks. La Scala, the only town in the island, appears to be built on the edge of one of the ancient craters, sloping off on either side like the roof of a house. As the valleys are generally left without culture, few places can present a more gloomy and desolate appearance to the traveller.—*Culbertson*.

BABYLON.—Though no antiquary, as I have said, I determined in my mind, that I was passing along the walls of Babylon. Many fragments of bricks were lying among the sand, some marked with the character I noticed in Hillah. All was barren around; although at some distance, where the waters were shallowest, I could see the grass peeping above them. By the walls I had found a dry road to the base of the huge shapeless mound on which the tower is placed; its circumference estimated at little more than seven hundred yards; a narrow way divided it from a still larger and more irregular heap, upon the side of which stood, facing the tower, a small mosque. If the dervishes to whom these memorials are erected, lived on the spots where the tombs now stand that are to be seen over the remains of Babylon, they selected well for the abandonment of the world; more forlorn spots could scarcely be found; for, in the Great Desert, even, there is verdure and flower—here all is utter misery.

On the height of the first mound stands a well-built tower, of something less than forty feet high. Such an erection in modern days would excite admiration for its workmanship; with what astonishment must it be viewed in the supposition that its age exceeds four

thousand years! Huge heaps of brick lie about, melted into solid masses, as if by the action of fire; and the whole mound on which the pillar stands is covered with fragments of well-baked bricks; and this is the Temple of Belus, it is said, or the Tower of Babel. At any rate, be it what it may, it stands on the plain of Shinar, where Babylon once stood; and most completely, as my eyes wandered over the scene of desolation, did I feel the truth of the fulfilment of the judgments pronounced against her; yes, "Every one that goeth by Babylon shall be astonished."—*Skinner's Overland Journey to India.*

The most remarkable ruin, both in magnitude and name, is that called by the Arabs, Birs Nimrod, or Nimrod's tower. This, there is every reason to believe, was the ancient tower of Babel, the earliest and mightiest specimen of human skill and human audacity. The travels of Mr. Rich and Sir R. K. Porter have rendered us more familiar with those huge ruins than could previously have been hoped for. The compressed view of their accounts given by Heeren is very striking and animated.

"This huge mass of building lies about six miles south-west of Hillah. It has the appearance of an oblong hill, the base of which, according to Porter, is two thousand and eighty-two feet in circumference. Rich reckons it two thousand two hundred and eighty-six. It may easily be conceived, that it is scarcely possible to fix in a positive manner the circumference of such a ruin. Its present height, reckoning to the bottom of the tower which crowns its summit, is two hundred feet; the tower itself is thirty-five. Looking at it from the west, the entire mass rises at once from the plain in one stupendous, though irregular pyramidal hill. It is composed of fine bricks, kiln-baked. From the western side, two of its stories may be dis-

tinctly seen; the first is about sixty feet high, cloven in the middle by deep ravines. The tower-like looking ruin on the summit is a solid mass, twenty-eight feet wide, of the most beautiful masonry; to all appearances it formed an angle of some square buildings, the ruins of which are yet to be seen on the eastern side. The cement which connects the bricks is so hard that it was impossible to chip the smallest piece; and for this reason none of the inscriptions can be copied, as they are always on the lower surface of the bricks. It is rent from the top nearly half way to the bottom; and at its foot lay several unshapen masses of fine brickwork, still bearing traces of a violent fire, which has given them a vitrified appearance, whence it has been conjectured that it has been struck by lightning. The appearance of the hill on the eastern side evidently shows that this enormous mass has been reduced more than one half. Only three stories of the eight which it formerly contained can now be discerned. The earth about the bottom of the hill is now clear; but is again surrounded with walls, which form an oblong square, enclosing numerous heaps of rubbish, probably once the dwellings of the inferior deities, or of the priests and officers of the temple. The appearance of the tower of Nimrod is sublime even in its ruins. Clouds play around its summit; its recesses are inhabited by lions, three being quietly basking on its heights when Porter approached it; scarcely intimidated by the cries of the Arabs, they gradually and slowly descended into the plain. Thus the words of the prophet have been fulfilled, "Wild beasts of the desert shall be there; owls shall fill their houses, ostriches shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. Jackalls shall howl in their palaces, and wild hounds in their pleasant places!"

GEMS.

SOCIAL UNION.—From our social union it is that we derive all those dear and tender connexions that constitute the leading charms and happiness of human life; that parents, children, brethren, friends, associates, fellow-citizens, are all enabled to live and act together, in love, and peace, mutual confidence and general security; that our inheritance, the fruits of our industry, and reward of our labours, are quietly enjoyed and freely applied to purposes of benevolence and duty; that under the wholesome administration of those laws which providence hath appointed for our refuge and protection, we fear no open violence, and recur to none for defence and redress; that we are led to cultivate every honest art and liberal refinement of a civil state; to extend our views and intercourse, and know all the enjoyments arising from a fellowship of things divine and human.—*Kirwan.*

IMPATIENCE.—I have seen the rays of the sun or of the moon dash upon a brazen vessel, whose lips kissed the face of those waters that lodged within its bosom; but being turned back and sent off, with its smooth pretences or rougher wafings, it wandered about the room and beat upon the roof, and still doubled its heat and motion. So is sickness and sorrow entertained by an unquiet and discontented man. Nothing is more unreasonable than to entangle our spirits in wildness and amusements, like a partridge fluttering in a net, which she breaks not, though she breaks her wings.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE BIBLE.—Whether that book which we call by way of eminence the Bible, be a revelation from God or not, it is matter of fact, whencesoever the information may be supposed to have come, that we are actually in possession of the knowledge of the only true

God, in opposition to all the fooleries of polytheistic superstition. From whatever source, and by whatever channel, this superior knowledge has reached us, such, in the providence of God, is the indisputable fact.—*Wardlaw.*

CARDS.—I think it very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots, ranged together in different figures. They seem, however, to be the delight of vast numbers of mankind, and even men who profess to have a superiority of taste, and a greater extent of knowledge than others, pass away much of their time in this useless, and often injurious pursuit. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?—*Addison.*

HAPPINESS.—We pity the folly of the lark, which, while it playeth with the feather, stoopeth to the glass, is caught in the fowler's net; and yet cannot see ourselves alike made fools by Satan, who, deluding us by the vain feathers and glasses of the world, suddenly enwrappeth us in his snares. We see not the nets, indeed; it is too much that we shall feel them, and that they are not so easily escaped after, as before avoided. O Lord, keep thou mine eyes from beholding vanity. And though mine eyes see it, let not my heart stoop to it, but loathe it afar off. And if I stoop at any time and be taken, set thou my soul at liberty, that I may say, my soul is escaped, even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and I am delivered.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE INSTINCTS OF PLANTS.

WHAT a beautiful system is Nature—animate and inanimate. How beautiful she was in my childhood. How beautiful she still is; as I have an opportunity of ascertaining once or twice in the long, long year, when I emerge for a short season from the town's almost endless shadow of buildings, and the unceasing clatter of wheels. I rejoice to say that the smile of Nature rested on my childish days; and her voice early became familiar to my ear; I was not bred in a London nursery or drawing-room; hushed when my shouts of joy were too loud and hearty; chid when a snowy collar or pinafore was unduly soiled; or led forth only when the weather was so superlatively mild that the southern breeze might be permitted for half an hour to fan my wan and faded cheek. No, the wintry winds blew on me unfelt and unrebuked. My brow was bronzed by the hottest sun of summer. The tallest tree deterred me not from capturing the crow's nest near its summit. The widest ditch was jumped over—or into. The awful frown of that most awful of all awful functionaries—the village schoolmaster—did not prevent me from occasionally playing truant. "Stolen joys are sweet." A most true proverb, as I can amply testify. But never since have I experienced a joy equal to the stolen ones of that last long summer's day when I turned my back on school, Dominie, prudence, and all connected with them, and strolled and wandered even until the village spire was lost to my sight, as free from care as the birds that sang around me.

Now could I be other than happy? Was there not the wood echoing with delicious music! with its blackberries—climbing honey-suckle—and snug little naturally formed passages and arbours, with their mossy carpets? Was I not proud as a monarch and far happier? And when I had wearied myself with enjoyment did not Nature present a hundred couches for my choice. Was there not also the little brook, at least three feet deep, of such crystal clearness that every pebble which assisted to pave its bed was visible. What a delicious bath. How speedily did the little green cloth jacket, with the round gilt buttons, and all the other encumbrances of my active limbs disappear to the right and to the left, and then such splashing, and ducking and wading. Never shall I forget that day. I should however have no objection to forget the following, when the Dominie *marked* his displeasure at my proceedings—on my back.

Deeply did I drink at the fountain of nature, and amply now am I rewarded for it. How many an hour of mental fever has been slaked even by the remembrance. Thanks to a vivid temperament and quick imagination, which are not to be thanked on all occasions, I can look through the smoke and fog of a London day in

November, into the clear open country; and revel at pleasure amid the beauties of Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter. Sometimes I am lying under a hedge of hawthorn, covered with blossom. In the bush just above me is a nest of young birds, and the parents are flitting to and fro to seek and to bring food with which to still their clamours. The sky is blue above me, unstained even by the pallid apparition of a cloud; and the sun is carrying joy to the heart of every bird, quadruped, flower, and blossom. Sheep are browsing in the meadow before me, and many a twin lamb is gambolling amid the daisied herbage. At another time I am leaning on the margin of a broad, clear, sequestered stream; perchance gazing on the water lilies; my fit of abstraction occasionally startled and broken in upon, now by the leaping up of the speckled trout, which instantly falls back into the splashing waters and darts away, masticating meanwhile the beautiful blue fly, which a moment before was sporting in the sunbeam, happy in its unconsciousness of danger; and anon by the arrow-like flight of the brilliant king fisher, which, like the form of some loved and buried one seen in a dream, is delightfully recognised for a moment, and then lost for ever. Another time I am on the shore of the vast ocean. Its waves are heaving, plunging, and roaring around me. Distant sails are at one moment seen, and the next lost in the furrowed water. The wind has that peculiar warning sound which precedes a storm, and I anticipate the struggle of brave men with the combined elements—the relaxation of exertion, as fatigue becomes less endurable and hope more faint—the rush to planks and any thing capable of floating—the wreck—the individual battling with the waters, and last, the bursting of the bubble which contained the life-breath of the sunken mariner.

These, and a thousand fancies of the same kind, mitigate the irksomeness of my imprisonment; for such a continued and constrained residence amid brick and mortar is in my estimation. But they cannot equal the enjoyment which I feel when my face is really fanned by the fresh breeze, and the odour of wood burning on the cottage hearths is in my nostrils. How delightful is the scene, whether it consist in the sublime beauties of the mountain, the forest, or the rich luxuriance of the park and the meadow. In either case I see quadruped, bird, reptile, fish and insect, in the state prescribed by nature; therefore happy, and apparently grateful. Then the trees and flowers, are not they, also, susceptible of consciousness? Look at them, one and all, are they not enjoying the air and the sunshine, and gazing with meek and contemplative delight on each other's beauty. Nay, reader, do not look so like a crabbed, matter-of-fact philosopher.

K

Allow me to indulge my fancy, although Linneus may not have sanctioned it. If Hamilton Reynolds was permitted to consider a bird "a winged flower," why may not I be permitted, in imagination, to pronounce flowers to be silent, motionless birds? If the animal has circulating throughout its system, and visiting its most minute parts, a life-sustaining fluid, so also has the plant. If the one performs the functions of respiration, so also does the other. The plant, as well as the animal, seeks the situation best fitted to its nature; proceeds from youth to maturity, thence to old age, and dies, leaving its progeny behind it. If the nightingale makes the air vocal with music, the rose imparts to it delicious odour. If the swan, gliding over the waters, exhibits an emblem of grace, peace, and innocence, the stately and motionless lily does the same. If the linnet awakes with the sun, and grows glad in his early beams, he but resembles the gentle daisy beneath him. If the fowls of the air close their wings and droop their heads in rest, so also do the sweet denizens of the garden fold their many-hued leaves, and bow in odorous slumber.

But, reader, you cry "Pshaw!" and say, "What nonsense is here! what justification can you plead for using the term at the head of your article—the *instincts* of plants?" Do not be alarmed, gentle reader; I am not going to contend that fir-trees emigrate, that dahlias build nests, or that violets hoard dew and rain-drops against a time of scarcity; yet I claim to be allowed to apply the word "instinct" to vegetables; and, moreover, claim a peculiar right to use it in reference to them. The instinct of animals, as exhibited in its phenomena, occasionally so nearly resembles reason, that philosophers have much room for dispute as to the nature of the mind of brutes. In the vegetable, on the contrary, where no agency superior to matter exists, no doubt can arise, for every power exerted by the plant to secure its more perfect development, or to surmount obstacles to its progress, must be purely instinctive. The varying necessities of the animal, and the numerous purposes which its Creator intended it to effect, render an indwelling intelligence necessary to it; but the wants and ends of the plant are so simple, that instinct less complex is sufficient, on its part, for the supply of the one, and to effect the other. It is by the agency of these instincts, so beautifully diversified yet exquisitely uniform in their intention and results, that earth presents the wondrous and lovely scene which we behold. Had not her inanimate as well as her animated children been gifted with them, irregularity, deformity, and gradual decay must have ensued.

But, reader, perhaps you still shake your head, and are yet disposed to dispute my right to apply the word "instinct" to the vegetable creation. Mark, then, that Virginia creeper; it has run

along and entwined with the iron fence of the little terrace. All the support it needed, it there found, and troubled not itself about the future; but the time has arrived when it must work on a new plan. It has reached the apparently impracticable wall; it cannot writhe between the bricks and fasten itself around them, for the mortar is as obdurate as they; but it puts forth a little feeler, which it makes fast to the upright uncompromising barrier; now it shoots forward again, but soon finding continued support needful, takes another secure hold of the brickwork: thus, by successive efforts, the top is reached and overpassed. What now? Does it still carefully make good its footing, step by step? No, it dangles leisurely downwards, with all the ease and indolence of a citizen who, having toiled hard for a fortune, and obtained it, feels further exertion unnecessary. Look, too, at the branch of that delicious honeysuckle, it has been growing in a straight line, but can no longer support itself in that direction; it therefore proceeds spirally, seeking foreign aid. It has fallen in with a branch no stronger than itself; this is not what it wanted; but by union, the chances of support to both will be multiplied; besides, congenial friendships are the greatest solace of adversity. The better to secure their mutual object the one curves to the left, the other to the right, and presently they secure the support they sought. There, too, is another limb of the same plant, on which equal good fortune has not shone; it, also, has found a branch, but a dead one, which cannot, of course, render it the assistance which its sister derives from *her* companionship. But although unable to aid it in its search for a sustainer, its lifeless stem may be made of some use to increase the strength of our branch, and, accordingly, the latter twists itself around it, in one invariable direction—from the right to the left.

Confine your plants in a room, and observe how the leaves will yearn, and pine after, and turn towards the light. Take that geranium which is looking out of the window as an instance; turn the side which is now to, *from* the light; see what a flutter and bustle there is among the leaves, which are all at work repairing the cruel mischief you have done them. See the myriad heads of clover, which so love the face of the sun, that they hail him in the east at his rising, and continue their steadfast gaze on him even to his setting in the west. What think you of that cruel plant, a downright vegetable spider, the Venus fly-trap, which allures the poor insect into its power by the offer of delicious nectar, and then crushes it in its embrace? Poor fly! your fate is that of many a being gifted with more than instinct, who embraces vice in the search after pleasure, and finds, instead, destruction. Will you tell me that the *hedysarum gyrans* is not full of conscious happy

ness when it raises, and lowers, and whirls its leaves in the calm air and genial sunshine. If you think it is not, impede its operations for a moment, and when the obstruction to its enjoyment is removed, see with what an increase of vigour and velocity it will resume its dance, overjoyed at its release from temporary thralldom.

What will you say, dissentient reader, to the sensitive plant? What to the tamarind-tree and others, which, at night, fold their leaves around the young fruit to protect it from the inclement air? What to the American cowslip, which bows its head to protect its seed from the driving rain; and when these are nearly ripe, erects it again, as if proud in the consciousness of having worthily fulfilled a duty?

What an emblem is the lesser *dodder*—which climbs up the trunks of loftier and stronger plants, and when it has matured means of sucking nourishment from them, abandons its own root, and holds no more direct communication with the earth—of those human beings who, without any foundation of their own, exalt themselves by means of the substance and worth of others!—of the man who, by ductility of principle and skilful meanness, climbs to a station superior to his origin, and then disconnects himself from, and grows ashamed of the dunghill from which he sprang!

How sedulously do the children of the forest, the field, and the garden provide for the well-being of their offspring, and the dissemination of their species! here attaching their seeds to the clothes of passing travellers, to the fur of quadrupeds, or the feathers of birds, thus to be

transported to their future locality; there, by a convulsive effort, ejecting them from the nursery in which they were carefully nurtured, as long as such nurture was required. Behold the barleycorn dropping from its parent stem, and trudging on and on until it finds an eligible spot in which to establish itself! Many cast their progeny on the waters, to be wafted to distant spots, there to spring up, and, in their turn, multiply the localities of their species; while many, again, commit them to the fidelity of the summer breeze. There is the thistle, for instance, which, like the land of which it is the emblem, sends forth its children into every quarter, to take root in, and draw sustenance from every soil, however bleak and barren.

And now, reader, are you satisfied with, or will you tolerate, the title of my paper? I could go on citing instances "an hour by Shrewsbury clock," or any other clock that goes. But if you are not already convinced, I despair of converting you; therefore, in return for the patience which has enabled you to travel to the end of this long paper, if you still do not like the word "instinct," as I have applied it, I grant you full permission to substitute in the reading any other which you may consider preferable; and trust that if you cannot sympathize in my botanical fancies, yet that you will concur with me in acknowledging the fact, that all the works of the Creator, as well the inanimate as the sentient, exhibit proofs of the same uniform design, and that they are alike governed by laws beautifully and unerringly adapted to the attainment of the ends for which they were created.

N.

DIVINE CONDESCENSION, HUMAN EXALTATION.

THE condescension of God, as already traced in its downward stages, was not ostentation and display. It could not fail to be productive of certain effects; for as surely as the natural operation of his justice would have tended to destroy, so certainly the operation of his love would have a tendency to save. And it could not be otherwise than that these restorative effects should be commensurate with the *degree* of condescension which he exercised; they would correspond in measure as well as in kind. Accordingly, we find that this exact correspondence obtains: He stooped to earth that we might be raised to heaven: he partook of our human nature that we might be made partakers of his *divine*; he died an ignominious death that we might live a glorified and eternal life.

In glancing at the pinnacle of distinction to which man is raised, let us mark two or three of the more elevated stages in the ascending scale. The lowest to which we shall allude is that of a servant of the most high God. From being the slaves of sin, he advances us into his high and

holy service. He has no *need* of our services, for he is self-sufficient, and could accomplish every thing by the word of his power; or if he chose to surround himself with obedient servants, as a thing becoming his majesty and state, he might have taken them all from the inhabitants of the heavenly world.* They have never revolted from him, never abused his goodness, nor renounced his authority, as we have done; but have ever counted it their highest honour to adore and serve him. How astonishing is it, then, that he should come to seek for servants in this sinful world! that he should call any into his service from among our apostate and guilty race! And yet he does this; and he does it in a manner as though he were really dependent on our services, as though he were unable to conduct the affairs of his government without us; for he not only calls us, he urges, and entreats, and even offers to reward us, though we can

* If the writer mistake not, there is a passage somewhere in the celebrated Howe's works, the scope of which bears a resemblance to this paragraph.

never be otherwise than unprofitable servants. If we neglect his first invitations he repeats them ; if we faint in his service he supports and encourages us ; if we revolt from his service he actually follows and brings us back to it again ; he stoops to do that which we should count it a degradation to do to our fellow-creatures. He reminds us that angels are our fellow-servants ; he calls us co-workers together with himself ; he even engages to applaud us at last in the face of the universe, by saying, " Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

But if it be an honour to be advanced into the *service* of God, how surpassing the distinction of being raised into his *friendship* ! And yet this is his language, " Ye are my friends ; henceforth I call you not servants, but friends." Had he only regarded his people in the light of his servants, he would only have laid his commands upon them ; and even this would have been conferring on them an honour which angels are emulous and happy to enjoy. But he not only entrusts them with his commands, he shares with them his secrets, and honours them with his confidence. He gives them the utmost freedom of access to him, permitting them to come even to his seat, and to enter the secret of his pavilion. They share his sympathy, his counsel, and his aid ; and in return, they feel a growing congeniality with his character, make his cause their own, and rejoice when it is promoted, as though their own interests were advanced. They are conscious of a holy jealousy for the honour of his name, as if it were committed entirely to their custody, or as if their own life and happiness were bound up with it. O how exalted and how ennobling is this relation to God ! and yet it is their privilege to sustain it : they are known in heaven, though they may not be on earth, as the *friends of God*.

But they sustain a relation still higher, if possible, than this : " Beloved," says an apostle, " now are we the *sons of God*." " Ye are all the *children of God*," says another apostle, " by faith in Christ Jesus." " And if children, then *heirs* ; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." " O," said one of the Malabarians converts appointed by the Danish missionaries to translate a catechism, in which believers are called the " sons " of God,—" O it is too much ! let me rather render it, ' they shall be permitted to kiss his feet.' " But no, it is not too much : " It is just like him," said a converted negro woman, with sublime moral simplicity, when speaking of his unutterable gift of Christ for our redemption. Inconceivably great as the gift is, " it is just like him ; " and unspeakably great as the privilege is of constituting believers his children, " it is just like him ; " it is no figment of the imagination ; the honour is realized to the fullest extent. They are renewed after his likeness, and by the spe-

cial operation of his own Spirit. They are clothed with the robes of his righteousness ; are sustained with manna from heaven, and enjoy the training and tuition of a Divine teacher ; while every step they take brings them nearer to an inheritance worthy of those whom he has adopted as his children and his heirs. " Beloved, now are we the sons of God ; " and when we look down to the depth from which he has raised us, we may well be astonished at the height of our present elevation ; but when we look up towards the summits which we are yet destined to attain, we feel that " it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Great as the honour is which he has already conferred upon us, it is only the beginning, the pledge of what he purposes to bestow on us in heaven. High as is the exaltation to which he has already raised us, we are still rising, and shall continue to ascend, till we have left sin, and death, and hell at an infinite depth below us, and find ourselves placed at the right hand of God.

Now, looking at the history of this exaltation, we may remark that, like that Divine condescension to which it is owing, it is marked by distinct and successive stages, by which the Christian is carried from glory to glory till he has reached the summit of perfect bliss. What an important moment in his history is that, when the voice of God first calls him, and induces him to consider his ways. The period of conversion comes, and he arrives at another stage : he now cordially believes, and embraces the Gospel ; his sins are forgiven ; he draws the first breath of a new life, and aims at heaven. Henceforth, his course may be marked by numerous vicissitudes—but they all form so many steps, by which he rises towards heaven. The period of death comes, and he arrives at another and a most important point—he escapes from the state in which he had been walking by faith, and finds himself standing in the brightness of the throne of God ; he quits his conflicts and temptations, and finds himself in a world where all is security, holiness, and bliss ; he rises as by one mighty bound from earth to heaven. Nor is this the summit of his dignity. The morning of the resurrection will dawn, and he will reach a higher point of glory still. His body will be raised from the low chambers of the grave, and be fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. The hour of judgment will arrive, and constitute another stage in his advancing career ; he will then be acquitted from every charge, welcomed as an heir of heaven, and confirmed in his title to eternal life. And do you think that even then he will have reached the limits of his glory ? That glory is an ocean—and he will only then be just launched forth on its shoreless expanse. Even then he will be heard saying, as he surveys the interminable prospect of blessedness that stretches before him, " it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but this we know, that we are like him, for now we

see him as he is;" and this we believe, that in proportion to the depth to which he stooped in order to raise us, in that proportion will be the height of our exaltation, for ever advancing in endless progression.

To this advanced stage of their exaltation, however, Christians have not yet attained. Some of them are only just emerging into spiritual light and life; others are in the midst of their career toward heaven; others have just arrived at the point at which their spirits pass to the throne of God; and others have long been familiar with the scenes and the society of heaven. Were the operation of the grace of God to terminate at this moment, were the affairs of his kingdom to be wound up at once, how astonishing the effects which his condescension has already produced! How many has it raised to the enjoyment of eternal life! What a tide of happiness has it poured through the world—bearing on its bosom to the haven of rest an innumerable multitude, every one of whom would else have perished in the blackness of darkness for ever! But it shall not cease to operate till it has compassed the salvation of all his people; and then, and not till then, will it be adequately appreciated and adored. But then, when all the objects of his love—the fruits of his condescension—shall stand upon the mount of God; when they shall look up and gaze upon the glories of him who sits upon the throne, and then look back, and down upon the cross, and remember

that he once hung upon it, and trace the various stages through which he passed till he reached it, what an amazing impression of his condescension will they have, and what a theme for praise.

And when they shall contrast their divine exaltation with their former depression, when they shall find that they are without fault before the throne of God, that they are walking in the society of angels, are raised to the enjoyment of all that heaven contains, and then look down at the state in which his condescension found them, and, still lower, at the state of perdition from which his grace has saved them, what a view will they have of their high exaltation, and what a subject for gratitude to him "who raiseth up the needy out of the dunghill, that he may set him with princes," even the princes of heaven.

But the adoration and praise of heaven must begin on earth. Christians are not strangers to these emotions now. It is by these, and the influence which these have upon their life, that they are distinguished from an ungodly world. The Saviour has spoken to them—and they have listened, wondered, and obeyed. He has raised them from the dust, and they have followed him. He has shown them his cross, and they feel that they are nor their own. He has pointed them to the open gate of heaven, and they are hastening and ascending to reach it. He has constituted them his friends and his children, and they are advancing to take possession of their inheritance, and to share his glory.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SECOND ARTICLE.

POETRY is one of the natural elements and accompaniments of our lives—it displays its abounding influence in all our thoughts, feelings, designs and actions, and it develops itself in every kaleidoscopic change of character and circumstance within our hearts, when we may perhaps in the least degree suspect it. Those who are even the most ready and willing to deny the power of its inward inherent influence upon their minds, are the very beings over whom it is shedding the early dews of its pathos and passion, and who, placed as they thus are within the boundary and sphere of a new and enlivening existence of mental happiness, are dazzled and confused by the wondrous creations of thought and fancy, which are ever springing up within and around them. The development of these ideas are made abundantly evident to the close observation of any one who, with that common acuteness which is naturally inherent in every breast, will closely cultivate a mind which is thus every day increasing in vigour, and inhaling with every inspiring breath the rich feelings of delight, which thrill with a gladden-

ing influence through the wide and boundless beauty of the universe around them. The winds have for them a more freshening and delightful fragrance, a louder and more spirit-stirring music; every harmony of which brings back some buried memory of mournful sorrow, or some joyous and bridal thought, which throws alternately over the past the pallid and rosy colourings of hope—robing the days of our mortal stay upon the earth with richly abounding associations of joy and gladness, which become in themselves the very essences and materials of that serene-born poesy which, like the awful voice of some oracular god, is ever stirring within them. They will linger in the advancing years of youth over the lovely and cherished flowers which they planted in the garden of their childhood, and weep with the gentleness of the earlier affections over the passing echo of some olden nursery hymn. But in the creation and growth of this rich and delightful enthusiasm, there will at times flash over the mind rich and ennobling thoughts; which, like stars in the depths of midnight darkness, will arrest the vagrant fancy with

the splendour and brightness of their illumination. And if there be one spirit whose quiet researches among the charities and gifted feelings of the human heart, as evidenced in the subdued tone of his gentle poetry, has led one human creature from dwelling upon the outward gaze of the rude and garish world, and drawn him by the chords of a tender charity to the inner sanctuaries of deep and thoughtful feeling within his own bosom—that one high and pre-eminent above all others—is William Wordsworth. Every one who has perused his poetry, with that contemplative and reverent attention which its deep beauty and quiet pathos demands—has risen up from its study both a wiser and a better man. Within his pages are developed “thoughts that lie too deep for tears”—feelings that when once aroused, fill the heart with “a joy for ever,” whilst over all is ever heard in a sweet and happy chorus the voice of “the still sweet music of humanity.”

In the rich and golden days of the Grecian poesy, when the Naiad sat alone by the fountain—the Dryad beneath the spreading oak—and the Oread in the cool recesses and deep shadows of the lonely glens, there was spread over the natural world of the creation the delightful splendour of a poetry of being, which identified and mingled itself with the every day contemplation of the dwellers of the land, even to the golden mythology and mystic rites paid to the deities whose supremacy and power they invoked, worshipped and adored. But the retired privacies of the domestic affections—the hidden *penetralia* of the heart, where love and duty had their birth-place—these were recognised only by the cold and cautious philosophy which was the predominant agent amongst the different schools and sects of that past family of the moral world. But the private charities of life which were then suppressed and buried, have in the era of our existence been called back, and revived, and cherished with a new and happier life; and, from the quiet home and the lowly dwelling, the inspiration and power of poetry has been sent forth abroad over the wide plains and dominions of nature. Peace, and charity, and friendship have been proclaimed in the forest-glades—a moral and thoughtful lesson for the heart's best feelings has been gathered from leaves, and plants, and gentle flowers—and the spirit of mortal man and the spirit of nature have claimed for themselves good and gracious feelings of a close and united sympathy and companionship; for themselves they have formed a bond of brotherhood together, which can only be parted asunder when the links and harmonies of all social and moral creations are broken up, shattered and destroyed. The Spirit who sent us forth into this world with the mark of sin and sorrow upon our forehead—and the stinging pang of the serpent within us—has not left us utterly unredeemed. The beauty and divinity of Paradise still linger like a me-

mory and a promise upon the earth, and hope points upward to that heaven whose light she has brought down amongst us. Poetry like that of Wordsworth's is born and grows amid the temperate yet glowing splendour of such rainbow-bowed brightness.

The two following poems have been quoted a thousand times—we have heard them whispered to us in dreams—and we quote them again like the words of the poet of all true and sober wisdom:—

TO THE CUCKOO.

Oh, blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird; but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same as in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love:
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do forget
That golden time again.

O, blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee.

—
She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time's brightest, liveliest dawn,—
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.
I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warm, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright,
 With something of an angel light.

Now, in these two simple yet beautiful poems, how much true poetry and charming philosophy is contained ! how much of that delightful spirit which subdues and sanctifies the best feelings of the heart and the affections ! and it is this, and mainly this, which has been at once the bane and the antidote, the for and the against, the yea and the nay of Wordsworth's poetry ; it has raised up around him "troops of friends," it has gathered against him hordes of savage and insane critics, who, unable and incompetent to estimate the true value and standard of his genius, are content to employ the base and savage materials in their power, and endeavour, by all unjust and unholy means, to calumniate and vilify him. To this general rule there have been some exceptions, of a nature at once peculiar and startling in themselves : we allude to the circumstance that there are, even in the present day, to be found many who, whilst they take a deserved and esteemed rank amongst those who may justly claim the prerogative of genius and talent as a birthright, do not yet own to themselves that principle which would admit the poetry of Wordsworth to occupy an high and esteemed place amid the modern literature of the land. We are acquainted with a gentleman whose reputation as a literary character is highly and deservedly respectable, whose writings and talents, whether as author, editor, or compiler, are greatly read and appreciated, yet to whom the revelations of the calm and philosophic wisdom of Wordsworth's poetry has been but as a dark and solemn adumbration, as a dim and starless darkness, over which the light of the bright and purple dawn has not yet arisen.

Haslitt, in his "Lectures on the English Poets,"

says that poetry is the language of the imagination and the passions, it is the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself. It is not a mere frivolous accomplishment, as some persons have been led to imagine,—the trifling amusement of a few idle readers or leisure hours ; it has been the study and delight of mankind in all ages. Wherever there is a sense of beauty, or power, or harmony,—as in the motion of a wave of the sea, in the growth of a flower that "spreads its sweet leaves to the air, and dedicates its beauty to the sun,"—there is poetry in its birth. It is "the stuff of which our life is made ;" all that is worth remembering in life is the poetry of it ; it is that fine particle within us that expands, rarifies, refines, raises our whole being ; without it, "man's life is poor as a beast's." Such is the language of one of our best modern critics, and on which the "Quarterly Review" wasted a few pages of most absurd and insane criticism. The genius of the departed Hazlitt has received, and is still receiving, that justice at the hands of tardy, though correct, criticism, which will rise superior to all the slavish sarcasm of cold-hearted and malignant libellers.

We return to our author ; and the reader who takes these volumes of Wordsworth in his hand, and goes with us through this delightful series of poems, will find that we are now standing upon the shining edge of that golden threshold on which he has built up that splendid superstructure of "poems of the imagination" which will cherish and support his fame as a poet until time itself shall be no more. In this series are contained many of those poems which filled up his last single volume of "Yarrow Revisited ;" there are, therefore, among them, the later efforts of his mind, and the more powerful and vivid impressions of a rich and philosophic imagination, sobered, but not saddened, by the declining sunset of life, and breathing, through every verse, the strains of a spirit purified and elevated from this world's care and toil, and devoutly and reverently chanting the hymns of mortal vanities and immortal rewards.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HEMANS.

O ! silent lies thy hallowed lyre
 Whose strains our spirits loved so well,
 Whose sounds could holy thoughts inspire,
 And bind the soul with magic spell.
 'Tis broken—and no more, no more,
 Thou honoured one, thou loved, and wept,
 Thy trembling hand may wander o'er
 Chords where the soul of music slept.

Thy spirit, that so oft had known
 And communed with diviner things,
 Hath risen to heaven's eternal throne,
 And mid the choir angelic sings.

We may not mourn thy upward flight
 To yonder calm and radiant shore,
 Where glorious visions meet thy sight—
 Where griefs nor ills can reach thee more.

Thy strains, prolonged by music's charm,
 Shall wake the soul with gentle power,
 Shall passion's fiercest rage disarm,
 And soothe afflictions saddened hour.
 Sleep sweet beneath the cypress tree,
 That flings its shadow o'er thy tomb ;
 We ne'er may cease to think of thee,
 When springs return, and flow'rets bloom.

T. A.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

[The late William Wirt, the Attorney General of the United States, was perhaps less an author than an orator and statesman; yet, among the pages of "The British Spy," and numerous other miscellaneous works from his pen, there may be found many marks of genius and talent of a very high order; sufficient indeed to warrant the conclusion that if he had devoted himself to the penurious pursuits of literature, he would have been unsurpassed in almost any species of composition. The following little sketch will afford no unfavourable evidence of his style and talents as a miscellaneous writer.]

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the country of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind. The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled piety and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man. It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject was, of course, the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion; and death. I knew the whole history; but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that time acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the

Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul-kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of his fall. But—no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher; but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few moments of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy, to his breast, lifting his "sightless holes" to heaven, and pour-

ing his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been indeed in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine. Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon or the force of Bourdaloue had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence.

If this description give you the impression, that this incomparable minister had any thing of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen, in any other orator, such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent, to which he does not seem forced by the senti-

ment he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and at the same time too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear, from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short yet beautiful character, which he drew of Sir Robert Boyle; he spoke of him, as if "his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh;" and called him in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, "a pure intelligence; the link between men and angels."

THE SALMON FISHER.

A TALE.

CHAPTER II.

To Rholf, then, the man about whom I had felt such indescribable concern, I was indebted for my life, it was his hand that had rescued me from a watery grave. He observed that my attention was intently fixed upon him, and drawing suddenly back, quitted the apartment. I spoke to Donald as he retired, and the sound of my voice recalled him to the bed, and in the tones of mildest compassion he inquired into the nature of my feelings. At first I imagined my answers were not altogether rational; for although, strange to say, I knew perfectly well the features of Rholf and of my servant, and that I was in safety, I had still a second feeling hanging about me, of mental as well as bodily imbecility, which, as I exerted myself to appear collected, to scatter my faculties, and to represent the past and passing circumstances like those of a dream. The salmon fisher, more sensible than Donald of my weak state, did not again offer any interrogatories, but after administering some restorative, drew the curtains, and motioning the servant to seat himself in an easy-chair by my side, resigned me to repose.

A deep sleep, occasioned, possibly, by the nourishing opiate I had taken, insensibly overcame me, from which, on the following morning, I awoke considerably amended and refreshed. Donald, who, as well as Rholf, had sat up all night, was still by me. I spoke to him of the accident in the most decided manner, and expressed a desire to rise and thank my preserver. The salmon fisher, who could clearly distinguish my accents from the next apartment, came immediately towards the chamber, and cautioned me not to be in too much haste; nor would he suffer me to quit my bed till I had taken some refreshments, which he himself handed in a way that bespoke how inferior must be his present condition to that for which he had been educated.

I found myself so well during the morning, that, fearing to become a tax upon my host, I purposed continuing my journey homewards. At a sign from me Donald withdrew, I being anxious to express my private thanks to the salmon fisher, whose dignified demeanour more and more astonished me.

When we were alone, "Sir," said I, "you cannot fail to have observed the amazement with which the presence of such a person as yourself, considered as a settled inhabitant of this place, has inspired me. When you reflect on the gratitude due from me, I trust it will form some excuse for the abrupt disclosure I am about to make. Unseen by yourself, I noticed with what a melancholy deportment you yesterday quitted this cottage. I also marked your gloomy abstraction on the strand of the Frith; both indicate that you are unhappy. Far be it from my wish to dive into the secrets of another's care, although I am convinced you are not what you seem, nor perhaps are these rocks, wildly beautiful as they must appear to the eye of inquiry, worthy to contain such an inhabitant. You have saved my life. All I have is yours; and if you will but permit me to share it with you, it will render me the happiest of human beings."

The salmon fisher, with a proud look, which, though it seemed to throw me at an immense distance, contained nothing of a scornful or indignant nature, listened calmly to my discourse. At the conclusion, "Young gentleman," said he, coldly, "the world has no longer any charms for which I would resign the solitude of this cabin; the better world I inhabit is within myself, in the recollection of past times; nor can I mention a single service I could derive from mankind beyond the common affairs afforded by the unoffending salmon fishers with whom I am content to associate. With regard to the pre-

servation of your life, that I was permitted to accomplish it, repays me tenfold." A deep pause followed, during which Rholf sat with one elbow on the table, supporting his head with his hand, seemingly plunged in thought.

"If," said I, rising, "you will not permit me to serve you, at least, in case you should hereafter alter your resolution, suffer me sometimes to visit your retirement." Rholf bowed his head rather formally than complacently. "And know," I continued, "that the name of the person whose life you have been the means of saving is N * * * *."

As I uttered the last word, a sudden and terrible convulsion seemed to relax the very frame of my host; his knees smote each other, his head and hands trembled violently, and, with a hollow, sepulchral voice, "Are you," he exclaimed, "from Cumberland?" My assent seemed like a bolt of fire directed to his heart; his death-like eyes rivetted themselves upon my features, and passed fearfully over my black apparel. In vain his feeble grasp endeavoured to fix itself on the arms of the chair for support; a cold perspiration trickled down his brow, and he appeared sinking to the earth." My attempts to assist him visibly increased rather than diminished his perturbation; till at length, with a groan of the severest anguish, he became nearly insensible. I had scarcely time to reflect ere the door of another apartment was suddenly thrown open, and a young lady, simply attired, but of uncommon beauty, hastily entered, and seeing the situation of the salmon fisher, hung affectionately over him, wetted his cheek with her tears, and endeavoured to recall him by the most heart-touching endearments. At the sound of her voice he struggled, by a sudden effort, to recover himself; the colour again returned to his lips, his reanimating eyes turned with a gaze of grateful affection upon hers, which beamed with that celestial blueness supposed only to emanate from the pitying looks of angels. "Dear Stella," ejaculated he, "it is ever now." The damsel placed one of her fair arms round his neck, while, with her disengaged hand, she gently held his forehead.

At that instant the salmon fisher again investigated my countenance, with an expression little short of horror. I perceived that the simple disclosure of my name had rendered me, in some way or other, obnoxious, and offered to withdraw. Rholf, who watched my motions, suddenly took Stella by the wrist, and rising from his chair with dignity, "Sir," said he, in the tone of one accustomed to address few superior to himself, "you shall not leave us thus. The malady under whose influence you beheld me has of late become almost natural to my constitution; it is sudden and appalling in its attack, but equally rapid in its duration. It arises from a cause centered in the heart; a cause that one day may be blazoned to yourself and to the world."

I again seated myself, in compliance with the

salmon fisher's example; and Stella having filled two drinking cups with wine, presented them separately to us. Ere I tasted my cup, I bowed to the lady and to Rholf, who returned the compliment by draining his goblet to the very dregs, with an eagerness indicating an internal burning despair, which he would fain that draught should quench for ever. His fair companion noticed his wildness, and placing on the edge of the table a sort of lute, drew her fingers lightly across the chords. "Stella," said the recluse, "is my physician; you shall judge of the medicine she prescribes, it is the sweetest antidote; I am mistaken if its influence displease you." He smiled on her; she repaid his tenderness with some of the most enchanting and assuasive notes. It was a Swiss ballad. At that time I but imperfectly understood the language; I have since indifferently translated it as follows, and named it

"THE WITHERED ROSE"

"The withered rose on Julia's brow
Was that her parting hero gave,
Ere forth in glory's ardent glow
He rode to seek a soldier's grave.

"And ever when the moonlight fell
On Alpine heights, on glacier steep,
Alone she sought the haunted dell,
O'er Albert's turf to kneel and weep.

"Though summer but to autumn yields,
Though autumn's loveliest charms decay,
A coming spring shall strew the fields
In beauties fair and sweet as they.

"But blighted hearts no more shall bloom,
Not their's spring's renovating breath:
Their only solace is the tomb,
Their only hope—repose in death.

"To Albert's grave, where Julia died,
The mountain lads and lassies drew,
They laid her by her lover's side,
And hung the bier with streaming rue.

"With violets her shroud they graced,
With pearly tufts and lilies fair;
But on her broken heart they placed
The wither'd rose that bound her hair."

She paused; the mournful melody of her tones seemed to have subdued every passion of the salmon fisher into a sort of pensive yet agreeable sadness. He sat with his eyes fixed on the floor, and I thought I discovered tears in them; there was nothing singular, however, in such a circumstance, for I felt congenial drops in my own. The voice Stella possessed had sufficient influence to have melted the most rigorous heart; and I should have argued decidedly against that which could have withstood tones so touchingly plaintive.

When the last cadence of her song had expired, Rholf turned towards the beautiful minstrel, "Beloved Stella," said he, "were it possible for me to know happiness in this world, I am persuaded it would be conferred by yourself." "Ah! sir," continued he, addressing himself to

me, "as you have heard she is perfectly mistress of her heart, she is acquainted also with every fibre of my breast, and is the only one on earth who has the power to tranquillize it even for a moment."

"Surely," answered I "whatever be the cause of your too-evident unhappiness, the assiduities of friendship, the impulse of gratitude——" I paused. Rholf, methought, was aware he had said too much; he appeared half offended with me.

"We will never talk farther," added he, "of things which now, alas! can never be remedied, and the baneful ravages of which cannot proceed to a far greater extent."

I heard, at this moment, the voice of Donald through the window, conversing with a little Scotch girl, who, it seems, was Stella's sole attendant; the sound relieved Rholf. It was plain he now wished me to depart, for, rising from his seat, he looked through the glass, and reminded me that it was my servant. I instantly prepared for my departure. Stella had left the room, but at a summons from the salmon fisher returned, and with the utmost amiability expressed her wishes for my welfare. I confess that her beauty, probably enhanced by the romantic light in which I beheld her, had produced almost as unusual an effect upon me as that of her mysterious companion who had saved my life. As I quitted the cottage the salmon fisher took me by the hand, and, for a while, gazed steadfastly in my face. There was something awful in his manner and look that appalled and left me without the power of utterance. I was afraid to renew my tender of services; I was equally afraid to solicit permission occasionally to visit him. At length he interrupted my embarrassment—"You are quite sure you come from *Cumberland*?" said he.

"On my honour," answered I, almost trembling. The agitation I was in did not escape him. He forced a faint smile over his haggard brow, and shaking me vehemently by the hand, ejaculated, "God bless you! God bless you!" and immediately rushed from my presence.

As I slowly pursued my journey homeward, I could think of nothing but the interesting salmon fisher and the beautiful Stella. In my nightly dreams both stood again before me; day followed day, and they were still as fresh and active in my mind as at the very moment in which I first beheld them. I repented a thousand times that I did not venture to ask whether Stella was the wife or the sister of Rholf. Three weeks passed away. I conceived that Rholf did not desire my society; I was convinced it would be an intrusion, nevertheless, I wished to see him again, and therefore despatched Donald, not to the salmon fisher, but with a present to Stella. He returned with the intelligence that Rholf, since my departure, had exhibited such symptoms of

insanity, as no one but Stella had the power to subdue. He was repeatedly seen, almost all night, talking to the white breakers in a most incoherent manner. To the entreaties of the fishermen he invariably opposed desperation; but when Stella, accompanied by her solitary attendant, sought him, he ever readily suffered himself to be conducted home. Hurt as my feelings were by this intelligence, I still felt a secret satisfaction, since it not only allowed me to visit my preserver, whose unhappy state demanded the attention of a friend, but would enable me again to see and converse with Stella. I immediately hastened towards the glen, and at knocking at the door of the salmon fisher, was not a little amazed when Rholf himself appeared to the summons. He started at my presence, but his surprise immediately vanished in an almost courteous smile of welcome. "I thought you would be here," said he; "I am glad it is so. Come in." On my entrance he handed me a chair; and seeing that I looked somewhat pale, inquired whether I had been ill. Upon my assuring him that my greatest indisposition arose from the anxiety I had endured on his account, he did not, as formerly, repay me with a frown, but took me kindly by the hand—"I have learned," said he, "that you possess an excellent and a noble heart; I have conversed with the objects of your benevolence, I have heard them bless your name in the fulness of their gratitude; and could I receive benefits I would do it from your hand. But my care is of the mind, which no commiseration can remove, no bounty of earth alleviate; it is of such a nature that, if known, *you*, of all mankind, would abhor even the creature who has snatched you from the very jaws of death."

This conversation taught me readily to believe that Rholf was indeed labouring under a derangement of his intellects, and I reproached my own powers of understanding that I had not perceived it sooner. In a short time Stella, who recognised my voice, made her appearance. What were my sufferings when I beheld her! I scarcely deemed it possible that three weeks could have effected such a change. She was no longer blooming, and wore only the fading semblance of her former self; her eyes seemed to have lost their radiance, it was evident they were dimmed by frequent watching and weeping. The fisherman noticed the earnestness with which I contemplated her. "My poor Stella," said he mournfully, "is a victim sacrificed at the shrine of another's sorrows; she sympathizes too deeply in mine. O how would it relieve me in my dying moments to learn that she had found wings like a dove, and had flown away into the wilderness to be at rest."

This sentence affected the poor girl almost beyond endurance; she reclined her head upon the shoulder of Rholf and shed tears. I had seen her in a similar situation on a former visit

to the cottage; her looks were then those of pity, they now teemed with despair. "What can have occurred," thought I, "to effect this fatal revolution? Three weeks ago, ere I entered this abode, Stella, though doubtless far from happy, was not wretched, she certainly had hope to cheer her; now even that comforter no longer inhabits her bosom. Rholf, too, though miserable, was not frantic. The words '*you*, of all mankind, would abhor me,' recurred forcibly to my recollection. What power could I possess more than another over his misfortunes, or they over me? Had I brought with me a deadly spell to destroy the beings I felt myself most inclined to serve and love?"

Rholf interrupted my internal soliloquy by speaking to me in a most collected manner. I had previously expressed my intention to stay some little time in the glen, that I might participate in the employment of the fishermen, a sport for which I expressed a fondness; in fact, I hoped by passing a few days with Rholf, and by rendering myself familiar to his habits, he would become inclined to indulge me with his confidence, and eventually suffer himself and Stella to be transplanted to a soil more congenial, as I supposed, to their birth. Rholf regretted that the extent of his habitation would not admit of my accommodation within it. I assured him that Donald had already formed every arrangement in a cottage at no considerable distance. He appeared satisfied, and even pleased, at the intelligence. His serenity imparted something like a ray of peace to the bosom of Stella. She replied to my observations on the beauty of the surrounding country, with the vivacity that ill accorded with the deadly paleness of her cheek, and in the evening, at the salmon fisher's own request, accompanied us in a ramble along the cliffs. The night, as it overtook our steps, was clear and tranquil, the blue ether appeared scattered over with innumerable stars, and the rays of the moon, twining themselves about the frothy breakers which lashed the shore at our feet, fashioned themselves into a thousand fantastic forms. Stella had brought her lute; she sung to us the romantic ballads of her own country, and the murmur of her harmonious chords, as it melted gradually away in the deep stillness of the hour, seemed like the distant hymnings of angels inviting mortals to repose.

My senses imperceptibly wandered into regions far beyond the earth. Rholf also was wrapt in contemplation, his eyes fixed on the widely-spangled heavens; he spoke indistinctly to them. The sound of his voice roused me; I only heard him articulate the word "Maker." When Stella

concluded, he started abruptly from the rock on which he had been seated, and mechanically taking one of her hands, placed it in mine; he said something as he did so, which I could not comprehend. Stella, with a degree of admirable delicacy, almost immediately unloosed herself from my grasp. I could not be hurt or offended at the manner in which it was done. Rholf took no further notice of the circumstance, but as we returned, spoke like a person of education and intelligence on different subjects. That night, as I sought my pillow, a number of pleasing anticipations crowded my mind: I argued, from the events of the evening, that a number of delightful years would succeed, not only to crown my hopes, but to strew the roses of peace over the rugged path of despairing calamity.

The next morning Rholf was even better; he informed me that he had been up the best part of the night, writing his own history, which he intended for my perusal in the evening. He had come to a full determination of making me his confidant. Upon my endeavouring to express the feelings that such a mark of esteem awoke within me—"Stay," said he, "till you have read my story; you will not then think of me as you do now. But you must promise to grant me a request which I have made there." I readily complied, not deeming it possible that he who had refused all that I possessed, would make a demand I could hesitate to comply with.

The day passed in even a more agreeable manner than the preceding one. Rholf joined me in the pursuit of the fishermen. Stella hailed our return in the evening with a gladness which transported me. When I withdrew for the night, Rholf followed me to the paling of the cabin—"Remember," said he, taking a packet from his breast and placing it in my possession, "that I rely on the benevolence of your character to judge with lenity." I could only press the salmon fisher's hand. He was considerably agitated. "To-morrow," said he, in a hurried voice, "to-morrow you will know all, and you will hate me. Good night!" He walked a few paces further, leaning on my arm, in silence; and then repeating vehemently his last exclamation, returned with rapid steps to the cabin. I watched him till he disappeared; and a light burning in his chamber, which I had formerly occupied, informed me that he had retired to repose; I then, with a greater degree of satisfaction, repaired to my own lodging, and, with an eagerness I almost blush to acknowledge, proceeded to unravel the secrets of the manuscript confided to my judgment.

VENERABLE TREES.

SOME time ago appeared an article in the "Horticultural Register," by General Dearborn, on the cultivation of forest trees; it contains some curious statements respecting the ages to which trees sometimes attain. How few and fleeting do our short days appear when we think of these "medals of distant ages!" How fitly, and with what a salutary appeal to the heart, are they planted around a family home, to link one generation of those who dwell there with another, for hundreds and thousands of years! How beautiful, how appropriate, how easily adapted to our wishes, and made to utter their solemn, their soothing, their impressive lessons according to our will, are these materials that God hath provided, wherewith to erect for one's self a "living monument!"

General Dearborn says,—Adanson and De Candolle have ascertained and published accounts of the probable longevity of numerous celebrated trees. Some of the cedars of Mount Lebanon measured in 1660, by Maundrell and Pocock, were found to have been nearly eight hundred years old. The oak of Welbeck-lane, described by Evelyn, must have been fourteen hundred; the linden of Choille, five hundred and thirty-eight; and that of Irons, five hundred and eighty-three. The olive-trees in the garden of Jerusalem certainly existed at the time of the Turkish conquest of that city; and one at Pescia, in Italy, had endured seven centuries. The English yew trees of Fountain Abbey, in the county of York, have survived twelve centuries; those in the churchyard of Crowhurst, in Surrey, fourteen hundred; that of Fotheringall, in Scotland, from twenty-five to twenty-six hundred; that of Braburne, in Kent, three thousand. But those botanists describe two other trees of a most remarkable character; namely, the baoback, estimated to be five thousand one hundred and fifty years old; and the cypress of Taxodium, in Mexico, which is one hundred and seventeen feet and ten inches in circumference, is still more aged.

The ages of the following remarkable trees have been ascertained with as much exactness as historical data, or the principles which have been

derived from the actual admeasurement and counting the circles of trees of like kind afford:—

	Age.
A date-tree in Egypt.....	300 yrs.
Apricot-tree in Damascus	324
Red oak of Mount Etna	400
Walnut-tree of Balbec	406
Almond-tree in Damascus	640
Fig-tree in Damascus.....	648
Olive-tree in Palestine	719
Fig-tree in Palestine	780
Olive-tree of Asia Minor	850
A live oak in Louisiana.....	1000
Sycamore or plane-tree of Palestine	1050
Sycamore of Heliopolis	1805
One of the cedars of Mount Lebanon	1824
Peletin (<i>terebinthus</i>) of Asia Minor	1890
A cedar of Mount Lebanon. ...	2112
The celebrated chestnut of Mt. Etna	2660
Sycamore of the Bosphorus. ...	4020

The sycamore near the ruins of Heliopolis, according to the tradition in Egypt, existed before the visit of Joseph and Mary, and they sat under its shadow, and drank water from its neighbouring well. The accumulation of mud from the deposit of the Nile has long destroyed the original tree, but sprouts having put forth from the original stump, and forming part of a circle, calculations were formed therefrom of the size and age of the original tree, which was added to that of those which now exist.

The sycamore of the Bosphorus, under which it is said Godfrey, of the first crusading army, encamped, has also disappeared, leaving ten trees, which sprung from the stump; one of which, being measured, was found to be one thousand and fifty years old; and it is possible others of equal age have been removed, and that the present trees are the second remove from the parent stock.

The chestnut of Mount Etna grew from the stump of a felled tree.

RATS.

RATS! rats! the subject is a great and vast one, whether we contemplate the fecundity of the genus, the countless thousands that swarm upon the face of the earth, or the undrowned millions that inhabit the waters under the earth—we are lost in positive abstraction; or if we can re-gather our wandering thoughts, they do but present to the visual and conceptive eyes of our understanding a boundless extent of rat-land.

In our vision we see what Shelley saw,—

"As from a tower, the end of all."

That "end" is nothing more nor less than the tip of a rat's tail. Beneath us we see continents, capes, islands, and their shores, all living under the happy sway and the peaceable government of the king of the rats, whose palace is covered by a beautiful enamel of a tortoiseshell colour.

We see, on a nearer inspection, that this is from the covering array of various coloured coats, and skins of thousands of slaughtered tabbies. Alas! a shifting scene of our departed grandmother come to life again—the tea-table, the cat-lap, and the purring puss passes before us; but it is soon gone, and we are ourselves again. The wide earth beneath us is crowded with a happy and rejoicing population of rats,—whiskers, snouts, sharp-pointed eyes, and whisking tails, all in full growth and perfection; neither cat nor Malthus, neither terrier nor Martineau are there. The ponds and the pools swarm with them, the rivers and seas are rife with their numbers. One would suppose that the oriental salutation to princes was instilled, like mother's milk, into their understandings—they

“Live for ever;”

or, in other words, they never die. They are innocent, as unborn babes, of either cholera or influenza, toothach or corns; they know nothing of sickness or ailment, illness or disease; there are no doctors among them;—they seem created but to bring forth, multiply, and replenish the earth,—a line of duty which they strictly abide by, and as regularly perform. Such being the entire truth of the case, it will not appear surprising if we exhibit something like feminine weakness, or nervous apprehension, in approaching a subject of such vast magnitude, extending from the days of Noah even unto our own, and embracing the consideration of a class of creatures covering the whole surface of the earth, and affecting alike the living king upon his throne, and the dead street-sweeper in his grave. We experience much difficulty, however, in knowing precisely at what point to commence our commentaries upon this subject; the candidates among the tribes are so numerous, that we are utterly at a loss. As we write, our ears are assailed by a mighty chorus of rat-revelry, a loud and exulting psœn is ringing around us, like—but the sound of the sea, or the roar of thunder, are as nothing to that which, at this instant, pre-
sages to our listening organs that they are in disgrace, that their occupation is gone; and we prophecy not falsely when we state that the days of our mortal deafness are near at hand. These creatures, as they are omnipotent in numbers, so they are omnipresent in person; in the cathedral and the church, in the chapel and the meeting-house, they are equally “at home.” We have seen them dancing quadrilles and playing at leap-frog along the aisles of Canterbury cathedral; and the last time we were there, a full-grown whisker-andos, with a pair of eyes like poniards, grinned maliciously at us from beneath an old arch in the cloisters; nay, we remember in our youthful days, during the Archbishop's visitation, we saw one bold rat perched on the topmost summit of the archie-

piscopal throne, whilst another dextrous fellow, hardened by age, roguery, and impudence, sniffed his lordship's wig, whilst he was at prayers. This latter trick was more than our youthful sensibilities could stand, and we disturbed the harmony of the minster's music by bursting into a loud and joyous horse laugh; the rattling of our schoolmaster's cane about our ears soon restored our wandering senses to the occupancy of their “local habitation,” and we saw no more rats that day. Bread and water, and solitary confinement, was our “portion” for the seven succeeding suns; and we then promised within ourselves, that if ever time and opportunity offered, we would indite an article on the then operating cause of our punishment. The time has now arrived, the opportunity is this day afforded us, and we appeal to our readers whether we are not now fulfilling our promise to the best of our power, in order that, from our past experience in this matter, may spring up their future improvement and edification.

We have been eye-witnesses to their gambols in church—watching them carefully peep from an old hole in a rotten pew—and gently steal down the aisle, stopping occasionally to play bob-cherry with the tassel of a lady's cloak, or casting furtive and longing glances at the sallow physiognomy of our parish clerk, the *contour* of whose countenance not unaptly resembled a circumferential half-yard of toasted cheese.

Many a Member of the House of Commons has been aroused from his slumbers during a drowsy debate by the wisdom tooth of one of these “interesting creatures,” penetrating through the polish of Day and Martin; the calf-skin, and the stocking, and taking a gentle nibble out of an orator's toe! But, alas! a sad woe and judgment are come upon us—we intended to wind our intricate way through this labyrinthine subject, and had only left our writing-table to take tea with a few friends, whose

“Old familiar faces”

had “dropped in,” to gladden with their joyous sunshine, the dim and murky hours of domestic daylight. We left them over the social beverage, and returned to our studious contemplations, when, to our mortification, we found that one of these very convicted quadrupeds just noticed, who doubtless laboured under a most thievish hunger and thirst, and who moreover felt that we were in the very act of anatomizing all his misdoings and misdeeds—determined, in revenge, to swallow up our ink, and nibble our pen to the very stump; and this he has done most effectually. We must therefore apologize to our readers for this abrupt and sudden “diversion” from our subject; but in a short time we shall have recovered from the shocking state of tremor in which we now are, and shall be in a “more fitting mood” to continue our remarks on this all-important subject of rats.

ERRON.

HOLBEIN'S DANCE OF DEATH.

There are some ideas so natural and inevitable, that one would imagine they were exempt from the law of being at one time forgotten, at another time in vogue. Death is one of these; and yet there are some ages in which death is little thought of,—others where it seems ever present to the public mind. In the middle ages, for example, death was a spectre, reflected and depicted every where,—a spectre that the present age has evidently banished. Why is this? I believe it is to be discovered in the circumstance that we are less religious. In Italy, Dante makes death the subject of an epic poem; and the painters have, in their art, followed the poetic taste thus set them. Oragna and the artists of the Campo Santo have depicted last judgments. Michael Angelo painted on the walls of the Sistine chapel, a most magnificent and beautiful poem on death. To the north of the Alps the same idea has inspired a pictorial illustration more popular, more grotesque and bizarre. There are two "Dances of Death" generally known, one at Dresden, in the cemetery beyond the Elbe, another in the department of Auvergne, in the admirable church of the *Chaise Dieu*. In both of these Death is at the head of a band of men of all ages and conditions; there is the king and the beggar, the old and the young—Death leads them all. Holbein has seized the popular idea as Goëthe did Faust, and illustrated it with all the richness of his genius. His "Dance of Death" was painted in the Dominican cloister of Basle. It has perished, like all frescos; but there remains enough to judge by. It is incredible with what art Holbein gives the expression of life to these hideous skeletons, all of which

seem to think and to breathe, and to be endowed with the gestures and looks of life. I have long thought that this peculiar power was the result of Holbein's rich and vivid imagination; but it was not so. Since visiting the vaults of St. Michelet, at Bourdeaux, famous for the preservation of mortal remains, I became aware that Holbein's power in his "Dance of Death" was owing to having studied and drawn from actual skeletons. At St. Michelet there are mummies and skeletons of all ages, six hundred years old and upwards, placed in niches, upright as it may be, all have a different physiognomy—a peculiar expression. There is life in them—such life, at least, as a painter seeks. I remember one to the right of the door as you enter; he is seated on his thigh bones, like the *beggar in the bowl*, with a laughing and ironic air, and looks as if he were mocking at the living whom curiosity introduces into his gloomy abode. I found this very skeleton *beggar in the bowl* as the same Death of Holbein.

Another remarkable "Dance of Death" is that which is painted inside of the covered bridge of Lucerne, by an unknown artist. He has represented the ordinary scenes of life, and how Death puts an end to them;—a summer-day party, with Death for the coachman;—folk dressing for a ball, while Death enters as a hair-dresser. All these scenes are drawn without art or care; they were popular ideas, destined to amuse the people; they are the caricatures of that day, caricatures that be-mocked the world in general—the general weaknesses and follies of mankind, instead of, as at present, attacking individuals, and leaving the censorship of man to the moralist.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

AN IRISH ELECTION TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

—The freeholders assembled in Philipstown to elect knights for the King's County; and some of the Irish having consulted together the same morning, attended the sheriff to the shire-house between eight and nine o'clock, where, the writ being read, Sir Francis Rushe and Sir Adam Loftus were propounded by some of the freeholders, as the fittest men to be elected. But Philip O'Dagan delivered to the sheriff two several lists of names, which he said had been given for Sir John Mac Coughlan and Callagh O'Mulloy, whom they had chosen already, and would have none other; and upon delivering the lists they cried out, "Mac Coughlan and O'Mulloy." The other side, to the number of sixteen, gave their votes publicly for Sir F. Rushe and Sir A. Loftus. The under-sheriff received the papers, and made up the indentures for Mac Coughlan and O'Mulloy, (having the greatest lists of names in the list), which indentures were accepted by the high-sheriff; yet, notwithstanding, he returned Sir A. Loftus and Sir F. Rushe, alleging "that the greatest number of voices given publicly were for them." In this proceeding, on the part of Mac Coughlan and O'Mulloy, we find this miscarriage

—that two gentlemen, whose names were returned in the list, upon the reading, disavowed the same, and subscribed the other part. Some other also confessed he had set his hand to the list after the election was done; and Sir Terence O'Dempsey being absent, gave his voice by proxy to the said Mac Coughlan and O'Mulloy, which O'Mulloy could not speak English; a deficiency not uncommon among the magnates of the land at that time.—*Burke's History of the Commons.*

PORTUGUESE ROBINSON CRUSOE, DIEGO ALVAREZ. —He was wrecked upon the shoals on the north of the bar of Bahia. Part of the crew were lost; others escaped this death to suffer one more dreadful,—the natives seized and ate them. Diego saw there was no other possible chance of saving his life than by making himself as useful as possible to these cannibals; he therefore exerted himself in recovering things from the wreck, and by these exertions succeeded in conciliating their favour. Among other things he was fortunate enough to get on shore some barrels of powder, and a musket, which he put in order at his first leisure, after his masters were returned to their village; and one day, when the opportunity was favourable, brought down a bird before them. The women and children

shouted Caramuru! Caramuru; which signified "a man of fire!" and they cried out that he would destroy them: but he gave the men to understand, whose astonishment had less of fear mingled with it, that he would go with them to war, and kill their enemies. Caramuru was the name which from thenceforward he was known by. They marched against the Tapuyas; the fame of this dreadful engine went before

them, and the Tapuyas fled. From a slave Caramuru became a sovereign. The chiefs of the savages thought themselves happy if he would accept their daughters to be his wives; he fixed his abode upon the spot where Villa Velha was afterwards erected, and soon saw as numerous a progeny as an old patriarch's rising round him. The best families in Bahia trace their origin to him.—*Southey's History of Brazil.*

GEMS.

"**DISCOVERIES.**"—Such is the title of one of the rare pamphlets of Ben Jonson, dated 1651; and which is among "the last drops of the quill." We cull from it some striking and solid observations on men and manners; in the perusal of which the reader will no doubt be tempted to exclaim, "O, rare Ben Jonson!"

"Ill fortune never cursed that man, whom good fortune deceived not. I have therefore counselled my friends, never to trust to the fair side, but so to place all things as she gave them, that she may take them again without trouble.

"A beggar suddenly rich, generally becomes a prodigal; he puts on riot and excess to obscure his former obscurity.

"No man is so foolish but he may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man so wise, but he may easily err, if he takes no other counsel than his own. He that was taught only by himself, had a fool for his master.

"Opinion is a light, vain, crude and imperfect thing, residing in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of truth. We labour with it more than with the truth.

"Many men do not themselves believe what they would fain persuade others; and less do they the things which they would impose on others; but least of all, know they what they most confidently boast.

"What a deal of cold business doth a man mispend the better part of his life! in scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and vending news, following feasts and plays, making a little-winter love in a dark corner.

"Wisdom without honesty is mere craft and cozenage. A good life is a main argument.

"I cannot think Nature so spent and decayed as to bring forth nothing worth her former years."

CHARITY.

"Friend, I'm too poor to give," says prudent Tom,

"And charity, you know, begins at home;"

"Ay," quoth the starveling, "Charity, 'tis true, Begins at home, and often ends there too!"

THE TONGUE.—I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument, that I would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at is, to cure it of several disagreeable notes, and in particular of those little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, censoriousness, and gossiping. In short, I would always have it tuned by good-nature, truth, discretion, and sincerity.—*Addison.*

A SISTER.—He who has never known a sister's kind ministration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attribute of manhood.

"That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich development of all the tender and more refined feelings of the heart which is so apparent in every action, in every word."

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's latter years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilling contact with the world, will warm and thrill with a pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens with the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice; and he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentler influence which moved him in his earlier years.

THE UNBELIEVER'S CREED.—I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or not. I believe also that the world was not made; that the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last for ever, world without end. I believe that a man is a beast, that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul, and that after death there is neither body nor soul. I believe there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural. I believe not revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Alcoran; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.—*Bishop Horne.*

ANGER.—"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," (Eph. iv. 26,) to carry news to the antipodes of thy revengeful nature. Let us take the apostle's meaning, rather than his words, and with all possible speed depose our passions; not understanding him so literally as that we may "take leave to be angry till sunset;" for then might our wrath lengthen with the days; and men in Greenland, where day lasts above a quarter of a year, have plentiful scope for revenge.—*Dr. T. Fuller.*

INFIDELITY IN FRANCE.—The spirit of infidelity pervades and impregnates almost the whole mass of that portion of society which is most distinguished by intellectual and physical energy, and which consequently exerts the most commanding influence in the regulation and propulsion of the whole machinery of public and private life. It tinctures the national sciences; it accompanies the march of discovery; it deposits its countless spawn in the shallows of light literature; it is the very life and essence of all the most popular and distinguished productions of the stage; it passes from the arena of public commerce into the circles of social intercourse, and, like a volatile, though often latent poison, insinuates itself into every vein of the body politic.—*Davies.*

IGNORANCE AND FORGETFULNESS.—To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

THE BIBLE.

Nor long ago a proposition was made to prepare a book of *asbestos*, whose pages should record the annals of the world; and as the material is incombustible, and would survive the fires of the last day, the volume was to be called "The Book of Eternity." Vain aspiration! the true book of eternity is already extant—the Bible; and with this vast superiority over the human invention, that it is mysteriously related to a twofold eternity: it is the gift of the past eternity to time, and will finally be restored by time to the eternity which is yet to come. It is a leaf from the book of the divine decrees; it reveals thoughts which were revolved from everlasting in the mind of God; in its march through time it scatters those thoughts like seeds, whose fruit is to be gathered in eternity. It is the voice of one eternity speaking to another, for the benefit of every listening child of time and heir of immortality. It has never been out of the hand of the Eternal; though he graciously presents it to us as an open book, and turns it over, page by page, to the willing eye, yet it will hereafter appear, that he has never allowed it to pass out of his keeping, but has always held it in the hollow of his hand. This alone will account for its preservation.

So copiously did the Fathers quote from the New Testament, especially from the gospels, that had that portion of Scripture been destroyed, their writings, it is said, would have supplied and restored the whole again. That destruction will eventually take place; but when the final conflagration shall have reduced the material of the Bible to ashes, the indestructible truths will be found transcribed by the finger of the Spirit, and enshrined in the hearts of the renewed. The disembodied spirit of truth will appear before the throne of God, and beholding in every face the reflection of her own image, will justly claim them all for her offspring.

There are certain places on the face of the globe which mankind seem, by general consent, to have selected for the theatres of great events. Such, for instance, is the Plain of Esdrelom, the battle-field of empires, where every nation of the old world has seen its banners wet with the dew of Hermon. And such the Mediterranean, the *namachia* of the nations, where empire has often been lost and won. But the Bible is the arena of more and higher conflicts still; It is at once the object of contest, the armoury which supplies the weapons, and the chosen ground of struggle. Why has it witnessed more frequent and fierce encounters than any other object on the face of the earth? Ask why is the rock of Gibraltar an object of fierce contention in every war with the power that holds it. Why is the pass of Thermopylæ steeped to the centre with blood? The Bible is the frontier fortress of the church; all

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the armies of error, in every age, have beleaguered it; but the sons of truth, who hold it for God, have received it with this address, "Here stand, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against you;" and they "loved not their lives unto the death."

The Bible is the true prophet of hope. The books of pagan antiquity sung only of the golden-aged past; for the future, their moral was despair. Like the stern-lights of a ship, the radiance they threw fell only on the track behind. The Bible builds on the future; the chorus of all its songs is of a glory to come. In the mid-winter of humanity it has gone on sowing light for the righteous—seeds of the sun. And in the captivity of the church, when the daughter of Sion sat disconsolate in her chains, the voice of the Bible has ever been, "Arise, and shine." No dell of Tempe, no garden of the Hesperides, no vale of Cashmere, no slope on the banks of Genesareth, where the seasons met and danced together, ever dazzled with more golden fruit, or charmed with fairer verdure and richer fragrance, than the Bible presents in the moral landscape of the future.

"O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true!
Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty. • • •
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring."

To the Bible, the great philosophers, legislators, and founders of ancient sects were indebted, directly or indirectly, for nearly every thing excellent in their codes and systems.

"Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns drew light."

A live coal from off its altar, quickly transmitted, —like the torch passed from hand to hand in the lamp-game of the Grecian youth—kindled the light of Persia, Greece, and Rome. Hence, doubtless, Plato drew the dim conception which he is supposed to have entertained, of the necessity of a divine Mediator; whether from an indistinct echo of the patriarchal faith, or from rays refracted from the Hebrew prophets, through a Phœnician medium, it is not easy to determine. Probably both co-operated, with his own deep sense of necessity, in partially unveiling the awful truth to this divine philosopher, this "plant from the wreck of Paradise, thrown on the shores of idolatrous Greece."

The Bible is distinguished from every other book professedly inspired—from the Shasters of the Brahmin and the Koran of Mahomet—by its earnest commendations of knowledge. Imposture fears the light; the Bible courts and creates

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it. Not only does it extol knowledge as a glory, it excites a thirst for it, and commands us to seek after it as a most sacred duty.

And, O, what a field for contemplation does it lay open! It is the history of a world, of our own world—its morning, its meridian, its many changes, its prospective close. The countless multitudes of antiquity pass before our eyes, the heroes, and tyrants, and martyrs of old time, their enormous wealth, their glittering palaces, and mighty cities. We hear the tumult of their armies, and the fame of their kings proclaimed,—Assyrian and Persian, Babylonian, Egyptian, and Mede; and all is suddenly swept away. Another king or conqueror comes, and another army, more numerous than the last, and that, too, perishes before our eyes; and another after rises up, and then another. And all these men were our fathers, whose virtues and vices are recorded in blazing letters, and whose punishment or reward is made known to the uttermost regions of the earth, for the benefit and guidance of us their sons. Were it but the ruin of a history it would be venerable; were it a fiction only it would be a grand one; but it is complete and true, it is full of general as well as individual interest, it is replete with simple and manly narration, with passionate appeals, and overwhelming eloquence. It is addressed to ourselves, it is connected with us and our well-being; it gives us a story of the past, and a lesson for the future. There is nothing in Homer which can mate with the soaring spirit of its poetry; there is nothing in Virgil which can equal the gentle pathos of its strains; Dante is less awful, and Ariosto less wild; even Milton, who has topped the sublimity of all other writers, and Shakspeare, who has surpassed the united world in prodigality of imagery and variety of thought, must yield to the infinite grandeur and beauty which are impressed on the living oracles, or scattered in exuberance over every page.

I have said the Bible is the history of our world; but this is not saying enough, its subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and of earth—destruction and restoration on the vastest scale. It is more than the history of all this, it is the philosophy of the history; and, more than this, the theology of the philosophy. But in the remarks I have made, I have only ascended the steps of the temple, the hallowed interior is yet to be viewed. For the present, it only remains for us to admire the manner in which the Bible embodies its great doctrines, and inculcates its great lessons. It narrates interest-

ing facts, and teaches by example. And here shall avail myself of a paragraph in Mr. Binney's "Discourses on the Practical Power of Faith:" "We are more likely to be successful in our inculcation of duty, if we not only state what it is right to do, but actually show how it has been done. The mind, in such cases, seems to have the advantage of another sense—it not only hears, but it sees; the understanding is not only put in possession of truth, but the fancy is furnished with illustrations and images. Many a man who could not comprehend the arguments for a particular Providence, can feel the proof as seen in the lives of Abraham or Joseph. He whose weakness would be overcome by temptation or calamity, could he remember nothing but the abstract precepts of the preacher, may be stimulated to exert both firmness and faith, by knowing that others have been equally tempted, without sacrificing their virtue, and equally afflicted, without losing their confidence. For this very purpose, we imagine, has the Holy Spirit included so much of an historical nature in the inspired volume. On the same account, our divine Lord conveyed most of his instructions in parables, embodying, in the intelligible actions of men, the particular truth he intended to enforce. This was emphatically 'teaching the multitude.' The mass of mankind feel, rather than reason; they arrive at truth by sensation, rather than by argument; the voice of nature from within, responds to the voice of nature from without. They cannot go along with you, perhaps, in your demonstration of a principle; but they can comprehend the principle itself. They can learn nothing from a laboured disquisition on the beauty of virtue; but they can both see its beauty and feel its attractions, if presented before them in action and character. Now, by becoming familiar with the history of holy men, you will become familiar with the principles of religion itself; for it is these, in fact, you are required to contemplate, embodied in obvious and striking illustrations." On this account I am pleased to notice a book called, "Interesting Narratives from the Sacred Volume, Illustrated and Improved," by the Rev. J. Belcher, a volume of which I have only left myself room to say, that it is calculated to interest and instruct the young, to invigorate the best principles of the Christian, and to aid the Christian minister in his preparation for the pulpit, by giving him a connected bird's-eye view of the many Scripture narratives of which it treats.

MEDICAL STATISTICS.

THE estimated proportion of deaths in this country, for the last half century, indicates a continually diminishing mortality, which can only be ascribed to some steadily operative cause.

Thus, in 1786, the rate of mortality, for the whole of England and Wales, was 1 in 42; in 1801, 1 in 47; in 1831, it had diminished to 1 in 58,—showing an improvement of 38 per cent.

in the short space of half a century. The annual mortality of the county of Middlesex, which in the beginning of the last century was estimated at 1 in 25, had fallen to 1 in 35 in 1801; and at present does not exceed 1 in 45. A corresponding improvement is visible in our urban population. In London, for example, the number of deaths diminished, from 21,000 in 1697, to 17,000 in 1797; showing not only a comparative but an absolute decrease of mortality, in regard to the preceding century. The same fact is also observable in regard to the present century; the number of deaths being less numerous, by 3000, in 1826, than they were in 1766, although the population had very nearly doubled itself during that period. From 1720 to 1750, the mortality of London was estimated at 1 in 20; at present, it has decreased to 1 in 46, a rate much more favourable than that for the whole of France, and materially less than the known rate of mortality for any other city in Europe. Manchester has more than quadrupled its inhabitants since the middle of the last century; but, notwithstanding this, the mortality has declined, from 1 in 25, to 1 in 50, or exactly one half.

This improvement is more or less conspicuous in most of the European states or cities, but in a far inferior degree to what appears in Great Britain; for, notwithstanding that it has long been the fashion to exhaust every term of reproach on our variable climate, and particularly on the fogs and smoke of London, it would yet appear, that the most favoured spots on the continent are not comparable to either in regard to salubrity;—nay, the very places which have long been selected as the resort of invalids, and celebrated as the fountains of health, are, in fact, far more fatal to life than our great metropolis. The following table conveys a pregnant hint to those who consider a foreign climate preferable to our own for the restoration of health.

MORTALITY OF COUNTRIES.

Russia	1 in 26
The Venetian States	1 in 28
The whole of New Spain	1 in 30
The two Sicilies	1 in 31
Wurtemberg	1 in 33
Naples	1 in 34
The United States and France ...	1 in 40
Sweden	1 in 41
Holland	1 in 48
Pays de Vaud.....	1 in 49
Norway	1 in 54
England and Wales	1 in 60

MORTALITY OF CITIES.

Vienna	1 in 22½
Amsterdam.....	1 in 24
Rome and Brussels.....	1 in 25
Naples	1 in 28
Madrid	1 in 29
Nice	1 in 31

Paris, Strasbourg, Barcelona, and

Lyons.....	1 in 32
Berlin.....	1 in 34
Leghorn.....	1 in 35
Liverpool	1 in 40
London	1 in 46
Manchester	1 in 50

"It is indisputable," Dr. Hawkins observes, "that the average proportion of deaths in England, and her cities, is less than that of any other city in Europe: and it may be added, that the powers of body and mind are preserved, to a late period, in higher perfection here, than in other countries. Nowhere are the advances of age so slowly perceived, and nowhere so little manifested on the exterior.*" It may be added, that the mortality of the continental cities would be greatly augmented but for their public hospitals. Dupin estimated that half the population of Paris died in the public hospitals, and other asylums of charity.

To what, then, are we to attribute this increase in the value of human life on the one hand, and these varying rates of mortality on the other? There can be no doubt that it depends on a concurrence of causes which more or less directly emanate from increased wealth and civilization. These may fairly enough be divided into general and medical.

Among the general causes, the amelioration of climate, by cultivation and surface drainage, must hold a principal rank. These tend to banish two of the most formidable enemies to health and longevity, viz., cold and moisture. These causes operate principally on the young, particularly those in a state of infancy, and derive much of their force from being united with poverty. Now, it is precisely among this section of the population that the decline of mortality has been principally exhibited. Within the last half century, the mortality of those under twenty years of age has diminished, from 1 in 76½, to 1 in 137, or nearly one half, this calculation being made in reference to the whole population. In some of the public schools, a very low rate of mortality exists, which may partly be attributed to a plenty of good clothing and food, and partly to the fact, that parents will only send those children that happen to be strong. At the Edinburgh High School, for example, the annual mortality has not exceeded 1 in 833, which is considerably less than the annual minimum mortality, (51 per cent.,) from ten to fifteen years of age, for the whole of England and Wales. In reference to the small number of deaths which have occurred at Christ's Hospital, from 1829 to 1833, viz., 1 in 157½, Dr. Mitchell, in the "Factory Report," justly observes, that it is to "substantial clothing, and an abundance of wholesome food, healthful

* "Elements of Medical Statistics," 8vo. Lond. 1829; a work of singular merit, and doing equal credit to the head and heart of the amiable author.

exercise in the hours allowed for recreation, and immediate attention to the first appearance of sickness, under skilful medical men," that we must attribute this result.

Another very influential cause of improved health, arises from increased commercial and agricultural prosperity, which must not only multiply the comforts of the poorer classes, in the three essential articles of food, clothing, and habitation, but by exhilarating the mind with cheerfulness and hope, call its best energies into wholesome operation. The influence of depraved or defective food, in checking the increase of population, and swelling the bills of mortality, was rendered but too manifest by the bad crops of 1795 and 1800; while the effects of despondency on the body, or of the *morale* on the *physique*, scarcely require any formal proof. Surgeons have long been aware of the hazard of performing any capital surgical operations on patients labouring under mental depression; and it has been observed, that the greatest difference exists in the consequence of disease, as it happens to affect a retreating or an advancing army; the constitution, which in the one case triumphs over incredible difficulties, succumbing in the other, without a struggle, under the merest trifles. It may be observed, too, that epidemics are in general the offspring of misery and want, and exhaust their principal fury on the lower classes.

On the contrary, the conservative tendency of an easy and affluent condition is remarkably exemplified in the low rate of mortality among those who have insured at the Equitable Office. From the year 1800 to 1821, it did not exceed 1 in 81. At the University Club, for a space of three years, it did not exceed 1 in 90. Now, if this be contrasted with the mortality among the West India slaves, we shall obtain some idea of the immense protection which wealth brings with it to the body. The mortality among these was formerly as great as 1 in 6: in 1829 it had diminished to 1 in 16, and of the free Africans to 1 in 33. The lower rate of mortality among the free Africans, shows that it did not depend on climate, transplantation, or any other general cause operating alike upon the whole race. The children of the poor in France die in the proportion of at least two to one of those in affluent circumstances; and the same difference is observable between the abject and the opulent; among the adult population, occupying the extreme localities of Paris. In a recent number of the *Annales d'Hygiène Publique*, tom. xiv. p. 88, M. Lombard has given an analysis of 8,488 men of sixteen years of age and upwards, inscribed in the mortuary registers of Geneva from 1796 to 1880, from which it appears that these persons attained a mean life of fifty-five years, while the two extremes of the scale were as far apart as 69·1 on the one hand, and 44·3 on the other. Magistrates, *rentiers*, and Protestant ecclesiastics,

attained the mean life respectively of 69·1, 65·8, 63·8 years; but enamellers, locksmiths, and painters, only 48·7, 47·2 and 44·3 years; the number for agriculturists (44·7) representing very nearly the mean term. M. Lombard, in short, comes to the conclusion that a state of competence, as opposed to that of distress, is calculated to prolong life at least seven years and a half; and an active life, as opposed to a sedentary, as much as one year and four-tenths; making together a difference of nearly nine years in the life of such persons. One fearful cause of mortality in this country is scrofula, in its hundred different forms; but nothing excites this disease so certainly as cold and squalid poverty, combined with insufficient nutriment and clothing. From rickets alone, (which is a species of scrofula,) the annual number of deaths within the Bills of Mortality seldom averaged less than 380 up to the beginning of the 17th century. Towards the middle of this century, however, they had diminished to 11, and towards the end of it to 1.

There are a number of other circumstances, connected with our economic relations, which materially contribute to promote the public health: and so far to confirm the remark of the discerning Sydenham, that "*Morbi acuti Deum habent autorem, chronici ipsos nos*:" as, for example, an abundant supply of wholesome water, an efficient system of drainage, a general taste for cleanliness, enforced, where it becomes necessary, by wholesome municipal authority, the less crowded state of our private dwellings, the better economy of our hospitals, a more commodious system of public building, combining the advantages of space and ventilation with internal conveniences, a plenty of good wheaten bread, and the use of frequent changes of linen next the skin, in the room of sordid and filthy woollen. Mr. White, in reference to the extinction of leprosy, and, indeed, of most of those other frightful epidemics, which have at one time or another desolated this country, very ably sums up the causes of this happy change. "This," he says, "may have originated, and been continued, from the much smaller quantity of salted meat and fish now eaten in these kingdoms—from the use of linen next the skin—from the plenty of better bread—and from the profusion of fruits, roots, legumes and greens, so common in every family. Three or four centuries ago, before there were any enclosures, sown-grasses, field-turnips, field-carrots, or hay, all the cattle that had grown fat in summer, and were not killed for winter use, were turned out soon after Michaelmas, to shift as they could through the dead months; so that *no fresh meat could be had in the winter or spring*."—*Nat. Hist. of Selborne*.

The precise change of habits, referred to in the above extract, does not of course apply to the improved and still improving condition of the lower orders, during the present century. It is,

however, to the same *class* of agencies, which formerly produced epidemical and malignant disorders,* that we must still refer the superior mortality of one town over another, or of one period of time above another. We shall conclude this branch of the subject with one farther extract from Dr. Hawkins:—

“So intimate a connexion subsists between political changes and the public health, that wherever feudal distinctions have been abolished, wherever the artisan or the peasant has been released from arbitrary enactments, there also the life of these classes has acquired a new vigour; and it is certain, that even bodily strength, and the power of enduring hardships, are divided among the natives of the earth in a proportion relative to their prosperity and civilization.”

The gradual substitution of spirit for a wholesome malt liquor, and the rapid multiplication of gin palaces, must have acted as a serious counteracting circumstance to the beneficial tendencies before mentioned: so must also the progressive change which has taken place in the relative proportions of the agricultural and manufacturing population. In 1811, these proportions were as 100 to 126, for the whole of Great Britain: in 1831 they had become as 100 to 149, or, taking the increase in the whole number of families, for these twenty years, to have been at the rate of 34 per cent, the accession to the agricultural class has only been $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, while that to the manufacturing and trading classes has been at least 27 per cent. For the same reason, a disposition among the class of *rentiers*, or independent gentry, to centralize, or adopt a civic mode of life, in preference to the country, must have had a proportionably adverse effect on the general health.

* It is highly probable, that the same causes, acting under different circumstances of the atmosphere, produced the different epidemics of the middle centuries. The plague was the emphatic evil of those ages, and scarcely any ten years elapsed without a considerable variation of it; but the devastation committed, in the intervals, by dysentery, scurvy, putrid fever, and a number of other infections, was scarcely less deplorable. Of these, the sweating sickness was most nearly allied to plague, and prevailed to a dreadful extent in the years 1485, 1506, 1517, 1518, and 1551. The greatest plague years of the 17th century, were 1603, 1625, 1636, and 1665, in which the mortality is reported to have been respectively 36,000, 35,000, 10,000, and 68,000, although, according to Lord Clarendon, “many, who could compute very well, concluded there were in truth double that who died.” The memorable fire of London occurred in 1666, while the plague was yet raging; and, as it has never returned since, it is reasonable to suppose, that the causes of its first appearance were entirely of a local nature. Among the signs which usually ushered it in, Diemerbroeck enumerates “*Mortis epidemici mali moris, dysenteria valde maligna et contagiosa, et imprimis febres putridae malignissimae et purpuratae, plurimique letales.*” Morton, also, in speaking of the poison of the remittent fever, which prevailed for some years previous to 1665, says, “*Venenum sese recolligens, et mirum in modum auctum, hanc ουνεχην in pestem funestissimam et dirissimam incipinato mutavit.*”

The writer in “The Dublin Review,” from which we have extracted this paper, goes on very ably to show, that the diminished and still diminishing mortality of modern times arises, farther from the improved state of the medical art, which he illustrates by some very forcible statements, in connexion with the treatment of fever, the practice of vaccination, the decrease of lunacy, the improved practice of midwifery, and the treatment of children; he closes in the following manner:—

One of the most remarkable effects, arising out of the increased duration of human life, is the increase of the population. At the commencement of the 17th century, the population of England and Wales amounted to 5,134,516; in 1831, it rose to 14,174,204, or nearly treble; and it is observable, that the successive increments by which this was effected, did not occur in an arithmetical ratio, but in proportion as the causes, arising out of increased wealth and civilization, came into operation. Thus the increment for the first half of the last century was 905,368, or $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; but for the second half, it amounted to 2,147,492, or upwards of 52 per cent. Political economists, at one time, endeavoured to resolve this into the increased number of births and marriages, which took place under such circumstances, or to the increased fecundity of marriage, although nothing can be more opposed to the fact; for in the early part of the last century, the number of marriages for England and Wales was 1 in 115; but, in 1821, it had diminished to 1 in 131; and in the same manner, the proportion of births, which in 1801, was 1 in 34·8 of the whole population, had diminished to 1 in 38·58 in 1821. Nothing, indeed, is now better established, than that the number of births, relatively to the whole population, diminishes as civilization advances, not because an increasing prudence on the part of the people operates as a “preventive check,” deterring people from entering into the bonds of matrimony, but because there is in the world a larger proportionate number of persons to whom the engagements of matrimony have ceased to offer any charms. It is probable that, if the estimate were made in reference to that part of the population only, which is still in the vigour of life, the number of marriages would not be found to have diminished; and this is rendered still more probable from the state of the burials; for from 1751 to 1761 the total number of burials, within the bills of mortality, was 205,279; of which, 106,264, or $51\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., were of persons under twenty years of age; but from 1831 to 1834, the number of burials was 80,524, of which 34,109, or only $42\frac{1}{2}$, were of persons under twenty years of age. It appears, therefore, beyond doubt, that the extension of human life is one of the chief causes of the increase of population.

SITTINGS FOR MY PORTRAIT.

THIRD SITTING.

SOME conversation arose this morning between my painter and myself on the permanence of pictures. I inquired if the comparative duration of colours was to be attributed to the colours themselves, to the circumstances attendant on the preservation of the specimens, or to any thing in the practice of the art which might seem peculiar to individual practitioners. I had of course observed, what every one has noticed, that some pictures, come to us as if fresh from the hand of the ancient master, others show the perishing hand of time over the whole surface, so that the whole of the primary impression is well nigh obliterated; while others, again, exhibit the influence of decay only in detached portions of the canvass. "I suppose," said I, "you, like Apeller, paint for eternity."

"No, sir, that belongs to your profession: that is the moral painting of the pulpit."

"Doubtless—and it is an important and impressive thought: but alas, how little are our delineations regarded. Yet it may be hoped, and is in fact happily ascertained, that we do not labour in vain: for many see clearly, and feel effectually, the truth of our portraiture."

"O, sir, after all we deal in shadows; you in substance."

"True; and if we pursue the noblest end, doubtless the *highest art* consists in the right manner of depicting the realities of moral and religious wisdom."

A pause of some length ensued, while the pencil gave its magic touches.

"Well, sir, your question remains unanswered. All the causes of decay in pictures, to which you have referred, may have been in operation, and probably more. The works of some painters are remarkable for the brilliancy and perpetuity of their pictures, as are those of others for their fading character. The productions of Gaspar Poussin, for instance, are generally observed to perish in particular parts.

"And how do you account for this?"

"It might be in the canvass, in the colours, or in the carelessness of the painter, that is, in the manner of laying them on. In fact, I think Poussin sacrificed the future to present effect."

Surely, thought I, my friend has suggested a good subject of reflection here: let me try it. *Present and future* are words which express very important ideas; and to sacrifice the latter to the former is obviously common, and equally absurd. In point of fact, however, is it not the general error of mankind? Do not millions sacrifice the future in various ways to the present, or to a present effect? But let me examine into the subject with a little of detail, and in its moral bearing.

This obliquity of mind is not unfrequently discernible in *statesmen and politicians*. Persons of

this class are undoubtedly beset with some of the most powerful temptations that can assault our nature, while more remote than innumerable others of their fellow-men from the sphere of religious influence. Neither *whig* nor *tory* is at present in my view; but *man*, as elevated to particular offices of state, or attached in different grades of society to natural parties. I might even ascend higher, and bring into the field of contemplation the rulers of the world. Before the principles of civil and religious liberty were understood, before the rights of the individual, the true basis of all society, and the necessity of wholesome laws were comprehended, tyranny misgoverned the earth; and wherever they are not even now regarded, there is the element of despotism, and the germ of a selfish and self-destructive power. The purpose of present aggrandizement, and of present influence annihilates what is noble, and renders the mind insensible at once to all that is honourable in a permanent fame, and all that is beneficial to others in present conduct. Upon this ground the Neros, Caligulas, Charles the Ninths, and Henry the Eighths, will ever appear in prominent contrast on the page of history with the Alfreds of our race. Statesmen have too often caught the spirit of their master, and, acting with a deep and dire intrigue to secure personal and temporal glory, have sacrificed the interests of their country and their age. Policy has usurped the seat of patriotism, and he who was chosen to be the conservator has become the destroyer of national pre-eminence. If statesmen for themselves, and party politicians urging them to deeds of violence against the public weal, or sustaining them in acts of notorious aggression upon other nations or their own, promote their ill-earned and ill-fated popularity; if by artifice they creep into power, and by rigid exactions on the one hand, or a temporizing servility on the other, maintain it, then, surely, like the self-exalting painter, they sacrifice the future to present effect.

A similar spirit is traceable in the *gay*, and those who are emphatically, but somewhat indvidiously termed, "the higher classes." It cannot however by any means be regarded as their exclusive fault of character; for the same conduct is pursued by others in the infinitely diversified pursuits of self indulgence. Health, happiness, and even life itself, are frequently given in purchase for the pleasure, ay, and the very frivolities of the passing hour. It will be perceived that the word *pleasure* is used in contradistinction to happiness: and they are plainly different, and even opposed, not only in theory but in truth. The one is but the delirium or the dream of existence, the other is the possessed reality of waking life; the one is animal, the other intellectual and moral; the one ephemeral, the other immortal. I

knew an instance, and it was one among a thousand of a young person whose education, so far as fashionable accomplishments are concerned, was considered to be complete, and at the outset of her anticipated seventy years of brilliancy and power, she was introduced into a circle where she had every means of securing a flattering and much envied reception. Parties, late hours, dress and the dance were the demons that lurked around and laughed at her destiny. She was formed to shine. What signified the future. It must be sacrificed.

"Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,"

was the song and the sentiment. It was cherished; it was all: the present hour was the whole eternity of her desire; the present company the whole universe of her thought; the ball room the whole world of her action and empire. She danced, took cold, and died!

What then shall be said of *parents* who inconsiderately indulge, and more inconsiderately still, eulogize and puff off their children? They are petted almost as much as the lap-dog, and are the very paragons of excellence. They are to eat, and drink, and play—and learn, *if they can*; if not the governess must not overwork them; and she, O dire temptation to wrong! must relax what is essential to knowledge, and pour into deceived but delighted ears the praises of what is valueless in execution or attainment. Johnny is idle because he has the headach, or has the headach because he is idle; well, in the one case he is to be pitied, in the other he ought to be flogged; or rather, for I am no ardent advocate for flagellation, he ought to be reprov'd and set to work. He is well enough, however, to play about, and come in after dinner to be caressed, and drink wine, and eat apples. He grows up to be—what? Nothing—or a disgrace! But he and his brothers advance in years, and go to school, and even to college. In all the holidays they are to be indulged to the last degree in little feasts and great feasts. But what is more, they are to be ruined with praise. "Well brother, what do you think of that drawing?" "Pon my word it is beautiful; why my nephew is a fine fellow." The little fellow swallows the compliment, and conceals the fact how much the master has touched up this fine exhibition of juvenile precocity in art. "Oh, but you must hear Maria play. Come, dear, get your music book." All applaud—There is little tune and less time; it matters not, *mamas*, *grandmamas*, aunts, uncles, friends are, of course, all pleased. But, "Sister, you must hear William *speach*, he was the first in the school: dubbed an orator, and really I don't know how he got it—but you shall hear. William, come, speak your piece." It is done: he is applauded and — perhaps, ruined! Praise and flattery are the aliment on which he seeks to live; self-sufficient and self-indulgent, he becomes vain, thoughtless, ostentatious, and ambitious; but the catalogue

of evils need not be enumerated. Is not this notoriously to sacrifice the future to present effect?

Surely the day in which we live displays much of the folly of compromise with injudicious parents, and of faulty conception in the *instructors of children and young persons*. Arithmetic, writing, drawing, music, grammar, and the use of the globes. —but I will not enumerate subjects taught. I will suppose the general instruction to be complete, and I care not if it be supposed to comprehend the whole circle of the sciences. I ask, is the *mind* educated? Are youth instructed to *think*: that is, to digest as well as acquire knowledge. They can perhaps read Virgil or Cicero, Livy or Tacitus; they may have been well disciplined in the language, and conducted through some of the writings of Xenophon, or of the Greek poets, and can repeat passages of Æschylus, Sophocles, or Pindar; but have they learned to read human nature, to read and to study the character of men, their own character, the spirituals of moral truth, the right use and application of reason, the true end of life, and the book of revelation? Have they been disciplined to just sentiments, trained to proper pursuits, prewarned and forearmed against temptation, truly prepared for this world and another, and shown how to use success, and how to sustain adversity? What is education?—But I pass on.

What sacrifice to the present is visible in the formation of *matrimonial alliances*? There are, it is said, comparatively few happy matches; but the reason of this may be discovered in the insufficient basis on which they commonly rest. The wise purpose of Providence is continually countervailed by the folly of mankind, who by beginning in passion without principle end in disappointment and misery. There are either no calculations of the future, or they are altogether wrong: there is a gross error committed in the arithmetic of moral science. Without even advertent to the scriptural doctrine respecting being "unequally yoked together," it is obvious that the present engrosses the entire object of pursuit, or the future only as subsidiary to the present. Personal attractions, possessions or alliances, usually comprehend the scheme of anticipated bliss; while the superior qualities of mind are overlooked. The pleasing is sought with supreme and exclusive eagerness. The taste is to be gratified, friends are to be studied, connexions are to be secured; but how life is to be improved, faculties of usefulness are to be cultivated, a profitable companionship is to be obtained, an association that shall have its important bearings upon the real welfare of the future, of another generation, and an everlasting being is to be secured, enters not into the trifler's ideas.

In turning my thoughts to the *preacher* and the pulpit, to exemplify the general position, I would have realized the awful results of the trim-

ming and compromising style of fashionable address—the seeking to please, the aim at display, and the ruinous concealments or perversions of the gospel to suit a vulgar or conciliate a refined or wealthy and influential hearer, which naturally might have claimed a place in these delineations, but the vivid and graphic poetry of Cowper superseded other thoughts, and will doubtless in the reader's estimate most properly close these lucubrations.

"I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,

Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepared, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride;
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn." Y.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.—No. I.

BRUCE IN ABYSSINIA.

ON the 8th, in the evening, a little before six o'clock, when I was making ready to go to the Shekh, a message came that he was busy and could not see me; with which, for a time, I was very well pleased. About ten arrived a naked, very ill-looking fellow, more like an executioner than any other sort of man, with a large broadsword in his hand, and seemingly very drunk. He said he was one of the Shekhs of Jehaina, and in a little time became extremely insolent. He first demanded coffee, which was given him; then a new coat, then some civet, and, last of all, drawing his sword, that we should instantly provide him with a new scabbard, his own being but a piece of common leather, which he threw with a kind of indignation down upon the floor. Till that time I had been writing these very memoirs, at least the journal of the day. I was not any way afraid of one drunkard, but laid down my pen, wondering where this insolence was to end. Before I had time to speak a word, I heard my old Turk, the sheriffe Hagi Ismael, say, "You are of the Jehaina, are you? then I am of the Daveina;" and with that he caught the stranger by the throat, taking his sword from him, which he threw out of the house, after casting the owner violently upon the floor. The fellow crept out upon all-four, and as soon as he had picked up his sword, attempted again to enter the house, which Soliman perceiving, snatched his own short crooked sword from a pin where it hung, and ran readily to meet him, and would very speedily have made an end of him, had I not cried out, "For God's sake, Soliman, don't hurt him; remember where you are." Indeed there was little reason for the caution, for when the Arab observed a drawn sword in the Turk's hand, he presently ran away towards the town, crying "Ullah! Ullah! Ullah!" which was "God! God! God!" an exclamation of terror, and we saw no more of him; whilst instead of a new scabbard, he left his old one in

the house. Seeing at once the cowardice and malice of our enemies, we were now apprehensive of fire, things were come to such an extremity; and as our house was composed of nothing but dry canes, it seemed the only obvious way of destroying us.

On the 9th, in the morning, I sent Soliman with the scabbard to Fidele, and a grievous complaint against the supposed Shekh of Jehaina for his insolence the night before. Shekh Fidele pretended to be utterly ignorant of the whole, made light of what had passed, and said the fellow was a fool. But a violent altercation took place between him and my servant, black Soliman, who then told him all his mind, threatening him with Yasine's immediate vengeance, and assuring him he was, before this, fully informed of his behaviour. They however both cooled before parting; Fidele only recommended to Soliman to persuade me to give him two thousand piastres, without which he swore I should never go alive out of Atbara. Soliman, on the other hand, declared that I was a man that set no value on money, and therefore carried it not about with me, otherwise I should not refuse what he desired; but warned him to think well before he uttered such expressions as he now had done.

In the course of conversation, as Soliman told me, the Shekh gave him several hints, that if he would agree with him and help to rob and murder me, he should share the booty with him, and it would never be known. But Soliman pretended not to understand this, always assuring him that I was not the man he took me for, and that, except the king's present, all I had was brass, iron, and glass bottles, of no value to any but myself, who only knew how to use them. They then finished their discourse; and he desired Soliman to tell me that he expected me at the usual hour of six o'clock to-morrow evening, which was Friday, the 10th.

This seemed to me an extraordinary appoint-

ment, because Friday is their festival, when they eat and drink heartily; nor did I ever remember any of them to take medicine upon that day. But with Fidele all was festival, not even their annual solemn feast of Ramadan did he ever keep, but was universally known to be an unbeliever, even in what was called his own religion. I had still this farther objection to wait upon him at night,—that he had gone so far as to solicit Soliman to assist him in murdering me. But I considered at last, that we could not escape from his hands, and that the only way to avoid the danger was to brave it. Providence, indeed, seemed all along to have reserved our deliverance for our own exertions, under its direction, as all the ways we had taken to get relief from others had hitherto, in appearance at least, miscarried. However, it was resolved to go armed, for fear of the worst; but to conceal our weapons, so as to give no umbrage. I had a small Brescian blunderbuss, about twenty-two inches in the barrel, which had a joint in the stock, so that it folded double. It hung by an iron hook to a thin belt under my left arm, close to my side, quite unperceived, like a cutlass. I likewise took a pair of pistols in my girdle, and my knife as usual. All these were perfectly covered by my burnoose; so that with a little attention, when I sat down, it was impossible to discover my having any weapons about me. Hagi Ismael the Turk, Soliman my servant, and two other Moorish servants, took also their fire arms, small and great, and swords, along with them. We all went to the house of the Shekh a little before seven o'clock in the evening. I entered the back door into the square where the women's house was; but declined going so far as their apartment without leave, turning to the left hand into the side of the square where he usually stayed. I was surprised to meet but one servant, a black boy, in the whole house, and he carried me to the Shekh, my servants remaining at the outer door.

Fidele was sitting in a spacious room, in an alcove, on a large broad sofa like a bed, with India curtains gathered on each side into festoons. Upon seeing the boy, in a very surly tone he called for a pipe; and, in much the same voice, said to me, "What! alone?" I said, "Yes, what were his commands with me?" I saw he either was or affected to be drunk, and whichever was the case, I knew it would lead to mischief; I therefore repented heartily of having come into the house alone.

After he had taken two whiffs of his pipe, and the slave had left the room, "Are you prepared?" said he; "have you brought the *needful* along with you?" I wished to have occasion to join Soliman, and answered "My servants are at the outer door, and have the vomit you wanted." He said, with great passion, "I want money, and not poison. Where are your piastres?"—"I am a bad person," said I, "Fidele, to furnish you with

either. I have neither money nor poison; but I advise you to drink a little warm water to clear your stomach, cool your head, and then lie down and compose yourself; I will see you to morrow morning." I was going out. "Hakim," says he, "infidel, or devil, or whatever is your name, hearken to what I say. Consider where you are; this is the room where Mek Baady, a king, was slain by the hand of my father: look at his blood, where it has stained the floor, which never could be washed out. I am informed that you have 20,000 piastres in gold with you; either give me 2000 before you go out of this chamber or you shall die; I will put you to death with my own hand." Upon this he took up his sword, that was lying at the head of his sofa, and, drawing it with a bravado, threw the scabbard into the middle of the room; and tucking the sleeve of his shirt above his elbow like a butcher, said, "I wait your answer."

I now stepped one pace backwards, and dropt the burnoose behind me, holding the little blunderbuss in my hand, without taking it off the belt. I said in a firm tone of voice, "This is my answer: I am not a man, as I have told you before, to die like a beast by the hand of a drunkard; on your life, I charge you, stir not from your sofa." I had no need to give this injunction; he heard the noise which the closing the joint in the stock of the blunderbuss made, and thought I had cocked it, and was about instantly to fire. He let his sword drop, and threw himself on his back on the sofa, crying, "For God's sake, Hakim, I was but jesting." At the same time with all his might he cried, "Brahmin! Mahomet! El coom! El coom!"—"If one of your servants approach me," said I, "that instant I blow you to pieces; not one of them shall enter this room till they bring in my servants with them; I have a number of them armed at your gate, who will break in the instant they hear me fire."

The women had come to the door. My servants were admitted, each having a blunderbuss in his hand and pistols at his girdle. We were now greatly an overmatch for the Shekh, who sat far back on the sofa, and pretended that all he had done was in joke, in which his servants joined; and a very confused, desultory discourse followed, till the Turk, sheriffe Ismael, happened to observe the Shekh's scabbard thrown upon the floor, on which he fell into a violent fit of laughter. He spoke very bad Arabic, mixed with Turkish, as I have often observed. He endeavoured to make the Shekh understand, that drunkards and cowards had more need of the scabbard than the sword; that he, Fidele, and the other drunkard that came to our house two or three nights before, who said he was Shekh of the Jehaina, were just possessed of the same portion of courage and insolence.

* *El coom*, that is, "all his servants."

As no good could be expected from this exposition, I stopt it, and took my leave, desiring the Shekh to go to bed and compose himself, and not try any more of these experiments, which

would certainly end in his shame, if not in his punishment. He made no answer, only wished us good night.—*Druce's Travels.*

CONCEALMENT OF THE TRUTH.

"THE truth should not be spoken at all times," is one of those convenient sayings which are frequent in the mouths of those men who look upon getting on in this world as the chief end of man, and can pardon any thing but misfortune and ill-success. We do not quarrel with the maxim upon the face of it, but we dread the abuse that may be made of it in the way of application. It degrades to a question of expediency, that which is intrinsically a question of right and wrong. It has a tendency to make men moral cowards, insincere and shuffling traitors to virtue, laying this flattering unction to their souls whenever they are called upon to say a disagreeable truth, and by their very silence doing homage to the evil principle.

It may well be doubted whether the occasions in which the truth ought not to be spoken are not so very rare as to be merely exceptions to a general rule. "The best state," says a Roman historian, "is that in which a man can think as he pleases, and speak as he thinks;" and the sentiment would do honour to a Christian pen. As truth is the highest good, so the search after it, and the contemplation of it, constitute the highest exercise and state of the mind. To speak the truth, is at once our first duty and our noblest privilege. In the eloquent language of Lord Bacon, "the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature." The service of truth, which is at once so honourable and so improving, demands the whole man without reserve, qualification or exception. As a good soldier, in entering into battle, does not admit the possibility of a retreat, so he who enlists under the banners of truth, should not admit the possibility of being, even by silence, disloyal to her cause,—of ever entering into any agreement with falsehood, or of ever omitting to show, by positive acts, his steadfast fidelity to his engagements; for sins of omission are sins, as well as those of commission.

The yoke of truth is not easy, nor is her burden light. The expression of Shakspeare, "'tis as easy as lying," has passed into a proverb; and the converse of the proposition is equally true. To speak the truth always and resolutely, requires a robustness of the moral constitution not easily attained, even by those who are compounded of the finest elements. He who would acquire

such, must cast aside all qualifying and temporizing doctrines; as he who aims at a healthy state of body, foregoes intemperance in eating and drinking. In both cases, such conduct is a sacrifice to present self-indulgence, at the expense of future improvement.

A manly adherence to truth is seldom any disadvantage to one, even in a worldly point of view. A sincere man sometimes makes an enemy by his frankness, but he cannot fail of his respect at the same time; and the respect of an enemy is better than the contempt of a friend. Men who carry their hearts upon their lips, and make the honest expression of their sentiments a matter of principle, have, generally speaking, the warmest friends, the most solid esteem, the most extensive influence, and the most lasting peace of mind. Those, on the contrary, who, from interested motives, keep back and disguise their opinions, and turn their sails so as to catch every passing breath of expediency, are seldom trusted. They carry no weight of character with them; if they make few enemies, they make few friends. With all their dextrous management, their ingenious webs of policy, they are always found out; a child can see through the flimsy veil with which they hide their motives, and perceive their selfish essence.

It has been fortunate for the world that there have been men in all ages who have never recognised the authority of such wise saws as the one under consideration, and have devoted themselves to learn the truth, and to declare it at all hazards. What would have been the condition of the world at this time, if Wickliffe and Luther had prudently held their tongues, as, no doubt, many of their judicious friends advised them to? Erasmus was a man who thought the truth was not to be spoken at all times; and with all his learning and talents, what has been his influence upon the world, what is his station in the hearts of the Christian world, compared with that of Luther, his zealous and courageous friend, whom he so often reproves for his rashness, and advises to act with calmness and discretion? The man who follows the dictates of expediency, is like one who, in the night, suffers himself to be guided by a will-o-the-wisp, which may lure him into lonely woods and dangerous morasses. He who follows truth and principle is like the traveller who shapes his course by the polar star, which neither changes nor misleads.

THE SALMON FISHER,

A TALE.

CHAPTER III.

"HEAVEN has decreed that I should make to you a confession of my crime. Your late brother, Sir Charles N****, by whose death you inherit the family estates, was educated with me at the same school. Our dispositions, though considerably opposite to each other, inasmuch as his was passionate and haughty, and mine even, not arrogant,—were far from preventing our mutual esteem; indeed I believe mine was the only temper in the whole establishment at all capable of coping with that of poor Charles; he would sometimes say it was like Minerva's shield, from which the arrows of his own wrath were sure to fall blunted to the ground. It is one thing to possess a bad temper, and another to possess a bad disposition. Charles had an excellent heart; I have known it to suffer greatly from the consequences of his own hasty passions. Many a time have I pleaded his cause against the whole body of scholars; he has wept for gratitude for my triumph; and yet, had I ventured to contradict him an hour after, would have treated me with insolence and contempt. Nevertheless, I believe Charles loved me above all others; I also regarded him beyond every friend. From Eton we became residents of the same college. It was our custom and delight to read and to study together; our books were mutual property. Charles was independent, but I was not. I had the offer of a situation under government; it certainly was my intention to accept it, and my design abundantly strengthened itself in the increasing rather than the diminishing gusts of your brother's temper. People who, as they said, 'knew him,' used to smile at his waywardness; but I could never bring myself to deride the absurdities of a friend. When I mentioned a separation, in consequence of my resolution, Charles, as I expected, burst forth like a madman; he accused me of dissimulation, in professing a friendship for him which, he said, I never entertained; he loaded me with invectives, nay, even with threats, if I dared to leave him. Finding, however, all his indignation insufficient to call from me a look of reproach, he became suddenly much affected, and conjured me, by all our ancient attachment, to remain with him as long as I lived. In a short time he expected to inherit estates to the amount of twenty thousand a year, which it was his best wish I also should enjoy; there was, besides, a valuable living on the eve of coming into his gift; he intended to present me with it. In short, Charles put on so many amiable behaviours, independently of exhibiting such flattering prospects, that I vowed to unite my destiny with his, and to live only where he lived. This was done in the enthus-

astic ardour of youth. Alas! I have thought since it *was* to be, else why should two such opposites so closely link themselves to each other.

"In a short time Charles became master of his property. He had often expressed a wish to make the tour of Europe, and resolved to do it now in what he called style. Of course, as we had vowed never to live asunder, I was his companion. Happy would it have been for me if the vessel that conveyed us from our native shores, had sunk with us to the bottomless depths of ocean; but no, we arrived safe on the continent, and were, for a time, surrounded by every enjoyment which wealth could procure. At Paris we rushed through the mazes of fashion and folly, till we were almost weary of the name of pleasure. It is not material that I dwell on these things; the catastrophe of my story approaches, let me hurry over it, for the recollection which it brings drives me almost to madness.

"It was at Vienna: we had been there about a fortnight, when we were invited to a splendid entertainment given by one of the nobility. Charles and myself were unluckily placed at the same card table, a circumstance I always, if possible, avoided, on account of his quarrelsome propensity; it was not, however, in this instance, to be counteracted. I had been drinking during the afternoon, and came in excellent spirits, which were considerably heightened by an uncommon run of good luck that now attended me. I was thrown quite off my guard, even with respect to Charles. By some means one of the cards, while I was dealing, fell under the table; I did not perceive it; but Charles who, with the rest of the company except myself, was a considerable loser, in struggling with the irritation of his feelings, cast his eyes on the carpet, and discovered the circumstance. The fury with which he had been battling now rushed forth; he never suffered himself to wait for an explanation, but in a frenzy of passion, in a voice hoarse with rage, accused me of the basest and most dishonourable practice. In vain did I attempt to speak; the voice of my own friend condemned me, and no one cared to become my advocate. My offer to return the money I had won, served to increase the general indignation, it looked like a confession of guilt, and was naturally succeeded by an universal burst of the loudest derision. I was under the necessity of quitting that apartment in a manner, and under mortification, the thoughts of which are terrible. As I moved toward the door I encountered the looks of Charles; pale as the sheeted corse, he was leaning against a pillar for

support ; already there was contrition in his features. With a denunciated curse, I lifted up my clenched fist as he fearfully ventured to gaze upon me, and fled from the scene of my disgrace, bearing with me all the agonies of a wounded heart : my uncovered head, exposed to the inclemencies of the night air, my burning temples throbbing from the agitation of my mind. I did not recollect my situation, till I found myself near an old draw-bridge, which crossed a part of the Danube, and conducted to Charles's lodgings. The keeper of this bridge was perfectly known to me ; in passing his dwelling I had often stayed to converse. The night was dark and unusually stormy. Guided by the glimmer of a light which was always suspended on the opposite side of the water, to direct the footsteps of the passengers over the bridge, I entered Kelfine's dwelling. The old man, who was half asleep in his chair, started at the wild and death-like hue of my countenance, rather than at my unusual visit, for I was accustomed to return from Vienna to the château at all hours. I threw myself on a stone bench, and wiping the cold perspiration from my brow, requested a draught of water ; and the better to account for the loss of my hat, and the visible agitation of my mind, insinuated that I had been assaulted by desperadoes. Kelfine, who owed me some obligations, was so exasperated at the insult he readily imagined I had received, that, taking down his fire-arms, he summoned his son from repose, and issued forth, with the intent, if not to detect the assailants, at least to recover my hat from the place from where I pretended to have lost it. My entreaties were of no avail, he would go ; shame forbade me to contradict my assertions : what else can I think than it *was* to be ? It was the unlucky prelude to what ensued. When I found myself once more alone, the sense of the injury, the indignity I had sustained burned more fiercely within me ; I felt like one in the very act of swooning, and throwing open the back door, hurried over a bridge of planks, and entered Kelfine's garden, which ran along the banks of the river, and the border of the road. As I hastened to the rolling waters, I meditated to dash my hated form into their dark recesses. I had worked myself up to a fit of desperation, and was about to take an everlasting plunge, when that voice which alone could have recalled the desperate intention, met my ear. I paused for a moment to listen ; through the range of the trees I could but too well distinguish the once-loved voice of Charles ; he was speaking to his servant, and charging him to return to Vienna, on some commission, the nature of which I would not trouble myself to learn. A demon-like gladness dawned in my heart that I still existed ; a base, horrible thought entered my mind ; my irretrievable wrongs rushed furiously through my blood. I resolved, since fate had thus far assisted me, to take ample re-

venge on my destroyer. I ran, or rather flew, to the draw-bridge ; I had often raised it in sport ; each axle was familiar to my touch ; in an instant it hung in the air by my hand, and Kelfine's beacon-light was placed in such a direction, as to convey to the approaching victim every resemblance of safety. I heard the footsteps of his steed, they were slow and melancholy ; there was an awful chilliness in the sound that made me tremble. Charles, my once-loved friend, rode fearlessly towards the edge of the bridge : I heard his cry of dismay, I witnessed the closing roar of the waters as they wrapt his body in death, and, more dreadful, I heard the echo of my own wild laugh in the air, and imagined it the exulting accent of some infernal agent, who had prompted me to a deed of murder. The chain of the bridge fell from my nerveless grasp, and again the studded oak sank to its resting-place. I had scarcely power to stand, and staggering back to Kelfine's cottage, fell lifeless on the floor.

" On recovering from that too short state of torpor, I found myself in the arms of the old man of the house ; his son was chafing my hands, which were cold as clay. There was a look of inquiry about my attendants that alarmed me. I felt keenly the desolation of my wretched state ; I felt myself that worst of all human monsters—an assassin ! The first idea that came correctly to my mind was a sense of my own danger ; and shaking off the lethargy which hung about my nerves, I placed in the hand of Kelfine a remunerating piece of gold, and hurried to my lodgings. It was no unusual thing for me to arrive late at the château. I had a key by which I could at any time gain my apartment. I passed the remainder of the night in sealing up such papers of importance as belonged to Charles, and directed them to yourself. I also left on my dressing-table a sum of money, more than was due to the hostess ; and, going down to the stable, saddled one of my horses, the other being still at Vienna, and took my departure before dawn. The sun had performed half his course ere I ventured to alight ; conscience seemed to paint the development of my guilt on my features, and I feared each person I encountered should examine them. At length my steed being almost overcome with fatigue, I turned into a solitary and miserable inn, at some distance from the public track, the keeper of which not being accustomed to guests of my appearance, was obsequiously polite, and evidently thought I might consume all the provisions in the province. My appetite, alas, was gone for ever ! While I sat meditating over, rather than taking the refreshments spread before me, I heard a loud cry of distress : there was a time when such a sound had merely awoken within me a sensation of surprise, it now almost shattered my frame ; a strange impulse directed my eyes to the lattice ; they

were bringing the body of a drowned man from the river, which rolled heavily past the back paling of the inn. What motive could induce me I know not, but I pressed involuntarily forward to examine, with others, the features of the corse, as they extended it on the grass. All-seeing God! the torture of that instant is never to be exceeded, even by whole years of misery. It was the body of my friend, which Heaven had directed along the dark current of waters, to flash conviction in the murderer's face! I recoiled, in the distraction of my soul, from the appalling sight, and yet an unaccountable fortitude sustained me at that dreadful crisis; I had virtue enough left within me to be assured that your brother received an honourable interment; and I hope the trial which that delay occasioned my heart, added to the repentant tears with which I watered his grave, may hereafter plead for me. Heaven knows, during that suspense, I resigned myself as lost, and dreaded each approaching footstep as some arresting accuser. From this place I hurried, unsuspected and unmolested, to Switzerland, and buried my remorse in its wildest seclusions. It was among these mountains I first beheld Stella. Mine was the life of a hermit; I seldom quitted the cabin in which I first took up my residence. Illness well-nigh sunk me to the grave, when the old goatherd, who was in the habit of contributing to my little wants, apprised Stella's father of the circumstance; with the voice of a ministering angel he stood before me; like myself he had been unfortunate, but not guilty. He endeavoured equally to mitigate my cares and my disorder. He knew not that both alike were incurable. Had not my heart been too seared Stella's piety and innocence must have inspired it with the softest passion. Her father was the director of the rude peasantry on their way to heaven; she was his only child, his only relative. He had little to bequeath, but he was too good a divine to doubt the bounty of Omnipotence. A short time convinced me that I had kindled a regard in Stella's bosom which I could never return with my hand; I loved her, but I loved her too tenderly to think of uniting her to a wretch so offending as I had been. The sudden death of her father left her without a friend, except myself; and a new and remarkable circumstance which occurred made me resolve to quit Switzerland. My fears, my conscience never slept: there was a person come to settle in one of the cottages—he was a stranger; when the report reached me I was on the rack of inquiry; I believed that he could be nothing less than some minister of justice waiting to apprehend me. By a winding descent, I contrived secretly to approach the residence of the unknown; and concealing myself among the bushes, what was my consternation at beholding, in the residents of the valley, Kelfne and his son. I hurried back to my habitation, and shutting my-

self up till night, did not dare to go abroad. When it was dark, I went to take an eternal farewell of Stella; I assured her that my life was in danger; that it was not possible for me to remain any longer in Switzerland. The friendless, unprotected Stella, threw herself on the earth at my feet, and bathed in grief, besought permission to attend me. She was the only human being to whom I could attach myself; her extreme youth, her heart-rending tears, her supplications, prevailed—we fled together. The vessel in which we sought Scotland was wrecked, but I was not yet to perish! The asylum of this valley seemed to offer me a retreat almost unfrequented; yet even here the eye of an avenging Power, in yourself, has pursued me. The form of Charles has never left me. I call upon you for forgiveness; I have saved your life although I destroyed that of your brother. You will not—you cannot refuse to protect Stella. On my knees I ask it. She will prove a blessing, for which God will bless you—.”

Thus ended this singular manuscript. It was most true that my brother had been drowned abroad; letters from the place, and other circumstances, had assured us of the fact. The most convincing document was traced, as I could now perceive, by the pen of his unfortunate friend. Near as Sir Charles was to myself, I could not but pity the man, whose best hopes he had so prematurely blighted; and, on concluding his narrative, the first impulse of my heart suggested that I should shelter him from danger, and bury his secret in oblivion. I know not how far such a resolution may be consistent with the feelings of others, but I have since been gratified that it was consistent with mine.

The morning, with its earliest beams, found me still meditating on the contents of the narrative, and the best steps for me to pursue; I had not even thrown off my clothes, when the sound of some one knocking hastily at the door of my chamber startled me. I arose from the chair on which I had been seated during the whole night, and felt not a little surprised by the ghastly features of my landlady, who came to inform me that something terrible had occurred to Rholf. I guessed every thing—and, accompanied by Donald, went immediately to the cabin. On the way, I learnt from one of the salmon fishers, that Rholf had recommended Stella to retire earlier than usual to rest; thrice he had evinced a composure which lulled her into compliance. After a short space, however, the sound of footsteps assured her that he had left the cottage; and opening the lattice to listen, the report and flash of a pistol, at some distance, filled her with indescribable alarm. It was also witnessed by one or two of the peasants—they rushed to the spot—Stella's fears were but too well founded—Rholf, the heart-broken Rholf, had shot himself!

On entering the cabin, I shall never cease to remember the affecting picture. Rholf was not quite dead, nor insensible; a stream of blood trickled from the bandage which confined his temples, and served to render the livid hue of his cheek more ghastly. Stella, with his icy hand locked in hers, was kneeling, the awful image of despair, beside him. He turned his eyes to me as I entered; there was a mingled hue of shame and contrition upon his countenance. He received my hand with an effort almost beyond his strength, and pressing it to his dying lips, "You forgive!" said he, faintly; "As Heaven, I hope, will me and all sinners," answered I. He shook his head sorrowfully; the weight of his last offence was upon him. It was no time for reproach—awful are the struggles of the dying suicide—life was fast ebbing. He looked from me to Stella; I gave him to understand that I adhered to his last injunction, he feebly pressed my hand as a token of his gratitude. In the course of an hour his senses were quite gone. He talked incessantly of Charles, it was the latest word that escaped him. We buried him by moonlight on the borders of the Frith, on the spot which he often selected while living; and, according to his own request,

sculptured on the entombing rock which overhangs his ashes: "*The grave of a Salmon Fisher.*"

Contrary to my expectations, Stella did not give way to a violent excess of despair: with unheard of fortitude she attended the remains of Rholf to his narrow tomb. She acknowledged till my arrival in the glen, being ignorant of his crime. Rholf had since that time communicated to her the fatal secret. I hoped by the calmness of Stella's manner, she might be induced to accept from me the offers Rholf had refused, and receive my protection with my hand. But I was mistaken; Stella's though a still suffering spirit was a noble one. She proclaimed not her lamentations to the world, but the canker-worm of grief preyed upon her broken heart, and she proved both her constancy and affection, a short period after his decease, by expiring on the tomb of the man she loved. Half a century has almost elapsed since these incidents took place, but the image of Stella and the salmon fisher have seldom been absent from my mind. There is an important moral to be extracted from the story and fate of the latter, which I trust and hope may not prove unserviceable to the victim of un-governed passion.

THE MYSTERIOUS SHIP.

WHETHER death is an eternal sleep, or whether it introduces us to another state of existence, it is an awful thing to die. It is very certain that reason is not able to demonstrate an immortal state of happiness or misery beyond the grave. The probabilities are all in its favour, but we want more decisive evidence; and the want increases to agony as we apprehend the approach of death to ourselves. What mankind are indebted to the ancient philosophers, to Jesus Christ, and to modern infidels, will appear from the following allegory, which is no fable.

There is a country whose shores are periodically visited by a mysterious ship from some far distant and unknown land. Its arrival never fails to inspire the inhabitants with dread and terror, for an armed band on every visit ravages the whole territory, and seizes innumerable victims, of every age, of each sex. Such was the case for ages, before any effort was made to repel the invaders. All submitted with silent awe; one generation was taken away, another, and another, and no one knew whither the reluctant voyagers were bound, for no one ever returned to report to his fellows his own or their destination. Yet the ship was ever and anon anchoring in the harbour, and always departed with the spoils of humanity—the noble, the youthful, the wise, the witty and the gay, the rich and the poor, the tyrant and the slave, the mother and the tender infant at her bosom. During a succession of ages, curiosity was intensely excited: the profound speculated;

the benevolent searched, and searched in vain for hope; the wise, the grave, and the learned, all strove to allay the universal anxiety, and to soothe their own hearts under the appalling assurance, that they too must obey the inexorable mandate, and be launched on that ocean, where, for aught they knew, their entire species would, sooner or later, be engulfed. As these venerable sages retired, unable to solve the enigma, or to tell any thing satisfactory either of the ship or of the fate of those it daily and hourly was forcing from their native shores, "a mild form of humanity," meek in wisdom, with the light of heaven radiating his brow, and the tenderness of the softest compassion touching and animating his features, was seen advancing; his voice of majesty hushed all the wailings of the bereaved and the sorrowing. He allayed every fear; the ship, he said, belonged to the country from whence he came, where he had dwelt; that the multitudes, which had been for so many generations the captives of its power, were removed to permanent habitations, where they were happy or miserable, according to the characters they had formed and sustained in the society from whence they were taken; that the happiness of the good and virtuous was inconceivable, and that the misery of the vicious and the bad was just in proportion to their guilt, but that both were placed in an unchangeable state; that he had the power of so preparing them all for their mysterious voyage that if they would place themselves under his guidance and protection, he would secure their

cordial reception in those realms of blessedness from whence he had come, and to which he was about to return; that he had absolute authority, both over the ship and the ministers of destiny, which were so often making their incursions among them; that before their eyes he would go and return the veritable Being who stood before them; and that his principal object in visiting them was, to make them ardently desire and long for the voyage they had contemplated with dismay. At the close of his address heaven opened, and a voice from the excellent Glory said, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." All manner of diseases fled at his bidding; the dead were raised, and evil spirits at his rebuke vanished into the outer darkness. From the voyage which he said he would take, he did not shrink; and on a tempestuous night, when such a storm as earth nor ocean ever witnessed before or since, raged with a fury which threatened the wreck of nature itself, he embarked, and on the third day returned, while a thousand harmonies rolled along the glorious anthem which hailed the deliverer of men, under the endearing character of the "Resurrection and the Life." But what means the rabble rout, who have grotesquely assumed the toga of philosophy, while, in their moral qualities they be-

tray their affinity to the fabled satyrs of an exploded superstition? Hurrying forward to meet the ship at its next visitation, who is it they insult with their ribaldry? Can it be the great Teacher who has calmed the fears, and inspired the hopes of so many millions of our race? Is he, and the light which he has poured upon the dark ocean of futurity, the object of their contumely and scorn? Is it the star by which this ship of heaven tracks its way over the pathless deep, and arrives so surely at its destined port, which provokes the hootings of these birds of night? O! is it their ambition to extinguish every light in the great cemetery of human nature, and to leave nothing radiant but the letters on its portals, proclaiming death to be "an eternal sleep;" but which the moanings, and fitful sighs, and the groans of agonized spirits coming from out the darkness contradict and belie, which find their echo in those bosoms in which there is a "fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation?"

My brethren, need I add another touch to this scene? Philosophy without the Scriptures is no guide into futurity. Infidelity against the Scriptures is not merely a mistaken guide, but a desperate and malignant foe.—*Stylé's Lecture on the Inspiration of the Bible.*

GEMS.

[From Hazlitt's *Characteristics.*]

The little volume, from which the following selections, taken almost at random, are made, we are told was originally printed without Mr. Hazlitt's name. There could never have been any disguise of the authorship, from those who knew any thing whatever of his style. The book is full of one-sided truths—of imperfect truths—of no truths at all,—but also of very many deep revelations and distinct exhibitions of our moral nature. Here we have, "in the rough," all the author's well-known theories of human character and action; as well as his happiest principles of criticism on poetry and the arts.

We open the leaves at a very masterly refutation of the reasonings of *Mandeville* and *Roche-foucault*.

The error in the reasonings of *Mandeville*, *Roche-foucault*, and others is this: they first find out that there is something mixed in the motives of all our actions, and they then proceed to argue, that they must all arise from one motive, viz., self-love. They make the exception the rule. It would be easy to reverse the argument, and prove that our most selfish actions are disinterested. There is honesty among thieves. Robbers, murderers, &c., do not commit those actions, from a pleasure in pure villany or for their own benefit only, but from a mistaken regard to the welfare or good opinion of those with whom they are immediately connected.

It is ridiculous to say, that compassion, friendship, &c., are at bottom only selfishness in disguise, because it is we who feel pleasure or pain in the good or evil of others; for the meaning of self-love is not that it is I who love, but that I love myself. The motive is no more selfish, because it is I who feel it, than the action is selfish, because it is I who perform it. To prove a man selfish, it is not surely enough to say, that it is he who feels, (this is a mere quibble,) but to show that he does not feel for another; that is, that the idea of

the suffering or welfare of others does not excite any feeling whatever of pleasure or pain in his mind, except from some reference to or reflection on himself. Self-love, or the love of self, means that I have an immediate interest in the contemplation of my own good, and that this is a motive to action; and benevolence, or the love of others, means in like manner that I have an immediate interest in the idea of the good or evil that may befall them, and a disposition to assist them in consequence. Self-love, in a word, is sympathy with myself, that is, it is I who feel it, and I who am the object of it; in benevolence or compassion, it is I who still feel sympathy, but another, not myself, is the object of it. If I feel sympathy with others at all, it must be disinterested. The pleasure it may give me is the consequence, not the cause, of my feeling it. To insist that sympathy is self-love because we cannot feel for others, without being ourselves affected pleasantly or painfully, is to make nonsense of the question; for it is to insist, that in order to feel for others properly and truly, we must in the first place feel nothing. *C'est une mauvaise plaisanterie.* That the feeling exists in the individual must be granted, and never admitted of a question; the only question is, how that feeling is caused, and what is its object—and it is to express the two opinions that may be entertained on this subject, that the terms, "self-love" and "benevolence," have been appropriated. Any other interpretation of them is an evident abuse of language, and a subterfuge in argument, which, driven from the fair field of fact and observation, takes shelter in verbal sophistry.

The confession of our failings is a thankless office. It savours less of sincerity or modesty than of ostentation. It seems as if we thought our weakness as good as other people's virtues.

A man who is always defending his friends from the

most trifling charges, will be apt to make other people their enemies.

It has been observed, that the proudest people are not nice in love. In fact, they think they raise the object of their choice above every one else.

The greatest hypocrites are the greatest dupes. This is either because they think only of deceiving others and are off their guard, or because they really know little about the feelings or characters of others from their want of sympathy, and of consequent sagacity. Perhaps the resorting to trick and artifice in the first instance, implies not only a callousness of feeling, but an obtuseness of intellect, which cannot get on by fair means. Thus a girl who is ignorant and stupid may yet have cunning enough to resort to silence as the only chance of conveying an opinion of her capacity.

There are many who talk on from ignorance, rather than from knowledge; and who find the former an inexhaustible fund of conversation.

We are more jealous of frivolous accomplishments, with brilliant success, than of the most estimable qualities without it. Dr. Johnson envied Garrick whom he despised, and ridiculed Goldsmith whom he loved.

It argues a poor opinion of ourselves, when we cannot admit any other class of merit besides our own, or any rival in that class.

To deserve any blessing is to set a just value on it. The pains we take in its pursuit are only a consequence of this.

The amiable is the voluptuous in expression or manner. The sense of pleasure in ourselves is that which excites it in others; or, the art of pleasing is to seem pleased.

Let a man's talents or virtues be what they may, we only feel satisfaction in his society, as he is satisfied in himself. We cannot enjoy the good qualities of a friend, if he seems to be none the better for them.

True modesty and true pride are much the same thing. Both consist in setting a just value on ourselves—neither more nor less. It is a want of proper spirit to fancy ourselves inferior to others in those things in which we really excel them. It is conceit and want of common sense to arrogate a superiority over others, without the most well-founded pretensions.

The truly proud man knows neither superiors nor inferiors. The first he does not admit of; the last he does not concern himself about. People who are insolent to those beneath them, crouch to those above them. Both show equal meanness of spirit and want of conscious dignity.

There is neither so much vice nor so much virtue in the world, as it might appear at first sight that there is. Many people commit actions that they hate, as they affect virtues that they laugh at, merely because others do so.

Our opinions are not our own, but in the power of sympathy. If a person tells us a palpable falsehood, we not only dare not contradict him, but we dare hardly disbelieve him to his face. A lie boldly uttered has the effect of truth for the instant.

A man's reputation is not in his own keeping, but lies at the mercy of the profligacy of others. Calumny requires no proof. The throwing out malicious imputations against any character leaves a stain which no after refutation can wipe out. To create an unfavourable impression, it is not necessary that certain things should be true, but that they have been said. The imagination is of so delicate a texture, that even words wound it.

A nickname is a mode of insinuating a prejudice against another, under some general designation, which, as it offers no proof, admits of no reply. It does not render the person less contemptible or ridiculous in vulgar opinion, because it may be harmless in itself, or even downright nonsense. By repeating it incessantly, and leaving out every other characteristic of the individual, whom we wish to make a by-word of, it seems as if he were an abstraction of insignificance.

Want of principle is power. Truth and honesty set a limit to our efforts, which impudence and hypocrisy easily overleap.

It is wonderful how often we see and hear of Shakespeare's plays without being annoyed by it. Were it any other writer, we should be sick to death of the very name. But his volumes are like that of nature, we can turn to them again and again:—

"Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
His infinite variety."

Even among the most abandoned of women, there is generally found to exist one strong and individual attachment, which remains unshaken through all circumstances. Virtue steals, like a guilty thing, into the secret haunts of vice and infamy, clings to their devoted victim, and will not be driven quite away. Nothing can destroy the human heart.

We find persons who are actuated in all their tastes and feelings by a spirit of contradiction. They like nothing that other people do, and have a natural aversion to whatever is agreeable in itself. They read books that no one else reads; and are delighted with passages that no one understands but themselves. They only arrive at beauties through faults and difficulties; and all their conceptions are brought to light by a sort of Cæsarean process. This is either an affectation of singularity; or a morbid taste, that can relish nothing that is obvious and simple.

The greatest offence against virtue is to speak ill of it. To recommend certain things is worse than to practise them. There may be an excuse for the last in the frailty of passion; but the former can arise from nothing but an utter depravity of disposition. Any one may yield to temptation, and yet feel a sincere love and aspiration after virtue; but he who maintains vice in theory, has not even the idea or capacity for virtue in his mind. Men err: fiends only make a mock at goodness.

There are some things the idea of which alone is a clear gain to the human mind. Let people rail at virtue, at genius, and friendship, as long as they will, the very names of these disputed qualities are better than any thing else that could be substituted for them, and embalm even the most angry abuse of them.

Were good and evil ever so nearly balanced in reality, yet imagination would add a casting weight to the favourable scale, by anticipating the bright side of what is to come, and throwing a pleasing melancholy on the past.

The difference between the vanity of a Frenchman and an Englishman seems to be this:—the one thinks every thing right that is French, the other thinks every thing wrong that is not English. The Frenchman is satisfied with his own country; the Englishman is determined to pick a quarrel with every other.

An accomplished coquette excites the passions of others in proportion as she feels none herself. Her forwardness allures, her indifference irritates desire. She fans the flame that does not scorch her own bosom; plays with men's feelings, and studies the effect of her several arts at leisure and unmoved.

SPECIMENS OF A NEW DICTIONARY.—No. I.

ABLUTION.—One of the eldest rites of religion. Physical sanctification. To the Jew it was the type of an inward cleansing; to the Hindoo it is the whole of religion; to the mere nominal Christian, as administered in baptism, it seems to act as a dispensation from all religion.

ABSOLUTION.—When pronounced by man is an impious usurpation of the highest prerogative of God; a forgery of the Great Name of God on the bank of Mercy; a sacrilegious and clandestine employment of the great seal of Heaven for purposes of party aggrandizement; a cheat put on an immortal soul by which it may be defrauded of eternal happiness. Compared with this, he who is fabled to have stolen fire from heaven—he who aspired to drive the chariot of the sun—and he who appropriated the thunders of Jove, were only toying. According to the blasphemy of the councils of Trent and Florence, the Divine Being himself cannot pardon, (awful blasphemy!) unless the priest be willing. A more modern church professes to disown the *power* of absolution, but retains the *form*. Her form of absolution, professedly differs from that of the Romish church in being only *ministerial* or *declarative*; which, in the eyes of the ignorant many, must look like a distinction without a difference; and in the eyes of the educated and unprejudiced few, like the analytic powers of that famed theologian

"Who could distinguish and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side."

But surely on a subject so solemn, such hair-splitting is worse than trifling.

ABSTINENCE.—A lost virtue. It is observable that churches which prescribe fasts, atone for it by prescribing feasts also—lents and carnivals alternate. The golden mean is habitual temperance; which, as opposed to gluttony, is a perpetual fast, and, as opposed to abstinence, a perpetual feast.

ACCLAMATION.—The mechanical agitation of the air: *alias*, glory, fame.

ANGER.—The apoplexy of the soul.

BIBLE.—Distinguished from every other book professedly divine, by its earnest commendations of knowledge; its solemn commands to acquire it; its power of creating a thirst for it; and by its manifest intention of gratifying that thirst with a river clear as crystal.

CUSTOM.—The great Pedagogue, who requires his pupils to believe without reason, and to obey without examination.

DEEDS.—Noble deeds are great truths realized.

EXPERIENCE.—A fragrant flower that grows on the grave of the past.

FEAR.—The palsy of the soul.

GOODNESS.—"The parts and signs of goodness are many," saith Bacon. If a man be gracious and [No. 11. MARCH 15, 1837.—2d.] VOL. I.

courteous to others, it shows that he is a citizen of the world; and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it pours out its balm. If he easily pardons offences, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's motives and not their trash. But above all, if he have St. Paul's perfection, that he would wish to be an anathema, for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of a divine nature, even a kind of conformity to Christ himself.

HERESY.—A morbid excrescence cut off from the body ecclesiastic; the existence of which, however, indicates that the body itself is in an unhealthy state. Originally, the term heresy had no *evil* import; it simply meant a *party*, whether good or bad, distinguished from another *party*. The pharisees themselves—the great religious body of the Jews—are called a "sect," or "heresy." Hence the Apostle Paul, when defending himself before Agrippa, says that he "lived a Pharisee, according to the strictest *αἵρεσις*, heresy or sect, of their religion." Josephus also, himself a pharisee, speaks of the heresy of the pharisees, as excelling others in the knowledge of the Jewish law. Christians originally formed the heresy of the Nazarenes. But Bigotry has placed the word among her numerous synonyms of evil. And what wonder, when the very elements themselves have been pressed into her service, and she has talked of the "Protestant winds," and the "Popish tides."

INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.—The Pope's Annual. The Cardinals' Review. A bar thrown across the stream of intellectual commerce.

KNOWLEDGE.—A molehill in the Amazon valley of our ignorance.

LOGIC.—The scaling ladder employed in storming the citadel of truth.

MISER.—His head is one entire organ of acquisitiveness. A living volume of political economy shabbily bound. A great family *save-all*, whose light during life is under a bushel, and expires, at last, in a stench. He would think it prodigal to *give* away even his affections; and, therefore, instead of marrying, *keeps* a mistress—gold. He has the honour of giving a name to the large family of the *miserable*, and of greatly augmenting its numbers.

NONSENSE.—Every one's sense that opposes us.

OPINION.—A brat, not begotten, but adopted; but retained and defended as pertinaciously as if it were begotten; as the sparrow treats the cuckoo—and its note like the cuckoo's too.

PERSECUTION.—To make excellent persecutor,

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take equal parts of ignorance, the root of which has grown for ages in the same spot—prejudice, that has flourished and grown rank in the damp and shade of a venerable wall—and of power, *quantum suff.*—mix, and let them stand till they ferment. If necessary, agitate them a little, and fermentation will instantly ensue. This mixture has never been known to fail.

QUESTIONS.—Yes, and no, are made to answer most questions ; properly speaking, however, they can answer but very few ; for there are but few absolute affirmatives or negatives in our possession ; the terms require modification.

RIDICULE.—There is nothing more ridicule-proof than a real grief.

SIGNS.—The heart's funeral oration over the past.

TRUTH.—A farthing candle in a fog.

VANITY.—The victim of a principle.

WORLD.—A green meadow in which men love to lie down, forgetting the proverb, that there is a snake in the grass.

ZEAL.—The soul in a state of combustion. Milton, in his "Apology for Smectymnus," having shown that all the natural passions of humanity were in Christ, and that what was all in him was

divided among his ministers—some to be mild and others severe, some to be grave and others cheerful ; "no man being forced wholly to dissolve the ground-work of his nature—the sanguine to empty out all his sociable liveliness—or the choleric to expel the unsinching predominance of his anger"—begs leave "to soar awhile as the poets use," in praise of zeal. "Zeal, whose substance is ethereal, arming in complete diamond, ascends his fiery chariot, drawn with two blazing meteors, figured like beasts, but of a higher breed than any the zodiac yields, resembling two of those four which Ezekiel and St. John saw ; the one visaged like a lion, to express power, high authority, and indignation ; the other of countenance like a man, to cast derision and scorn upon perverse and fraudulent seducers : with these, the invincible warrior, Zeal, shaking loosely the slack reins, drives over the heads of scarlet prelates, and such as are insolent to maintain traditions, bruising their stiff necks under his flaming wheels. Thus did the true prophets of old combat with the false ; thus Christ himself, the fountain of meekness, found acrimony enough to be still galling and vexing the prelatical pharisees."

A SCOTTISH SACRAMENT.

CHAPTER I.

THE question, Who is Christ ? was once put to me, in a manner and under circumstances which will never fade from my memory ; and perhaps the knowledge of them may not be wholly vain and profitless to the world.

On the morning of a Sabbath day, in the month of June, I was up betimes, as I had resolved to go where, according to the custom of that part of the country, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be dispensed, at a parish church some twelve or fourteen miles distant, and several of the most distinguished preachers of the district were to unite their labours on this solemn occasion. I had not walked above half a mile up the hill from my father's house when I met with Tom Allan. Tom and I had never been together on a Sabbath day, but as week-day friends we were very intimate. The plantations of young firs and larches on the hill gave shelter and accommodation to vast numbers of birds ; and in the delightful days of spring the cheerful warblings of the songsters, and the melancholy moaning of the ringdove, attracted Tom and I to spend many an hour in their sylvan abode. The dell also, with its clear winding stream, its rifted rocks, and its tangled thickets, with the gurgling rapid, and the sounding cascade, had many fascinations for the young. Tom and I studied ornithology in the wood, and botany in the dell ; and if our studies were not conducted in strict accordance with the canons of science,

they were delightful to us, and it may be saved us from plunging into vices to which spirits so young and so buoyant might otherwise have been prone. Tom was intelligent and amiable ; he was a lover of nature, and not without reverential feelings for the God of nature. Of the God of grace he was however altogether ignorant ; because the light of Divine truth had not illuminated the dwelling of his father.

Meeting Tom, as I have said, on the sweet morning of the summer Sabbath, he hailed me with, "How glad I am to have met you ; how sweet the songs of the birds are ; let us visit them in their sylvan habitations, and spend the live-long day in the observation of that nature which is so beautiful."

"My dear Tom," said I, "delightful as the woodlands are, this is not the morning for resorting to them : I am going a farther distance, and for a different purpose ; and when I mention it to you, perhaps you will accompany me."

"Whither are you going, and what is your purpose ?" said Tom.

"I am going," I replied, "to the parish church at B—, where there is this day to be solemnized the emblematical resemblance of the death of Christ, and of all that he did and suffered to restore fallen man to the grace and favour of Almighty God, and to a life of happiness exempt from pain, sorrow, and death."

"Who is Christ ?" asked Tom, with the same

single-heartedness with which he and I were accustomed to question each other when either the one or the other was run aground on the subjects of our humble but heartfelt contemplations.

"I cannot tell you at a word, Tom," said I; "but come along with me, and perhaps you may learn; you and I, you know, like better to teach ourselves than to be taught."

He instantly agreed; and we went on our way talking upon such subjects as might be supposed to be most interesting to youths of our age—youths, I may add, with little knowledge, but with no guile.

Here I must candidly confess that, though I had been brought up strictly in what is called a religious manner, the love of religion was not my only motive for going to this distant sacrament. There were many charms by the way. It led over the top of a hill, where a large stone cross marked the spot where, in times of old, the general of an invading army had fallen, after the total rout of his troops on the plain below. The summit of this hill commanded an extensive view of a country quite new to those on the other side, exceedingly rich and beautiful, and now covered with luxuriant fields of wheat, and perfumed with beans in full blossom. This made our journey feel shorter than it was in reality; and though we spake but little we saw much. The rich green plain was margined by a sandy beach, along which the waves rolled in a small line of silvery foam. In the offing, a reef of rocks, which had been fatal to many a mariner, showed their crests by a covering of the same colour; and beyond them the sea appeared boundless, and its waters reduced to perfect tranquillity. There were thus the emblems of wealth, and danger, and immortality before us. I have often reflected on them since; but I believe, at the time, I was more occupied with the simple gratification of the senses.

We reached the church village in time to rest ourselves before the service of the day commenced, and also to look around us. The school-master's garden was full of beautiful flowers; and he and his family, as we could hear by the sound of sacred music, were preparing by worship in the family, for the more solemn rites of the church. The church was a very humble and old fashioned structure, (I have always admired old churches; for they tell at once that the people have been Christian for many generations). It stood on a rising ground, with the simple memorials of the dead on the green sward around it. Below there was a little dell with a small stream of clear water; and beyond this there rose a soft grassy bank, forming a curve, with its middle bent from the point at which the church stood. In the dell, close by the bank of the stream, there was placed that temporary sort of covered pulpit which, in that part of the country, is called "the tent," the opening

of the tent being toward the middle of the bank, and almost equally distant from every part of its circumference. The object of placing the tent here, was to make up for the smallness of the church, which was quite inadequate to accommodate the crowds which collected there on those solemn occasions. Psalms, prayers, and sermons were alternately kept up in it during the morning service, while the more solemn rites were performing in the church; and in the evening, when the service became like that of an ordinary Sabbath, the whole assembled together in this rustic temple.

On these occasions the gallery of the parish church of B— was set apart for those who were yet too young for sitting down at the communion table in fellowship with the church; but who were understood to be preparing themselves for arriving in due time at that sacred honour; an honour which there and then was accounted a principal epoch in the life of the party. We of course took our station there; and as there was no distinction of pews on the sacrament Sabbath, and we were early, we took our seats in the front of the gallery. When the little bell began to tinkle, the people moved slowly and silently into the church, till every part of it was full. The aged, the infirm, and some of the leading people of the parish occupied the communion table, which extended along the middle of the church, with the pulpit against the south wall opposite the middle of it, where, however, a division was left by which a passage could easily be obtained from the one side to the other. The symbolic bread and wine, covered up with white cloths, were placed at each side of this opening; and some of those ministers who were to assist in the service of the day, and also the elders of the congregation, were seated close by.

After all had been seated in due order, Dr. S., the parish minister, made his appearance in the pulpit: and the sweetness of the day, the stillness of the scene, and the expression of anticipation and hope upon most countenances, rendered even the still life of it impressive, and showed clearly how necessary a sober deportment is, for preparing the mind for religious rites. The doctor, after a little pause, rose, and with a suitable preparation read the psalm with which the service of the day was to begin:—

"We'll go into his tabernacles,
And at his footstool bow:
Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
The ark of thy strength and thou.
"O let thy priests be clothed, Lord,
With truth and righteousness;
So shall all those that do thee fear,
Shout loud for joyfulness."

These are not the whole, but only a specimen; and Dr. S. had a method in reading the sacred lyrics of his church which was peculiarly expres-

sive ; and the earnestness with which he enunciated the second of these stanzas, turned it to a fervent prayer for Divine grace to strengthen him and his assistants for the performing aright of their duty to God and God's people.

I saw that Tom Allan's attention was fixed at the outset ; for he did not once move his eye off the doctor all the time that the latter was reading the psalm. The psalm was taken up by the whole congregation. The tune was " Martyrs," wild and wailing in its melody, like the voices of the persecuted remnant crying to their God from the fastnesses of the mountains when the sword of the oppressor was gleaming on the plains. I felt it, perhaps, in a peculiar manner, because my father had previously told me that we too had witnessed for the Zion of our God in the day of her greatest tribulation, when the Lord saw meet to try them according to his word, as declared by the prophet Zechariah, in the last verse of his thirteenth chapter, " I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined ; and try them as gold is tried ; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them : I will say, It is my people : and they shall say, The Lord is my God."

If Tom Allan had not had much experience in psalmody, he had an ear and a voice for music ; and before the psalm was half concluded I could hear him taking the lead in that part of the gallery where we sat, and singing with a fervent enthusiasm which I have not often observed. Indeed, he entered at once into the service with a degree of earnestness which I certainly did not feel, though I had frequently been present at such scenes.

The prayer which followed in the order of the service, was highly appropriate in the sense and fervent in the expression. It began with a deep confession of the general depravity of human nature, and of the particular depravity of every individual in the sight of a God " glorious in holiness," whatever that individual might appear in the sight of men. Having set before the assembled people this their true natural condition, it directed their thankfulness to the Almighty for every blessing and enjoyment, and more especially for salvation through the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, and for the privilege of serving God in his own temple, according to the ordinances of his holy word. The supplications for pardon and guidance were so framed as to meet the particular cases of all present ; and the doctor was peculiarly earnest in imploring Divine grace to strengthen him and his fellow-labourers, so that they might be useful to man, and approved in the sight of God, not only during that solemn day, but during all the days of the years of their sojourn upon earth. It is not the custom of the church to which Dr. S. belonged to give audible responses ; but there were responsive sighs from some parts of the congregation ; and the deep attention of the whole might be regarded as one general response to the entire prayer. My companion seemed equally attracted by this as by the psalm, if not more so ; and I am sure that he was more instructed ; for there was embodied in the prayer a brief but clear abstract of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, — a short answer as it were to Tom Allan's question, " Who is Christ ?"

THE CHASSEUR ANTS.

(From Mrs. Carmichael's " Domestic Manners and Society in the West Indies.")

ONE morning my attention was arrested at Laurel Hill, (Trinidad,) by a number of black-birds whose appearance was foreign to me ; they were smaller but not unlike an English crow, and were perched on a calabash tree near the kitchen. I asked D., who at that moment came up from the garden, what could be the cause of the appearance of so many of those blackbirds. She said, " Misses, dem be a sign of the blessing of God ; dey are not the blessing, but only de sign, as we say, of God's blessing. Misses, you'll see afore noon time, how de ants will come and clear de houses." At this moment I was called to breakfast, and thinking it was some superstitious idea of D.'s I paid no further attention to it. In about two hours after this, I observed an uncommon number of chasseur ants crawling about the floor of the room ; my children were annoyed by them, and seated themselves on a table, where their legs did not communicate with the floor.

They did not crawl upon my person, but I was now surrounded by them. Shortly after this the walls of the room became covered by them, and next they began to take possession of the tables and chairs. I next thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied ; and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship ; for had we trodden upon one, we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the steps of the stair, but they were not near so numerous as in the room we had left, but the upper room presented a singular spectacle ; for not only were the floor and walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also.

The open rafters of a West India house at all times afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particular the cockroach ; but now their destruction was inevitable. The chasseur-ants,

as if trained to battle, ascended in regular thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cockroaches to their comrades on the floor, who as regularly marched off with the dead bodies of the cockroaches, dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cockroaches were stung to death on the rafters, or else the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed all to their storehouse. The windward windows of the room were glass, and a battle now ensued between the ants and jack-spaniards, hotly pursued on the panes of glass. The jack-spaniard may be called the wasp of the West Indies; it is twice as large as a British wasp, and its sting is in proportion more painful. It builds its nest in trees and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. The jack-spaniards were not quite such easy prey, for they used their wings, which not one cockroach had attempted. Two jack-spaniards, hotly pursued on the window, alighted on the dress of one of my children. I entreated her to sit still, and remain quiet. In an almost inconceivable short space of time, a party of ants crawled upon her frock, surrounded, covered the two jack-spaniards, and crawled down again to the floor, dragging off their prey, and doing the child no harm. From this room I went to the adjoining bed-chamber and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the chasseurs. I opened a large military chest of linens, which had been much infested; for I was determined to take every advantage of such able hunters; I found the ants already inside; I supposed they must have got in at some opening at the hinges. I pulled out the linens on the floor, and with them hundreds of cockroaches, not one of which escaped.

We now left the house, and went to the chambers, built at a little distance; but these all were in the same state. I next proceeded to open a store-room at the other end of the house, for a place of retreat; but to get the key I had to return to the under room, where the battle was

now hotter than ever; the ants had commenced an attack upon the rats and mice, and, strange as it may appear, they were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them as they had the insect tribe, covered them over, and dragged them off with a celerity and union of strength, that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one rat or mouse escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off during a very short period.

We next tried the kitchen—for the store-room and boy's pantry were already occupied—but the kitchen was equally the field of battle, between rats, mice, cockroaches, and ants killing them. A huckster negro came up selling cakes, and seeing the uproar, and the family and servants standing out in the sun, he said—"Ah, Misses, you have got the blessing of God to-day, and a great blessing it be to get such a cleaning." I think it was about ten when I first observed the ants, and about twelve the battle was formidable; soon after one o'clock the great strife commenced with the rats and mice; and about three the houses were cleared. In a quarter of an hour more the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors, but the grass round the house was full of them; and they seemed now feasting on the remnant of their prey, which had been left on the road to their nests; and so the feasting continued till about four o'clock, when the blackbirds, who had never been long absent from the calabash and pois deux trees in the neighbourhood, darted down among them, and destroyed by millions those who were too sluggish to make good their retreat. By five o'clock the whole was over; before sun-down the negro houses were cleared in the same way; and they told me they had seen the blackbirds hovering about the almond trees as early as seven in the morning. I never saw these blackbirds before or since, and the negroes assured me that they never were seen but at such times.

A LION.

(From Campbell's "*Letters from Algiers.*")

Our neighbourhood has been occasionally visited by a personage still more consequential than the eagle; namely, the king of the quadruped creation. I had not the honour of seeing his majesty while alive during his last royal progress, but enjoyed the safer gratification of hearing his voice at a distance. This was yesterday evening, whilst I was strolling alone, about a quarter of a mile from the walls of Oran; there was no mistaking the lion's roar, though I had never heard it before but in a menagerie. At first the sound conspired with the savage grandeur of the scene, and the prospect of the long innavigable lakes, to yield me a romantic pleasure. Come, thought I, this is pleasantly

romantic, that I have heard the Lybian lion roar in his native freedom; and as his voice, though I could not be sure from what quarter it came, betokened him to be far off, I stood enjoying my thoughts for a minute as quietly as if I had been reading Longinus. But rapt as I was in the sublime, it occurred to me, that how distant soever his majesty might be, it would be better for me to get into town, than run the millionth part of a chance of being ushered by surprise into the royal presence: so I turned homewards. Presently I came up with two little French soldiers, who were resting on the road side with their muskets beside them. "Gentlemen," I said, "have you heard that lion's roar?" "Oh

yes," they answered, as if they had divined my thoughts ; " heard it ! he is very near us. You must not think of going alone into town ; we were on our way to the block-house, but, for the sake of seeing you safe into town, we will accompany you as far as the gate." " Thank you," I replied ; " but I apprehend no danger, and I cannot think of giving you so much trouble." " Pooh ! trouble, sir, don't mention that ; we must go with you." In short, they were staunch bounds, who, having scented a job, would not give it up, so it was in vain for me to decline their protection. They loaded, or pretended to load, their muskets with ball, and vowed to shed the last drop of their blood in my defence. Much, to be sure, the lion would have cared for us all three ! In safety we reached Oran. Near its gate stands an inviting cabaret, and thither my brave protectors threw significant looks. " Gentlemen," I said, taking a franc out of my pocket, " I would give you this bit of acknowledgment for your intrepid convoy, but I must not ; for you will lay it out in two litres of brandy, (brandy is sold for ten sous a quart,) which will make you drunk and throw you into a fever." They looked very sulky ; " But if you will treat yourselves to wine, it is at your service." "*Eh bien, donc,*" they responded ; "*du vin, du vin.*" We entered the cabaret, and I give you my word that the landlord brought them five bottles of not unpalatable red wine, brewed, I believe, from the native grape, for tenpence. Of course what vintage can be expected for twopence a bottle ? but I tasted it, and really this *boisson*, wholly unlike the alum and logwood-dye liquor sold for wine at Algiers, was tolerable, and I

warrant you my defenders got as brave as lions before they finished it.

I conjecture that when his leonic majesty roared, it was in indignation at some destructive radical natives who were pursuing him, for he was killed a few miles from Oran that same evening ; he had killed one camel for his breakfast in the morning, and I have no doubt if he had met with me he would have dined off another. A highland laird once said when he heard it read to him that Job had six thousand camels, " Och ! he had too much to do with the camels, you will see that Shob will come to no good." In like manner the lion paid dear for his meal on my namesake ; the owner went out with some good marksmen, and next morning I saw the royal corpse in the possession of Gen. Trezel, who had bought it, skin and all, for forty francs. Provoking this ! had it been offered to me I would have given one hundred for it. The body measured seven English feet without the tail. All the savans in natural history have agreed that it could not be more than three years old, being lanky, and as maneless as a lioness, though if he had lived he would have been a swinging fellow. His tongue was ate at General Trezel's table, and tasted, I am told, like that of an ox.

It was curious to contrast the youthfulness of this creature with the terror he had spread ; the evening that his roar was heard, travellers were seen coming back to town on the roads in all directions, and the hyenas and jackals, who raise their psalmody far and near, omitted their vespers that night, and were as mum as death the two following evenings.

HUNKER, THE MAN-SLAYER.

(From Walsh's "*Constantinople.*")

As I am now about to introduce you personally to Hunker "The Man-slayer," of whom you entertain so fearful an idea, and with such good reason, you would like to know something of his previous history. Mahmood II. is the son of Abdul Hamed Khan. He was born in the year 1788, and is at present the only survivor of fifteen male children ; of the females no account is taken, but it is said he had an equal number of sisters. His mother was of French extraction, and was enabled to imbue his mind with more intelligence than is usually found in a Seraglio ; but either she had forgotten the language of her ancestors, or did not wish to instruct him in it, for though early acquainted with Persian and Arabic, as well as Turkish, he knows nothing of French or any other European tongue. He was a mere infant at his father's death ; and his cousin Selim, as the oldest surviving male heir, was called to the throne according to the law of Turkish succession. This amiable man attempted

to introduce many improvements into the Turkish state ; and, among the rest, to create a new force, called Nizam Geddite, disciplined after the European system of tactics. This gave rise to scenes of violence and bloodshed, that for some time distracted the Turkish empire, caused the death of many thousand persons, and ultimately the dethronement of the enlightened but feeble sovereign, who had attempted to effect more than he had energy to accomplish.

Mustapha IV. was called by the victorious Janissaries to supply his place. He was cousin to Selim, and brother to Mahmood. He was a man of cruel, but frivolous character ; and the troubles of the former reign were renewed with more violence than before. One of those rude and illiterate, but bold and energetic characters which constantly gain the ascendancy when personal merit alone is the passport to influence and distinction, now appeared among the Turks. His name was Mustapha ; he had been a Bairactor,

or standard-bearer, but was raised to the rank of Pasha; and as the Turks delight to retain the name of any humble occupation from which they have raised themselves to distinction, he was still called the Bairactar, and known only by that name, though enjoying the highest rank in the Turkish state. This rough man was passionately attached to the mild Selim; so he collected an army of forty thousand men, and marched to Constantinople. He encamped on the large plain of Daud Pasha, near the city, and waited to take advantage of events. Selim, though deposed, was yet alive in the Seraglio, and the Bairactar's object was to liberate him first and then reinstate him.

It was the custom of Mustapha constantly to engage in some amusement—sailing or fishing on the Bosphorus, or hunting on its shores. He proceeded for this latter purpose to the forests of Belgrade; and the Bairactar determined to take advantage of his absence. He hastened with a strong body of troops to the Seraglio, and hoped to enter without opposition; but an alarm was spread, and he found the entrance closed, and all the pages and inmates armed for a determined resistance. He thundered at the gates, and demanded, in his fierce energetic tone, that Selim should be restored to liberty, and as no reply was made, he proceeded to force them. At this critical moment, Mustapha, who was apprized of what was attempted, landed from the Bosphorus, and entered the gardens of the Seraglio at one side, while the revolutionists were getting in at the other. Seeing the state of things, he gave his directions on the emergency of the occasion. Some eunuchs instantly sought out Selim, and they found him in an interior apartment in prayer, as was his daily custom at the hour of the Namaz. In that position they threw themselves upon him. He made a vigorous defence, and for some time struggled powerfully with his assassins; but one of them twining himself about his knees, and seizing him in such a way as to give him exquisite pain, he was rendered powerless, and sunk under the agony: in that state he was strangled as he lay on the ground. The gates were then thrown open, and, by the direction of Mustapha, the body was brought out to the Bairactar, who was informed that he was the person he demanded. The rough soldier threw himself on the remains of his gentle master, and wept bitterly.

Meantime the eunuchs proceeded to the apartment of Mahmood, to execute upon him a similar death; but he was no where to be found. It appeared that a slave, much attached to his person, had hurried him off on the first attempt to burst open the gates, and had concealed him in the furnace of a bath. From hence he was taken by the party of the Bairactar, who, having deposed his brother Mustapha, in their indignation at the fate of their favourite, placed Mah-

mood on the throne on the same day, 28th of July, 1808. The deposed monarch disappeared; and it is said the first act of his brother on his elevation was to have him strangled. This fratricide, so common in Turkish history, is deemed so necessary a policy, that the people annex no moral turpitude to such murders in the Seraglio. The first act of his great ancestor, Mahomet II., on his elevation to the throne, was to strangle or smother all his younger brothers. There were other murders, however, said to be committed at the time, which, though they are not without precedent, are in their own nature so repugnant to the feelings of humanity, that I am unwilling to detail things which you and others will reject as altogether incredible. The transactions of a Seraglio are so involved in obscurity, and the waste of human life so common, that events which pass there are often unknown or unnoticed by the Turks themselves, and only transpire through the more active curiosity of the Franks.

It is deemed an act of high criminality for the son or brother of a deceased or deposed Sultan even to look upon the females of the harem of the man he succeeds; they are therefore always removed to another residence. There is a second Seraglio, called Eski Serai, or Old Palace, built by Mahomet II. for this purpose. It occupies an area of about one mile in circumference, in the middle of the city, and is surrounded by a high wall. To this enclosure all the females of a former Sultan are sent, with the Sultanas who have had children, and there generally are about one thousand women of this description residing there. There are funds allotted for their support, and the gates are carefully guarded by eunuchs, whom I have seen with drawn sabres, when the door has accidentally opened as I passed by.

On the death of Mustapha, this harem was to be removed to make way for that of his brother. The time for such a thing is usually very early in the day, that females may pass through the streets when no one is abroad. Before grey dawn one morning they were all prepared, and issued from the garden-gate of the Seraglio on the water. Here they were received on board a number of large caiques in waiting; and, instead of proceeding to the Eski Serai, they were rowed across towards the Prince's Islands, just opposite, in the Sea of Marmora, about thirteen or fourteen miles distant. They were then thrown into the sea. The greater number submitted to their inevitable destiny without a struggle—were passively placed in what was called their canvass coffins, and committed silently to the deep; a few, however, frantic with terror, made a strong resistance, and their shrieks, at that still and early hour in the morning, were distinctly heard on the islands. I could not learn exactly how many were sacrificed, and I have heard several different accounts, which varied both in the cir-

cumstances and the number of persons, but it was generally reported that the young Sultan had thus disposed of the whole or the greater part of his predecessor's female establishment, to the frightful amount of two or three hundred persons. You will naturally ask what possible cause there could be for this gratuitous waste of human lives, so harmless, and so little to be feared. The mysteries of the harem never transpire; but it was understood that they were charged with having been accessory to the death of Selim. They were the only persons present with the eunuchs who perpetrated the murder; and it was assumed as a proof of their guilt that they did not prevent it. The real cause of their death, however, was supposed to be, that some of them were pregnant; and the whole were cut off, that no possible chance might be left for the existence of a child of the brother of the reigning sovereign. In the three revolutions which took place at that time in eighteen months, two Sultans and about thirty thousand men were destroyed in the city; the death of two or three hundred women in such a scene of carnage was a thing too trifling and contemptible for a Turk to waste a thought on.

Immediately after ascending the throne, Mahmood gave proofs of that energy which has since distinguished him. The Russian war had been carried on with but feeble effort. The armies of the Emperor had driven the Turks before them out of the provinces, and followed them across the Danube, and the Grand Vizir was compelled to retreat beyond the Balcan, and take up a position at Adrianople, leaving nothing to obstruct the march of the enemy on the capital, but a garrison in Shumla and the Balcan mountains, which they were preparing to pass. At this critical moment the young Sultan erected the standard of Mahomet, at Daud Pasha, and issued a hatta sherif, that all Musselmen should rally round it. The spirit of the monarch seemed infused into the people. Two hundred thousand men were suddenly raised, a new Vizir was appointed, who partook of his master's energies, and the Russians, instead of passing the Balcan as was expected, were compelled to recross the Danube, and the peace of 1812 put an end to hostilities. Since that time the Turkish empire remained in a state of tranquillity, till the Greek insurrection burst out, and again called forth the terrible energies of the sovereign.

The character he has acquired is that of a man of extraordinary activity of mind, and uncompromising severity of temper. He is represented by Andreossi, who knew him well, as a person of uncommon talents, and who, though he appoints nominal ministers, actually governs by himself; and such is his sagacity and sources of information, that he knows what is going on better than any man in his empire, and is always able to anticipate his Vizir's reports. It is well known that

he goes about the streets at night in disguise, like Haroun Alraschid, entering coffee-houses, mixing with all ranks, and hearing their opinions. People have assured me that they have recognised him on these occasions, but dared not intimate the slightest notice of it. His situation gives him a certain sense of security which few of his predecessors had. He is the last existing descendant of Mahomet fit to govern. He has two surviving sons, one about the age of six, and the other an infant; and his enemies report that it is his horrible intention to destroy them whenever they arrive at the age fit to govern, in order to secure the throne to himself as long as he lives.

Notwithstanding this, he has shown, on occasions of his son's illness, considerable anxiety. The boy was once afflicted with the jaundice, and a Frank physician, on whose skill his father had more reliance than on the hakims of the country, was called in to see him. He told me he found the young patient in an apartment lined with yellow silk, which cast such a glare that the discolouration of the boy's skin could not be noticed. The attendants informed him it was done in order to conceal the effects of the disease from his anxious father. He is not a man of cruel disposition in his own family. On the contrary, he has several daughters by different mothers, to whom he is affectionately attached; and his ordinary intercourse in private life is urbane and affable. His knowledge of the Oriental languages is considerable. He writes Persian and Arabic with elegance and purity, and all his hatta sherifs are his own composition, and distinguished by their terseness and precision.

The Sultan affects a high regard for decorum and public morals. Every day firmans are issued and cried about the streets against indecorous actions. I have heard one man denounce the shortness of women's petticoats, as exposing too much of their legs, though I never saw one whose garments did not nearly trail on the ground; another the practice of females looking out at windows. There is a kind of close balcony in Oriental houses, called Shanassie, which generally looks up and down a street, and a figure is sometimes seen indistinctly through the dense lattice-work; but even this indulgence he strictly prohibited. On some more serious occasions, however, he gives fearful indications of his anger. There was a coffee-house at one of the gates of Galata, which commanded a fine view of the Bosphorus, and here Turks of respectable rank used to resort. One day the son of an Armenian merchant was proceeding to his father's office in Galata, and as he passed by was invited in by the Turks, who gave him some sweetmeats, but treated him in such a way before he departed, that the boy complained to his father, who immediately proceeded to the Seraglio, and laid his

complaint before the Sultan. His anger blazed out with great fury; he sent over some chouashes on the instant, who found the Turks still in the coffee-house. They were strangled on the spot, and the house pulled down over them,

as if to hide them in the ruins. I had often occasion to pass this, which was not suffered for some time to be rebuilt, and the janissary who accompanied me always pointed out the ruins, and told me the story.

IS MAN A MERE ANIMAL?

SECOND ARTICLE.

WE have already put this question, in the second number of the Miscellany, at page 20; but it is a very important question, and one which requires to be put again and again, before the answer to it can be rightly and fully understood.

It is desirable, nay, we may say it is absolutely necessary, to reiterate the grounds of the importance of this question, and the reasons why men are apt to have doubt, and even fall into very serious errors, respecting it; because, when these are fully understood, and duly borne in mind, the truth is more than half established.

First, then, as to the importance of the question: It is the grand question of immortality, whether the whole of man moulders in the dust, and the whole substance of which he is composed is delivered up to the store of dead matter, in the same manner as the body of a plant, or of one of the irrational animals; or whether there is in man an immortal part, over which death, in the material sense of the word, has no power; but which shall live, and know, and enjoy, through ages of eternal duration. If the answer is taken in the first of these terms, it instantly lays the axe to the root of all religion, all moral principle and responsibility—every thing, in short, that is amiable or valuable in man—and throws him upon the gratification of his mere bodily appetites, as his only portion and his only hope; in homely but appropriate phrase, it makes him a beast, and the most imperfect, consequently the most wretched, of all beasts,—the blot of creation, and not the beauty.

It goes further than this; for if man is a mere animal, then creation is imperfect, and cannot be the work of a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness. If the premises here are admitted, the conclusion is irresistible. If it be true that man is a mere animal,—that "there is no God" is also absolutely and necessarily true. The system of nature would not harmonize with an all-perfect God; and an imperfect God is no God at all. This is the importance of the question, and it needs no amplification—cannot be amplified.

Secondly, as to the difficulty. The doctrine of immortality is not a discovery which the unaided powers of man can perfect: it is a doctrine of revelation, and could not have been known by any other means. "Life and immortality are

brought to light by the Gospel," and by the Gospel alone. Some of the ancient philosophers had dreams upon the subject; but these were mere "longings after immortality," and not the established belief of its truth. When we analyze them, we find that they rather tend to show that the caricatures of human nature which compose the Pantheon are not gods, than give any information as to the nature of the true God.

Even the volume of inspiration in the time of the Jews, and up to the coming and ministry of Christ, did not afford the elements of a well-grounded belief in the immortality of the soul. There were the prophecies, no doubt; but these were incomplete without the fulfilment. It is the knowledge of God as the Creator, the Governor, and the Saviour, which is the key, and the only key, to the grand doctrine of immortality. But God, under the law, declared himself as the God of the law, not as the God of grace; which last perfects the character to our comprehension; and therefore none but an inspired man could have a proper knowledge of God under the law, and even he only in the moments of his inspiration.

Under the Jewish dispensation, indeed, the conclusion to which a philosophical mind must have come, is not very different from that to which the denying of the immortality of the soul so clearly and so necessarily leads; and it could not be different, as the element which gives us the perfect view of the character of God was equally wanting. The Jews were taken under God's especial protection, laws were promulgated, and inspired men were called forth to instruct, and lead, and guide them. But, notwithstanding this, they were in a state of almost continual rebellion against God; and, in defiance of all that was done for them, they were constantly falling into the most gross and debasing idolatries.

This could not be the government of an all-wise and all-powerful being; for men, in their own strength, could break from under it. The revelation to the Jews was that of some of the attributes, namely, those attributes with which man would have to deal if there were no Saviour; but it was not the revelation of a perfect God. Man was thus still an anomaly; and the only difference appears to be, that, in considering man as a mere animal, he is a physical anomaly; and in considering him as the children of Israel were,

under the legal dispensation, he was a moral anomaly. This shifting from physical to moral does not, however, in the least tend to remove the anomaly, or to bar the conclusion to which that anomaly leads. If proof of this were wanted, we have it abundantly in the history of the Jews, as recorded in the sacred volume. Inspired men, in their inspired moments, may, as we have said, have had prophetic glimpses of the true God; but the Jews, as a nation, could not possibly have had this knowledge, for had they known the true God as such, they could not so habitually have departed from him, to serve the idols of the nations around them. The whole of the legal dispensation is one unbroken demonstration that, "by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified" in the sight of God; and of man's "being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."

But there are difficulties in the proper understanding of this momentous question of immortality, even under the Gospel dispensation. Those who are born in a Christian country, though they are born with high privileges, are no more born to Christianity as a heritage, than if they were born in the darkest night of idolatry. Not only this; for, upon the most charitable judgment that we can form, many of them grow up, and acquire natural, and practical, and social knowledge, and accumulate wealth, and are esteemed in their day, and yet pass through life, and go down to their graves, in utter ignorance of all the doctrines of Christianity; nay, it is probable, certain, that some such are regular attendants upon the ordinances of that church to which they attach themselves, and yet one ray of the light which shines from Heaven has never fallen upon their understandings.

The study of nature has been mightily improved since Christianity has been made to bear upon it; but still, notwithstanding all its improvements, it never will, and never can, become Christianity. The conclusions to which it leads will necessarily harmonize more and more with the doctrines of Christianity, as they approximate nearer and nearer to the truth; but as the one is material and the other spiritual, they never can become convertible, and mankind will never be able to arrive at the knowledge of "eternal life" without the aid of the Gospel.

This is, in fact, the great difficulty which besets the question. Physical man, organized in a peculiar manner, possessing organs of sense and senses, and being born and dying like the other animals, is man, as presented to the senses in ordinary observation; and in so far as this observation and the conclusions to which it leads are concerned, there really is no more. Then, when we look round and compare man with the other productions of nature, we find that there is a definite place and office for each and all of the others, but that there is really none for him.

There is not another living animal of which we cannot point out the proper place in wild nature; and by a careful induction of particulars, we can form very shrewd guesses at the proper localities of those extinct races of which the remains are found in the earth, even though these remains should amount only to a bone or two; but we cannot lay our finger upon any one spot in the map and say, "Here is the proper locality of man," in which he could live in a state of nature, without the smallest assistance of art.

It is true, that man gets the art in time, and no race has ever been found that had not some beginning of it, although this art, even in its humblest state, is very different from the action of any other animal; yet still there are very great differences in the actions of those animals; and this occasions a tendency to confound their differences with the difference between them and man. Besides, the physical operations and results of the arts are all that present themselves to the senses; and as we have said, and as must be self-evident to any one who thinks on it, there can be no spiritual conclusion drawn from physical premises.

Man is, therefore, at his birth, in the most enlightened country, and at the present time, as ignorant of the doctrine of immortality as he could be under any circumstances; and though he climb to the very pinnacle of physical science, survey all the productions of nature, and see all the foundations of all the arts, there is nothing in them that can in the least assist him on the doctrine of his own immortality, though that is the doctrine of the most vital and overwhelming importance.

Even if he takes it for granted, the belief which is not based on the force of Gospel truth, is therefore a tacit belief, which lasts only as long as it is not disturbed, then he cannot grapple with the principles of physical nature without the greatest peril, because the apparent fact of man's being an anomalous and imperfect creature will arise, and bring with it the fearful and withering train of scepticism to which we have already alluded.

What, then, is to be done, in order that man may study the works of nature in such a way as to confirm his belief in the immortality of his own soul, and in the existence and attributes of the true God? The answer to this is as clear as a sunbeam: He must go to the volume of inspiration, and inform himself well of the character of the Godhead as there set forth. It is given by the Great Being himself, and given to all mankind, learned or unlearned. Therefore if he use the means in the proper manner, and with the proper supplication for assistance, he cannot fail. He must inform himself of the perfection and purity of the Divine law, which admits not of the slightest deviation; he must take note that a finite creature, acting upon the judgment of its own limited reason, and the analogy of its

own limited and imperfect experience, could not, cannot, in the very nature of things, keep this pure, perfect, and holy law. He is to understand that man erred and fell, not of God's special predestination, but of his own nature, in which this kind of fall was involved, just as a fall of another kind is involved in the very nature of a stone or a piece of lead, when it is left without support in the atmosphere. Having fully understood this, he is to turn his attention to the utter impossibility of fallen man regaining that state from which he has fallen. And this is a very clear and obvious matter; for if it is once demonstrated that man, in his own strength, could not keep the law of God, there needs no argument to prove that he could not, and cannot do more than keep it. This is that which leads man

directly to the cross of Christ, to the humbling of his natural pride, no doubt, but still not, on that account, the less to his advantage. The utter impossibility of man, in his own strength, regaining that state of purity which he was in at his first creation, or of keeping it if he could regain it, is one of the most important points in this part of the subject.

When the identity of the God of nature and the God of grace is thus fully established, and man sees the harmony between the doctrines of the Gospel and the condition of nature around him, the doctrine of immortality becomes a plain and easy doctrine; but it is one upon which contemplation should love to dwell, and therefore we shall make it the subject of yet another short paper.

POETICAL REMAINS OF A STUDENT.

SELECTION THE SECOND.

HOPE.

THOU seemest as a vesper-star,
Sweet Hope! to him whose day is fading,
And shinest like a beacon far,
When night the wind-chafed waves is shading:
How sweet such twilight moments are
When thou art by, when thou art aiding!
O sink not yet, sweet star! not yet
Withdraw thy beam, thou beacon-blaze!
Fall well I ween the sun is set
That crown'd with light my childhood days;
And wilt thou vanish, now regret
Weeps, as she eyes those lingering rays?

STANZAS.

SHE drooped as droops the lotus flower
When summer eyes are dim,
And softly swells from minster-tower
The holy vesper-hymn.
Strayed there a wild bee o'er its breast,
A gale across the stream,
To scar its fair, transparent vest,
Or mar its mystic dream?
The wild bee wandered not, the gale
Slept on the dimpling wall,
And none beheld how purely pale
Those dew-bent clusters fell.
As beautifully wan, as meek,
As silently declining,—
She drooped; for whom these eyes are weak,
This wee-worn heart repining.
No burst of sorrow rent the link
Uniting soul with clay;
Like lotus flower from river's brink,
Her semblance passed away.

THE CAPTIVE.

WAKE not the waters with thine oar,
My gentle gondolier;
The whispers of the wave and shore
Still linger on my ear.
Lonely the night, and dark its sleep,
And few the stars that glow
Within the mirror of the deep
That lies outspread below.

But fix the mast, the sail unfurl,
My gentle gondolier;
The wind is soft, the calm waves curl,
The sentry cannot hear.
And in this light our little sail
May well escape his ken;
And we shall meet, ere dawning pale,
Our long-lost countrymen.

Long years the iron manacle,
My gentle gondolier,
Hath worn these limbs in death-damp cell,
Till they are stiff and sere.
Yet little heed I strengthless limb,
Or think of anguish past,
So we escape while night is dim,
And heaven is overcast.

"Hark! 'tis the wakeful sentry's call!"
Nay, nay, my gondolier,
We're far from castle-moat and wall,
The sentry cannot hear.
'Tis but the plunging sea-dog's feat,
Or wild bird on the cliff;
And, lo! the wind is in our sheet,
More swiftly sails our skiff.

More swiftly, and more swiftly yet,
My gentle gondolier;
The gale is fresh, our sail is set,
And morn will soon be here.
O ne'er did hope so ardently
In human heart expand,
As mine, to see thee ere I die,
My own, my own loved land!

DIRGE.

SWEET be thy slumbers, child of woe!
At the yew-tree's foot, by the fountain's flow!—
May the firstling primrose blow,
Pallid snow-drop bloom;
And the blue-eyed violet grow
By thy lonely tomb!

Duly there, at close of day,
Let woman's tears bedew the clay!
There let wren and ruddock stray,
And dark ivy creep—
Mixed with fern and mosses grey,
O'er thy last long sleep!

REVIEW.

WORKS OF THE REV. JOHN HARRIS.

A little more than a year ago Mr. Harris was scarcely known beyond the circle of friendship and of pastoral duty in the seclusion of Epsom. All at once he has risen to unprecedented celebrity. The annals of our literature scarcely furnish an instance of similar success; seldom does merit so soon find its reward, and even the minion of fortune, borne upwards by caprice, fashion, or party, whom a breath creates and a breath destroys, has never been inflated into a bubble in so brief a space of time.

Great talents are often destined to force their way through a host of difficulties; and in some instances, unable to maintain the unequal conflict, their possessor has sunk beneath its pressure. Chilling neglect, and persecution in the form of criticism, has frequently proved too much for the sensitive temperament of conscious genius, and while the nerves have been shattered, the mind, as to all vigorous and effectual effort, has been paralyzed. It has been said, indeed, that the highest intellectual powers will create favourable circumstances, or overcome the most adverse—and this may be true; but certain it is, that not a few of our most successful writers are indebted for the development of their talents, and their consequent celebrity, to a happy coincidence of circumstances, which they could not have foreseen, and over which they could have had no control.

How long the authors of the "Rejected Addresses" would have remained in obscurity it is impossible to imagine, if at last some biblioplist, more sagacious and more adventurous than his brethren, had not courageously taken the risk of a publication, which he regarded as a thing of dubious merit, and therefore of uncertain success.

It was the lot of Mr. Harris, in offering his first work to the trade, to encounter a similar reception. He was unknown, and could present no credentials of his merit. There were, it is true, his own modest, unassuming manners—his timidity, dreading, and yet almost asking for a repulse—his bulky manuscript, with its perplexing and not very attractive title—we need not add that these were not very strong recommendations to men who regarded the whole simply as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, and who always, and strangely enough conclude, that though there must be a succession of authors, yet that every new aspirant is either a presumptuous charlatan, or a mere beggar in disguise. There is something radically defective in the system of introducing authors and their works to the public; what it is, and how it is to be remedied, we are not prepared to suggest; yet we are persuaded that "full many a gem of purest ray serene," wrapt up in mystic scroll, is deposited among the ill-sorted lumber in that limbo of neglected talents—the desk, of what is called, "the Reader,"—that is, the bookseller's sag, or factotum, as the case may be.

A great deal of trash is published; and we may fairly conclude, that much more is considerably withheld. But as we are indebted to accident and not to the judgment of our modern Mæcenas for some of our best and most popular works, we cannot but fear that many equally instructive are kept in abeyance, while their authors are wasted with anxiety, or pining under that delay of hope which makes the heart sick. Mr. Harris found a publisher: his "Great Teacher" made its appearance, and there were a few who were not slow to discover its singular merit; it was however so unlike the theological publications of the day in the style, in the manner of treating the subject, and in the

variety, beauty, and often sublimity of the illustrations, that those who were best able to appreciate it, felt that its progress could not be rapid, because it would be some time before religious readers, or those who read scarcely any other than religious works, could be reconciled to a train of thinking, and a class of subjects so much out of their usual sphere of thought, and as a composition so far above their average literary tastes and attainments. It is precisely one of those books which if they do not, after the perusal of a few pages, take fast hold of the mind, are laid aside as heavy or uninteresting. The long preface, too, in the first edition, in which were introduced, but scarcely discussed, topics which of themselves required a treatise, had the effect of deterring superficial readers from sitting down and mastering its great argument. We are of opinion, however, that if no adventitious circumstances had occurred to render it an object of curiosity to multitudes who now read it with avidity, and recommend it to their friends, it would have silently advanced in public estimation, and have taken ultimately that station in our evangelical and ethical divinity to which it has been so suddenly raised by the unprecedented success of "Mammon," a work which had an interest created in its favour long before its publication; which started from the press as an intellectual giant, after obtaining the victory over a hundred and fifty competitors; which amply justified the award of the adjudicators (in every respect as competent for the task as any two men that could have been chosen) the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and the Rev. John Pye Smith, D.D. Our readers are all aware that "Mammon" is a prize essay; that Mr. Harris is its author; and that in little more than eight months its sale has amounted to 19,000 copies. This interesting, and most seasonable, as well as most able production, though for the most part justly treated by the Reviewers, has drawn upon itself peculiar scrutiny; and its claims to be the thing it is, have been severely tested both by friends and enemies.

Mr. Harris, too, has been the successful candidate in another prize race; and as in each case the writers were unknown to the arbitrators, this second adjudication must satisfy every man, that whatever be the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Harris's writings, that they must be of a very superior order. If we, who have read them in the discharge of our official duties, were called upon to state in what we conceive this superiority to consist, we should not fix upon any one prominent quality, but we should say, to the industry that accumulates from all their varied sources the materials necessary for the full understanding and proper construction of his work, Mr. Harris unites a perfect mastery of the subject; his mind grasps it in all its bearings; and the materials he has brought together, become homogeneous and proportional in his plastic hand. He appears to us to write as though the finest thoughts, in the most captivating forms, and clothed in vestments corresponding with their dignity and beauty, like so many celestial visitants, had charmed his vision while he transferred their types and resemblances to paper. But superior as Mr. Harris's productions are in a literary point of view, this alone would not have raised him to the eminence on which he stands. The churches of Great Britain, or, more properly, the genuine Christians in all our several communities, are placed, by the events of the last few years, in a situation more commanding and more influential, as it regards the diffusion of Christianity, than at any former period,—a situation, at the same

time, requiring from them all a combination of energies, a unity of interests, a generous consecration of property, and, above all, a degree of spiritual self-devotement, and entire and simple dependence upon Divine agency and influence, that shall emulate, if not exceed, the same high qualities as developed in the spirit and the efforts of apostolic time. Of this, many devout and zealous individuals felt the most powerful conviction; and they felt, too, that the public Christian mind was far, very far, behind what its avowed principles and professions, viewed in connexion with its accumulating responsibilities, imperiously demanded. Mr. Harris was one of these, and seems to have been selected by Providence as the honoured instrument to commence the work of reformation; and this is the great secret of his undisputed reputation as an author. In proof of this position—and it is only a single leaf from a volume that breathes throughout the same feelings and aspirations—we quote the following from the "Great Teacher":—

"The church itself requires conversion. We pray for the conversion of the world; but the church itself, though in another, yet in a sober and substantial sense, needs a similar blessing. The object of conversion is two-fold—personal and relative, to bless us, and to make us blessings. Individual conversion accomplishes the first object by placing us in a personal and evangelical relation to Christ; the second can only be scripturally effected by the collection and organisation of those who are so related to Christ into a church, and by that church advancing forwards, and placing itself in an evangelical relation to the Holy Spirit. Now, the prevailing sin of Christians is, that they are inclined to stop short at the first of these stages. They are, perhaps, sufficiently alive to the importance of preaching Christ as the author of redemption, for they have their own personal experience in evidence of its necessity; but they are not proportionally alive to the necessity of Divine influence as the means of usefulness, for of that they have not the same evidence. Their conversion to Christ, as individuals, was scarcely more necessary to answer the first aim of the Gospel, in their own salvation, than their conversion to the Spirit, in their collective capacity, is necessary to answer the second, in the salvation of others. I say their conversion to the Spirit; for the change necessary has all the characteristics of conversion,—conviction of guilt in neglecting his agency, a perception of his necessity and suitableness, and earnest applications for his heavenly influence.

"That the doctrine of Divine influence has a place in the creed of the faithful, we admit; but it is one thing to assent to its truth and importance, and a very different thing to have a deep and practical persuasion of it. That the Holy Spirit is at present imparted to the church, to a certain degree, is evident from its existence; for every believer is the production of the Spirit, carries about in his own person signatures and proofs of divine operations, and thus forms an epitome and pledge of the eventual conversion of the world. But as to the measure in which his Divine influence is afforded, who has not deplored its scantiness! From the earliest dawn of the Reformation to the present hour, this has been the great burden of the church. What writer, of even ordinary piety, has not bewailed and recorded it as the standing reproach and grief of his day? Look back, and what do we behold? a procession of mourners,—nearly all the living and eminent piety of the time,—dressed in penitential sackcloth, moving through the cemetery of the church as through a Golgotha, and exclaiming, in tears, 'Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.' What do we behold? 'the priests, the ministers of the Lord, sanctifying a fast, calling a solemn assembly,' lamenting that so few attend the solemn call, and then advancing,—a mournful train,—casting themselves down, and lying prostrate at the foot of the throne of grace, and, as the representatives of the church, exclaiming, 'Behold, O Lord, a poor company of creatures gasping for life! Thy Spirit is vital breath; we are ready to die if thy Spirit breathe not. Pity thine own offspring, thou Father of mercies. Take from us, keep from us what thou wilt, but oh! withhold not thine own Spirit.' Such were the actual terms in which the great and pious Howe led the supplications of a solemn assembly, in his day, convened to cry for the Spirit. And has it not been on the lips of the mourners of Zion—an unbroken procession, ever since? And does it not express the sense of the church in the present day? As we have fallen into the train, and brought up the rear, of the mourning suppliants, have we not deplored the absence of the Spirit as the great affliction of the church, and implored his impartation as our great want, our only remedy?

"But 'the Spirit will be poured out from on high;'—would that the importunity and loud cries of the church warranted the expectation that the event was near! And when he does descend, among the many blessed effects which will accrue, this, doubtless, will be one,—that the teaching of Christ concerning him, will be hailed and studied as a new revelation, will be traversed and explored like a newly-discovered continent. The reasons of Christ for amplifying the subject, and for laying so

much stress upon it, will then be felt in the inmost soul; each of his declarations concerning it will seem to expand into a page, and be consulted as a charter fresh from heaven; promises which we now repeat with freezing accents will then burn on our lips, and be pleaded with an earnestness not to be denied, but which will open the windows of heaven for the emission of still larger outpourings of the Spirit."—(Pp. 172-174.)

This is conclusive to our point; but it is in "Mammon" that the reprover and the instructor, the Christian and the divine, more conspicuously unveil themselves. Covetousness, in what it withholds of actual and necessary contributions towards the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, and as it is a spirit withering to the power of Christian principle in the heart, turning a religion of mercy into an aliment of selfishness, is an evil that has scarcely its parallel in the whole catalogue of vices; and if it has prevailed to any great degree in the Christian church, the wonder is not that that church is in so low a condition, but that it exists;—not that it has advanced so little upon the paganism of the world, but that the world has not completed its annihilation. Its Divine Head, by counteracting energies vouchsafed to the faithful few, has maintained her life, notwithstanding the wide-spreading desolations of Mammon; and we believe, at least we hope, that now that the charge has been formally brought against the Christian church,—not against any particular section or division, but against the collective church; and not only brought, but pressed home to every man's conscience, with an evidence and earnestness it is impossible to gainsay or to resist,—that a new era will commence, and that, in rooting out this worst principle of selfishness from the bosom of a community that professes to cherish only love and benevolence, that community may breathe again the divine spirit of its blessed Founder, and, receiving unmeasurable communications of grace and power from his throne, may soon rise in its majesty and might, not only to dazzle, but to vanquish all its foes: "fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

We must transfer to our pages a powerful and affecting passage; let it be placed among our gems, and let every reader who is covetous of such treasures as these go to the mine itself; that is, if he has not done so, let him procure the work.

"One of the great objects of the personal ministry of our Lord himself, appears to have been to make us aware of the universality of this passion, and to save us from it. Sin having expelled the love of God from the heart, he saw that the love of the world had rushed in to fill up the vacuum; that the desire of riches, as an abstract of all other worldly desires, has become a universal passion, in which all other appetites and passions concur, since it is the readiest means to gratify them all. To the eye of an ordinary observer, the generation of that day appeared to be only laudably employed in their respective avocations; but, penetrating the thin disguises of custom, he beheld the world converted into a mart, in which every thing was exposed for sale. To a common observer, the confused pursuits and complicated passions of mankind might have presented an aspect of ever-shifting forms, as incapable of classification as the waves of the sea; but to his comprehensive view there appeared but two great classes, in which all minor distinctions were merged,—the servants of God, and the servants of Mammon. To his unerring and omniscient glance, the whole world appeared to be engrossed in a laborious experiment to effect a compromise between these two claimants: but against such an accommodation he enters his divine protest, affirming, with the solemnity and confidence of one who knew that, though the experiment had been made and repeated in every form and in every age, it had failed as often as it had been made, and will prove eternally impracticable, 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' To an ordinary observer, the charge of covetousness could only be alleged against a few individuals; but he tracked it through the most unsuspected windings, laid open some of its most concealed operations, and showed that, like the elemental fire, it is not only present where it is grossly visible, but that it is all-pervading, and co-extensive with human depravity.

"Entering the mart of the busy world, where nothing is heard but the monotonous hum of the traders in vanity, he lifts up his voice like the trump of God, and seeks to break the spell which infatuates them, while he exclaims, 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' Proceeding

to the mansion of Dives, he shows selfishness there clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day,—a spectacle at which the multitude stands in earnest and admiring gaze, as if it drew in happiness at the sight; but Lazarus, unheeded, perishes at the gate. Approaching the house of prosperity, he bids us listen to the soliloquy of its worldly inhabitant, 'I will pull down my barns, and will build greater,'—a resolution which the world applauds,—and I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry,'—a prospect of happiness which the world envies. But God is not in all his thoughts; besides his wealth, he knows no god. Passing into the circle of devotion, he pointed out the principle of covetousness there, mingling in the worship of God, choking the word, and rendering it unfruitful. Penetrating the heart, he unveiled its hateful presence there, as the leaven of hypocrisy, and the seed of theft.

"And can we wonder at the energy and frequency with which he denounced it, when we remember how frequently it came into direct personal contact with himself, defeating his tenderest solitudes, and robbing him of souls he yearned to save? It was covetousness which rendered unfruitful so large a proportion of that heavenly seed which he had come to sow. It was this which begrudged him the anointing for his burial. It was this which robbed his kingdom of a subject just at the moment when 'the young man' appeared to be about to fall into his train; and which drew from him the affecting exclamation, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!' This it was which left the gospel-feast so thinly attended, and which sent excuses instead of guests. His audience commonly consisted of 'the Pharisees who were covetous, and derided him.' Wherever he looked he beheld the principle in active, manifold, ruinous operation, 'devouring widows' houses,' drinking orphans' tears, luxuriating in the spoils of defenceless childhood and innocence. Did he turn from this sickening spectacle and seek relief in the temple? there he beheld nothing but a den of thieves. Mammon was there ensnared; the solemn passover itself turned into gain; the priests trafficking in the blood of human souls. Like their forefathers, 'from the least of them even unto the greatest of them, every one was given to covetousness.'

"But the last triumph of covetousness remained yet to be achieved. To have sold the temple for money would have been an act of daring impiety; to make it a place of merchandise was, perhaps, still worse, it was adding sacrilege to impiety. Only one deed more remained to be perpetrated, and covetousness might then rest satisfied. There was one greater than the temple. God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son to redeem it—might not *he* be sold? Covetousness, in the person of Judas, looked on him, eyed him apace, and went to the traffickers in blood, and, for the charm of thirty pieces of silver, betrayed him,—a type of the manner in which the cause of mercy would be betrayed in every succeeding age. Yes, in the conduct of Judas—the incarnation of cupidity—towards Jesus Christ—the incarnation of benevolence—we may behold an intimation of the quarter from which, in all succeeding times, the greatest danger would arise to the cause of Christ. The scene of the Saviour's betrayal for money was an affecting rehearsal, a prophetic warning, of the treatment which his Gospel might expect to the end of the world."—(Pp. 71-76.)

But the "Christian Citizen,"—its history is sooner told than its excellencies described, or its splendid faults so discriminated, that no more censure should fall upon them than in strictness they deserve. To us, however, critics as we are, we acknowledge we would rather have the faults, which are mere exuberances of a richly-furnished mind and a luxuriant imagination,—than that the thought, or the style, or the euphony, should in the slightest degree be impaired. For our parts, we have no taste for faultless monstrosities; and what would become of our self-love, should we ever be so unfortunate as to read a work in which fastidiousness itself should not be able to detect a blemish?

At the solicitation of the committee of a society denominated "The City Mission," this sermon was delivered by Mr. Harris, at the Poultry chapel, in aid of the funds of the institution. It was addressed to a crowded and deeply-affected audience; and in compliance with the public will, unequivocally expressed, Mr. Harris was induced to send it forth from the press. The object of this sermon is to rouse the attention of Christians to the moral and religious state of the metropolis; and the disclosures which it makes are truly appalling, and reflect utter disgrace, not only upon "the poor man's church,"—which has for centuries left millions of the poor to perish, and which, in London alone, has abandoned eight hundred thousand human beings to all the crimes and miseries induced

by neglect and ignorance,—but on all churches, especially those that profess, in the spirit of Christ, not merely to keep up existing institutions, but to go forth to "seek and to save that which is lost." We give Mr. Harris's statement in his own touching and impressive words:—

"One of the most affecting pages in the book of the world, is that which presents to the eye of the Christian a tabular view of its religious state. If we suppose, according to the usual estimate, that the inhabitants of the world amount to 800,000,000, then the whole, in round numbers, may be thus divided:—Pagans, 482,000,000; Christians, 175,000,000; Jews and Mahometans, 143,000,000. O what shame should cover the Christian church, that such should be the state of the world—of Christ's world—eighteen hundred years after he has died for its redemption! More than three-fourths of the human race in ignorance of him, or in avowed alienation from him! But there is a fact, which should be felt by every Christian inhabitant of this great city, more deeply still—the fact that the religious condition of London forms a striking epitome of the religious condition of the world. Divide its 1,500,000 inhabitants—as we have just divided the population of the world—into three classes; let these be, the openly irreligious; the occasional and worldly attendants on the ordinances of religion; and the regular worshippers of God. Let the *first* class stand for the Pagan, and the *second* for the Jewish and Mahometan, and the *third* for the Christian division of the world,—and you will find that the proportion which they respectively bear to the whole population of London, is about the same which those three great divisions respectively bear to the whole population of the world.

"For example, is more than one half the species Pagan? A distinguished metropolitan clergyman calculates the number of the lower classes who are living in London in utter disregard of all religion as half a million at the very least. 'But,' says a later writer, 'my impression is that the number is nearer 800,000'—more than one half of the whole. Are three-sevenths of the remainder of the world's population Jews and Mahometans? About three-sevenths of the remainder of the population of London rank as heterodox, inconsistent, worldly professors of Christianity—a disgrace to the Christian name. Do only the other four-sevenths of the human race profess the Christian religion? The same small proportion of your city population—yes, and less than that—only about 300,000—a fifth of the whole—are regular and orthodox worshippers. Appalling, then, as is the religious state of the world, it is, I repeat, still more startling to think, that the religious condition of London—in the nineteenth century of the Christian era—in the third of the Protestant Reformation—of favoured London, is just its epitome.

"But do you ask for a brief description of the state of that first great division of 500,000 or 800,000, or, taking the middle number, 650,000 ungodly human beings? What is their state? It is a condensed mass of heathenism, which, if drawn out and diffused over a large space in which it could be examined in detail, would amaze and alarm you into benevolent activity. What is their state? It is a concentration of depravity so virulent that it might suffice to inoculate a continent—a world with vice. What is their state? It is as bad as the most perfect system of evil which the tempter could devise, and keep in constant operation, with no other check than the feeble voice of human law, can make it. What is their state? 12,000 children are always training in crime, graduating in vice, to reinforce and perpetuate the great system of iniquity: 3000 persons are receivers of stolen property,—speculators, and dealers in human depravity: 4000 are annually committed for criminal offences: 10,000 are addicted to gambling; above 20,000 to beggary: 30,000 are living by theft and fraud. That this dreadful energy of evil may not flag from exhaustion, it is piled and fed with three millions' worth of spirituous liquors annually: 25,000 are annually found helplessly drunk in the streets. Above 150,000 are habitual gin-drinkers; and about the same number of both sexes have abandoned themselves to systematic debauchery and profligacy. Such is their ordinary state. Nay, it has grown worse while I have been describing it. Like the magic erections in Pandemonium, in addition to the 5000 temples of drunkenness and vice already existing, other 'fabrics huge rise like an exhalation.' The statistics of evil are ever on the increase.

"But does not the return of the Sabbath form an exception to this state? It does—but an exception of the most fearful kind—for it consists in their state *then* being aggravated tenfold: 650,000 human beings then stand up and say, in the face of heaven, '*there shall be no Sabbath!*' As far as the scriptural observance of the day is concerned, *there shall be no Sabbath.* We will rest from our ordinary labour only to toil in sin—the day shall be set apart to evil.' And in obedience to this fearful decree, issued as from the throne of wickedness, the temples of vice are early thrown open, and thronged with impious devotees; the press issues its weekly manuals of slander and sedition, impurity and blasphemy; every minister of evil is then in full employ, aided by numerous helpers, called in for the occasion; in many districts, the ordinary market is quickened into the bustle and riot of a fair; the quiet of the week is broken up by the carnival of the Sabbath; the great volcano of iniquity heaves and rises, and discharges its desolating contents into the country for miles around; every available form of art is pressed into the service of sin; the whole satanic system of depravity is in

active and universal operation; and vice holds its saturnalia. Such is their Sabbath state.

"When the Almighty would impress Jonah with the extreme depravity of Nineveh, he spoke of it as a gigantic personification of evil, which had actually come up, and obtruded to his very throne. But, were the guilt of the metropolis to be embodied, who could describe its colossal stature, its Titanic daring, and revolting aspect? When he would show Ezekiel the abominations of Jerusalem, he led him through successive chambers of imagery, on the walls of which were vividly portrayed all their dark and idolatrous doings. But were a similar representation of the abominations of London to be attempted, what is the emblematic imagery that would do them justice? Where are the colours dark enough, and the imagination sufficiently daring, to portray the guilty reality? There must be seen groups of demons in human shape, teaching crime professionally; initiating the young in the science of guilt; and encouraging their first steps towards destruction. There must be trains of wretched females, leading thousands of guilty victims in chains—and leading them through a fearful array of all the spectres of disease, remorse, and misery, ready to dart on them. There must be theatres—with a numerous priesthood pandering to impurity—and offering up the youth of both sexes at the shrines of sensuality. There must be splendid porticoes, the entrances to which must be inscribed—*Hells*; and on the breast of each of those entering must be written, in letters of fire, *Hell*. There must be a busy Sunday press, worked by the great enemy himself, in the guise of an angel of light, and despatching myriads of winged messengers in all directions, on errands of evil. There must be infidel demagogues "mouthing the heavens;" and gaping crowds admiring the skill that blindfolds them for destruction. There must be gorgeous palaces, in which death and disease shall appear holding their court; in which busy hands shall be seen distributing liquid fire to crowds of wan and squallid forms;—and each of those palaces must be shown standing in the midst of a jail, a poor-house, a lunatic asylum, and a cemetery, all crowded—and leaning over the mouth of the bottomless pit. And over the whole must be cast a spell—an all-encompassing network of satanic influence, prepared, and held down, and guarded by satanic agency. And, to complete the picture, three hundred thousand Christians passing by without scarcely lifting a hand to remove it."

But the introductory portion of the "Christian Citizen" we consider as by far the most valuable; not in point of composition, for the sermon rises in eloquence, and the peroration glows with a heavenly fervour,—but the views stated, and the principles laid down at the commencement of the discourse, as they will appear novel to many Christians, so they will awaken them to serious consideration, and, as we hope, may lead them to regard the obligations of Christianity as extending to all the social, conventional, and political relations subsisting among men. We do not cease to be citizens, in the civil or social sense of the term, when we become Christians; but, as it regards the present state, we become Christians that we may act the citizen as becomes the Gospel of Christ.

With an extract from this branch of the subject we take leave for the present of Mr. Harris, hoping soon to meet him again; when, perhaps, he will introduce us to "Britannia," the queen of nations, and, as we trust, the benefactress of the world.

"The spirit of the text is not only patriotic, but practical. Religion, so far from withdrawing us from the active duties of life, instructs and prepares us to discharge them. It knows nothing of the recluse. It has not a word of encouragement for the virtue of the cloister. It furnishes no rules for the monk, the mystic, and the quietist. 'Wisdom crieth without; she crieth in the chief place of concourse; in the city she uttereth her words'; that is to say, the busiest sphere of the world is the busiest sphere of religion. And the man who retires into inactive solitude, not only runs from the field in the heat of the conflict, but, as far as his secular obligations are concerned, he voluntarily incurs a civil death; and, as far as his religious obligations to others are concerned, he is chargeable with a moral suicide.

"According to the Scripture theory, the Christian church should be the nursery and school of all practical excellence; capable of supplying the world with the noblest specimens of wisdom and virtue, for filling offices of utility and trust. Like a city set upon a hill, it should be conspicuous from afar, that all might know where to look for 'whatsoever things are honest, lovely, and of good report.' Here the irrereligious master should always be able to find the most faithful servants, and the unchristian servant to find the most considerate and kind of masters. Were the city should find its purest citizens, the state its most incorruptible magistrates and legislators, and public liberty its ablest champions. Not only is Christianity compatible with the discharge of civil or social duties, it will not absolve us from them

—will not allow us to be idle spectators on the great theatre of life. Destroying every selfish passion, it teaches us to consider ourselves as parts of a great community, and consecrates every talent to the public good. Its golden law of love commands us, by legitimate means, to break the fetters of the slave, to watch over the interests of the social body, and to act as the anointed guardians of truth and freedom: so that if at any time they should be driven from every other home, one asylum at least might remain to which they might repair, and whence they might again issue forth, armed and reinforced from heaven.

"The exhortation in the text is not only social and active; by addressing the Philippian Christians, by implication, in their civil capacity, it reminds us that religion is condescending as well as practical, and condescending that it may be practical. Though its ultimate aim is to train us up for a heavenly city—to make us free of the kingdom of God—it will not allow us to forget that, for the present, we are members of an earthly community, and calls on us to discharge the consequent duties. Indeed, it seeks to prepare us for the duties and immunities of that higher state, partly, by exercising us in the duties belonging to our earthly condition. Of the great philosopher of antiquity it is said, to his honour, that he drew philosophy down from the clouds to walk among men, converting it from empty speculation into a practical benefit. In a far more exalted sense, this praise belongs to the Gospel. Though it is conversant with the invisible, the universal, and the infinite, it stoops to the sensible, the particular, and the minute. Though it prescribes the course of an angel's flight, it stoops to guide an infant's feet, and, if need be, steps over thrones to do it. It enters the private dwelling, mingles with its inmates, and addresses an appropriate word to the husband and wife, the parent and the child. It takes the servant by the hand, and leads him to his daily task, and thus invests his station with a dignity, beside which the most splendid idleness is eclipsed and disgraced. It accompanies the tradesman to the place of business, takes its seat by the judge, and to the Christian patriot it says daily, 'Be the citizen, in a manner worthy of the Gospel of Christ.' It never quits the ground except to convey its disciples to heaven. Like him who went about doing good, its majesty is the majesty of condescension; and while it seems to be intent only on the happiness of eternity, it overlooks nothing connected with the well-being of time.

"And another introductory remark suggested by the text is, that wherever the Gospel comes, and whatever the secular station in which it finds its disciples, it aspires to raise the tone, and become the motive and standard of their morality. As a solitary savage, man is governed only by appetite and climate. Associated with others uncivilized like himself, he is influenced by a sense of mutual dependence and by custom. As a member of a civil community—a citizen—he is governed by law. And beyond this, under the refining influence of civilisation, he may come to form an idea, a theory, of what a citizen should be, far superior to the literal requirements of the law under which he lives. Such an idea appears to have actually obtained, and to have obtained first in Greece. 'Each man,' says Plutarch, 'each man concluding that he was born, not for himself, but for his country.' The peculiar state of society in the little commonwealths of Greece, made patriotism not merely a governing principle, but rather an ungovernable passion. With them, the very city itself—the *polis*—became an imaginary being, demanding the sacrifice of each to all, the annihilation of the individual interest to the general good. How beautifully has Socrates, in the *Crito*, or, *the Duty of a Citizen*, portrayed this stately personification of the commonwealth, as approaching and addressing him on the eve of his martyrdom,—forbidding him to escape even from an unjust sentence, when escape was possible. And, by submitting to that sentence, rather than evade and weaken the authority of the law, he, perhaps, of all the ancients, most nearly realized the heathen idea of a perfect citizen. The writers of the Roman empire, though with motives far inferior to the Greeks, adopted the same lofty notions of the self-sacrificing duty of the true citizen.

"Now the Apostle knew this. He was himself a Roman citizen, and gloried in the distinction. But, aware as he was of the exalted ideas which prevailed on this subject, he knew that the Gospel could carry those notions higher still. And more, he knew that while their conduct, as heathen citizens, had formed a striking contrast to their theory of duty, the Gospel would put that theory into action, and turn their notions into reality. He knew that the Gospel, wherever it comes, takes all that it finds there of wise and good under its protection—erects a higher standard of morals—gives new motives to duty, and new sanctions to law. He knew that, civilized as the community might be, Christianity would there arm justice with a keener sword, and present her with balances more perfect than she possessed before—that it would throw its shield over oppressed and prostrate virtue—become the rallying point from every quarter for conscience and right—and cultivate all the fruits of a self-denying benevolence. He knew that it would do more than this—that it would exalt the man into the saint—raise the citizen into the Christian—into an agent of mercy to all around him. What miracles of moral transformation had it not accomplished? Was not the apostle—was not Philippi itself, an instance? There, its first triumph was to change the very jail into a church—the receptacle of a city's depravity into a sanctuary of God. There, by the plantation of a Christian church, it had created a city in a city—a centre of holy activity in the midst of a wide circumference of evil—and should it not enlarge and enlarge till it had pervaded and embraced the whole? 'O,' said he, 'Philippians

Christians, act the citizen—act him, not in a secular sense merely—act him not merely by assuming a higher tone of morality than your fellow-citizens—do not be satisfied with *that*—propose loftier aims than *that*. Let them see that Christianity is a new *nature*, as well as a new *name*—that it has baptized and elevated your secular duties into acts of religion—that it has fused all your affections together as the heart of one man—that it has turned all your motives into love—and that animated by *that*, you heed not their weapons of persecution, but are filled with an irrepressible concern to save them from destruction. In a word, *act the citizen, as it becometh the Gospel of Christ*. And you know how *that* is. You know the grace of our Lord Jesus

Christ. You know the objects at which he aimed, and how he laboured to achieve them. Make him your model. Seek the salvation of men as he did. Live for this object as he did; and, if necessary, *die* for it. He has brought salvation to *you*—he has given *you* a citizenship in heaven. O, as if you had already been there, had walked its golden streets, and feasted on its ennobling joys, and had again returned to take others with you, labour for this godlike end. By union with each other, by a spirit of dependence on God, by zealous endeavours for the salvation of those around you, act the Christian citizen—and let what will transpire, you shall be sustained, your Saviour's kingdom shall advance, and heaven be filled with joy."

MEN AND THINGS.

THE HUMAN STATURE.—The idea that the original progenitors in the human race were exceedingly large and tall of stature, is still held by some European writers. Not many years since, a French author published a work in which he endeavoured to prove that there has been a gradual depreciation in the size of man, from the commencement of the world downwards, and that the same lessening control will continue to exert an influence until the end of time. A corresponding decrease in the age of mankind may be observed, it is alleged, by inquiry into the longevity of the human race, in the several centuries of the world. Some contend, also, that the deficiency in the number of years between the various personages noticed in the ancient sacred writings and those of our day, is more than counterbalanced by the great increase of our species throughout the world; and that, in the place of accumulated years, we have accumulated numbers, whose existence is brief, that the earth may not be filled to overflowing. All these are curious speculations, not without interest to the inquiring mind.

A French author, an academicien of some note, calculates that Adam was 123 feet 9 inches in height, Noah a little over 100 feet, Abraham 80, Moses 30, Hercules 10, Alexander 6, Cæsar less than 5. Progressing in this ratio, in a few years hence the world will be filled with a race of Lilliputians.

MILTON.—Milton, the poet of "Paradise Lost," who, during an active life in the most troublesome times, was unceasing in the cultivation of his understanding, thus describes his own habits:—"Those morning haunts are where they should be—at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring: in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught. Then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish, obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty."

EDUCATION.—Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so," said he, "it is covered with weeds?" "O," I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow; and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."—*Coleridge*.

IDLENESS.—The Egyptians held idleness to be a capital crime. Amongst the Lucans, he who lent money to an idle man could not recover it by law. The Lacedæmonians called the idle to account; and the Corinthians delivered them up to the crucifix. Antoninus Pius caused the houses to be unroofed which

sheltered the idle. Solon's law against idleness was certainly not suggested by Satan.

CLOCKS AND SUN-DIALS.—Perhaps of all the works of man, sun-dials and church-clocks are those which have conveyed most feeling to the human heart; the clock more than the sun-dial, because it speaks to the ear as well as to the eye, and by night as well as by day. Our forefathers understood this, and therefore they not only gave a tongue to time, but provided that he should speak often to us, and remind us that the hours are passing. Their quarter-boys and their chimes were designed for this moral purpose, as much as the memento which is so commonly seen upon an old clock-face, and so seldom upon a new one. I never hear chimes that they do not remind me of those which were formerly the first sounds I heard in the morning, which used to quicken my step on my way to school, and which announced my release from it, when the same tune, methought, had always a merrier import. When I remember their tones, life seems to me like a dream; and a train of recollections arises which, if it were allowed to have its course, would end in tears.—*The Doctor*.

HABITS OF MUSICAL COMPOSERS.—Sacchini could not write a passage except his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gambolling about him. Paisiello composed in bed, Il Barbiere di Siviglia, La Molinara, and other *chefs d'œuvre* of ease and gracefulness. Zingarelli would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the fathers of the church, or in some Latin classic. Hayden, solitary and sober as Newton, putting on the ring sent him by Frederick II., and which, he said, was necessary to inspire his imagination, sat down to his piano, and in a few minutes soared among the choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work. Cimarosa was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently, in the course of a single night, he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends.

GENERAL JACKSON.—A preacher in the western country, says the "Illinois Gazette," applied to General Jackson for an office. At the time he applied the general did not know the applicant was a preacher; and he very politely observed to him, that he would think of his claims and weigh them. The preacher saw the general a few days after, and renewed his application. The general having, in the mean time, obtained information that he was a minister of religion, asked him if he was not a preacher of the Gospel. He answered he was. "Well," said the general, "if you discharge the duties of that office, which is better than any I can confer, you will have no time for any other. I advise you to return home, and attend to that, without being burdened with any other, that you may be enabled to account hereafter for your stewardship in this world."

VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

RIVERS, AND THEIR TIDES AND NAVIGATION.

At page 43, in No. III., of the "Miscellany," we gave some notice of this splendid and fertile, but hitherto much neglected portion of the surface of our globe. What we there said was, however, a mere beginning; and upon all exclusive subjects, it would defeat the very purposes for which our work is specially intended, were we to give a laboured essay on the whole. Our proper vocation consists in touching only a point or two in any one paper; but always touching them in such a way as that the moral march of time may furnish the materials of a thought in the little hours which must occur in the most active life.

To tell the whole tale of the Amazon, or of any of the great rivers which adorn and enrich our globe, would be too much for almost any writer. Prose, poetry, and picture, have been all at work for many years in attempting to illustrate our own Thames; and yet, of the three millions and a half of people (for the number is not less than that) which inhabit its valley, from its source to the open sea, there is probably not one in ten thousand who knows any thing about it. In fact, to exhaust the story of a river and its valley, is just as hopeless as it was in the rustic mentioned by Horace, who sat down on the bank till the current should exhaust the water, and enable him to pass over dry-shod.

We formerly mentioned that the Amazon is remarkably well adapted for navigation; but we must add, that hitherto that navigation has been almost totally neglected; and that there has actually been as much sailing on the Mackenzie river, in North America, which is half the year bound up in ice, and flows into an ice-bound sea during the other half, as there has been on the Amazon, which flows into the tropical Atlantic, in the very centre of the world's commerce.

There are various reasons for this, of which some are political and some natural; and we mention the political ones first, because if they had not existed, the others might have been overcome; or, at all events, the trade of the river might have been adapted to them.

When the Spaniards and the Portuguese divided South America between them, they divided the river by a cross section, the Spaniards taking the upper part, and the Portuguese the part next the sea; and though they both equally neglected the Valley of the Amazon, each played "the dog in the manger" to the other in the use of it, as a means of entrance between the interior of the country and the sea. When two nations front a river longitudinally it is bad enough, especially when those nations quarrel, or rather when those who have the management quarrel in their names. This has been painfully felt in the case of the St. Lawrence, as the boundary between Canada

and the United States; and the wars on that frontier have been marked by the greatest atrocities, and produced animosities, the bad effects of which have been long felt.

It does not appear, however, that this division of the great stream of the Amazon into an upper, or Spanish part, and a lower, or Portuguese one, was the real and original cause of there being no navigation on the river; for the valley was totally unregarded. All the fine rivers and the fertile plains were neglected, while the Spaniards, on the one hand, were torturing their slaves amid the snows of the Andes, in search of gold and silver, and the Portuguese, on the other, were torturing them in washing the sand and gravel of the Terra de Frio, in quest of diamonds,—the bondage in both cases being more terrible than any that the children of Israel could have suffered in Egypt, there they associated as a nation, and dwelt in the land of Goshen; whereas the poor slaves in the west and the east of South America, were cooped up by ones, twos, and threes, in holes of the earth, and that in places the most desolate and dismal. The grand cause of this has now, to a considerable extent, ceased; but the social mischief of such misrule and perversion is not cured for ages.

The natural obstacles to the navigation of the Amazon, occur at or near its confluence with the Atlantic. They are not very formidable, and all of them might probably be got the better of by skill, if a sufficient inducement to the employment of that skill could be established.

The set of the tide, and the prevailing wind is always an important element when we are endeavouring to ascertain with what safety or danger the mouth of a river may be entered or left by shipping. The set of the tide on the north-east coast of South America, from Cape St. Roque, north-westward, to beyond Trinidad, where it begins to slacken, is along the line of the coast, only lagging as it nears the shore, and thus turning more into the mouths of the rivers. This current of tide has a maximum impulse; for, in the mid Atlantic the vibration extends over about seven thousand miles in twelve hours. While one part of this tidal vibration enters the estuaries of the large rivers, the more seaward portion keeps racing by; and thus forms a sort of bar of the water itself.

The only great river on this part of the coast, besides the Amazon, is the Orinoco, which enters the sea by many mouths in the dry season, and unites with it as a great lake during the floods. Trinidad hems in the tide current here, and the navigation is generally difficult, and often impracticable.

The Amazon enters the sea by two principal mouths, which are separated from each other by

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Joannes, an island about 120 miles each way, and with its north coast almost immediately on the equator. The western channel is the principal mouth of the Amazon, as it opens in nearly the direction of the river; but it is much broken by islands and banks; and there lies an island, Christiana, in the middle of it, just without Joannes, which is at least fifty miles long. Behind this, the water is in general very turbulent, and as a passage it is very unsafe.

The eastern channel, that of Para, is much more open, and it is also less turbulent in the character of its waters, hence it is the entrance to the river. It is not so properly the mouth of the Amazon, however, as it is the mouth of the Tocantius, a river of Brasil, which flows almost directly north; and that river, like the Danube and some others, is named after the wrong branch; for the Araquay, a western branch of it, is considerably longer than the eastern, which is the Tocantius, in the upper country. The river or channel of Para, takes a bend round the south side of the island of Joannes, with its convexity towards the south; and it joins the other, and principal mouth of the Amazon, at the south-west angle of that island. The land contains a considerable number of islands and banks, but the water is more tranquil among them than it is among the interruptions in the main channel. The wind, and the tide, and current of the river have considerable influence in causing the greater commotion there; but that can be more clearly explained afterwards.

The town of Para is situated on the main land, nearly opposite to the east side of Joannes. It is the resort of a few ships, and carries on a little trade beside; but it is a very miserable place, considered as the port of the finest river in the world. Its population is motley and poor; and the place itself is very dirty and very unhealthy; and if even the commerce of the Amazon shall become worthy of the majesty of the river, and the great extent and fertility of the valley, a new city will require to be built at some other spot.

The set of the winds tends just as much to produce disturbance and agitation of the water at the mouth of the Amazon, as the general set of the tidal waves; being immediately under the equator, it is within the influence of the trade-wind at all seasons of the year. The general direction of these winds is from the east, though they shift a little to the north of east in our winter, and to the south of east in our summer. The force of this trade-wind is not much felt in shore, especially in the dry season, when the sea and land call and answer to each other alternately, in the different portions of each day, in the sea and land breezes; and indeed the trade-wind, though very steady, is not a violent wind under any circumstances. Its constant action, however, produces a considerable effect upon the water of the sea, which is worked by it into a

sort of inclined plane, pressing more on the American shore than on that of Africa. Upon the whole, this set of the winds, and consequent elevation of the ocean waters, are very advantageous to America; and the countries which lie along this shore are greatly indebted to them for that wonderful richness and beauty of vegetation which they display. In this the valley of the Amazon partakes very largely; and the influence of the trade-wind is felt almost to the base of the Andes, or at any rate to the vast forest which stretches along that base; and which, from its vast display of growing foliage, has some of the effects of an expanse of water, in keeping moisture in the district as an element of fertility.

This may be seen, by taking the map, or a good description, and comparing the upper valley of the Amazon with that of the Orinoco. Angostura is not more than 250 miles from the mouth of the Orinoco, and the plains near Angostura are parched to absolute barrenness during the dry season. On the Amazon, again, what may be called the sea-side vegetation, may be said to extend fully 500 miles up the river, while the plains near the banks are no where burnt up; yet the two rivers inosculate by some of their branches,—that is, a branch of each flows from the same upland morass, which morass is a lake during the rains. The mouths of the Orinoco are not situated for receiving the influence of the trade-wind so directly as those of the Amazon, and the action of the trade begins to abate before it reaches Trinidad.

The tide-wave is propagated a great way up the Amazon. The tides are quite perceptible at the distance of full 600 miles from the sea; which is the most extended tidal action in any river. The extent of tide in the St. Lawrence, to a point between Quebec and Montreal, is not more than 430 miles; and the greater part of that is sea, which certainly may be considered as extending as far as Quebec.

There is no question that this great length of tide-way would greatly facilitate navigation on the Amazon. It must be understood that the tide does not carry a vessel by a transfer of the water upon which the vessel floats; for, not only in tidal rivers, but sometimes also in the sea, the current of the water goes in the very opposite direction to the tide-wave. But the vessel slides down the inclined plane formed by the side of the tide-wave; though it never gets on as fast as the wave; and thus, when the summit of the wave passes the vessel, the inclined plane is turned the other way, and the vessel would slide just as far the other way, if it were not anchored in the stream, or made fast to the bank. Indeed, in ascending the tide-way of a river, a vessel would drop farther downward in every ebb of the tide-wave than it would rise upwards in the flow; and thus, if a vessel were left floating on the surface of a tidal river, it would in time be

floated out to sea, if it were not stranded on the banks, which would always be the case unless some means were used to prevent it. The reason is obvious: the motion of the river water is downwards, and this is against the upward motion which the ship gets from the tide, and in favour of the downward motion; and the two combined must, in time, carry the ship to the utmost point to which the influence of the river extends, and there deliver it to what motion of the ocean water may be there. Anchoring or hauling on shore during the ebb, when the slope is downwards, gets the better of this; and as there are eight upward, and eight downward slopes, at the same time, that is at all times in the long-tide way of the Amazon, it is easy to see how greatly these would facilitate its navigation. The tideway of the Thames, from London bridge to Teddington, is about 17 miles, taking the windings of the river; and the high water, in average states of the river, takes about two hours and a half, or three hours, to travel this distance; but the low water takes nearly double the time, that is, about five hours to travel the same distance. The effect of the current of the river on the tide-wave is very much the same as it is

on a vessel; and thus the difference of these times may be regarded as expressing twice the effect of the descending current of the Thames, which is thus about half that of the rising tide in propelling the vessel upwards. When the river is swollen this will be a maximum, or the difference of rate between the motion of high and low water, will be the greatest possible, and when the river is low in dry weather, it will of course be the least.

Closely connected with this lowness of the river, at certain seasons, and the consequent lagging of the high water upon the ebb, there is a curious phenomenon in various rivers, called the "bore," which is more splendid in the Amazon than in perhaps any other river. Among our own rivers, there are some very remarkable instances of this bore, the most conspicuous of which is the Severn, though it occurs also in some of the fen rivers, as the Nen and the Welland. This is a curious subject; far from an uninteresting one, and as such well worthy a few minutes' chat. But we must stop in the meantime, lest the reader should find a *bore* in our article, greater than that in the river.

THE CONNEXION OF THE SCIENCES.

WHEN an infant first opens its eyes upon this beautiful universe, it must appear like one blaze of light and glory. The unaccustomed eye cannot perceive the character of surrounding objects, their distances, dimensions, and configurations, or even their separate existence: but as the powers of vision strengthen and expand, the indistinctness of the primary impression is removed. The child then observes that the visible creation comprehends an infinite variety of objects; the earth and the heavens exhibit wonderful forms and combinations; trees, mountains, rivers, oceans open to view, and over his head ten thousand brilliant orbs sparkle from afar in the depths of space. Were it not for their gradual development the scene would fill him with overwhelming astonishment. These are at first observed in their masses, but the next process is that of contemplating them in their distinctive forms, and by comparison arriving at the conclusion that they are small or large, square or round, fixed or fleeting; in short, ascertaining their respective qualities, so as to identify them in the mind, and to describe them in appropriate language. Then the various *relations* of things to the whole visible panorama and to each other individually, begins to be perceived; till by degrees their *connexion* is traced. This, so far as relates to the general observation of mankind, is but very superficial and imperfect, though still sufficient to guide their ordinary actions and to provide for common necessities.

There is a discernable analogy between the physical and mental developments of our nature; and then between the progress of infancy and the advance of science. In the earliest period of the history of our world, in its infancy and the infancy of *man*, we may readily conceive of the contemplative shepherd watching not only his flocks by day or by night, but employing his otherwise unoccupied hours in ruminating upon the wonderful scenes around him, which in the starry heavens and the outspread earth, *compelled* his attention. He saw the sun rising and setting, the seasons going and returning, the worlds of light beaming through the darkness, and the moon pursuing her tranquil course; and thus he would become an astronomer and philosopher *per force*. The man of greater refinement or deeper research would extend these more general and superficial notices, to an exacter and more curious inquiry into the particular objects or classes of objects brought under his observation. He would then observe their characters, forms, and relations, and, as we find at a very ancient date in the history of scientific investigation, begin to bring them into system and arrangement. He would consider them separately, then compare and combine. Thus the infant eye of philosophy opened gradually upon the universe; but years and ages were required for the correction of errors, the adjustment and classification of facts, and the discovery of universal laws. Systems were invented, and by the progress of knowledge

destroyed and replaced by others ; so that what was merely apparent or conjectural came to be established in its reality, or set aside in its illusions. So that, as Bonnycastle has beautifully expressed it, with regard to one of those processes of discovery—that is, the establishment of the true solar system by Copernicus after the Pythagorean doctrine of the planetary motions—“ Seized with a daring enthusiasm, he (Copernicus) laid his hands on the cycles and crystal orbs of Ptolemy, and dashed them to pieces. And with the same noble frenzy, took the unwieldy earth and sent her far from the centre of the system, to move round the sun with the rest of the planets ; so that of all the celestial equipage with which she had been formerly dignified, there only remained the moon to attend and accompany her in her journey.”

The discovery, therefore, of the connexion and rotation of objects to each in the same system of classification bespeaks the progress of knowledge. First they are viewed in their individual forms and characters, then in their remote or proximate relations, which are most obvious and common, then in their more minute peculiarities. By combining and sifting a vast accumulation of observations, outlines of systems are obtained, and at length the general discoveries within those respective limits are themselves systematized and reduced to rule or probability. At length science ascends a higher pinnacle and takes a more vast and comprehensive view. These individual systems are seen from this new height, first probably attained by some commanding genius, not only in their separate and individual character, but in their connecting links. What had previously appeared distinct and sole is then seen in union with other systems and combinations, till the golden chain which binds the universe of matter is perceived encircling, pervading, and winding along through all the regions of the mighty whole, and fastened to the throne of Deity!

It has been truly remarked, that astronomy affords the most extensive example of the connexion of the physical sciences ; or rather, perhaps, it should have been said, that it presents at present the most obvious and striking example. After all the discoveries that have been made, the progress of general knowledge has been slow, and the field of observation is still very limited ;

but as every day shows the apparent barriers not to be impassable, but only like the seeming ridges of lands that loom along the horizon of the mariner even in the centre of the ocean, it may be anticipated that futurity will disclose equal if not more of nature's hidden links of associated or correlative sciences. As, however, gravitation holds its place, or moves in its orbit every luminary of heaven, and every particle of earth, astronomy appears to conduct us to a general law, and to disclose the principal facts of the physical universe in relation to rest and motion, as well as number and quantity. The discoveries, however, which are peculiarly astronomical have an intimate relation to the planetary and terrestrial phenomena, and to the electric, galvanic, and magnetic fluids that traverse the regions of air, or pervade the other portions of nature and of matter. In following the golden thread of creation, we perceive that the magnitude of the earth affords the materials for ascertaining the extent of the solar system, and provides a foundation for a system of weights and measures ; we see that the figures of planets depend on their rotation, and their motions affect the forms of their satellites ; that the reciprocal attractions of the celestial bodies disturb the fluids at their surfaces, and they suggest a theory of atmospherical tides and oscillations ; that the effects of temperature lead to the doctrine of the barometer, and the laws of capillary attraction ; and that by detecting the undulations of the aerial medium we find the basis of acoustics and all that relates to sound. We discover, also, in connexion with this department of knowledge, the method by which light is propagated, and are led to ascertain its nature, its properties, and its velocity ; which, in the aberration of the fixed stars, conducts to the direct evidence of the earth's real motion. The effects of invisible rays are connected with chemical action, and thence research pursues its unwearied way through all the mazes of the operations of heat, in the interior and on the surface of our globe. Thus chemistry, geology, electricity, with their dependent facts and systems, spring into view, and open to the mental vision, enlarged and ever enlarging conceptions of the mighty whole. And what can we say, but “ Great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord God Almighty !” X.

CHILDHOOD.

HAIL ! artless childhood, joys indeed are thine,
Joys which maturer years implore in vain ;
At thought of thee I feel a glow divine,
And long once more to prove thy peaceful reign.
With fond delight I love the days to trace,
While life, and thought, and hope, and joy were young,
When nought but smiles adorned my infant face,

And not a lowering cloud obscured my sun.
With thee each day was spent in artless joy,
With thee each night expired in balmy sleep,
No care arose my pleasure to destroy,
No griefs to teach my infant eyes to weep.
Those happy days are o'er, and now in vain
I seek the peaceful blessing, of thy reign.

THE ADVENTUROUS BOY.

WHILE the fleet lay at anchor, one of the most heart-thrilling scenes occurred on board the commodore's vessel that my eyes ever witnessed. In addition to the usual appendages of a ship of war, there was a large and mischievous monkey on board, named Jocko, retained for the amusement and diversion of the ship's company. It was my watch on deck; and having retired to the side of the vessel, I was musing on the beautiful appearance of the fleet, when a loud and merry laugh burst upon my ear.

On turning to ascertain the cause of such an unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I perceived the commodore's little son, whom the crew nicknamed "little Bob-stay," standing halfway up the main-hatch ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance explained the occasion of the merriment. As Bob was coming up from the gun-deck Jocko, the monkey, perceiving him on the ladder, and dropping suddenly from the rigging, leaped upon his shoulder, seized his cap, and running up the main-top-sail sheet, seated himself on the main-yard.

Here he sat picking the tassel of his prize to pieces, occasionally scratching his sides, and chattering, as if in exultation for the success of his mischief. Bob being a sprightly, active fellow, did not like to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make chase after Jocko, from observing me smile at his plight, and hearing the loud laugh of Cato, a black man, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence.

"Ah! Jocko," said the black man, "hab you no more respec for de young officer den to steal his cab? We bring you to de gang-way, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a tief." The monkey looked down from his perch, as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer. "Ah, ah! massa Bob, he say you mus ketch him 'fore you flog him; and 'tis no easy matter for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot."

The cheeks of little Bob looked red as he cast a glance of offended pride at Cato; and springing across the deck, in a moment he was halfway up the rigging. The monkey quietly watched his motions; and when nearly up, suddenly put the cap on his own head, and ascended to the top crosstrees, and quietly seating himself, resumed his work of picking the tassel.

In this manner the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when suddenly springing on the rigging, he again descended to the foretop, and running out on the fore-yard, hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail-boom, where, taking his seat, he

raised a loud and exulting chattering. By this time Bob was completely exhausted, and not liking to return to the deck to be laughed at, he sat down on the cross-trees.

The spectators presuming that the boy would not follow the monkey, but descend to the deck, paid no further attention to them. I also had turned away, and had been engaged some minutes, when I was suddenly startled by a cry from Cato, exclaiming that Massa Bob was on the main-truck! A cold shudder ran through my veins as the word reached my ears. I cast my eyes up—it was too true.

The adventurous boy, after having rested a little, had climbed the skysail-pole; and at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on that circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, at a height so great, that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. There was nothing above him or around him but empty space, and beneath him nothing but a small, unstable wheel.

Dreadful temerity! If he had attempted to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his motion? His feet covered up the small and fearful platform on which he stood; and beneath that a long, smooth pole, that seemed to bend beneath his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. In endeavouring to get down, he would inevitably lose his balance, and be precipitated to the deck—a crushed and shapeless mass.

In this terrible exigency what was to be done? To hail him and inform him of his danger, it was thought, would ensure his ruin. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. By this time the deck was covered with officers and crew, to witness this appalling, this heart-rending spectacle. All seemed mute; every feeling, every faculty seemed absorbed in one deep, intense emotion of agony.

At this moment a stir was made among the crew about the gangway, when the commodore, the boy's father, made his appearance. He had come on board without being noticed by a single eye. The commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was an austere man; and it was thought by some that he did not entertain a very strong affection for his son. All eyes were now fixed on him, endeavouring to read his emotions in his countenance.

The scrutiny, however, was vain; his eye retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl; in short, no outward sign indicated what was passing within. Immediately on reaching the deck he ordered a marine to hand a musket,

when, stepping aft, and leaping upon the look-out block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him with his trumpet, in a voice of thunder.

"Robert," cried he, "jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you." The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown about like one endeavouring to balance himself. The commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone cried, "Jump! 'tis your only chance for life." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before he left the truck, and sprung out into the air. A sound between a shriek and a groan burst from many lips.

The father spoke not—sighed not; indeed, he seemed not to breathe. For a moment of intense agony a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon ball, the body descended to the water; and before the waves closed over it twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwark. Another short period of suspense

ensued. The boy rose, he was alive, his arm was seen to move, he struck out towards the ship.

In spite of the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, the outburst of unfeigned joy from the hearts of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment the old commodore had stood unmoved. His face was now ashy pale. He attempted to descend from the block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and attempted to tear open his vest; but in the attempt he staggered, and would have fallen had he not been caught by the bystanders.

He was borne to his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equilibrium and self-command; in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed, when the little fellow left the cabin, he was in tears.

GORMANDIZERS.

Homophagous and Polyphagous: appellations given to certain individuals of a depraved appetite, that enables them to devour raw meat, and various other substances, which, most unquestionably, would destroy any person not gifted or cursed with such an omnivorous digestion. Various are the ancient stories related of such voracious wretches. Ovid describes one Erisichthon, who, as a punishment for cutting down the groves of Ceres, (very possibly to obtain fuel to cook his food,) was sentenced to perpetual hunger, and terminated his gluttonous career by eating up his own limbs. The Thasian Theagenes thought nothing of an ox for his dinner; and the famed Crotonian athlete, Milo, knocked down bullocks with his fist for his daily meals, which usually consisted of twenty *minæ* of meat, and the same ration of bread. Vopiscus relates that a man was brought before the Emperor Maximilian, who devoured a whole calf, and was proceeding to eat up a sheep, had he not been prevented. To this day, in India, some voracious mountebanks devour a live sheep as an exhibition. Dr. Boehmen, of Wittenburgh, witnessed the performance of one of these polyphagous individuals, who commenced his repast by eating a raw sheep, a sucking-pig, and by way of dessert, swallowed sixty pounds of prunes, stones and all. On another festive occasion, he ate two bushels of cherries, with several earthen vases, and chips of a furnace. This meal was followed up by sundry pieces of glass and pebbles, a shepherd's bagpipe, rats, various birds with their feathers, and an incredible number of caterpillars. To conclude his dinner,

he swallowed a pewter ink-stand, with its pens, a pen-knife and a sand-box. During this deglutition he seemed to relish his food, but was generally under the influence of potations of brandy. His form was athletic, and he could carry four heavy men on his shoulders for a league. He lived to the age of seventy-nine, but died in a most emaciated state, and, as might be imagined, toothless. Helwig knew an old man who was in the habit of eating eighty pounds of different articles of food daily. Real Colomb mentions an omnivorous glutton, who, in the absence of any salutary aliment, satisfied his cravings with any other substance; and was once known, when hungry, to eat the contents of a sack of charcoal, and then to swallow the bag to facilitate their digestion. One of the attendants on the menagerie of the Botanical Garden in Paris, who bore the euphonous name of Bijou, used to devour all the offals of the Theatre of Comparative Anatomy, and ate a dead lion in one day. He was active, and lived to the age of sixty. A cannibal once desolated the Vivarais, by dragging human victims to his den, where he devoured them. On the opening of the corpse of a convict in the galleys of Brest, there were found in his stomach about six hundred pieces of wood, pewter, and iron. All these accounts might appear most exaggerated, perhaps fabulous, had not many physicians in Paris known the celebrated Tarrare. The history of this monster is as curious as his habits were disgusting. He commenced his career in life in the capacity of clown to an itinerant quack, and used to attract the notice of the populace by his singular

powers of deglutition, swallowing with the utmost ease, corks, pebbles, and baskets full of apples. However, these experiments were frequently followed by severe pain and accidents, which once obliged him to seek assistance in the Hôtel Dieu of Paris. His sufferings did not deter him from similar experiments; and he once tried to exhibit his wonderful faculties by swallowing the watch, chain, and seals, of M. Giraud, then house surgeon of the establishment. In this repast he was foiled, having been told that he would be ripped up to recover the property. In the revolutionary war Tarrare joined the army, but was soon exhausted on the spare diet to which the troops were obliged to submit. In the hospital of Sultzen, although put upon four full rations, he was obliged to wander about the establishment, to feed upon any substance he could find, however revolting, to subdue his voracious hunger. These singular powers induced several physicians to ascertain how far these omnivorous inclinations could carry him in his unnatural cravings. In presence of Dr. Lorentz he devoured a live cat, commencing by tearing open its stomach, and sucking the animal's blood with delight. What was more singular, after this horrible feat, like other carnivorous brutes, he rejected the fur and skin. Snakes were to him a delicious meal, and he swallowed them alive and whole, after grinding their heads between his teeth. One of the surgeons, Mr. Courville, gave him a wooden lancet-case to swallow, in which had been folded a written paper. This case was rejected undigested, and the paper being found intact, it became a question whether he might not be employed to convey secret correspondence; but, having been taken up at the Prussian outposts as a spy, being disguised as a peasant, without a knowledge of the language, he received a severe bastinado, which effectually cured him of an appetite for secret service; and on his return, he had recourse

to the safer means of obtaining food in kitchens, slaughter-houses, and dunghills. At last, a child of fourteen months old having disappeared under suspicious circumstances, he was driven out of the hospital, and lost sight of for four years, when he applied for admission into the hospital of Versailles, in a state of complete exhaustion, labouring under a virulent diarrhœa, which terminated his hateful existence in his twenty-sixth year. He was of the middle size, pale, thin, and weak; his countenance was by no means ferocious, but, on the contrary, displayed much timidity; his fair hair was remarkably fine and soft; his mouth was very large, and one could scarcely say that he had any lips; all his teeth were sound, but their enamel was speckled; his skin was always hot, in a state of perspiration, and exhaling a constant offensive vapour. When fasting, the integuments of his abdomen were so flaccid that he could nearly wrap them round him. After his meals, the exhalation from his surface was increased, his eyes and cheeks became turgid with blood, and, dropping into a state of drowsiness, he used to seek some obscure corner where he might quietly lie down and digest. After his death, all the abdominal viscera were found in a state of ulceration. Instances are recorded where a similar facility to swallow fluids had been observed. At Strasburg was exhibited the stomach of a hussar who could drink sixty quarts of wine in an hour. Pliny mentions a Milanese, named Norvellus Torquatus, who, in presence of Tiberius, drank three *congi* of wine. Seneca and Tacitus knew a man of the name of Piso who could drink incessantly for two days and two nights; and Rhodiginus mentions a capacious monster, called the "Funnel," down whose throat an *amphora* of liquor could be poured without interruption.—"*Curiosities of Medical Experience.*" By Dr. Millengen. 1837

HAIR BREADTH ESCAPES.—No. II.

A YOUNG POLISH OFFICER.

When Murat was at Madrid, he had occasion to send some despatches to Junot, in Lisbon. These despatches were of the utmost importance, and all the roads leading from Madrid to the Portuguese capital were covered by guerrillas, or regular troops, commanded by officers who had acted an important part in the Spanish revolution, and who thus composed the army of Castanos.

Murat mentioned the difficulty to Baron Strogonoff, the Russian Ambassador, at the court of Spain, who had remained at Madrid. It is well known that at the period here referred to, Russia was the friend rather than the ally of France. Baron Strogonoff told the grand Duke of Berg, that he could suggest a plan for the transmission of the despatches.

"Admiral Simiavin," said the Baron, "is in the

port of Lisbon. Send to me one of the most intelligent of your Polish Lancers. He shall put on a Russian uniform, and I will give him despatches for the Admiral; you can give him your instructions verbally, and I will answer for it that all will be right even though he should be taken twenty times between this and Lisbon. The insurgent army is too anxious to secure our neutrality to be the first to create a ground of rupture."

Murat was delighted with the scheme. He requested the commander-in-chief of the Polish troops, who I think was Krazinski, to select for him a brave and intelligent young officer. Two days afterwards the Polish commander sent to the grand duke a young man for whom he declared he would answer with his head. He was named Leckinski, and was only eighteen years of age.

The grand duke of Berg was not a little astonished to find the young officer manifest the utmost eagerness to undertake an enterprise of no ordinary peril; for in the event of his being discovered, his fate was certain:—and that fate was death. Murat, brave as he himself was, could not refrain from pointing out to Leckinski the danger he was about to encounter. The young Pole smiled, and said, "If your imperial highness will give me your orders, I will pledge myself to execute the mission. I thank my general for having selected me from among my comrades, every one of whom was emulous of the favour."

The grand duke augured well of the young man's courage and intelligence. He gave him his instructions. Baron Strogonoff supplied him with despatches to Admiral Siniavin. The young Pole was equipped in a Russian uniform and set out for Portugal.

During the two first days he pursued his course without molestation; but on the afternoon of the third day, he was attacked by a party of Spanish troops, who unhorsed and disarmed him, and conducted him before the general commanding the military force of the district. Luckily for the adventurous young Pole, that general was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was perfectly aware that he was lost, if suspected to be a Frenchman. Consequently he immediately resolved within himself not to utter a syllable of French, and to speak only Russian and German, which latter language he could speak with facility. The angry imprecations of the troops, who conducted him to Castanos, sufficiently convinced him of the fate that would await him should he be discovered. The horrible death of General René, who only a few weeks previously had perished in torture for no other offence than that of attempting to join Junot, might well have shaken his fortitude. Death itself may be braved, but to meet it by a refinement of torture is more than the bravest man can contemplate with indifference.

"Who are you?" said Castanos, addressing the Pole in French, which he spoke with perfect fluency, having been educated at Sorrèze.

Leckinski looked steadfastly at his interrogator, made a sign, and replied in German, "I do not understand."

Castanos himself understood and spoke German; but apparently not wishing to take an active part in the business, he called one of the officers of his staff, by whom the examination was continued. The young Pole gave his answers alternately in Russian and in German; and kept himself cautiously on his guard, against dropping a single word of French. He had no easy part to play, for in the little apartment in which the examination took place, he was pressed upon by a crowd of persons, all thirsting for his blood, and manifesting a ferocious eagerness that he might be found guilty—that is, declared to be a Frenchman.

This furious excitement was increased by a circumstance which threatened to involve the unfortunate young man in inextricable difficulty. An aide-de-camp of Castanos, (one of those fanatical patriots so numerous in the Spanish war,) who from the moment of Leckinski's arrest had declared him to be a French spy, rushed into the room in which the examination was going on, holding by the arm a peasant, dressed in a brown jacket, and high crowned hat, surmounted by a red feather. Having worked his way through the crowd, the officer placed the peasant before the Polish officer. "Look at that man," said he, "and then inform us, whether he is either a German, or a Russian.—He is a spy, I would swear by my salvation," continued he, stamping his foot furiously on the ground.

The peasant, for a few moments, gazed steadfastly at the young Pole; then his dark eye kindled, and with a bitter expression of fury and hatred, he exclaimed,—"*Es un Frances!—Es un Frances!*"

He related that a few weeks previously he had been to Madrid, to convey some hay; having, in common with all the inhabitants of his village, been required to carry forage to the barracks. "I knew this man," continued the peasant, "he is the same to whom I delivered the forage, and who gave me the receipt for it. I stood beside him for nearly an hour, and I know his face well. When I saw him arrive, I said to my comrades, that is the French officer to whom I delivered my forage."

Castanos probably saw the truth; but he was a noble and generous enemy. It was not by wantonly spilling blood, that he wished to cement the edifice of Spanish liberty, which would have risen gloriously and durably, had it been left to the management of such men as himself, Romana, Palafox, &c. Castanos possibly perceived that the prisoner was not a Russian, but he dreaded the cruel treatment to which he would be exposed if he were discovered to be a Frenchman. He suggested that he should be allowed to continue his journey; but at this a hundred menacing voices were raised.

"But," asked Castanos, "would it be prudent to expose ourselves to the risk of a rupture with Russia, whose neutrality we have so earnestly solicited?"

"No," replied the officers; "but let it be proved that this man is really a Russian."

Leckinski heard all this, for he understood Spanish. He was led out and locked up in a miserable chamber, which resembled a dungeon in the most fearful days of the inquisition.

At the moment of his arrest, Leckinski had not tasted food since the afternoon of the preceding day, and when the door of his prison closed upon him, eighteen hours had elapsed since he had partaken of any nourishment. Add to this, the fatigue and anxiety he had suffered

in the interval, and it cannot be matter of surprise that he threw himself in a state of utter exhaustion on a mattress, which lay on the ground, in one corner of his prison.

He had been asleep about two hours, when the door of the chamber slowly opened, and some one softly approached his couch. A hand was held before the flame of the lamp, to shade the light from his eyes; and when the hand was withdrawn, Leckinski felt some one tap him on the shoulder; and a sweet toned female voice uttered the words, "*Vous-vez-vous souper ?*"

The young Pole, who was suddenly roused from his slumber by the glare of light, the contact of the hand, and the words of the young female, raised himself on his couch, and with his eyes scarcely opened, exclaimed in German, "What do you say?"

"Send him his supper," said Castanos, on hearing the result of this first trial, "and then saddle his horse, and let him continue his journey. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have kept on the mask, when thus taken by surprise? The thing is impossible."

But Castanos did not exercise undivided authority. Leckinski's supper was sent to him, it is true, but he continued in his dungeon till morning. He was then conducted to a place, whence he could see the mutilated bodies of ten Frenchmen, who had been brutally massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo. There, for the space of a whole day, he was left to contemplate death in its most horrible form. He was surrounded by snares—watched by ears and eyes, eager to catch at any unguarded word or gesture. At length, at the expiration of several hours of cruel trial, he was reconducted to his prison, to reflect at leisure on the horror of his situation.

"Gentlemen," said General Castanos to his brother officers, "I am as fully sensible as you of the importance of preventing communication between the different French commanders, at present in Spain; but in the position in which this officer stands, we cannot treat him as a spy, on the mere assertion of a peasant. The man may be mistaken. He may be deceived by a resemblance; and in that case, we should be murderers. That is not the character in which we ought to show ourselves."

It was a cheering relief to Leckinski, to return to his prison. For nearly twelve hours he had before his eyes gibbets and mutilated bodies. Though his mind was haunted by horrid images, and gloomy forebodings, he nevertheless fell into a profound sleep, for exhausted nature demanded repose. Amidst the dead slumber, in which all his senses were lulled, the door again softly opened, a female form approached his couch, and the same sweet voice which had addressed him on the previous night, said in a half whisper, "Rise, and follow me—you are saved—your horse is waiting."

At the words, "you are saved," Leckinski

started up, and immediately recovering his presence of mind, he replied as he had before done, in German, by the question, "What do you say?"

On being informed of the result of this new temptation, Castanos urged his immediate liberation; but his wish was again overruled.

Leckinski passed another miserable night. At day-break next morning he was awakened by four men, one of whom was the peasant who alleged he had seen him at Madrid. They had come to conduct him before a sort of court, composed of the officers of Castanos's staff. They addressed to him the most bitter menaces; but, firm in his resolution, he appeared not to understand a word they said.

When arraigned before his judges, he inquired, in German, for his interpreter. The latter was brought in, and the examination commenced.

He was asked what was the object of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He replied by showing the despatches from the Russian ambassador to Admiral Siniavin, and his passport; but for the unfortunate rencontre with the peasant, who had seen him at Madrid, these proofs would doubtless have been satisfactory. However, the young Pole firmly adhered to the account he had first given of himself, and never prevaricated in his answers.

"Ask him," said the president of the committee, "whether he is friendly to the Spaniards, since he says he is not a Frenchman."

The interpreter translated the question. "Yes, doubtless," replied Leckinski, "I love and respect the noble character of the Spaniards, and I wish your nation and mine were both united."

"Colonel," said the interpreter, "the prisoner says he hates us, because we carry on war like banditti; and he would like to see the whole nation united in one man, that he might annihilate it at a single blow."

Whilst these words were uttered, the eyes of the whole assembly attentively watched the expression of the prisoner's countenance, to see what effect would be produced by the infidelity of his interpreter. He stood unmoved. Leckinski was prepared for every trial, and was on his guard against the snare. "Gentlemen," said General Castanos, who was present at the examination, "it appears to me that there is no ground of suspicion against this young man; and therefore he must be set at liberty, and allowed to pursue his journey."

Accordingly his arms and despatches were restored to him, and the brave young Pole thus triumphantly passed through a series of trials which required almost superhuman fortitude and presence of mind.

He arrived safely in Lisbon, and fulfilled his mission, and wished to return to Madrid; but Junot would not suffer him again to expose himself to the dangers he had so miraculously escaped—"Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes."

THE BATHS OF PFEFFERS.

[The following account of these celebrated baths— noted alike for the salubrious qualities of their waters as well as for the scenery which surrounds them—is extracted from a recent interesting work on the "Economy of Human Health," by Dr. James Johnson.]

As the ancient Romans sent their hypochondriacs to Egypt for change of air and scene, and as the rail-roads and steamers are not yet established between the Thames and the Nile, I shall here give a short description of one of the most curious localities which I have ever beheld in all my perambulations, and which I would strongly recommend hypochondriacal and nervous invalids to visit, while traversing the Alpine territories in search of health. It is the baths of Pfeffers, in the Grison country, not far from the Lake of Wallenstadt, which, in itself, presents most stupendous scenery. Having procured five small and steady horses, accustomed to the locality, a party of three ladies and two gentlemen started from the little town of Ragatz, on a beautiful morning in August, and commenced a steep and zigzag ascent up the mountain, through a forest of majestic pines and other trees. In a quarter of an hour we heard the roar of a torrent, but could see nothing of itself, or even its bed. The path, however, soon approached the verge of a dark and tremendous ravine, the sides of which were composed of perpendicular rocks, several hundred feet high, and at the bottom of which the Tamina, a rapid mountain-torrent, foamed along, in its course to the valley of Sargans, there to fall into the Upper Rhine. The stream, itself, however, was far beyond your view, and was only known by its hollow and distant murmur. The ascent, for the first three miles, is extremely fatiguing, so that the horses were obliged to take breath every ten minutes. The narrow path (for it is only a kind of mule-track) often winded along the very brink of the precipice on our left, yet the eye could not penetrate to the bottom of the abyss. After more than an hour of toilsome climbing, we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves in one of the most picturesque and romantic spots that can well be imagined. The road now meanders through a high but cultivated region, towards the village of Valenz, through fields, gardens, vineyards, and meadows, studded with chaumières and chalets, perched fantastically on projecting ledges of rock, or sheltered from the winds by tall and verdant pines. The prospect from Valenz, or rather from above the village, is one of the most beautiful and splendid I have any where seen in Switzerland. We are there at a sufficient distance from the horrid ravine to contemplate it without terror, and listen to the roaring torrent thundering unseen along its rugged and precipitous bed. Beyond the ravine we see the monastery and village of Pfeffers, perched on a high

and apparently inaccessible promontory, over which rise Alpine mountains, their sides covered with woods, their summits with snow, and their gorges glittering with glaciers. But it is towards the east that the prospect is most magnificent and varied. The eye ranges with equal pleasure and astonishment over the valley of Sargans, through which rolls the infant Rhine, and beyond which the majestic ranges of the Rhetian Alps, ten thousand feet high, rise one over the other, till their summits mingle with the clouds.

Among these ranges the Scissa-Plana, Angstenberg, the Flesch, (like a gigantic pyramid,) and, in the distance, the Alps that lower round Feldkirch, are the most prominent features. During our journey to the baths, the morning sun played on the snowy summits of the distant mountains, and marked their forms on the blue expanse behind them, in the most distinct outlines. But on our return in the afternoon, when the fleecy clouds had assembled in fantastic groups, along the lofty barrier, the reflections and refractions of the solar beams threw a splendid crown of glory round the icy heads of the Rhetian Alps, changing that "cold sublimity" with which the morning atmosphere had invested them, into a glow of illumination which no pen or pencil could portray. To enjoy the widest possible range of this matchless prospect, the tourist must climb the peaks that overhang the village, when his eye may wander over the whole of the Grison Alps and valleys, even to the Lake of Constance. From Valenz we turned abruptly down towards the ravine, at the very bottom of which are the baths of Pfeffers.

The descent is by a series of acute and precipitous tounesquets, requiring great caution, as the horses themselves could hardly keep on their legs, even when eased of their riders.

At length we found ourselves in the area of a vast edifice, resembling an overgrown factory, with a thousand windows, and six or seven stories high. It is built on a ledge of rock that lies on the left bank of the Tamina torrent, which chafes along its foundation. The precipice on the opposite side of the Tamina, and distant about fifty paces from the mansion, or rather hospital, rises five or six hundred feet, as perpendicular as a wall, keeping the edifice in perpetual shade, except for a few hours in the middle of the day. The left bank of the ravine on which the hospital stands, is less precipitous, as it admits of a zigzag path to and from the baths.

The *locale*, altogether, of such an establishment, at the very bottom of a frightful ravine, and for ever chafed by a roaring torrent, is the most singularly wild and picturesque I had ever beheld; but the wonders of Pfeffers are not yet even glanced at.

From the western extremity of this vast asplum

of invalids, a narrow wooden bridge spans the Tamina, and by it we gain footing on a small platform of rock on the opposite side. Here a remarkable phenomenon presents itself. The deep ravine which had hitherto preserved a width of some hundred and fifty feet, contracts all at once into a narrow cleft or crevasse, of less than twenty feet, whose marble sides shoot up from the bed of the torrent to a height of four or five hundred feet, not merely perpendicular, but actually inclining towards each other, so that, at their summits, they almost touch, thus leaving a narrow fissure through which a faint glimmering of light descends, and just serves to render objects visible within this gloomy cavern.

Out of this recess the Tamina darts in a sheet of foam, and with a deafening noise, reverberated from the rocks within and without the crevasse. On approaching the entrance, the eye penetrates along a majestic vista of marble walls, in close approximation, and terminating in obscurity, with a narrow waving line of sky above, and a roaring torrent below. Along the southern wall of this sombre gorge, a fragile scaffold, of only two planks in breadth, is seen to run suspended, as it were, in air, fifty feet above the torrent, and three or four hundred feet beneath the crevice that admits air and light from heaven into the profound abyss. This frail and frightful footpath is continued (will it be believed?) nearly half a mile into a marble womb of the mountain. Its construction must have been a work of great difficulty and peril; for its transit cannot be made, even by the most curious and adventurous travellers, without fear and trembling, amounting, often, to a sense of shuddering and horror. Along these two planks we crept or crawled, with faltering steps and palpitating hearts. It has been my fortune to visit most of the wonderful localities of this globe, but an equal to this I never beheld. "Imagination," says an intelligent traveller, "the most vivid, could not portray the portals of Tartarus under forms more hideous than those which nature has displayed in this place. We enter this gorge on a bridge of planks, (*pont des planches*), sustained by wedges driven into the rocks. It takes a quarter of an hour or more to traverse this bridge, and it requires the utmost precaution. It is suspended over the Tamina, which is heard rolling furiously at a great depth beneath. The walls of this cavern, twisted, torn, and split (*les parois latérales contournées, fendues, et déchirées*) in various ways, rise perpendicular, and even incline towards each other in the form of a dome; whilst the faint light that enters from the portal at the end and the crevice above, diminishes as we proceed; the cold and humidity augmenting the horror produced by the scene. The fragments of rock sometimes overhang this gangway in such a manner that the passenger cannot walk upright; at others, the marble wall recedes so much, that

he is unable to lean against it for support. The scaffold is narrow, often slippery; and sometimes there is but a single plank separating us from the black abyss of the Tamina.* He who has cool courage, a steady eye, and a firm step, ought to attempt this formidable excursion (*épouvantable excursion*) in clear and dry weather, lest he should find the planks wet and slippery. He should start in the middle of the day, with a slow and measured step, and without a stick; the safest plan is to have two guides supporting a pole, on the inside of which the stranger is to walk." We neglected this precaution; and four out of the five pushed on even without a guide at all. At forty or fifty paces from the entrance, the gloom increases, while the roar of the torrent beneath, reverberated from the sides of the cavern augments the sense of danger and the horror of the scene. The meridian sun penetrated sufficiently through the narrow line or fissure at the summit of the dome, to throw a variety of lights and of shadows over the vast masses of variegated marble composing the walls of this stupendous cavern, compared with which, those of Salsette, Elephanta, and even Staffa, shrink into insignificance. A wooden pipe, which conveys the hot waters from their source to the baths, runs along in the angle between the scaffold and the rocks, and proves very servicable both as a support for one hand while pacing the plank, and as a seat when the passenger wishes to rest and contemplate the wonders of the cavern. At about one-third of the distance inward, I would advise the tourist to halt, and survey the singular locality in which he is placed. The inequality of breadth in the long chink that divides the dome above, admits the light in very different proportions, and presents objects in a variety of aspects. The first impression which occupies the mind is caused by the cavern itself—without reflection on the portentous convulsion of nature which split the marble rock in twain, and opened a gigantic aqueduct for the mountain torrent.† After a few minutes' rumination on the action of subterraneous fire, our attention is attracted to the slow but powerful operation of water on the solid parietes of this infernal grotto. We plainly perceive that the boisterous torrent has, in the course of time, and especially when swelled by rains, caused wonderful changes both in its bed and its banks. I

* "Le pont est étroit, souvent glissant, et quelquefois on n'est séparé que par une seule planche du noir abîme de la Tamina.

† It is surprising that the author of the "*Voyage Pittoresque en Suisse*," and even Dr. Ebell, should have been led into the monstrous error of imagining that the torrent of the Tamina had, in the course of ages, hollowed out of the marble rock this profound bed for itself. We might just as well suppose that the bed of the Mediterranean had been scooped out by the waters of the Hellespont, in their way from the Black Sea to the Atlantic. The mountain was rent by some convulsion of nature, and apparently from below upwards, as the breadth at the bed of the Tamina is far broader than the external crevice above.

would direct the attention of the traveller to a remarkable excavation formed by the waters on the opposite side of the chasm, and in a part more sombre than usual, in consequence of a bridge that spans the crevice above, and leads to the convent of Pfeffers. This natural grotto is hollowed out of the marble rock to the depth of thirty feet, being nearly forty feet in width, by twenty-six feet in height. It is difficult not to attribute it to art; and as the whole cavern constantly reminds us of the Tartarean regions, this beautifully-vaulted grotto seems to be fitted for the throne of Pluto and Proserpine; or, perhaps, for the tribunal of Rhadamanthus and his brothers of the bench, while passing sentence on the ghosts that glide down this Acheron or Cocytus; for had the Tamina been known to the ancient poets, it would assuredly have been ranked as one of the rivers of hell.

One of the most startling phenomena, however, results from a perspective view into the cavern when about midway, or rather less, from its portal. The rocky vista ends in obscurity, but gleams and columns of light burst down in many places from the meridian sun, through this "palpable obscure," so as to produce a wonderful variety of light and shade, as well as of bas-reliefs, along the fractured walls. While sitting on the rude wooden conduit before alluded to, and meditating on the infernal region upon which I had entered, I was surprised to behold, at a great distance, the figures of human beings, or their shadows, (for I could not tell which,) advancing slowly towards me, suspended between heaven and earth, or, at least, between the vault of the cavern and the torrent of the Tamina, without any apparent pathway to sustain their steps, but seemingly treading in air, like disembodied spirits. While my attention was rivetted on these figures they suddenly disappeared, and the first impression on my mind was, that they had fallen and perished in the horrible abyss beneath. The painful sensation was soon relieved, by the re-appearance of the personages in more distinct shapes, evidently composed of flesh and blood. Again they vanished from my sight; and, to my no small astonishment, I beheld their ghosts or their shadows advancing along the opposite side of the cavern. These, and many other optical illusions, were caused, of course, by the peculiar nature of the locality, and the unequal manner in which the light penetrated from above into this sombre chasm.

Surprise was frequently turned into a sense of danger, when the parties advancing and retreating met on this narrow scaffold. The "laws of the road" being different on the continent from those in old England, my plan was to screw myself up into the smallest compass, close to the rock, and thus allow passengers to steal by without opposition.

We found that comparatively few penetrated

to the extremity of the cavern and the source of the *Thermæ*, the majority being frightened, or finding themselves incapable of bearing the sight of the rapid torrent under their feet, without any solid security against precipitation into the infernal gulf. To the honour of the English ladies, I must say that they explored the source of the waters with the most undaunted courage, and without entertaining a thought of returning from a half-finished tour to the regions below.*

Advancing still further into the cavern, another phenomenon presented itself, for which we were unable to account at first. Every now and then we observed a gush of vapour or smoke (we could not tell which) issue from the further extremity of the rock on the left, spreading itself over the walls of the cavern, and ascending towards the crevice in the dome. It looked like an explosion of steam; but the roar of the torrent would have prevented us from hearing any noise if such had occurred. We soon found, however, that it was occasioned by the rush of vapour from the cavern in which the Thermal source is situated, every time the door was opened for the ingress or egress of visitors to and from this natural vapour-bath. At such moments the whole scene is so truly Tartarean, that had Virgil and Dante been acquainted with it, they need not have strained their imaginations in portraying the ideal abodes of fallen angels, infernal gods, and departed spirits; but painted a Hades from nature, with all the advantages of truth and reality in its favour.

Our ingress occupied nearly half an hour, when we found ourselves at the extremity of the parapet, on a jutting ledge of rock, and where the cavern assumed an unusually sombre complexion, in consequence of the cliffs actually uniting, or nearly so, at the summit of the dome. Here, too, the Tamina struggled, roared, and foamed through the narrow, dark, and rugged gorge, with tremendous impetuosity and deafening noise, the sounds being echoed and reverberated a thousand times by the fractured angles and projections of the cavern. We were now at the source of the *Thermæ*. Ascending some steps cut out of the rock, we came to a door, which opened, and immediately enveloped us in tepid steam. We entered a grotto in the solid marble, but of what dimensions we could form no estimate, since it was dark as midnight, and full of dense and fervid vapour. We were quickly in an universal perspiration.

The guides hurried us forward into another grotto still deeper in the rock, where the steam was suffocating, and where we exuded at every pore. It was as dark as pitch. An owl would not have been able to see an eagle within a foot

* This has not always been the case: the talented authoress of "*Reminiscences of the Rhine*," appears to have lacked courage for this enterprise, though her beautiful daughters advanced to the further extremity of the gorge.

of its saucer eyes. We were told to stoop and stretch out our hands. We did so, and immersed them in the boiling, or at least, the gurgling source of the Pfeffers. We even quaffed at this fountain of Hygeia.

Often had we slept in damp linen, while travelling through Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. We had now, by way of variety, a waking set of teguments saturated with moisture *ab interno*, as well as *ab externo*, to such an extent, that I believe each of us would have weighed at least half a stone more at our exit than on our entrance into this stew-pan of the Grison Alps.

On emerging into the damp, gelid, and gloomy atmosphere of the cavern, every thing appeared of a dazzling brightness after our short immersion in the Cimmerian darkness of the grotto.

The transition of temperature was equally as abrupt as that of light. The vicissitude could have been little less than fifty or sixty degrees of Fahrenheit in one instant, with all the disadvantage of dripping garments. It was like shifting the scene, with more than theatrical celerity, from the Black Hole of Calcutta to Fury Beach, or the snows of Nova Zembla. Some of the party, less experienced in the effects of travelling than myself, considered themselves destined to illustrate the well-known allegory of the discontented, and that they would inevitably carry away with them a large cargo of that which thousands come here annually to get rid of—rheumatism. I confess that I was not without some misgivings myself on this point, seeing that we had neither the means of changing our clothes or of drying them, except by the heat of our bodies in the mountain breeze. The goddess of health, however, who is nearly related to the genius of travelling, preserved us from all the bad consequences,

thermometrical and hygrometrical, of these abrupt vicissitudes.* We retrograded along the narrow plank that suspended us over the profound abyss with caution, fear, and astonishment. The Tamina seemed to roar more loud and savage beneath us, as if incensed at our safe retreat. The sun had passed the meridian, and the gorge had assumed a far more lugubrious aspect than it wore on our entrance. The shivered rocks and splintered pinnacles that rose on each side of the torrent, in gothic arches of altitude sublime, seemed to frown on our retreating footsteps, while the human figures that moved at a distance along the crazy plank, before and behind us, frequently lost their just proportions, and assumed the most grotesque and extraordinary shapes and dimensions, according to the degree of light admitted by the narrow fissure above, and the scarcely discernible aperture at the extremity of this wondrous gorge. The Tamina, meanwhile, did not fail to play its part in the gorgeous scene, astounding the eye by the rapidity of its movements, and astonishing the ear by the vibrations of its echoes. It seemed to growl more furiously as we receded from the depths of the crevasse.

At length we gained the portal, and, as the sun was still darting his bright rays into the deepest recesses of the ravine, glancing from the marble rocks, and glittering on the boiling torrent, the sudden transition from Cimmerian gloom to dazzling daylight, appeared like enchantment. While crossing the trembling bridge, I looked back on a scene which can never be eradicated from my memory.

It is the most singular and impressive I have ever beheld on this globe; and compared with which, the Brunnens are "bubbles" indeed.

REVIEW.

The Works of the Rev. David M'Nicoll, including his Poetical Remains; to which are prefixed Memoirs of his Life and Writings. By the REV. JAMES DIXON.

We agree with Mr. Dixon, that "biography ought to be a faithful portrait of the departed—to speak his language, and to exhibit his opinions;" and he has judiciously adhered to the principle thus laid down. Whatever he could collect of such fragments as could be met with illustrative of the mental powers, the religious experience, and the ministerial labours of the eminent individual whose Memoirs he undertook to prepare, he has furnished.

Mr. M'Nicoll was a highly acceptable Methodist Preacher, and of very superior endowments among a class of religious teachers who, under all possible disadvantages for mental culture, and classical, and even theological, education, have, by industry and determined perseverance, made themselves respectable, while a few have risen to considerable literary eminence. The Memoirs of Mr. M'Nicoll will be highly valued by his friends and the connexion in which he

moved with so much honour and usefulness; and this uniform edition of his collected works, possesses an intrinsic value which will strongly recommend it to the public. His "Essay on Covetousness" well deserves a place among some of the very best that have recently appeared, and we trust that the subject will make as deep an impression among the great body to which Mr. M'Nicoll belonged, as it is now generally making throughout the Christian world. In his rational inquiry concerning the operation of the stage on the morals of society, as his object was precisely similar, and many of his positions almost identical with a popular essay on the same subject, and still in circulation, we cannot but express ourselves surprised, that Mr. M'Nicoll should have altogether neglected to

* This circumstance illustrates, in a very remarkable manner, the effects of passing from a hot or vapour bath into cold air or water, the immunity is nearly certain. The hotter the medium from which we start into the cold, the less danger there is of suffering any inconvenience. This principal in Hygeia is more understood than practised.

notice it—especially when he refers to a Review in which it was severely handled. We cannot think that the Essay in question is at all inferior to that of Mr. M'Nicoll, while its style is far superior, because more popular. The "Essay on Taste," is written with spirit and elegance. The following we quote as an example:—

"The influence of taste in modifying the moral and religious principle, may be conceived from its intimate connexion with every other power of the mind, or state of the heart; and from the strength which it exerts in the calm, but constant, pursuit of its designs, operating with the undisturbed and imperceptible procedure of an under-current, as broad and as rapid as the surface which conceals it. Taste is a high sense of beauty, in all its kinds and aspects, and may be the medium of a powerful attraction. Besides, it implies a corresponding aversion to objects in which the absence of beauty, or the violation of its principles, is manifest. And how, in both these views, the passions and pursuits of men may be influenced, requires no very elaborate description or proof.

"What a multitude of delightful contemplations and emotions concur in a single instance of tasteful enjoyment! Let that instance be a park or landscape. The forms and colours possess an intrinsic beauty, independent of every other consideration,—a charm that strikes the inward sense with a lively but inexplicable pleasure. For, by the way, we may observe, that the usual theories of association account only for a part of the pleasure of which material beauty is an occasional cause. Thus music, as a composition, may be clearly explained, while the question, why single notes delight the ear, puts to silence the inquiry. If spring be the season, novelty supplies an additional charm to the whole; for the summer green, though equally fresh and vivid, is not equally interesting with that of spring, simply because it is not possessed of novelty. Should this have been the scene of our youthful days and friendships, now seen after an absence of many years; should it present such natural features, and buildings, and statues as lead the imagination back to classical antiquity; should it stand connected with some striking portions of our own national history or literature; or should we recognise in the woods, and streams, and in the colours of the sky, a perfect resemblance of the finest landscape-painting which we have been used to admire,—association, it is evident, would greatly swell the tide of pleasure. Other details might be added, but these will serve to show how the impression may be heightened according to the number, and quality, and harmony of the principles which the case may chance to include. And what a concentration of attractions may thus impress and sway the heart, and, through this medium, the reason and moral feelings of the individual!

"Thus the man of taste possesses more of enjoyment than any other person. He has not only a peculiar perception of the most obvious and common charms, he also discovers an infinity of finer beauties, which escape the notice of mankind in general. And should his taste be highly cultivated, he enjoys the pleasures of a critical understanding, which marks the reasons of the case, in addition to those of a delighted sensibility. And should this taste at the same time introduce the mind—which not unfrequently occurs—to noble trains of imaginative thinking, to sympathetic emotions, and to moral contemplations and excitements, a banquet must be provided for the happy favourite the most rich and enviable, and which—still presuming that his heart is virtuous—can scarcely fail to throw the whole soul into an element and attitude the most favourable to the best unfoldings of the moral character. The inanity and sluggishness of a grosser state are gone, and the free spirit is prepared to run its career of moral excellence with renovated vigour.

"The pleasure itself thus enjoyed, apart from its tendencies, has, in its own nature,—should no reason appear against it,—a reason in its favour, since pleasure is, no doubt, a principal end of our existence. Bishop Berkeley must have been one of the happiest as well as richest of men, when he regarded all the fine seats which he visited as his own. 'The same,' he says, 'I think of the groves where I walk. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them.' The same may be said of company, and reading, and all the innumerable sources of tasteful enjoyment with which our life is enriched. To renounce all this, without a reason, is like fancying that some meritorious penance lies simply in the choice of pain in preference to pleasure,—in leaving the level pathway to church, for the difficult and offensive mire.

"The connexion, also, of taste with displays of human character is obvious and most important. If material objects derive their beauty, in some degree, from their association and analogy with mind, then mind itself must be still more beautiful. On this subject the poets are peculiarly competent to judge; and their chief care, when the art is properly employed, is to excite admiration, as well as sympathy, by the loftiest and grandest exhibitions of virtue. Besides: Their own delicate sense of this kind of excellence is often warmly expressed:—

'Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,
In nature's finest forms,—is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just!

The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate? where Honour's liberal hands diffuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene!

"The same doctrine appears to be recognised by St. Paul, when he represents the modesty, sobriety, and good works of the woman under the notion of her ornaments, and, when speaking of the virtues, he employs the terms 'whatsoever things are lovely.' And partly for this very reason the virtues are called 'graces.' The man of taste must, therefore, possess a great advantage in the contemplation of either good or bad character. He can enter more fully into the spirit of his subject, at least as regards its beauty or deformity, and may, therefore, be expected—other circumstances being equal, as aforesaid—to admire and love the virtues, and to hate all vice as odious and disgusting, in a degree corresponding with his better light and feeling. He will enjoy the living picture of beneficence, and be himself the more beneficent; the beauty of a grateful character will touch his sensibility, and dispose him to be grateful; and, delighted with the view of virtuous conduct in others, he will be led, from a sense of interest, to exercise a Christian love and charity for all men. Thus the virtues he contemplates will be reflected by himself, with the added grace of his own tasteful accomplishments, as the foliage on the banks of a river seem softened in the shining stream. That is to say,—for we must never forget it,—that where Christianity has previously impressed its superhuman principles upon the heart, taste will thus be found an admirable means of religious improvement, just as a critical acquaintance with the Scriptures may be turned to spiritual advantage in the experience of the man who, independent of this knowledge, is possessed of a spiritual disposition."

The Poetry of this volume is not much to our taste.
The best specimen in the collection is—

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE.

"I love the dawns of the beautiful,
The budding rose, the earliest green of spring,
The sun just entering heaven's rich vestibule,
The soonest lark when first she mounts her wing,
And the young moon at eve, whose virgin face,
Side-long reveal'd, shines with a modest grace.

Shall these give pleasure to the glowing sense,
But to the soul yield nothing more refined?
Nothing of purer touch, to recompense
The busy wonderings of the searching mind?
Yes; hues and forms are but the mystic wand
That starts the visions of her fairy land.

For 'more than meets the view' lies in the bloom;
The fruitage of a distant day shines there.
Twice charm'd we see the pent flower burst its tomb;
Twice, as when from the harp, swept by the air,
A soft, sweet note seems sounding from on high,
That with a deeper note chimes harmony.

Thus lovelier than the beauty of her smiles,
The opening virtues rise of heaven-taught youth.
Behold, they come, first of their lengthening files,—
Sincerity, devotion, love, and truth;
Like waves that break and sparkle on the shore,
Sounding th' advance of many thousands more.

But O, my child, should folly blast thy flower,
Like snow in summer, it would chill my soul;
'T would seem like sunset at the noontide hour;
As if the last sweet song had ceased to roll;
As if the waxing proved a waning moon;
Or Heaven in wrath resumed some matchless boon!

O no! I must not fear it; God will guide
Thy bless'd career of sanctity and joy.
The lustre of thy spring can never hide
The mellow harvest which my hopes employ;
And still I see immortal growths lie there,
In still-surpassing forms of good and fair.

Bright from the Maker's hand glowed earth and sky;
Man looked astonishment, and joy, and love,
Again he mused, and 'more than meets the eye'
Was traced on all, was sung through every grove.
Then rose the eagle-vision of his soul,
Scanning th' eternal purpose of the whole.

But soon a storm of crime and curse began,
Dashing the inscription from its monument;
Nay, struck the mind, and left erroneous man
To know his world, but not its true intent.
Then, as the darkness thickened to its height,
God spake once more,—and there was glorious light.

Thrice blessed light! whose many streams have found
A central sea in God's own truth reveal'd;
Whose cloudless ray can pierce the dark profound,
Where Providence her secrets has conceal'd;
Unsound depths beneath the surface lie,
More than can ever meet a seraph's eye.

See, 'I am thine!' Who yet has understood
The illimitable sense of these brief sounds!
Writ by the pen of God, confirm'd with blood
Drawn from his own immedicable wounds:
In these small, charmless characters is given
The eternal charter of our highest heaven.

How small to sense!—a touch conceals the line;
To faith how more than infinite the taught!
Dead of Adeptive Love; seal'd by Divine,
By rapturous joy, that sets earth's joys at nought;
A gem whose ray now lights this cave of care,
Whose price in heaven will purchase kingdoms there.

O do not scorn the ungraceful type that stains
With misty hue its dark and tatter'd page:
Read me the words, I envy not the strains
Of every Orpheus of this tuneful age.
Show me the line, and let a Newton fly
Enraptured through his planetary sky.

Then look, my soul, not on the narrow field
Of this low weedy world; lift up thine eye;
Pursue the ever-lengthening vale; and yield
Thy homage to the mountains; there descry,
At every new ascent, still nobler heights,
Feasting thy hopes with infinite delights.

These give celestial temper to the soul,
To meanest things of earth a sweep sublime;
Urge us to rush upon the eternal goal,
Till Death himself shall die, and hoary Time
Take youth's bright form, his night turn into day,
Dwell in new worlds, and cast his wings away."

LIFE AND MANNERS.

ROMILLY.—M. Dumont, in his "Recollections of Mirabeau," the leading orator of the French revolution, thus describes the persevering industry of our illustrious countryman Sir Samuel Romilly:—"Romilly, always tranquil and orderly, has an incessant activity; he never loses a minute; he applies all his mind to what he is about. Like the hand of a watch, he never stops, although his equal movements in the same way almost escape observation."

COOKERY.—Two talented gentlemen now living, and rising into merited estimation, were, in their early days, residing in London for the sake of learning the business of a great establishment there. They practised, for several years, a system of diet by which they lived at a small expense, on a food which appears to have been nourishing and agreeable. Animal food,

cut into small pieces, will give flavour to a large quantity of vegetables. These young men got an oil lamp, with a feeble flame, and a tin saucepan; they mingled the small pieces of animal food with a large quantity of nourishing vegetable food; water was put in to make the stew, and the whole was left from after breakfast till dinner-time over the lamp, and was then hot and ready for their meal. On this plan they found that they could live comfortably for half-a-crown each per week. The most savoury and wholesome cookery requires the slowest fire. A sumptuous French dinner could be dressed with one-tenth of the fuel consumed by an English cook in broiling a few beef-steaks or mutton-chops.—*Dr. Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures.*

SCRAPS OF LITERATURE.

LETTERS.—Much curious speculation has been employed with regard to the invention of letters, both as to their author and the period of their invention. Many have supposed the Egyptians to have been the first nation that used them, and Thyoth of Pathrusim to have been their inventor. Others have supposed them to have been invented prior to the deluge, and to have been transmitted by Noah to his posterity. We think it a sufficient confutation of the latter opinion, that the descendants of Noah did not all understand the use of letters till they learned them a long time after the deluge; whereas there is no reason to suppose they would have lost the use of them had they been acquainted with them. In support of the other opinion, viz.; that letters had their origin in Egypt, there is no inconsiderable evidence. Pliny, while he attributes their origin to another source, acknowledges that others ascribe their authorship to the Egyptians, making Mercury their inventor. Diodorus, Plutarch, Cicero, Tertullian, and Plato, were of the same opinion. Kircher describes the very shape of the letters which he invented. Philo-Biblus, the translator of Sancho-niathon's history, quoted by Eusebius and Porphyry, mentions the commentaries of Taautus, or Thyoth and the sacred letters in which he wrote his books. Jamblicus speaks of a vast number of books by this same Taautus. And all antiquity agrees that the use of letters was very early in Egypt, and that Thyoth or Mercury was the first who used them. Now if Thyoth i. e. Pathrusim, the son of Misraim and grandson of Ham was the first in Egypt who used letters, we think he must have been their inventor. For it is not supposable that letters would not have been used before, had they been known. We must therefore conclude, from the tenour of all the evidence before us,

that letters were invented by Pathrusim the grandson of Ham; and that mankind are indebted to Egypt for this invaluable blessing. The idea that letters must have been known before the deluge, because there are certain short Antediluvian annals, finds a ready confutation in the fact of the great age of the Antediluvians, by which means the history of those times could be transmitted orally from the father to the son, by passing through very few hands; also in the fact, that annals can be preserved by symbols and hieroglyphics.

GEOMETRICAL CLASSIFICATION OF THE ALPHABET.

Circles.

O Q C G.

Angles.

X W M Y A N V.

Curve lines.

U S.

Straight lines.

I H L T E F K.

Straight and curve lines.

J D P B R R Z.

THE GEOMETRICAL ALPHABET.

The letters are just twenty-six;
Of sounds they are the signs;
We have a rule their forms to fix,
By circles, angles, lines.

The O and Q and C and G
Are circles turning round;
X, W, M, Y, A, N, V,
Sharp angles will be found.

Of different lines the rest are made,
Some straight and curv'd you'll see;
If good attention should be paid,
You'll soon learn A, B, C.

There's horizontal and upright,
And some are parallel;
You'll learn their forms almost at sight,
If angles you can tell.

The circles first we'll try to learn,
Of these there are but four;
Then seven angles come in turn,
That's more than half a score.
Ten more and five, all that remain,
Have straight and curved lines:
Our rule you'll find is very plain,
"THE LETTERS ARE THREE KINDS."

There's angles *sharp*, with lines that *slope*,
Round circles, lines all *straight*;
You'll learn them all quite soon, I hope;—
You'll not have long to wait.

This alphabet is to be taught by the use of the Black board, writing the letters according to their classification, and requiring the children to name them, and illustrating their forms in the same manner, by explaining the geometrical figures, viz:—circles and angles.

GEOMETRICAL ALPHABET.

Circles.
o c c g

Angles.
v y w x
Curve Lines.
a s

Straight Lines.
l i k

Straight, Curve, and Oblique Lines.
b p q d h t j f u n m r x

LANGUAGES FORGOTTEN.—Cases are recorded of the forgetfulness of a language constantly spoken, while one nearly forgotten from want of practice was recovered. A patient in St. Thomas's Hospital, who had been admitted with a brain fever, on his recovery spoke an unknown language to his attendants. A Welsh milkman happened to be in the ward, and recognised his native dialect; although the patient had left Wales in early youth, had resided thirty years in England, and had nearly forgotten his native tongue. Boerhaave relates a curious case of a Spanish poet, author of several excellent tragedies, who had so completely lost his memory in consequence of an acute fever, that he not only had forgotten the languages he had formerly cultivated, but even the alphabet, and was obliged to begin again to learn to read. His own former productions were shown to him, but he could not recognise them. Afterwards, however, he began once more to compose verses, which bore so striking a resemblance to his former writings, that he at length became convinced of his being the author of them.

GEMS.

PRAYER.—Prayer is not a smooth expression, or a well contrived form of words, not the product of a ready memory, or a rich invention exerting itself in the performance. These may draw the best picture of it, but still the life is wanting—the motion of the heart Godwards. Holy and divine affection makes prayer real and lively, and acceptable to the living God, to whom it is presented; the pouring out of the heart to him who made it, and understands what he speaks, and how it is affected on calling on him. It is not the gilded paper and good writing of a petition that prevails with a king, but the moving sense of it. And to the King who discerns the heart—heart-sense is the sense of all, and that which only he regards. He hastens to hear what that speaks, and takes all as nothing where that is silent. All other excellence in prayer is but the outside and fashioning of it; this is the life of it.—*Leighton*.

READERS.—Coleridge divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand: it runs in, and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge, which imbibes every thing, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slave in the diamond mines in Golconda, who casting aside all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gem.

DROUGHT.—The goodness and power of God are never, I believe, so universally acknowledged as at the end of a long drought. Man is naturally a self-sufficient animal, and in all concerns that seem to lie within the sphere of his own ability, thinks little, or not at all, of the need he always has of protection and furtherance from above. But he is sensible that the clouds will not assemble at his bidding, and that,

though the clouds assemble, they will not fall in showers because he commands them. When, therefore, at last, the blessing descends, you shall hear, even in the streets, the most irreligious and thoughtless with one voice exclaim, "Thank God!" confessing themselves indebted to his favour, and willing—at least so far as words go—to give him the glory. I can hardly doubt, therefore, that the earth is sometimes parched, and the crops endangered, in order that the multitude may not want a memento to whom they owe them, nor absolutely forget the Power on which all depend for all things.—*Cowper*.

SCRIPTURE LANGUAGE IN SERMONS.—To say nothing of the inimitable beauties of the Bible, considered in a literary view, which are universally acknowledged, it is the book which every devout man is accustomed to consider as the oracle of God; it is the companion of his best moments, and the vehicle of his strongest consolation. Intimately associated in his mind with every thing dear and valuable, its diction more powerfully excites devotional feelings than any other; and when temperately and soberly used, imparts an unction to a religious discourse which nothing else can supply. Besides, is there not room to apprehend that a studied avoidance of the Scripture phraseology, and a care to express all that it is supposed to contain in the forms of classical diction, might ultimately lead to the neglect of the Scriptures themselves, and a habit of substituting flashy and superficial declamation in the room of the saving truths of the Gospel? Such an apprehension is but too much verified by the most celebrated sermons of the French; and still more by modern compositions in our own language which usurp that title. For devotional impression, we conceive that a very considerable tincture of the language of Scripture, or at least such a colouring as shall discover an intimate acquaintance with those inimitable models, will generally succeed best.—*R. Hall*.

EASTERN ABOMINATIONS.

THOUGH the substantive part of this title is now considered and used as a very strong one, yet it is not so in the original; and the original meaning is clear, whereas the secondary or stronger one is very vague. We therefore use it in the original and clear sense, which is simply that one "turns away from the augury," shuns the thing or the practice, because mischief is dreaded; and, if the dread is well founded, the fact of abominating is justifiable and wholesome. With this understanding of the word, it is our intention occasionally to notice some of the more palpable public abominations, whether at home or abroad; and in so doing we at least hope to render some small service to the cause of morality and religion.

If the abomination is found only where Christianity has not yet come in its power, then it witnesses to the value of the Christian religion generally; and if it appears only under certain forms and phases of the temporal framework of an establishment, then we have a practical groundwork for comparing that with others in which the same abomination is not to be found.

In doing this we have no wish or intention of censuring one part of the human race and praising another; for we believe that, until they "receive impressions," they are all very much alike. It is this, indeed, which alone gives us any hope of success in our attempts to improve mankind, either in knowledge or in conduct. If the distinction were inherent, born with the individuals, there would be no hope; because the character would be fixed before we could apply even the first element of our teaching. But, as all, or nearly all, depends on the impressions, and as we have the selection and control of these from the very beginning, we must share largely in the blame of those who suffer in consequence of our neglect or blundering. In practice, indeed, we manage matters somewhat differently, we veil the disposing cause and the temptation, call down the indignation of the law upon the mere instrument of the crime, (for such is often the fact,) and then give thanks "that we are not like other men:" but of this some other time; so to our present subject.

Our ultimate object is a practical demonstration of this proposition; "That wherever the Christian religion is established, and in proportion as its rites and observances approximate that simplicity and purity which were initiated and exemplified by its Divine Founder, crime is displayed wholly as human crime, and charged home upon the guilty parties, as their own personal and inexcusable act, without the plea of superstition, established custom, or any other bandage whatever wherewithal to tie up the eyes of justice."

This being borne in mind, we proceed to our proofs and illustrations. It has been sometimes

said that the Hindû superstition is an intellectual religion; and the science of the Brahmins has been appealed to as a proof. Now the only proof that science has a good origin is, the good effect which it produces on the people; and we are not aware of any thing but superstition, and superstition which a red man of the American forests would treat with ridicule, being promoted by Brahminical science.

There is hardly a crime which may not be committed with even professional regularity, and yet the perpetrator may continue a saint of the purest description. We shall select only three; THUGGER, or systematic murder for its own sake; DACCATTEE, or midnight plunder, accompanied by murder if necessary; and DHERNA, which in effect means the defying or putting aside of the law by incantations, generally of the most revolting and horrid description—the mode is, that they are performed in cold blood, and in the full belief that the Trinitri, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, or some of them, or their wives and families (for they are literally household gods) will approve the deed and grant the request. At present we confine ourselves to the last mentioned:

DHERNA.

Dherna is resorted to for the purpose of enforcing or of avoiding the law; and the same form of it may, we believe, be practised for either purpose. Murder, immolation of some kind or other, is always the ultimate result pointed at; but the murder of some one connected with the practiser of the Dherna, and not the party against whom it is practised. There are three forms of it, besides some subordinate ones and modifications. For the sake of shortness, we shall call them by *Begum*, by *Brahmin*, and by *Coor*.

Begum, is generally practised to keep off the law, or to insure revenge in cases where the party is unable to take it forcibly, *vi et armis*. The women of the establishment are seized by their male friends, and the dagger is ready brandished, or the poisoned chalice prepared for each; it depending entirely on the conduct of the party against whom the menace is made, whether these shall or shall not be applied with mortal effect. If the officer of justice advances to do that which the law entitles him to do, then the murder is committed, and the punishment falls on him; and if the party that has given offence does not make the stipulated reparation, which is generally not easy, and often quite impossible, then he is in the same predicament. Persons of purer faith would defy this superstition; but it is as firmly believed in by the threatened in these cases as by the threatener; and thus the terror which it produces is great, and very often produces the effect. No conduct of a man's own can fall upon him

with half the effect which this murder is believed to have both in this world and in the next. Nothing earthly can prosper with him, or with any of his race; every disease shall assail their bodies, every mishap shall come on their possessions; and when they can bear no more, then death shall consign them over to eternal torment.

Horrible as this seems, there are still some remains of it in this country. The "evil eye," and all the other baneful influences of sorcery and witchcraft, are still believed in in some parts of the kingdom. There supernatural powers of mischief are also always ascribed to the physically feeble, to the most harmless of all human beings, aged and decrepid females. They are even given to animals. A hare, for instance, is one of the most timid of living creatures; and yet there are still places where the body or foot of a hare is more dreaded than an invading army would be; and we have known of fifty fishermen being sealed up in their houses, for an entire day, during "the prime of the fishing," by the simple circumstance of a roguish boy driving a black pig along in front of the said houses.

We have also much closer imitations of this power of Dherma than these mentioned. Half the suicides which are committed are really produced by a principle which is analogous; and the instances in which persons of ill-regulated minds and turbulent passions, threaten this sort of Dherma upon themselves are almost innumerable. The depravity which prompts this is precisely of the same kind with that which leads to the murder of another, only it is dashed with cowardice, and thus it is characteristic of a lower value of mind, or rather a more degrading species of mental misculture.

Coor is generally practised with a view of enforcing a demand of some kind or other, such as the payment of a debt, the recovery of property, or generally the satisfaction of any demand which the party making it has not the power to enforce. This, like *Begum*, may, we believe, be practised by all castes; though "who" shall practise either, and against "whom," is not, we believe, an open question. One of higher caste can always inform against one of lower; and, as the caste is that of the performer and not the party employing him, this is, in some instances, the only way in which a low caste Hindû can get justice at the hands of a high caste one.

Coor is a very revolting exhibition. A pile of dry and inflammable wood is built up before the door of the party operated upon; and on the top of this pile a cow or an old woman is placed—the former in the most terrible cases, in consequence of the superior sanctity of the animal. The performing party attends ready with a burning torch; and if the other does not consent to, and satisfy the demand in time, the pile is lighted, and the victim is in a moment enveloped in the flames,

without possibility of being saved. The consequences of this, especially in the case of a cow, are held to be of the most direful nature; and therefore *Coor* is never mentioned by a believer, but with fear and trembling, and suppression of the breath.

The *Brahmin* is also a very curious matter, though not quite so revolting to a stranger as either of the other two. Indeed, if it were not for the depth of superstition which it involves, we should be apt to see a good deal of the ludicrous in it. The ludicrous is the prevailing character of all such incantations which have not cruelty in them; at least in places and among people where nobody has any faith in them; but as the ignorant are very prone to such faith, in all ages and nations, even the innocent imitation of incantation is a very questionable means of producing mirth.

One of the modes of this form of Dherma, consists in the Dherma standing at the door with a great stone on his head, until he shall either sink under its pressure, or force the other party into a compliance with the demand for which he performs the Dherma. Among us, the fact of a man coming to stand before the door with a big stone on his head, as a means of obtaining payment of a debt, or a compliance with any other demand, would appear very absurd; but suffering voluntary pain is a great means of sanctity among the Hindûs; and any one who is, under any circumstances, the means of causing injury to one engaged in these penances is understood to suffer most unavoidably and most seriously for the same.

The most characteristic mode of this form of Dherma is that in which the Brahmin performs the operation in his own person, prepared for death certainly, and ready to inflict it on himself; but not without some act on the part of those against whom he acts. This is chiefly resorted to for the obtaining of debts due, when the debtor is such that the creditor cannot reach him by the ordinary power of the law, or when a Brahmin of high caste has *found* property belonging to others. In this case, by the law of Menu, he keeps the whole of the property, or five sixths of it; and in a country where Ducait robbery is not a very serious inroad upon that hereditary sanctity which a Brahmin derives from his birth, "found" property is by no means difficult to be obtained; and it cannot be recovered by any process in the Hindû courts.

The object here is to find a Brahmin of as high, or higher caste, than he who has the property; and this is seldom a matter of much difficulty; because, though such a Brahmin is much more sacred than a prince, he may be the most abject beggar in the village. Being found, and engaged, he provides himself with a dagger, a bowl of poison, or both; and watching till he is sure that the party is within his dwelling, he sits down before the door, with his dagger or his

poison-cup full in view ; but not one word he utters, and not a single menace does he offer to any living creature.

Still, the fact of his being there is a most serious matter. If the other party tries to escape, the Brahmin plunges the dagger into his own heart, or drinks the poison ; and in either case he very soon expires, and by so doing inflicts temporal misery and eternal damnation on the other party. Even the temporal punishment is severe enough, for there is a loss of caste, a total exclusion from present society, and no alternative but to join those outcasts whose very shadow is pollution, and who are not suffered to enter the village. This is more than can well be borne ; and therefore very few endeavour to make their escape from the Brahmin.

This leads to "the tug of war," which, in the event of a resolute debtor, or other holder of property, may last for a considerable time. The Brahmin neither eats nor drinks ; and for the master of the house to do either while a Brahmin is fasting in Dherna at the door, would be as certain and prolonged misery as the escape. The Brahmin's mercies are as those of the kind described by the satirical bard,—

"To wage fierce battle with his teeth,
And fight his stubborn guts to death."

But even though the party had bowels of iron, or powers of abstinence equal to that of a toad, it would avail him nothing. The battle of starving is not an equal one. If the man on whom the Brahmin sets dies, no harm ensues to the

Brahmin ; while the man must bear the consequences of dying in his obstinacy and his sins, without the least benefit from salgrum stone, sacred service, or cow-dung ; and therefore his case is a very hopeless one. On the other hand, if he should outstand the Brahmin, which from the abstemious habits of that caste is not to be done but by a very desperate effort, the consequences are the same as if he had, by an attempted escape, driven his holy gaoler to the use of the dagger or the poison. On earth, he loses caste, whatever that may be, and is driven to the pariahs, while there is no hope for him in the next world. Whenever, therefore, the Brahmin once takes his station at the door in Dherna, there is no means of escape for any one who is a Hindû, but by satisfying the demand if he is able, or trying to compound it if he is not.

In those parts of India which are near British influence, these practices are not now very common ; but in former times they were general ; and they are still not unfrequent in the remote parts. It is difficult to imagine a state of mental depravity more degrading than this ; and when we think of it we cease to wonder why the vast proportion of so fine a country as India, has, in all ages, been an easy prey to any warrior who dared to invade their territory. Now that the sources of internal disturbance are nearly dried up, it is to be hoped that British example, and especially the zealous and judicious introduction of Christianity, will heal many of these mental and moral diseases ; and, on many accounts, they deserve this at the hand of Britain.

HYMN AT SUNSET AMONG THE ALPS.

[We know not who is the intelligent author of these beautiful verses, but they are surely deserving of a more lasting record than among the ephemeral columns of passing criticism.]

On Thou who hast thine altar made

On every mountain's brow ;
Whose temple is the forest's shade,
Its arch, the forest's bough ;

Thou hast ever listened when we prayed,
And thou wilt hear us now.

Full kingly is thy royal grace

On the wide world poured forth ;
From the sunny-south, "in pride of place,"
To the icy-girded north ;
The glorious beauty of thy face
Doth shine upon the earth.

To each—to all—thy bounty flows,
Full, boundless, deep, and free ;
Thou hast flowers for earth, and stars for heaven,
And gems for the blue sea ;
And for us our everlasting hills,
And hearts which dauntless be.

More hast thou given, oh, God ! yet more
Than our spirits true and bold ;
And our mighty mountain sentinels,
Those watchers stern and old—
The shadow of a glorious past
Our memory doth enfold.

That little band of shepherd men,
Who left their flocks with thee,

And, strong in heart, went boldly forth

To make our mountains free—

Thy hand was with their steadfast worth,
And they won the victory.

And they, the saints of later time,

Who dwelt in places lone,
And wandering exiles for their faith,
Through toil and famine, fight and death,
Their martyr-crowns have won,—
'Twas thou received their fleeting breath,
And they sit beneath thy throne.

Forsake us not, but as of old

So let our spirits be ;
And give us still the courage bold
To keep our mountains free ;
And our ancestral faith to hold,
Wherewith we worship thee.

The cattle on a thousand hills,

The feeble and the small—

We leave throughout the silent night,

Nor fear lest harm befall ;
For thou who blest the patriarch's store,
Wilt guard and keep them all.

Praise from the mountain's lordly crest,

Praise from the valley lone,

For all our daily blessedness,
For our bright ones who are gone,
To thee, the mightiest, wisest, best,
The great eternal One !

SPECIMEN OF A NEW DICTIONARY.—No. II.

ASTROLOGY.—The ancient recipe for acquiring foresight without knowledge or reflection.

BIGOTRY.—The Typhon of the church. The parallelism between the more striking features of heathen mythology and the chief characteristics of corrupt Christianity is often startling, and remarkably illustrates the unchangeable nature of human depravity. Mark the identity of Typhon (who also rejoices in the *aliases* of Enceladus, and Typhæus) with bigotry. 1. He was a giant. 2. He was the son of Tartarus and Terra—"hell and earth." 3. He had a hundred serpent or dragon heads. 4. Flames of devouring fire darted from his eyes and mouth, and his voice resembled the yells of all discordant animals. 5. He laid snares for his peaceful, religious, and useful brother Osiris; misrepresented the nature and objects of his benevolent enterprise; poisoned the public mind against him; and murdered him at his return. 6. Jupiter was compelled to hurl his most dreadful thunderbolts in order to put him to flight. 7. But even in his vanquished and imprisoned state, the flames of Etna are his breath, and earthquakes result from his merely changing the posture of his body. 8. His emblem was a wolf and a crocodile—"hypocrisy and ferocity." To point out the resemblance between the two worthies in question, would be an insult to the reader's *organ* of comparison: it is more than a family-likeness; it is perfect identity. Bigotry is Enceladus "christened"—Typhæus in canonicals. Typhon "writ large." "Bigotry fell down and broke his leg," says Bunyan, and devoutly adds, "I wish he had broken his neck." Let us hope that his neck is yet destined for this, or some other visitation equally efficacious.

COINCIDENCES.—Who has not often been struck with the occurrence of events, each of which was quite unexpected, but the coincidence, the falling together of which at the same time, seemed to be beyond the course of nature, the bounds of probability, and the whole doctrine of contingencies? Events appear to occur in cycles. Not only do they seem to come from different quarters of the globe to the same point, but it would seem as if, at parting, they asked each other, like Macbeth's witches, "When shall we three meet again?" and as if they punctually kept their appointment; and they do this although they do not appear to be linked, or connected by the remotest affinity. And not only do individual events thus come together, but whole series, two or three distinct courses of events, do the same: not only is the fabled wheel of fortune seen—the vision of prophecy is realized—a wheel within a wheel. On this principle we believe Dr. Croly's volume entitled "Divine Providence, or the three cycles of Revelation," is constructed. His object is to raise a new evidence for the Gospel—to prove that "Christianity is the direct work of Providence,"

by showing that the leading facts of Christian history have been the leading facts of the two former dispensations, Judaism and the Patriarchal religion; and that those facts have occurred in the three, not merely in essence, but with the same purpose, and in the same order. Coincidences in ordinary life are familiar to all. We ourselves have sometimes met in the course of our reading with a strange word, or a new technical term; and before we have done wondering about it, we meet with it again, and again, and again, in three different books, and in immediate succession. We think of an early acquaintance whom we have not seen for twelve years, and scarcely thought of for twelve months—and, while he is yet in our thoughts, we meet with a friend who inquires when last we heard of him—or, on returning home, there is a letter just arrived from him. After being all our life unacquainted with some particular fact—we meet with it two or three times in conversation and reading on the same day. A discovery in science is made—the search of ages—but no sooner is it announced than two or three individuals, living in different and distant countries, appear to have made the same discovery at the same time. The great discovery respecting the nervous system by Sir Charles Bell and a Signor Carlobelli has been remarked on by others as a striking coincidence; for not only was the same discovery made simultaneously, but by two individuals whose very names, be it observed, are nearly alike. Well do we remember the way in which our attention was first directed to the doctrine of coincidences; though many other things of much greater importance, we fear, have, since then, been forgotten. We were riding with a friend through Gracechurch-street on the outside of a stage, when a person on the pavement, speaking of a man at the corner of the street, in a passion, exclaimed, "his monkey is up, however." We asked our friend the origin of the phrase; but as he was as much in the dark as ourselves we had nothing to do but to speculate about it. By the time we reached the old London-bridge we had discussed the merits of two or three hypotheses, and had dismissed them. Before we could start another, our attention was attracted by the operation of driving the piles, —visible from the top of the coach—for the erection of the new bridge. The ponderous weight belonging to the machine used for driving the piles was about to descend on a pile, when instantly it flashed on our mind that the origin of the phrase was bodily before us. Though we had never seen the machine before, we suddenly remembered that it was called "a monkey," and in the enormous weight wound up to the utmost height, and about to fall with a crushing force, we saw a vivid illustration of the reason why one is to beware of a man when "his monkey is up."

But this was not all—for, immediately afterwards, on opening a pocket Dictionary of general knowledge which we held in our hand, and which we opened without any reference to the coincidence named, the very first word that met our eye was, "Monkey—a machine used for driving large piles of wood." What a strange collection of coincidences would be found in the history of courtships and marriages!

But singular as many coincidences are, their occurrence is not unaccountable. We do not find it necessary to suppose the immediate and arbitrary interposition of Providence, on the one hand; nor, on the other, do we abandon such occurrences to chance: for we believe that, though we seem to stand amidst an infinite number of events in lawless and incessant whirl, like the dancing motes of a sunbeam, yet, like those motes, each of all these events obeys a law impressed on it by the omnipotent hand of God. The number of events that cross the path of every individual is immense. Each of them, like a planet, has an orbit of its own; and as long as they move at medium distances from each other, they might pass and repass by myriads unnoticed. But when, like two planets, any of them come for a moment into conjunction, we are filled with astonishment; and yet, could we only keep an account of the myriads that never coincide, we should find probably that those which do, were only just the fair proportion, and not one more.

It has become almost proverbial that the romance of real life exceeds the romance of the imagination. The reason is plain. Events are

of two kinds—those of an *average*, and those of an *extreme* character. But as average events form the great bulk, they become a standard by which the mind measures whatever comes and claims its belief. The writer of fiction, therefore, if he wishes to be read, must not depart very far from that standard of probability formed out of the average struck from the general current of events. But this very average implies that there are extremes; and when Reality takes such extremes, we *must* believe them; the only liberty then left us, is to wonder as much and as long as ever we please. For example, were a person in London unexpectedly to encounter an old friend in the street, whom he had not seen for ten or twenty years, it would be simply remarkable: were a writer of fiction to say that the encounter occurred twice—on the same day—and in different and distant parts of the city, he would be making a sufficient demand on our credulity; to exceed this would be outraging probability. And yet reality has exceeded it. A person—himself a stranger in town—accidentally met an old friend who was also a mere visiter in town; and, after parting, with the idea that they should never shake hands again, they met on the same day at the distance of some miles from the spot of their first interview, in the suburbs; and after again parting full of wonder at this singular coincidence, one of them entered the room of an inn at night just at the moment the other was astonishing two or three friends with an account of the strange occurrence.

THE PORTRAIT.

A SKETCH.

This picture must surely raise my reputation as a painter beyond the region of doubt, thought the youthful and aspiring artist, as he zealously plied his pencil, and had nearly completed the "last sitting."—

Bright visions of public applause, distinguished success, and high patronage, crowded into his head, which was nearly as scantily supplied as his purse, except with what had reference to painters, paintings, &c.; till at length the work was finished; and, oh! the trying moment, when it was submitted to the inspection of the family, the father of which the portrait in question was intended to represent.

"Oh! isn't it exactly like Pa!"—"oh! oh! isn't it like him?" was the cry which was raised and reiterated by the younger branches of the family.

The artist, who was in the back-ground of the group, with his palette on his arm, breathed, and wiped his brow, while these amiable young persons rung the changes of their approbation, which to his ear was most delicious music. "Yes," said

mamma, "it certainly does the artist great credit; but he has not flattered you, my dear," turning to her husband; "there's a fierceness of expression which is not natural to you: I think, Sir," added she, addressing the painter, "if you could give a smile to the countenance, it would be more striking, as it would then convey an idea of Mr. H——'s benevolent look." "Yes," he replied, scarcely knowing how to meet the suggestion; for in truth Mr. H——'s head, although by no means intellectual in appearance, was far from expressing the milder emotions to which she alluded, "it is natural that you should wish to see in the picture the look which is habitually directed to yourself, and if you could be present in the room as a mark for Mr. H——'s attention while I retouch the portrait, perhaps the alteration you wish might be effected."

Before the lady could reply, her eldest son entered the room. "Well Charles, what do you think of it?" said his father, observing that he stood mute. "Why," said Charles, with a few

doubtful glances, alternately from his father to the portrait, I think it will be like, but—it's difficult to say—indeed it would be unfair to pass an opinion before it is finished." "Yes, yes," echoed old Dr. — the family physician, who happened to be present, "it is only children and fools that wish to see these things before they are completed." Here the painter exchanged looks with Mrs. H—, (who had manifested the most trying impatience to see it from its commencement,) not without observing that she had a little more than her usual colour. The son, meanwhile, took up a book, which seemed to be the object that occasioned his visit to the apartment, and walked indifferently away, saying, "of course it will be very different when it is done." And as the door closed behind him, the blank look of the artist betrayed the emotions of disappointment and vexation which had put to flight the gay fancies he had been indulging.

Mr. H—, who till now had suspended his remarks upon the work, asked, "Is the hair to remain thus?" adding that he ought to have run a comb through it while it was in progress, and was proceeding to elicit from the painter his ultimate intentions respecting the cravat, &c., when he was interrupted by the servant, who announced a visitor, Mr. C—. This gentleman was scarcely half through the ceremony of salutation, and was remarking "what delightful weather we have," when his attention was arrested by the portrait.

"Bless me! why that's yourself, sir," he exclaimed, looking Mr. H— hard in the face, "I declare you and it are as like as two brickbats, except that it's rather too red for you. It's an astonishing likeness—but don't think there's quite enough slate in the hair."

"One would think, C—, that you were a bricklayer: can't you command more poetical similitudes than bricks roofed with slate?" observed Mr. H—.

"Well then, twilight," rejoined Mr. C—, "or grey, if you will; you know I don't flatter you, old boy; we are going down the hill now, eh?" said he, familiarly inserting his elbow into his friend's ribs. "But upon my word," he proceeded, again inspecting the portrait, "it is as like as any thing I ever saw in my life, with one exception, and that was a portrait of my father, that was done some years before he died, by a self-taught artist, I forget his name, a most astonishing likeness it was. Yes, that's decidedly good, but I must say, I think it flatters you a little."—"Yes, I'm inclined to think the painter has done me justice," answered Mr. H—, looking towards the latter as he spoke, just as this victim of opinion and caprice was silently thinking that hope was like "a reed shaken with the wind," one moment prostrate, and the next erect.

The look, however, which Mr. H— directed towards him, served as an introduction to Mr.

C—, who, with an air of familiar condescension, proceeded to say to him, "Well, sir, I'm sure this picture does you infinite credit, but there's just one thing that struck me as soon as I looked at it, if I may be allowed to make a remark—I don't profess to be a judge, therefore won't pretend to pass an opinion; though I used to be very partial to the art at one time, but don't be guided by what I say, but still—you'll excuse me, don't you think that shade over the eye is just a thought too strong?"

"Do you mean *this* eye?" answered the painter, pointing with his pencil: "Aye," replied the visitor, "just the least in the world."—"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. H—, "pray do not touch that eye, if any thing it is the most like of the two."—"No, my dear madam," rejoined Mr. C—, with a slight appearance of confusion, and turning to the artist again, he added, "you didn't understand me to mean *that* eye?" "Then you mean *this*," obsequiously answered the latter, and touched gently (to all appearance) for some minutes about the eye in question.

"That's a wonderful improvement," vociferated the critic exultingly, as the painter withdrew from the picture; "that touch has altered the character of the whole face,—that's an amazing improvement,—I could not have supposed it would have made such a difference—positively, ladies and gentlemen, I couldn't desire to see any thing more perfect. By the way, have you seen Mr. Owen's portrait? it's the most surprising thing I ever saw in my life, with one exception, and that is, the likeness of my poor old father I mentioned to you—Oh! it's prodi—" here the door opened again and Mrs. L— was ushered into the room.

A few minutes, of course elapsed, while the family satisfied themselves as to the state of Mrs. L.'s health, &c., but as soon as they could decently glide from this important point, they directed her attention to the portrait, while she took her seat upon the sofa.

She then looked at it for a few moments, as if doubtful what to say, casting an inquiring glance round the circle, in an evident endeavour to come at the sense of the company on the subject, from which to take her cue. At length, turning to the former visitor, she ejaculated, "It is not meant for you, sir, is it?"

This observation produced a laugh from some, surprise in others, and mortification in all, especially the artist, who was now heart-sick, and turned towards the window, like a leech from the salt.

"My dear madam, just look again," said Mr. C—, "it's a most admirable likeness;" and then the lady, finding she was against the stream, began to edge round. "Why yes," she replied, "now I come to look at it again, I see who it is meant for; Oh! yes, to be sure," she continued, "There's the forehead exactly—and also the hair,"

and now, placing herself in a remote corner of the apartment, she exclaimed with great apparent delight, "Bless me, I declare, as I stand here, I see the likeness is very strong."

"To be sure, ma'am, that's just what I said," shouted Mr. C——, "it's strong and striking;" at the same time addressing the original, and bending his body into a graceful curve, to take a telescopic view of the picture through his hand, he said, "just look at it this way, my dear sir, it really looks like reality."

"I should be afraid of a crick in my neck, sir," answered his friend, drily.

Not exactly relishing the quiz, the self-complacent critic again addressed the tortured painter, who was preparing to leave the scene.

"I dare say," he observed, "you find a great difference in point of facility in drawing various faces?" "Nearly as much as in the opinions passed

upon them when drawn," was the laconic and somewhat sulky reply.

"Ah!" retorted the former, "no doubt you are often greatly annoyed by the remarks which you are obliged to hear; that's one reason why I should never be able to endure your profession." "Truly, sir," returned the painter, with an air of quiet indifference, "there are few pleasures without some alloy; but those of painting are far more than a balance for its pains; and as to the grievance you allude to, one becomes accustomed to it; and besides, patience, like most other virtues, acquires strength by exercise."

By this time he had reached the door of the room, and having taken his leave, walked abstractedly down stairs. Emerging from the hall, he took precisely the direction which did *not* lead to his home, and had proceeded nearly a mile before he discovered his mistake.

A SCOTTISH SACRAMENT.

CHAPTER II.

PRAYER being ended, and the congregation seated, Dr. S. opened the Bible, and read as the text of a sermon appropriate for the morning of a communion Sabbath, the ninth verse of the thirteenth chapter of Hosea;—"O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help."

This text enabled Dr. S. to expand and illustrate the same doctrines which he had touched upon in his prayer. The fallen condition of man was clearly proved both by reason and by revelation: and it was shown with equal force and conviction, that if man could not, of his own strength, continue in purity of obedience to the Divine law whilst he himself was in a state of innocence, much less can he of his own strength return to such obedience after he has once departed from the law. That, in consequence of this, the sentence of condemnation is naturally upon the whole human race, and that though in the sight of men there are distinctions of good conduct and of evil conduct, yet in the sight of God all mankind are sinners, and to him even the purity of the natural man is iniquity.

I must confess that I was never before so forcibly struck with the consciousness of the universality of sin in the sight of God, and the utter impossibility of salvation, and the delivery from the bondage and the punishment of this sin, except through the mediation of one capable of suffering as man, and at the same time saving as God; Jesus Christ, the atonement, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world to take away the sins of the people; "O Israel, *thou* hast destroyed *thyself*; but in *me* is thy help." These are words of the most important instruction and of the most delightful consolation; for he who convinces us of sin, at the same time makes known to us the way of salvation.

The day had become so oppressively hot that, though the windows were thrown open, the crowd in the low-roofed church was so close, that Dr. S. felt a little pause necessary in the middle of his sermon, the more especially as that sermon was only the beginning of his professional labours for the day. It was therefore necessary that he should husband his strength in order to preserve equal energy throughout. Accordingly, when he had established in the clearest manner man's degeneracy, and utter inability to help himself, he proposed a short pause, during which the assembled people should again sing to the praise of their God.

The hymn which he selected for this purpose was Dr. Logan's beautiful paraphrase on the first twelve verses of the forty-second chapter of the evangelical prophet Isaiah, in which there is a very sublime delineation of the coming, the power, and the goodness of the Messiah, and the final blessing of the whole earth by the establishment of his kingdom, even to the remotest isles of the ocean. Dr. S. read the whole hymn; and there was one stanza which produced a most heart-thrilling effect. It was that which describes the deliverance of mankind from sin through the atoning blood of the Redeemer:—

"Asunder burst the gates of brass,
The iron fetters fall;
And glorious light and liberty
Are straight restored to all."

Almost immediately follows the portion which was sung by the congregation:—

"Sing to the Lord, in cheerful strains,
Let earth his praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around."

O city of the Lord, begin
The universal song,
And let the scattered villages
The cheerful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up her lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the rock
In accents rude rejoice ;

Till, 'mid the streams of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise ;
And all combined, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise."

My companion sung those spirit-stirring stanzas with tenfold more emotion than he did the former ones ; and in this he only agreed with the far greater part of the congregation, for all had now begun to feel the spirit of the solemn service in which they were engaged.

Nor was this spirit less conspicuously displayed in the preacher himself. To bring " glad tidings of great joy," is the most delightful part of the public duty of a Christian minister ; and when Dr. S. endeavoured to bring home to his congregation the proper feeling of the words, " In me is thine help," that heart must have been hard indeed which would not have answered to his appeal. He set forth in the most lively manner the great goodness and unspeakable condescension of the Son of the most high God, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father and the Holy Spirit, in consenting to dwell upon earth, and take upon him the frailty of human nature, in order that he might make, for fallen man, the only atonement which the broken law of God admitted. He established, in the clearest manner, the truth of this delightful portion of the revealed will of God ; he pointed out that this is a matter of the heart, a matter of faith and not of speculation, and that faith in Jesus Christ, communicated by free grace, is the only ground of salvation, the only plea which any one of the human race can have for acceptance in the sight of God. But while he showed, in a most convincing manner, that this salvation by grace through faith, is the only salvation in the sight of God, he also showed that other evidence is necessary in the sight of men ; and that they who claim to be the children of the Most High by regeneration, must walk as becomes his children, and let the power of religion be made manifest through the whole tenour of their lives. Thus clearly establishing, that though good conduct is not in itself religion, or in anywise meritorious in the sight of God, as saving men from sin ; yet that the holy commandment is so binding upon the conduct, that a man whose life is not pure, can have no part or lot in that pardon and atonement which were purchased by the blood of the Saviour. This close connexion between sound doctrine and purity of life was pointed out in a manner exceedingly clear and highly impressive ; and the effect which it produced upon

the congregation was as delightful as it was striking.

My companion, to whom such a display was nearly new, was, so to express it, ears all over ; and though he of course received the information only by the natural inlets of spoken language, yet it seemed to tell upon every feature and every limb. He remained silent and motionless, and only appeared to feel a transient touch of regret, when the imploring of God's blessing upon the instruction intended to be communicated by this part of the service, showed that it was at an end. Hitherto it had been only preparation ; but now Dr. S. descended from the pulpit, in order to declare the sacred authority for the solemn rites of the Supper, and the encouragement of the worthy to the Lord's table, and the warning of the unworthy of their danger in approaching the same. The words of the institution are in St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, the eleventh chapter, from the twenty-third verse :—" For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread ; and when he had given thanks he brake it, and said, Take, eat, this is my body, which is broken for you : this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood ; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body."

This portion of sacred Scripture contains in itself the whole institution of the Sacrament of the Last Supper, and the invitation to the worthy to partake, and the warning to the unworthy from partaking of the same. But though the words are clear and expressive, the application of them to individuals is not for mortal man to decide upon, how wise and how good soever he may be. Real religion is between God and the conscience ; and it remains alone with Him who is the searcher of hearts to say who is truly worthy and who is unworthy of partaking in the solemn rite of the Christian religion.

Dr. S. evidently felt that he stood before the assembled multitude only as a counsellor in these matters and not as a judge ; and therefore, though with great earnestness and ability he set light and darkness before them, and delineated all the acts of external conduct by which worthiness or unworthiness may be known, he made no personal allusion, but left the conscience to bear

witness in the sight of God to the effect and truth of God's own word, as declared by the inspired apostle.

The invitation to the worthy to sit down at the holy table, and commemorate the great sacrifice made for sin by the Redeemer, was most encouraging; and it was addressed to all ages, ranks, and conditions, without distinction, upon the well-grounded principle that, if equally blessed with the faith delivered to the saints, all mankind are equal in the sight of God. The young, who were then to communicate for the first time, the aged, whose last sacrament, and probably whose last Sabbath it might be, together with those in the prime and vigour of life, were all equally remembered, and equally encouraged by the devoted and discriminating minister.

The discourse was in fact a paraphrase or commentary on that part of the sacred volume which had been read; and when Dr. S. came to that portion of it which throws the burden and the responsibility off the minister and upon the people themselves, he was peculiarly impressive. "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup." This examination, without which no man can in a profitable manner take into his hands the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of the Son of God, is an individual matter, and must and can be performed only by each for himself. But in this, as in all other matters, instruction may be given, and the counsel of the wise and the experienced may lead the young and the ignorant to the knowledge of the truth. This was the view of the matter taken up by Dr. S. He examined no one; he passed sentence upon no one individually; but he set forth in the plainest language and the most forcible manner, how the grand business of self-examination should be performed, in order that every one may know, and assure himself, how he stands in the sight of that All-seeing and All-searching Being, "to whom the secrets of all hearts be open."

At this part of the doctor's address, I observed that my companion was deeply affected; for his moistened eyes were riveted on the speaker, and there was upon his countenance a far more intense glow than I ever had observed when we were studying the beauties of nature together. Then came the warning, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh condemnation, or severe reproof (for so the original may be rendered,) to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." Unexplained, the denunciation contained in this passage is terrible; for, as we use the word "damnation" only in reference to the final retribution of the wicked in the abodes of never-ending woe, the word taken in this meaning would deter the feeble-minded and the faltering from the holy table, and from those blessings of the heart and ameliorations of the life which

spring from communion there. But Dr. S. showed clearly that though unworthy communicating is a grievous sin, as contemning the free grace of the Redeemer, and coming to his holy table with lying lips and a heart of guile, it is still not unpardonable; but that the power and the goodness of the Divine Author of our holy religion, can save and deliver at the last hour, and pluck "as brands out of the burning," those who stand upon the very verge of destruction. This is one of the peculiar excellences of the Christian religion: it is sin, and it is suffering—more than they who are without God in the world can tell, to delay the covenant of the Redeemer, for one day or even for one hour; but still, his loving-kindness is to the latest moment of the human span; and he can give salvation even when the grave is yawning for the sincere penitent. Who is a God like unto our God, long-suffering in kindness, whose mercy is for thousands, and endureth for ever!

Dr. S. was peculiarly earnest in impressing upon his numerous and attentive congregation the necessity of "discerning the Lord's body," in order to a worthy participation in the holy sacrament of the Supper; and on this part of the subject he took occasion to set before them the crucified Redeemer in the most lively manner, but in strict accordance with what is declared in the sacred Scriptures. In the delivery, this part of his address seemed exceedingly short; but it was too long for my transcription, and too fine for my memory. Suffice it to say, that it was a faithful and forcible delineation of God the Saviour in all that he did and suffered to deliver mankind from the torment of never-ending misery; and none could hear such a delineation without the most fervent prayer that God would make them his "in the day when he maketh up his jewels."

The warning to the unworthy was more brief than the encouragement to those of an opposite character; for there seemed a hearty, though sustained and sober feeling, on the part of the doctor, that the many years of his zealous ministry in the parish of B— had not been spent in vain. Still, however, the chief points of disqualification for a place at the holy table were touched upon; and among the rest the sin of families who know not the Lord, and do not bend the knee to him in family devotion, was especially insisted upon. I saw Tom Allan's lip quivering, and tears rolling in fast succession down his cheeks, for he was the son of a prayerless father, though a father of orderly conduct in the world's estimation; but I said nothing; I felt that Tom's eternal interests were in better hands than mine.

The address was at last concluded; and while Dr. S. slowly and solemnly descended to the tables, for the sake of putting into the hands of the people seated there the symbols of the

broken body and shed blood of the Redeemer, the congregation filled up the pause by singing a hymn; and in so far as my young judgment went it was most appropriate. It ran thus:—

"Twas on that night, when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which he was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread,

And, after thanks and glory given
To him that rules in earth and heaven,
The symbols of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke:—

My broken body thus I give,
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.

Then in his hand the cup he raised,
And God anew he thanked and praised;
While kindness in his bosom glowed,
And from his lips salvation flowed.

My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heaven's eternal grace reveal'd.

With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour
In memory of my dying hour."

Before the singing of this hymn was concluded, Dr. S. had broken the bread, and tasted the wine, after having, in appropriate terms, implored the blessing of Almighty God upon the ordinance; and he handed to the elders of the congregation, and they to the people seated at the table. The silence during this part of the service of the day was so deep, that had a grain of sand fallen it would have sounded on the floor, and all present were held as by enchantment. Though it was not new to me, I felt it strongly; but upon my companion it had a more powerful influence, and seemed to engross his whole soul. Indeed, I never saw one so young enter so deeply into the spirit of religious rites, of which, like myself, he was only a spectator; and that day, as well as other days, have very strongly impressed me with the great importance of social worship, wherein "every man helpeth his neighbour, and saith to his brother, be of good cheer;" and I have often been forcibly struck with the value of the Divine command, "forget not the assembling of yourselves together."

While the symbols of the body and blood of the Redeemer were slowly handed round the communion tables, the minister devoutly, and at pauses, repeated such texts of Scripture, and other short sentences of a religious character, as might tend to direct the meditations of the people to holy things. "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned." "I will go into thy house with offerings, I will pay thee my vows." "As by one man's dis-

obedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous."

"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ." "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body."

"Neither yield you your members as instruments of unrighteousness and sin." "Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under law, but under grace." "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." With these, or similar quotations of sacred Scripture, interspersed with short sentences of his own did Dr. S. occupy the minds of those people who were seated at the communion table, and also rivet the attention of all those who were within the church, until the singing of another hymn gave signal for the first communicants to retire, in order that their places might be occupied by others.

The hymn which was sung on this occasion was not less impressive than the former, and it bore expressly on the same solemn occasion, embodying, in fact, an epitome of the Christian religion:

"Behold the Saviour on the cross
A spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow;

Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head!

'Tis finish'd—was his latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffer'd pain no more.

'Tis finish'd—the Messiah dies
For sin, but not his own:
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.

'Tis finish'd—all his groans are past;
His blood, his pains, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crowned him with their spoils.

'Tis finish'd—legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are passed away,
And a new world begun."

This form of service, consisting of psalms, addresses by the different ministers, and verses suited to the condition of the communicants, was continued till after four o'clock, so varied in the expression, according to the power and ability of the different preachers who assisted on the occasion, but yet so uniform in its general scope and tendency, as that the prolonged description of it would have the appearance of repetition. The interest, however, did not abate; and when the morning service came to a conclusion, that conclusion appeared to be a subject of regret to the whole

assembled multitude ; but it was regret tempered with gratitude for the sacred instruction which had been given, and the lively and impressive manner in which the death of the Saviour, and salvation through him had been set forth.

While the more solemn and appropriate service of the day was carrying on within the church, the remainder of the multitude, who could not find sitting or even standing room within the walls, listened to a succession of sermons delivered from the tent. There was an interchange of situation, by which those in the church, and those hearing the word under the

canopy of heaven, exchanged places with each other ; so that the whole had the appearance of being one congregation ; and these changes were made with so much quietude and decorum, that they could hardly be noticed, except by the appearance of new parties within the church, as those who rose from the tables retired to hear the word in the open air. In fact, there was no voice audible during the long service of that solemn day, except the voices of the ministers of religion communicating sacred instruction, or the voices of the people when drawing near to their God in songs of praise.

THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

(From the "Rev. Dr. Humphrey's Tour," published in the New York Observer.)

LORDS AND COMMONS.

It is known to every one, who feels the slightest interest in foreign politics, that a struggle pregnant with momentous issues, has long been pending between the British government and the British people. The arena of this contest has been the House of Commons. The majority there, has been regarded on both sides as holding the key of the country. Hence those mighty efforts which have been made by the Tories to retain it, and by the Whigs to wrest it out of their hands. It was in the Commons, only, that the people could cause their voice to be heard ; it was at this point alone, that they could make their power felt. Though the dominant aristocracy had greatly the advantage at first, chiefly growing out of the unequal system of the representation in the popular branch of the government, and though the final issue of the struggle has at times been doubtful, it is manifest that free principles have been steadily gaining ground—that "the house of David has been waxing stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul weaker and weaker."

A mere glance at the history of this great contest, is all that my design requires, or that my limits will permit. Despairing of ever being able to get near the throne, while the elective franchise was virtually nullified, to so great an extent, in the manner of returning members to the House of Commons, the people made their first great assault upon "rotten boroughs." These, the Lords were determined never to surrender ; for full well they knew, that the putting of so many representatives into the hands of the democracy of the country, would render it impossible for them any longer to resist the popular will. They fought as long as any hope remained of beating back their assailants ; but they were obliged to yield. "Old Sarum" and a host of other "rotten boroughs" were disfranchised, and the representation was transferred to Manchester, Birmingham, and other populous towns and dis-

tricts. This was a great victory. It was felt to be so, on both sides. The Tories, as we all remember, cried out, that the constitution was violated, was changed, was prostrated. They called it "a revolution ;" and multitudes of them still look back upon it as the most disastrous innovation which has befallen the constitution within the last two hundred and fifty years. But for that change, the power would still have been in their hands. It was a popular triumph over the Lords, and I had almost said over the throne itself, of which the victors have made so good a use, that there is every prospect of their maintaining and increasing their ascendancy. The Municipal Reform Bill of the last session will add to their strength, whenever a new election takes place. The bill which is now before Parliament, for the correction of similar abuses in Ireland, is opening a new parallel, and, at the same time, O'Connell comes out boldly, with a proposition radically to change the British Constitution, by disfranchising the Peers, and making the House elective. There is no probability, that even the Commons will respond to this revolutionary movement, at present. But their march is certainly onward. The people have got the power, and they will not rest where they are. Other important concessions they will undoubtedly extort from the hereditary branches of the government, and where they will stop it is impossible to say. The Commons House of Parliament, is now virtually the "Upper House." The Lords most certainly will not yield to its dictation, till the last extremity. But what can they do? If things should come to a crisis, and there should be no material change in popular sentiment, the physical power of the nation would, by "fearful odds," be against them ; and that, as every body knows, is a power which the high estates cannot resist. That there are other things nearly as rotten as the old boroughs, in the political fabric of Great Britain, and which ought to be removed, I have no doubt ; but the

work requires a great deal of skill and caution, much more than can be expected in times of high popular excitement. Decided as my own republican principles are, I am no radical; I hope I never shall be; and I freely confess, that if God had cast my lot in England, instead of America, with just the views I now have, I should feel some solicitude, lest the measures now in progress, to correct old abuses, and bring down the government to a more popular standard, should be carried so far and so fast in the march of reform, as to put the paramount interests of the country in jeopardy.

LIBERTY OF SPEECH AND OF THE PRESS.

What the law of libel in Great Britain is, or how it compares with that of the United States, I do not know; but I am quite sure, there is no place in the world, where the measures of government are more freely and fearlessly canvassed than they are there. The supreme executive is not often directly assailed—but the reason is, the king is scarcely regarded as a free and accountable agent. When spoken of at all, in connexion with any obnoxious measure, he is represented as acting under “tutors and governors.” It is his cabinet—it is the ministers that have wickedly misadvised and controlled the royal automaton;—and there are no epithets in the English language, too criminatory—too grossly abusive, to be heaped upon them. Whoever may be at the head of affairs, in times of high political excitement, they are sure to be assailed and denounced by the opposite party, as stupidly and wickedly incompetent—as in league, either with the enemies of the crown or the enemies of the people. “They have sold themselves to a faction—they have betrayed their sovereign—they ought to be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors in the administration of the government.” These, and such like, are the charges which are gravely reiterated, in the opposition journals, whether Lord Lyndhurst, or Lord Brougham is on the woolsack.

As for the people, they assemble just when and where they please—from one hundred, to twenty or fifty thousand; to discuss their grievances—to demand reform—to remonstrate against the passing of an obnoxious Bill, to denounce the ministers, or in whatever other way they may choose to give utterance to their political opinions. At these meetings, whether in the provincial towns or the metropolis itself, they speak with a boldness and vehemence which cannot be surpassed, both against men and measures; and they embody their sentiments, often, in the most inflammatory resolutions. All this they do, with entire impunity; which shows, that the freedom, and even the licentiousness of speech, is as great in England, as it ever was in this or any other country. The common people are not so universally politicians there as here. They are not so well educated; and intelligence of this sort is not so freely and cheaply

circulated, as it is in the United States. But wherever you meet the English, at the dinner party, or in hotels, or in stage coaches, no matter where, and no matter who happens to be present, they speak of men and measures, with the high and familiar tone of freemen, who have always been accustomed to express their opinions, without fear or molestation. One of the last rights, it appeared to me, which the great body of our English kindred would think of surrendering, was that of discussing their *beer* and their *politics*. The former, I hope, they will ere long be persuaded to relinquish; but to the latter, let them cling for ever.

PETITIONS TO PARLIAMENT.

No people, I believe, avail themselves so freely or so effectually of the right of petitioning the national legislature, as the people of Great Britain. Some of the most important acts of the government, such as the abolition of the slave-trade, the opening of the great empire of Hindostan to the free introduction of Christianity, and the abolition of colonial bondage, have been hastened, if not extorted, by this method of embodying and presenting public sentiment. Why it is that we are so much less successful than our brethren of the British Isles, in the exercise of this right;—whether it is because we are not so well united, or so persevering, or what may be the reason, I will not undertake to say. Our constitution, in this particular, is certainly as free as theirs; but, from some cause, the right of petitioning has thus far been with us little better than a nullity. I do not recollect that, in a single important case, the prayers of the people have been answered by the American Congress. It seems to be the policy of our rulers to discourage them. What bearing this may imperceptibly have upon the liberties of the country, I leave for wiser heads to determine.

POPULAR ELECTIONS.

THERE is a wide difference, as every one knows, between the elective franchise in Great Britain, and the principle of universal suffrage, which is now virtually established in this country. That the right of voting is too much restricted there, notwithstanding all that the reform bills have done to extend it, almost every American will be apt to say; but whether the evil is greater, whether it more endangers the existence of free institutions than throwing the door wide open to all—foreigners from every country under heaven, as well as native born citizens—time must determine. There is no more beautiful theory in political science than the purity of elections; but where did it ever exist to any extent, or for any considerable length of time? What patriot does not tremble when he thinks of the bribery and corruption which, young as we are, have already crept into our own repub-

lican system? Some foreign tourists have noticed and made the most of this, in disparaging our institutions. They are greatly annoyed by the mote in our eye, while they take little notice of the beam in their own. There is no country where popular elections cost so much as in Great Britain. From fifteen to twenty thousand pounds, and I believe more, are sometimes expended on each side, to return a single member to parliament. What purity can there be in such elections? How dreadful must be the moral effects of one or two hundred thousand dollars spent in this manner? Where the candidates have vast estates of their own, which is sometimes the case, they bear the whole expense of the canvass; but in other instances, their friends make up large purses to aid them. The new parliament was elected a few months before my arrival in England; but when Sir Robert Peel and his

colleagues resigned, their successors in office were obliged to appeal once more to their constituents, and be re-elected, before they could be sworn into the cabinet. This, in some of the counties, brought on a new contest. In Devonshire, particularly, the struggle was very great between the political friends and opponents of Lord John Russell, and large sums of money were expended on both sides. Two or three days previous to this election, you might see men carrying subscriptions for him through the principal streets of London, upon the top of long rods, with the name of his lordship printed in broad capitals on the pasteboard. But all would not do: the conservatives of Devonshire were too strong for him: he lost his election, and was compelled to get himself returned as a member from Stroud, which he was much less ambitious to represent.

JAMES THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND AND THE LADY JOANNA BEAUFORT.

THE following poem is founded on some of the incidents in the life of the above-mentioned prince, who was one of the most remarkable men of the age in which he lived. Flying, in early youth, from the snares which had been laid for him by his uncle, who governed his dominions, and who was suspected of designs against his life, he, with his attendant, was captured by an English vessel off Flamborough Head, in the year 1405. After suffering imprisonment in various castles for nine years, he was finally consigned to that of Windsor, where he endured a farther incarceration. Being kept a close prisoner, his leisure hours were devoted to study. Grammar, rhetoric, natural philosophy, law, divinity, poetry, and music, engaged his attention. It is said, that in the latter he made remarkable proficiency, and was not only a skilful performer, but also an excellent composer. His compositions appear to have been of a plaintive and melancholy character, originated by the peculiarly sad and affecting circumstances in which he was placed. Some of his poetical productions are now extant: the "King's Quhair;" "Christ's Kirk on the Green;" and "Peebles at the Play;" which, though evidently but a very small portion of his writings, evince that the genius of the royal prince was by no means inferior to that of any of his contemporaries.

It was during his detention at Windsor that he became deeply enamoured of the lady Joanna Beaufort, a maiden of royal blood. His manner of introduction to her was as is detailed in the poem; and she is thought to be the lady alluded to in the "King's Quhair."

Upon his deliverance from his captivity, which extended to a duration of nearly twenty years, he married the object of his fond and romantic attachment; and presented her to his people as Scotland's queen. His melancholy end is known to every reader of history.

The sun shines bright o'er keep and tower
O'er perfumed grove and shady bower;
And gaily leaps the exulting stream,
Sparkling in beauty 'neath the gleam
Of sunlight, while his soothing song
Is heard the daisied banks along:
And o'er the deep blue summer sky
The light-winged fairy cloudlets fly;
The crested fountains gently play,
Cooling the sultry air,
And flowers, that shun the garish day,
Fling richest fragrance there.
And all around is fair and bright
As the glittering scenes that rise
To the raptured soul in the isles of light,
In the far off golden skies.

But Scotland's king within that tower
Has counted many a weary hour;
And gazed with sad and languid eye
On that deep blue o'er-arching sky;
And thro' that vale, from day to day,
Has seen the waters wind their way;
Has gazed on wood, and knoll, and dell,
And learned to know each object well.
The captive monarch's footsteps fall,
Within that living tomb,
In lonely echoes on the walls,
As the dreams of memory come.
And he sighs for another distant land,
Where his boyhood loved to stray,
Where the cloud-wreathed mountains proudly stand,
And the tempests wing their way.

* * * * *

A maid came forth as evening's sigh
Shook the light leaves. Her sparkling eye,
Bright as the fount that near her played,
The secrets of her soul betrayed;
Her brow with marble might compare,
With raven's plumes her glossy hair;
And sweetly shone the sunny smile
That clothed her beauteous features, while
The young winds from the violets flew
On viewless wings of air,
To drink from lips of rosy hue
The sweets that lingered there.

With sylph-like form she moved along,
And, where a willow flung
Its saddened shade, this mournful song
That gentle maiden sung.

" There's a calm when the ocean's fury 's past,
And the young waves hush their voice ;
When the song is still of the roaring blast,
And the flowers again rejoice.
The infant's wail in its sleep is hushed,
And joys its bosom fill,
But the lonely heart, with its bright hopes crushed,
Is never, never still.
The winds are mute when the tempests sleep
On the hoary mountain's brow,
But the saddened heart, with its passions deep,
No holy calm may know.
When the wild flowers bend round the lonely tomb,
And the winds are cold and chill,
In the darkened depths of that silent home
The heart will then be still."

The monarch heard that mournful strain,
And wished the song might rise again ;
For sadness o'er him shook her wing,
While busy thought each cherish'd thing
Called to remembrance in that hour,
When, yielding to sweet music's power,
His heart was softened, and the lay
Died in its melting notes away.
He took his lute, whose magic tone
Had oft his soul beguiled,
When, in that guarded chamber, lone,
He heard its breathings wild.
He touched it, and the trembling chords
With silver music rung,
Then to the minstrel maid, in words
Of answering sadness, sung.

" The soldier from the battle plain
Returned, with glory crown'd,
His peaceful cottage-home again,
And kindred hearts, has found.
But the lonely captive's footstep falls
Where the loved ones may not come ;
A stranger sad, from his father's halls,
And an exile from his home.
Brightly the summer gilds the earth
That smiles 'neath the sunny sky,
Where flowers wake up in their morning birth,
And the vales in beauty lie ;
But the captive's heart is ever sad,
And his spirit finds no rest,
When the heavens are bright and the earth is glad,
In the hues of sunshine drest."

He ceased, and as the floating tide
Of music pass'd, the maiden sigh'd
For the captive king, whose plaint of woe
She had heard in mournful numbers flow.
She linger'd till the hours of day
Had melted into twilight grey,
Till the glittering stars of silent night
Shed down their pure and holy light ;

And the evening winds had softly sigh'd
Their song to the sleeping flowers,
Ere that maid to her lonely chamber hied,
To the dreams of happier hours.
And the monarch oft, as o'er the plain
Came the breeze's saddened song,
Seemed still to hear the melting strain
Floating the air along.

Often that beauteous vision stole
O'er James's sad and mournful soul ;
That form, that voice, were both divine ;
And pilgrim at a sacred shrine
Ne'er gazed with holier awe, when low
He murmur'd forth his solemn vow,
Or at the altar, meekly kneeling,
Breathed forth his deep, impassioned feeling,
Than James looked on that lady fair,
When to her pleasant bower
She came, and waked her music there
At evening's peaceful hour.
Both sang of love, and the melting strain
The winds would oft prolong ;
And their hearts were bound with its golden chain
As they nightly woke their song.

* * * * *

The nobles met in the castle hall,
At Henry's joyous festival ;
And Scotland's king, in proud array,
Walk'd mid the throng that festal day ;
And England's courtly beauties shone
That time before the royal throne.
They met—the prince and minstrel maid—
And mutual looks their thoughts betray'd.
The lute went round, and the jest ran high,
And the wine cups passed along :
But the monarch only heard the sigh
She breathed as he raised the song.
And his spirit drank from the fount of love,
As he gazed on that maiden's eyes—
Bright as the stars that in beauty above
Shine in the nightly skies.

* * * * *

In Stirling's courts is heard the strain
Of rapturous joy, as once again
Her monarch treads the halls of state,
Where crowds of noble warriors wait.
And who is she with downcast eye,
That blushes as she passes by ?
'Tis Beaufort's daughter, Scotland's queen,
The mistress of that brilliant scene.
The king to his own loved highland home,
To his ancient father-land,
From the Southron's royal court has come,
With a proud and gallant band ;
And has placed the crown on the fair white brow
Of the lovely minstrel-maid,
Who oft, 'neath evening's purple glow,
To the captive king had play'd. T. A.

TURKISH TROPHIES OF WAR.

(From Walsh's "Constantinople.")

BUT the circumstance which rendered the event of interest to me was, that the news of the victory was accompanied by certain sacks filled with two thousand five hundred pair of ears, cut off from the slain, and sent as a present to the

sultan by the pasha, as vouchers for his victory. It was further stated, that these trophies were then exhibited in piles before the gate of the seraglio. I had ever considered such a display as one of those tales which rather embellish

works of oriental fiction, than exist in reality; and whatever foundation there might have been for such a practice in earlier and ruder ages, that it was quite impossible a European nation of the present day, however barbarous, would continue it. I was determined not to rely on reports, but to judge for myself: so I took a janissary, and notwithstanding the remonstrance of the capigee, or porter at the gate, not to venture into Constantinople in the present state of excitement, we passed over.

The streets exhibited a dismal picture. The Greeks and Armenians, whose busy habits had given animation to the places which they frequented, had all disappeared, and their shops in general were closed up. The Turks alone, and few in number, were walking about; the imperturbable gravity that distinguished them when I was here before, darkened into a gloom and solemnity of aspect that was awful. We passed the body of a man not long decapitated. It was lying, as usual, across the street; a handful of saw-dust had been scattered, as if to absorb the blood, but a copious stream from the arteries was still flowing over it. Around it was crouched a number of dogs, at a little distance, some of them already lapping the blood, and all waiting till night to lacerate the body. To add to the revolting and horrid effect of the scene, the place was a market, and so narrow, that meat and other eatables lay just over the body, looking like its dismembered parts, and strongly reminding me of some accounts of African shambles, where human flesh is exposed for sale. The Turks trampled on the body as they passed, without seeming to notice that such a thing was there. We had to step over it; and hastened on. I requested the janissary not to lead me by another such expo-

sure; so he brought me through byways, till we ascended to the gate of the seraglio.

And here I found, indeed, that the Turks did actually take human features as Indians take scalps; and the trophies of ears, lips, and noses, were no fiction. At each side of the gate were two piles, like small haycocks, formed of every portion of the countenance. The ears were generally perforated, and hanging on strings. The noses had one lip and a part of the forehead attached to them; the chins had the other, with generally a long beard; sometimes the face was cut off whole, and all the features remained together; sometimes it was divided into scraps, in all forms of mutilation. It was through these goodly monuments of human glory the sultan and all his train passed every day, and no doubt were highly gratified by the ghastly aspects they presented; for here they were to remain till they were trampled into the mire of the street. Wherever the heaps were partly trodden down, the Turks passed over with perfect indifference. The features, growing soft by putridity, continually attached themselves to their feet, and frequently a man went off with a lip or a chin sticking to his slippers, which were fringed with human beard, as if they were lined with fur. This display I again saw by accident on another occasion. And when you read of sacks of ears sent to Constantinople, you may be assured it is a reality, and not a figure of speech. But you are not to suppose they are always cut from the heads of enemies, and on the particular occasion which they are sent to commemorate. The number of Greeks killed at Patras did not exceed perhaps one hundred, but noses, ears, and lips were cut indiscriminately from every skull they could find, to swell the amount.

MEN AND THINGS.

BUTTON-HOLDERS.—At this season of the year, a button-holder, (or man who holds his acquaintances by their buttons,) who knows his own powers, is justly formidable to his friend. Old Izaak Walton, in directing his young fisherman how to impale a frog, says, "use him as though you loved him;" and I would desire the button-holder, who wishes to assassinate any one, to "use him as though he loved him." The best time for catching your man is in the winter, or the early spring, when a keen easterly wind is blowing sore throats, coughs, and catarrhs; then hook him by the button, just at the corner of the street, opening with a good sweep to the east; any sort of gateway or tunnel is, however, still preferable, provided there be a good blast; there hold him, and ask him how all his family, his friends, and relations do, till the teeth chatter in his head, and his nose turns blue. He will struggle with you, perhaps, and making a desperate effort for life, endeavour to break away; but stop him with "one word more," and "I will not keep you another moment," and so forth, as you will know how to do, till you perceive the usual symptoms of ague, then let him go, for he will only go to his bed and send for the apothecary, and when he dies, in due

course, you will tell all his friends how singular it was, that you had such a pleasant chat with poor —, in the street, on the very day that he fell ill.

A MISER.—The Cincinnati Chronicle gives the following sketch of a miser who resided at Medford:—

He was a man of fine talents, and of uprightness; with nothing faulty but his love of money. This passion had run into insanity, and in respect to wealth, I respect him as a monomaniac. During the latter years of his life he had a yearly income of something like 30,000 dollars. His property was invested in bank and insurance stocks in Boston, the interest of which he collected in person upon the dividend day, for to lose a day's interest was what he would never do. He resided in Medford, to avoid Boston taxes, and made his bargain at so much a week, to go without supper, and candles, and fire in the evening.

From Medford he used to walk into Boston, generally getting into some cart, if possible, before coming to the bridge, so as to avoid the cent toll. Many anecdotes are current respecting him, but I give only one. He had walked in from Medford one spring morning, and had spent the forenoon in business at State-street. Toward noon, it being warm, he became

hungry and faint, for he was near sixty years old, I believe. Unwilling to encounter the expense of a dinner in town, the old man about two o'clock set out for the country. As he came near the bridge, he was tempted, being very faint, by some oysters upon the board by, and stopped to inquire the price. "How do you sell your oysters?" said he to the man at the board:—"Six cents a dozen for the small, and twelve for the large," answered the man. The poor hungry wretch looked at the oysters, and thought, and looked at the oysters, and thought, and looked again and thought again. "Won't you let me have a dozen of the large for ten cents?" said he. "No, I won't," replied the oyster-man, crossly. Again the miser thought—he could not save *two* cents, that was clear; but perhaps he might *one*, and that would pay his toll; so said he, "Suppose I have half a dozen of each, will you let me have them for eight cents?" The man answered, "I've told you the price, if you won't pay that, you shan't have any." While he was thus speaking, a drayman stopped as he passed to have a dozen oysters, and seeing the old man, and how hungry and wretched he looked (he had the St. Vitus' dance) and thinking him too poor to buy the oysters, he pulled out some money, and throwing it down, bid the man give the old fellow a dozen, jumped upon his dray and was off. The poor miser reached his trembling hand and took up the money; "Shall I have the half dozen of each for eight cents?" "No, you Jew!" cried the other. "Then I'll keep the money," said he, dropping it into his pocket, and proceeding on his way an hungred. He crossed the bridge rejoicing, but so weak was he before he reached home that he fainted on the road, and was found there and carried home by a milkman.

SCHWARTZ.—Of Schwartz and of his fifty years' labour among the heathen, the extraordinary influence and popularity which he acquired, both with Mussulmans, Hindoos, and contending European governments, I need give you no account, except that my idea of him has been raised since I came into the south of India. I used to suspect, that, with many admirable qualities, there was too great a mixture of intrigue in his character; that he was too much of a political prophet; and that the veneration which the people paid, and still pay him, (and which indeed almost regards him as a superior being, putting crowns and burning lights before his statue,) was purchased by some unwarrantable compromise with their prejudices. I find I was quite mistaken. He was really one of the most active and fearless (as he was one of the most successful) missionaries who have appeared since the apostles. To say that he was disinterested in regard to money, is nothing; he was perfectly careless of power; and renown never seemed to affect him, even so far as to induce an outward show of humility. His temper was perfectly simple, open, and cheerful. *Bishop Heber.*

WAR.—John Wickliffe, the great reformer, was particularly disgusted with the ambition which induced rival popes to assert their claims to St. Peter's chair, at the expense of torrents of human blood; for he not only considered the whole trade of war to be utterly unlawful for Christians, but thought it wrong, on the principle of the gospel, to take away the life of man upon any occasion. Respecting conquest, he saith, "the title of conquest is utterly worthless and untenable, unless the conquest itself be expressly commanded by the Almighty."

JEWISH CUSTOM AT TABARIA.—While the rabbin recites the Psalms of David, or the prayers extracted from them, the congregation frequently imitate, by their voice or gestures, the meaning of some remarkable passages. For example, when the rabbin pronounces the words, "Praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet," they imitate the sound of the trumpet

through their clenched fists: when a horrible tempest occurs, they puff and blow to represent a storm; or should he mention the cries of the righteous in distress, they all set up a loud screaming; and it not unfrequently happens, that while some are still blowing the storm, others have already begun the cries of the righteous; thus forming a concert, which it is difficult for any but a zealous Hebrew to hear with gravity.

TRUE COURAGE.—A certain Scotsman, being solicited to enter the army and fight for his country, said to the officer who was desirous to enlist him, "I would ask you, sir, two questions; which, if you answer to my satisfaction, I shall have no hesitation to take up arms. The first is, can you tell me if I kill a man that he will go to heaven? or can you say whether, if I am killed myself, I shall likewise go there?" To these two questions, so very important and solemn, the officer could not reply. "Well, then," said this brave Scotsman, "I dare not send a fellow-creature unprepared into eternity, neither dare I rush thither myself unbidden." Noble resolution! He certainly is the greatest hero who bravely encounters the dangers of life and the contumely of the world, rather than offend his Divine Master. He is the mightiest conqueror, who obtains the victory over his own passions.

MUSIC.—There are periods of exhaustion, and there must be hours of relaxation and repose in the life of all, from the prince to the peasant, when we need some innocent amusement to employ and interest without wearying, and to exclude improper occupations; and this necessity is greater in proportion as the intellect is less cultivated. There are moments of physical debility or moral discouragement, when the mind is almost incapable of operating upon itself. At such seasons music is of great utility.

The popular vocal music introduced of late years into Germany and Switzerland, is peculiarly adapted to these objects. Without being trifling, it is cheering and animated. Without being directly religious, or even didactic, it presents ordinary subjects under an aspect fitted to excite the nobler feelings, to elevate the thoughts above the world, and kindle the feelings of devotion. It comprises songs on the various objects and phenomena of nature, the rising sun, the rolling thunder, the still evening, the rich harvest, and presents something applicable to every circumstance of life. It thus associates common occurrences and objects with the most elevated feelings, and every view of nature calls forth the notes of pleasure, and the song of praise to its Author.

In furnishing an amusement of this kind we shall divert from others of a doubtful or injurious character. In giving young men such a means of innocent excitement by music, appropriate to their age and feelings, we diminish the temptation of resorting to stimulating liquors, and other questionable modes of producing cheerfulness. In a village in Switzerland, a set of drunken, disorderly young men, were led, by the cultivation of vocal music among them, to an entire exterior reformation, which was regarded with as much surprise as the change in regard to temperance in some parts of our own country. When they met at a public-house, they resorted to this method of raising their spirits, instead of drinking, and amused themselves with singing songs and hymns adapted to improve the mind, and elevate the heart, instead of the profane or indecent conversation of noisy clamour which is generally heard on such occasions.

But, aside from this benefit, music, of itself, has an effect which cannot be doubted, in softening and elevating the character. It diminishes the strength of the passions, by keeping them, for a time at least, in a state of inaction. It counteracts them by producing the opposite and softer feelings.

EXTREMES MEET; OR, TOPS AND BOTTOMS.

"Give me," says some wise one, no matter who, "the making of a nation's proverbs! and I care not a straw who has the making of its pills." He is right: proverbs are the very picklocks of knowledge, which clear all her wards, undo all her bolts, and enable us to peep into all her pigeon-holes, even though the good old lady should lock up with all the closeness of a college founded and fashioned in monastic times.

"Extremes meet." Yes, they do meet, in all matters of theory and practice, of thinking, of saying, and of doing. They cannot do otherwise; for it is the way of the world, demonstrated, and demonstrated upon "this great globe itself." The east and the west, the north and south, or any two points whatever that lie at the opposite extremities of a diameter on the card of the compass, are extremes in respect of direction. But let any two of you take, the one the one of these extremes, and the other the other, keep course without deviation, and push on, striding and sailing, far enough, and you shall meet face to face. It is true that you shall have changed places by the journey; that Mr. East shall have become Mr. West, or Mr. North shall have become Mr. South, and *vice versa*. This instance, however, instead of disproving the proverb, carries the truth of it much farther; by proving that extremes not only meet, but that when they do meet, each may, and probably must, cease to be itself, and pass into and become the other.

The proofs lie every where, so that we may take them at random. For instance, a public speaker, in the senate, the pulpit, or any other place of oration, shall muster, "as prave 'ords as you shall see on a summer's day," and he shall build them up, epithet upon epithet, as a child builds a castle of cards, exulting in the beauty and loftiness of the structure, and beaming with fond hopes of its elevation. But, alas! a single epithet—a single card more than enough—down it tumbles in shapeless ruin; and the hapless builder of words, or of waste paper, is left in utter astonishment, the butt of grinning waggers to those who would have lauded him "to the very echo," had he stopped in time. There is a pretty little practical lesson in this; but we shall leave the reader to find it out—as that will make it his own, and he will think the more of it.

In the above instance, we have had allusion chiefly to that "arrowy fire" of eloquence, or "iron sleet" of sarcasm, which is intended to mow down the understandings of men as Samson mowed down the Philistines, and carry their feelings and hearts whithersoever it lists. But it holds in *bathos* as well as in *pathos*, in sinking as well as in soaring. In many companies and assemblages, where all have the freedom of

speech—indeed we may say in any such company or assemblage—if some overshadowing or overawing cause is not present—there is always what may be called "a man of mouth," a man with "a jaw in gimbles," which will not rest upon any one subject; but which, making sound upon all, makes sense upon none; and not only this, but completely obliterates all that has been said upon it by others.

It may be that the noise of an instrument of this kind is useful, inasmuch as it clears the mind for the reception of new ideas, just as a sponge clears a slate for new sums, or a demonstration table for new diagrams; or as the eating of one dinner clears the dishes and plates for another. The investigation of this is somewhat foreign to our present subject; but still it is well worthy of the reader's cogitation; and we are anxious to give him every opportunity of being his own philosopher, in order that he may take the burden off our shoulders.

Well, one of these "men of mouth," may be running on and on, *in omne volubilis ævum*; and the king's English may be cracking under him, like the timbers of a bark in a hard gale; and the company may be casting their understandings overboard, in order to lighten the bark, and wishing they could so cast their ears too; and the stays may be parting, and the mast sprung, and the waves ready to engulf the whole in one common oblivion. Somewhere in the company there sits a man upon whose countenance the wind of words has had no effect; but who takes all calmly, like some veteran Palinurus, whom no winds can shake and no waves alarm. The moment of extreme peril comes. Another squall, another surge, and the waters of dull oblivion would close over them for ever. "Stand clear a-lee there, ahoy!" shouts he of the immovable countenance: the sound of the hatchet is heard amid the storm; the mast is overboard; the bark rights, and the danger is over. To drop the simile, which like most similes is not very apposite, "the man of mouth" goes on, from absurdity to absurdity, and from inanity to inanity, till some one, panting for relief, treads on his corns, quite accidentally of course, but not on that account the less heavily. The man of mouth breaks into "another strain," more true to nature than the finest passage in the finest book that ever was written by mortal man of his own thoughts, and remains dumb for the rest of the evening.

Profound thinking furnishes another illustration confirmatory of the truth of the proverb. The region above all thought, down to the surface of contact, where wisdom begins to dig her mine, is of course one of sheer vacuity; and though, in some fond cases, every one believes thought to be very deep, yet the thoughts of a finite being must have a limit. Well, your phi-

losopher, resolute in speculation, goes with mattock and shovel to work this same mine of wisdom. He picks and delves away, soon getting rid of the flowery sward which "creams" over the place, to begin with. Then he casts up mud, next gravel, after that miry clay; and not unfrequently, as he is beginning to delve the last of that, in bursts the green sand with its ocean of water, just as a haggis does at the knife of a hungry Scotsman! and the miner, borne up on and by the spouting mixture, is projected from the pit of his labour as from the mouth of a cannon. He lies for a time, begrimed and panting, upon the bank, and ever after wanders on the mountains of vanity, boasting of the wonders that were revealed to him in the philosophic mine.

If the absence of the "soaked" sand-bed should prevent this catastrophe, the next stroke of his mattock may be on the rock, so unexpectedly and so sharp, as to make every nerve of his arms jar up to the shoulders.

By the way, this word "jar" by no means reaches the idea. The Scotch *dirl* does it perfectly; but the force of it cannot be rendered in English. "Jar" is a word of many uses, and, as such, precise in none of them; "thrill" has quite another meaning; and there is no possibility of drawing a short word like "dirl" to the length of a phrase, without making it as weak as a cobweb. Here, by the bye, is an interpolated proof of the truth of the proverb, which we certainly did not intend to adduce; though, as we are convinced, we may as well confess, lest the sharp-witted reader should triumph. We meant to be very profound in our philology; and, lo and behold, we are close on the confines of nonsense.

To resume: the philosophic miner recovers his tone, and sinks away, now casting up a lump of oolite, full of ammonites, nummulites, and other tenants of a former era; then an antediluvian fish, with scales like crown pieces; and yet, again, the impress of some antediluvian creature, with jaws a fathom long, teeth like the heaviest harrow, and worthy of a name which would have broken their jaws and loosened their teeth, in the very heyday of their vigour. New wonders occur as he works, increasing in number at every step. But as the pit deepens, so does the darkness, till all becomes pitchy night. The miner is resolute however: he drives at it with the mattock, as if he himself were a giant before the flood; out goes the bottom of the mine, and the miner is in the same "sheer vacuity" as he was ere he began.

We trust we have now proved sufficiently the truth of the meeting of extremes, as a proposition applicable to every case that can be imagined; but if the reader is not satisfied, he may add our own case in the writing of this paper. We meant to be very witty and very wise; and

he is at perfect liberty to take us as in the opposite extremes, while we proceed to draw the inference and make the application.

One inference must suffice: If extremes meet, then—the farther asunder the extremes are, the nearer to meeting. Sophistry itself cannot bar that conclusion; and so we shall work it no deeper from fear of the darkness. A question rises upon it: By what means are the extremes to be separated so as to approximate their meeting? The answer lies in a nutshell;—By lengthening the middle part. Take a bit of copper bar, half an inch long, and the same in diameter, and all your art shall not make the extremes, the extremities, the ends of it meet. Pull it *seriatim* through a sufficient number of wire-drawing bores, decreasing in diameter; take hold of it by the middle, and keep it suspended; and the ends shall meet by the impulse of their own gravitation. So much for the inference.

Now for the application: The extremes of society are those portions of it which may, aptly enough, be styled "tops and bottoms,"—those who can rise no higher, and those who can sink no lower. That these meet in one not unimportant respect, is evident without any illustration. They are both destitute of the desire of rising in the world; for the desire is quenched by gratification in the one, and it either never existed, or is quenched by reckless despair, in the other. This is incidental; but it deserves to be taken along, as it makes strongly for the general argument.

In the feudal times, when lord and serf comprised nearly the whole lay population, and there was no middle class worth mentioning as affecting the general character of society, the tops and bottoms were near each other, and consequently far from meeting. In these times, society was nearly stationary, or if there were fluctuations in it, it flowed and ebbed like the sea, but like that always preserved nearly the same average level. These flows and ebbs were not of the people themselves: they arose from external causes, the character of the monarch, or the ruling nobles, the general course of events, the seasons, or something else external of the people. Nor could it be otherwise; for the people was made up of tops and bottoms; and, according to the incidental truth, both of these are necessarily destitute of the very first germ and impulse of all improvement—the desire of bettering one's condition.

The reader must be careful not to narrow his understanding of this desire. It does not mean increase of wealth, or elevation of rank, for these may either be part of it or in opposition to it. More intellectual, more capable of usefulness in the world, and more acceptable in the sight of God, are the three essential parts of a better condition. This is the truth absolute, as the schoolmen used to say; whether it is to be attained by

coming down from the tops, or up from the bottoms, is *secundum quid*, upon the general question, and *equaliter* in those cases where the extremes of top and bottom meet.

How came that increase of distance between the tops and bottoms of British society, which has made them meet so very nearly as they do at the present time? A middle part has been introduced between them; and it has increased and increased, not by wire-drawing, like the bit of copper, but by actual accumulation of substance, till it has become the overwhelming majority of the nation, and pushed the extremes so far the one way, that they have come into contact in the other.

To what this middle class owes its origin, and what circumstances have tended to foster the principle of growth which is always inherent and vital in such a class, we shall not inquire. The elements of the inquiry are on the record of history, however; and "The origin and progress of a middle class in society," would be a beautiful subject for an ethico-political philosopher of the first class; but it would require one of the very highest order in that class, and quite free from bias.

We have room to mention only a very few of the points in which the extremes of tops and bottoms in society have met. In the first place, neither of them conduces in the slightest degree to the advancement of society. This follows as matter of course from the historical fact, that,

while they constituted the whole of society, it made no advance at all. The inference is so evident that any one may draw it. Secondly; both these classes of society are thrown upon the gratification of their animal passions, as the grand, indeed the sole, business of their lives. This follows from the desire of improvement being extinct in both; and the proof is in the same historical fact as the former.

These two points have a historical basis and need no argument; but a third point, and the only other one to which we shall advert, is of a more mixed nature:—The means by which the tops and bottoms of society seek the gratification of their animal appetites, if not exactly the same, are wonderfully similar. The proof of this, if we had space to go fully into it, would consist of a psychological argument, and an enumeration of facts. The argument is a short one. Man is the same animal, in whatever part of society he is placed: and if he seeks only the gratification of animal appetites, his gratifications must be the same in substance though they may differ in mode. A few of the facts:—The tops read *rivucciamentos* of fashionable intrigue. the bottoms read police reports, and trials at the criminal courts. The tops play at *rouge et noir* and *roulette*: the bottoms at E O and chuck-farthing. The tops dance at Almacks: the bottoms at ale-houses. The tops—but truce—enough at one time.

THE COSMOGONY OF MOSES.

ARTICLE I.

THE first sentence of the Bible contains, in point of information, more than all the volumes that have been written since the creation of the world. He who reads it for the first time must be struck with its sublimity, and it will induce a train of thought and reflection at once pleasing and painful, satisfactory and perplexing. It carries us back to the origin of things, and tells us of what we cannot imagine, much less understand. "In the beginning:"—this announces, without explaining, a great and inscrutable mystery—the birth of time. It began, as far as it relates to us, with the creation of the earth which we inhabit. But what is creation? how did it commence? and when? If creation and time are coeval, is a period somewhat less than six thousand years the age of both? Here we are lost in conjecture. In stretching beyond this epoch, we are obscured in the darkness of nonentity. The appalling ideas of eternity and infinity obtrude themselves upon us; we apply the one to duration, and the other to space. But what is duration? what is space? Eternal duration! Infinite space! Duration without periods, uncheered by conscious intelligence; space un-

limited, yet void and without inhabitants; they are both pure abstractions, too subtle for our comprehension. The mind, having reached thus far, is thrown back upon itself; it looks on "the palpable obscure, the solid temperament of darkness," and seems to be identified with its horrid elements. Eternity and space are nothing, and can do nothing; yet there is a bright line of existence stretching along the one, and a universe of glorious worlds inhabiting the other: whence have they originated? This question was never answered till Moses solved it by revealing the wondrous fact, "God created the heavens and the earth." Philosophers, unable to discover an assignable cause for their own being and that of the universe, resolved the whole into self-existence, and made it eternal. They founded their position on their ignorance; the world could not be an effect, because they could not trace its formation to an adequate agent. How much more philosophical to have suspended their judgment, and to have affirmed nothing certainly where they had no light to guide them; or to have reasoned themselves into the opposite persuasion from the analogies around them, and

from what they could ascertain from nature of the doctrine of causation! It is not more difficult to assume the eternal existence of one supreme Intelligence, the Creator of the universe, than the eternal existence of matter, and all its modified forms of being. But the truth seems to be, that man is, of himself, utterly incapable of forming a just and rational conclusion on this great subject. It is by faith—that is, by divine revelation—we understand that “the worlds were framed by the word;” that is, by the power of God.*

Before we enter on the Mosaic account of the Creation, it will be proper to premise, that two objects are continually kept in view throughout the volume of the Old Testament: one is, to turn men from idolatry, in all its forms of vice and error; the other, to direct their attention, by the gradual development of the scheme of prophecy, to the future Messiah.

In order, therefore, more clearly to understand the design of the author of the Pentateuch, we ought to take into our consideration the state of the world at the period when it was written. Mankind were sunk in the grossest idolatry; and that idolatry, for the most part, originated in the neglect, the perversion, or the misapprehension of certain truths which had once been universally known. Moses, therefore, commences his narrative by relating, in simple language, the truths thus disguised or perverted; and he alludes, in many of his expressions, to the surrounding superstitions.

In this narrative it is likewise important to remark, that the Mosaic account relates chiefly to mankind, and to that portion of universal being with which we are more immediately connected. We are not to conclude that because it is said “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,” that the supreme and ever blessed

* “God.” Many attempts have been made to define the term “God:” as to the word itself, it is pure Anglo-Saxon, and among our ancestors signified not only the Divine Being now commonly designated by the word, but also “good;” as, in their apprehension, it appears that “God” and “good” were correlative terms; and when they thought or spoke of Him, they were doubtless led, from the word itself, to consider him as the Good Being—a Fountain of infinite benevolence and beneficence towards his creatures. “A general designation of this great First Cause, as far as human words dare attempt one, may be thus given: The eternal, independent, and self-existent Being; the Being whose purposes and actions spring from himself, without foreign motive or influence; he who is absolute in dominion, the most pure, most simple, and most spiritual of all essences; infinitely benevolent, beneficent, true, and holy; the cause of all being, the upholder of all things; infinitely happy, because infinitely perfect; and eternally self-sufficient, needing nothing that he has made. Illimitable in his immensity, inconceivable in his mode of existence, and indescribable in his essence, known fully only to himself, because an infinite mind can be fully apprehended only by itself. In a word, a Being who, from his infinite wisdom, cannot err or be deceived; and who, from his infinite goodness, can do nothing but what is eternally just, right, and wise.”—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

God had dwelt alone in his own eternity, without giving existence and happiness to any creature prior to his formation of the solar system. We have no grounds to conclude that at one and the same time God created every thing that is contained in the vast unfathomable spaces of the universe. On the contrary, when we find him recounting to Job that, at the period “when he laid the foundation of the earth, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy,” we cannot but infer that these stars and these sons of God were pre-existent, and consequently no part of the Mosaic creation. It may be presumed, indeed, that the Almighty fiat gave existence to all the matter in the universe at once, calling it out of nothing in a moment. But we are not hence to infer that it was forthwith moulded into its various forms as so many worlds and systems of worlds in boundless space. It is certain that “the earth was without form, and void;” and this, probably, was the original state of the substances out of which the luminaries of heaven were created. How long the earth remained a chaos, we are not informed. The discoveries of geological science lead to the conclusion, that many centuries must have passed away before this globe was fitted and prepared for the habitation of man and the other animals and vegetable productions which are now found upon its surface; and that, during these long periods, great changes took place in its constituent elements. This notion does not affect the statement of Moses. If it were clearly demonstrated, the era of creation fixed by the inspired historian would not be contradicted, or its accuracy impugned. Why the Divine Being suffered the earth to continue a wild mass of confusion and disorder, before he transformed it into a habitable world, is a question we must resolve into his sovereign pleasure alone, since, according to the ideas we entertain of his moral perfections, there is nothing to fix the creation of any thing sooner or later than his own arbitrary will. Yet if conjecture be allowable, may we not imagine the creation of mankind as immediately subsequent to the revolt of those angels who left their first estate;—and as intended by infinite Goodness to fill the thrones they had vacated by a race of creatures who should, prior to their exaltation to his beatific presence, pass through, in some distant world, a trial of their obedience;—and that the world designed for their reception lay in chaos till the period approached when he had determined to call them into existence?

One other preliminary remark will conduct us at once to the inspired narrative; it is this, that Moses describes the work of creation through its several stages, as the phenomena would have successively presented themselves to a spectator, had a spectator been in existence; and that, as an inhabitant of the earth, he has given this

comparatively little planet a pre-eminence above every other, only so far describing the heavens as they bear a visible relation to it.

When the six days' work of creation began, there existed what the inspired penman has called "heaven;" the earth was likewise in being,—a mass of unformed matter, a desolate waste, its atmosphere totally immersed in water, and surrounded with a dense, impenetrable darkness. The historian tells us, that "darkness was upon the face of the deep;" and the first indication of the change about to be effected is given in these remarkable words: "And the spirit of God moved* upon the face of the waters." Whether it was to still the wild uproar of chaos, or to agitate the stagnant deep, or to awaken latent energies that had long slept in this formless mass of waters and earth, confusedly mingled, is not revealed to us. Whatever was the design of this preliminary act, the agent was unquestionably divine; for by "the Spirit of God," we are to understand God himself; probably the third subsistence in the eternal essence, to whom the perfecting acts of creation are assigned in the sacred volume. The Spirit that garnished the heavens, now began the wondrous work of transforming the earth, from a desolate waste, into a fit habitation of a creature, bearing the intellectual and moral image of God. He moved upon the surface of the waters: by what instrumentality no further appears than we are permitted to gather from the term employed, namely, "Spirit," which literally signifies "wind." If, therefore, a material agent were used on this occasion, it was a wind of God; an active energy, like the conflict of the heavens, called into exercise by Almighty Power. After moving on the waters, the Creator proceeds to utter his fiat,—*"God said."* Certain divines, ancient and modern, profess to discover a great mystery in this expression; they think that Moses understood by it the co-operation of the Son of God in the work of creation. From the writings of the New Testament, they derive their comments upon this part of the Old; and quote these words of St. John's Gospel, that, "In the beginning was the Word;" that that Word was God; "that all things were made by it." And that which St. Paul says, that, "By him were all things created, visible and invisible, those that are in heaven, and those that are in earth." The truth of this, as a general doctrine, we are not disposed to ques-

tion; but whether the phrase under consideration points it out, we scarcely dare venture to affirm. The comment of the Psalmist seems to give, at least to my mind, the precise idea: "He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast." The creating word was an emanation of power, proceeding from Jehovah, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; and hence, under different aspects this great work may be ascribed to each subsistence, but not in such a sense as to separate one from the others. It was the "Elohim"† who said, &c.; and this word being plural, has long been supposed by the most eminently learned and pious men to imply a plurality of persons in the Divine Nature. According to this view of the subject, we are to regard the Godhead as the author of creation.

Six days were employed in this mighty undertaking. But why, it may be asked, was it not effected in a moment? Why did the Creator, to "whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years," occupy this lengthened period of time in accomplishing that, which only required the instantaneous volition of his mind? We are not to seek the reasons of this procedure in God, but in ourselves, and in the limited capacities of intelligent creatures. We, and all other intelligences, are formed for the contemplation of the works of the Almighty, that by our knowledge of him, through this medium, we may praise and glorify his adorable perfections. In condescension, therefore, to the comparatively weak faculties of his creatures, God was pleased to make use of six days in creating the world, that we might more easily discover the order, and follow the guidance of his wisdom, in the operations of his hands. As neither our senses nor imaginations are capable of applying themselves to the minutest parts of matter, so neither can the mind conceive the production of things, so many and various, in an indivisible moment. For this reason, God interposed a sensible space of time between the work which he might have formed all at once, and by one single act of his will.

With regard to the extent of creation which these six days embraced, we have already intimated our persuasion, that it did not comprehend the whole universe. And this we believe is now generally admitted by the most learned commentators. There are two hypotheses, however, which are supported by very able advocates,—and both are represented as equally agreeing with

* "Moved." This word in the Hebrew, according to the opinion of some, both ancient and modern interpreters, signifies literally a "brooding" upon the waters, as a hen does upon her eggs; but as there are only two places wherein the word occurs, (Deut. xxxii. 11; and Jer. xxxiii. 9.) Mr. Le Clerc contends, that in neither of these it will properly admit of this sense; and therefore he rather thinks it (as our Ainsworth seems to do) to be a metaphor taken from the hovering and fluttering of an eagle, or any other bird over its young, but not sitting over, or brooding upon them. A distinction of no great moment in my opinion.—*Stackhouse.*

† "Elohim." Let those who have any doubt whether Elohim, when meaning the true God, Jehovah, be plural or not, consult the following passages, where they will find it joined with adjectives, verbs, and pronouns plural. Gen. i. 26; iii. 22; xi. 7; xx. 13; xxxi. 7, 53; xxxv. 7; Deut. iv. 7; v. 23; Joshua xxiv. 19; 1 Samuel iv. 8; 2 Samuel vii. 23; Psalm lviii. 12; Isaiah vi. 8; Jer. x. 10; xxiii. 36; See also Prov. ix. 10; xxx. 3; Psalm cxlix. 2; Eccles. v. 7; xii. 1; Job x. 1; Isaiah vi. 3; liv. 5; lxii. 5; Hosea xi. 12; or xii. 1; Mal. i. 6; Dan. v. 18, 20; vii. 18, 22.—*Parkhurst.*

the inspired cosmogony. I will state them both, though the latter appears to me to be sustained by the greater weight of evidence and of probability.

It is strenuously maintained by some, that the Mosaic creation reached no farther than this sublunary world. They assure us, that the work assigned to the fourth day was not an actual creation;—that the lights of heaven were not then for the first time called into being; but simply rendered visible in the firmament, expanse, or atmosphere, which was at that period newly formed, and that they were appointed to rule over the day and over the night; to divide the light from the darkness, and to be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years. It is contended that, according to the Hebrew idiom in the sixteenth verse, “to make,” is equivalent to appoint to a certain use; and that the discovery of these luminaries, by means of the atmosphere, is, in our regard, as real a creation as if they had never before existed. Having thus cleared the way for their system, these theological philosophers proceed to its development; assuming the cosmogony of Moses as the foundation of their superstructure. Thus, according to them, at the period when God said, “Let there be light,” our little planet, whether now first created or only restored, was a chaotic mass of earth, water, and dense tempestuous air. A flood or efflux of water from its own bowels covered its whole surface; and the atmosphere that surrounded this deep was yet too thick to admit the light. At this juncture the fiat was issued; the Eternal willed that light should be, “He commanded it,” says an apostle, “to shine out of darkness.” This was effected by a change in the density that surrounded the earth, and by its revolution round its own ideal axis in the space of the first twenty-four hours, which constituted a day to every part of it. It is not supposed that this first dawn of light was complete. It was enough that the dense air was sufficiently attenuated to render visible the surface of the terraqueous globe. Certain it is, that a considerable degree of light may exist without the bodily appearance of either sun, moon, or stars; and this light may be as truly distinguishable from darkness, and as properly called day, in opposition to night, as when it shines forth in its fullest splendour. Such days we have often seen, yet were never at a loss to distinguish them from the succeeding nights. If, then, the light mentioned by Moses was sufficient to create this distinction, it is more natural to ascribe it to the influence of the yet invisible sun on the attenuated air, than to the rotation of an elementary fluid of fire existing in the earth, and serving as an infant sun to the recent world, and out of which afterwards, according to modern commen-

tators, the sun and the whole starry hosts of the heavens were created.*

The most learned of the Jewish Rabbins, as well as some of the most distinguished of the Christian Fathers, in this respect differed *in toto* from the moderns. Origen roundly affirms that “No one of a sound mind can imagine that there were an evening and a morning during the first three days without a sun.” And St. Basil ascribes the darkness that covered the earth before the appearance of light, to the interposition of an opaque body between it and the heavens—a density of atmosphere too thick for the penetration of the sun’s rays. This he illustrates by an example that excludes all ambiguity. “Place around you,” says he, “at high mid-way, a tent, composed of dense and opaque materials: the temporary darkness which, by shutting yourself up in it, you will procure, may give you an idea of that darkness which covered the deep, and which did not antecedently subsist, but was the consequence of other things.” In this simple hypothesis every part of the Hebrew cosmogony is clear and consistent. It is plain that this light, if it emanated from the sun, or were excited by the sun, could not even imperfectly illuminate more than one half of the earth at once; and that while that half was illuminated, the other would remain in darkness, and this is fitly called “Separating the light from the darkness;” namely, by that ever-fitting boundary called by us the horizon. But in order to move this boundary, and to carry alternate light and darkness to every part of the globe, it was necessary either to make the sun circle gradually round the earth, or the earth to turn gradually on its own supposed axis towards the sun. The latter we at present know to be the case.

Light being thus separated from darkness by the foresaid ideal boundary, they would follow one another without interruption, and produce successively those vicissitudes which we call day and night; two other terms only for light and darkness; and the former being justly considered as the principal and most precious portion of time, an entire revolution of light and darkness was denominated one day; the evening being the term of light, and the morning the term of darkness.

* It is not a little surprising, that this unphilosophical notion should be maintained by a biblical critic, who, in his Commentary, introduces the discoveries of modern science with regard to the nature of the sun. It is now ascertained, that this luminary is not a vast ball of fire, and that he does not emit from his body innumerable millions of fiery particles, which constitute the light and heat of our system. The body of this immense globe is now discovered to be opaque, and the light which surrounds its atmosphere to consist of various elastic fluids, that are more or less lucid and transparent. It is likewise almost proved that the sun is a habitable world.

HEAT.

ARTICLE I.

WHEN we look abroad through external nature, and attentively consider the wonderful constitution of the universe around us, an opinion rather forces itself upon the mind, that, in the creation, the gracious Author of all being was pleased to institute a series of agents of a very peculiar character, and capable of very extensive operation, which should have the power of conferring on matter its various properties, of regulating its agencies, and of combining the whole into one beautiful and harmonious system. And these mysterious agents are known to us only by their effects. We are unable to attain them in an insulated state, so as to inquire into their qualities. So far they would appear to be immaterial; and yet their influences would rather indicate them as material; but if so, they are of so refined and subtle a nature as to be incapable of detection by our senses. It seems not, we think, an improbable opinion, that they may form the connecting links between the world of mind and the world of matter—that they constitute indeed the reins by which a spiritual Creator rules a material creation. They are usually known under the names of heat, light, and electricity.* It is of the former alone that we shall at present treat; but we can assure our readers that the study of them all is as interesting as their offices would appear important.

The term heat is usually employed under two different meanings; by the one, it is used to express the sensation that we experience when in the vicinity of a hot body; by the other, we imply the cause of that sensation. The word caloric has been proposed in the latter sense. The distinction however is scarcely necessary, but may at times be found convenient in avoiding a too frequent repetition of the same word.

The beauty and loveliness of the globe we inhabit is greatly to be attributed to the operation of this principle. Without it, we should no longer enjoy the sweet variations of climate and the bountiful succession of seasons. Every liquid, nay, even the very air we breathe, would become solid, plants would be unable to put forth their flowers, animals would die; in a word, earth would be a chaos. If then heat plays so important a part on the great stage of nature, as that its deprivation would lead to evils so great and so varied as those which we have imperfectly depicted, surely it is to the fullest extent worthy of our attentive consideration.

We deem it unnecessary to enter here into any account of the various hypotheses which have been from time to time advanced to explain the

nature of heat, as the inquiries themselves are so abstruse that we fear our readers would find in them but little to instruct, and certainly still less to amuse. We shall therefore proceed immediately with our subject, and shall treat, first, of the communication of heat from one body to another; and, secondly, of the effects of such communication; interspersing such practical illustrations as may suggest themselves as likely to prove useful or interesting.

All bodies on the surface of the earth have a constant tendency to attain an equality of temperature: thus, if a hot body be brought into the vicinity of a number of colder ones, the former will gradually part with a portion of its heat to the latter, until they are all equally warm. It is owing to this, that we experience the sensations of warmth and cold: for on placing our hand near a hot body, as a heated metal, caloric passes from the latter to the former, and thus gives us a sensation of heat; whereas, if we grasp a piece of ice, caloric is transferred from the hand to the ice, and so gives rise to the feeling of cold. Now this transference of heat takes place in different ways, according to the circumstances under which the bodies are placed: thus, if they are in contact with each other, the heat is said to pass from one to the other, and also from one part of the same body to a more distant part, by *conduction*; as when we immerse the bowl of a spoon in a cup of boiling water, the heat is conducted from the water to the lower end of the spoon, and also gradually along the particles of the spoon to the upper end; so that, although at first we could hold it without inconvenience, it will soon become so hot that we can no longer do so. Again, if the heated body is not in contact, but merely placed in the vicinity of a colder one, as when we put any thing before a fire, caloric is then said to be communicated by *radiation*. Of each of these we shall proceed to speak separately; and first,

Of conduction. All bodies have not the power of conducting heat with equal degrees of facility, for we find that it passes through some much more quickly than through others; hence bodies have been divided, with regard to the readiness with which they transmit heat, into conductors and non-conductors, the former including those through which it passes easily; the latter, those which conduct it very slowly. As instances of good conductors we may adduce metals; whilst wood, glass, and charcoal may be mentioned as bad ones. We see various practical illustrations of this fact in common life, but we shall only mention one. The handles of metal tea-pots are generally made of wood; because if they were made of metal, which, as we have just stated, is a good conductor, on pouring boiling water into

* Under the term electricity we include the galvanic and magnetic principles, as the identity of the former is established, and the latter may be regarded as a modification.

them we should not be able to hold them; whereas by interposing a bad conductor, such as wood, this inconvenience is avoided.

Various experiments have been performed with the view of determining the relative facility that different bodies possess of conducting heat, for which however we must refer our readers to works entering more deeply into the subject.* Liquids, in general, with the exception of mercury, are very bad conductors; so bad, indeed, that it has even been questioned whether they have any power of conducting heat: but although this is the case, when placed over a fire they nevertheless become heated with considerable rapidity. This however is to be attributed to a different cause. The particles of all fluids possess a considerable degree of mobility upon each other, and in addition to this they have the property of being expanded and becoming lighter by heat; so that when heat is applied to the bottom of a vessel containing a fluid, the lowest particles which first become heated expand and rise to the top; others that are colder and heavier immediately descend and take their place; these in their turn become heated, ascend, and give place to others, and this process continues until the whole mass of fluid is heated. Now, we see in this case that caloric is not conducted

gradually from one surface of the fluid to the other, but that it is in fact carried by currents of heated particles, ascending, whilst others are continually descending to supply their place. The same obtains not only in liquids but also in aeriform fluids. Dr. Prout has proposed to call this the *conduction* of heat, and although the term has not yet come into general use, it certainly is very expressive.

That liquids, however, do possess a certain degree of conducting power may be proved by applying the heat to the upper surface of the fluid instead of the lower. By this means the particles at the top are necessarily heated first, and as they become lighter they of course do not descend; hence none of the movements before described can occur: we find, however, that caloric is slowly conducted downwards, proving that liquids conduct in a very slight degree. This experiment is one of great delicacy, and requires considerable precaution, as the sides of the containing vessel are very likely to act as conductors, give rise to the process of convection, and thus obscure the effect.

Gaseous fluids are very imperfect conductors, but owing to the extreme mobility of their particles, it is difficult to estimate their great conducting powers.

THE OAK.

BEHOLD the forest, and th' expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth shorn sod
No object interrupts, unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends. Behold, in regal solitude
And pastoral magnificence he stands,
So simple! and so great! the underwoods,
Of meaner rank, an awful distance keep.

If any pleasure can be called bright, beautiful, and lasting, it surely is a love of nature, particularly of the green things that clothe the earth's surface: the contemplation of them gives a tone of health and freshness to the mind, and the cultivation of them vigour to the body. They afford occupation in our youth, and a delightful source of calm enjoyment in our after years. They serve as living and lasting memoranda of our pleasures and our sorrows; and, when the silent hand of time has "wede away" the companions of our youth and the friends of our manhood, the trees we have planted remain to us in all their increased and increasing loveliness and beauty. Of all our forest-trees, not one so much deserves the attention of the naturalist and planter as the oak. In every state, from the seedling plant to the last stage of decay, this beautiful and majestic tree solicits admiration from the eye of taste, as well as the less refined calculations of the speculator of profit.

* We cannot recommend a better than the excellent volume on Heat, published in Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopaedia."

The beauty and utility of the oak appears to have been appreciated by the Druids, from which their appellation is taken: *deru*, "oak," Welsh; *darach*, Gaelic; and of which the *llan*, or sacred grove, was chiefly composed. On its branches grew the mystic mistletoe, used at their solemn rites; and, as now, no doubt the mistletoe was more abundant on the crab and hawthorn than on the oak, some peculiar virtue was attributed to the one rather than the other, from the beauty or utility of the tree upon which the parasite grew. This, probably, may be inferred, as, under the patched investiture of ancient mythological rites, a veneration may be easily traced for certain plants and animals that were of service to, or that held an influence over, the moral and physical condition of man. Its utility to our British ancestors must have been very great; for the fruit (however astringent and unpalatable it may be to a modern appetite) formed a portion of their food, and the rifted logs their chief article of firing: It seems to be lord of the soil, and more adapted to our clime than any other denizen of the forest. Unless in the neighbourhood of the sea, (a most unhappy situation for any tree,) it never shows a "weather-side to the storm."

About the middle of the merry month of May, generally, the gradual expanding of the crimp, yellowish foliage of the oak presents a most refreshing and beautiful feature in our landscape, and gives a richness and mellow relief to the

vivid and more dazzling green of the woods; while its extended and twisted arms, thickly curled and matted branchlets, form a dark and harmonious contrast beneath. It does not, as the sycamore and many other trees of rank and lush foliage, burst suddenly into leaf; but, as the season advances, expands to the blessed and balmy gales, deepened in its tint and more mature in its aspect. The wood formerly, when much more plentiful, was applied almost to all purposes where wood was wanting for durability and strength, particularly of household furniture and building. Few persons can look without feelings of admiration and pleasure on the now blackened but beautifully carved wainscoting in some of the ancient halls of our baronial ancestors; or see the heavy old oak table, with its massive carved legs and framework, without conjuring up in fancy the great wassail bowl circulating round it, amid the boisterous mirth and happy hearts of the rude and merry wassailers. In some of our old churches may be seen fine specimens of the durability of the oak in the great beams and rafters. They, untouched by the tooth of Time, or the burrowing of the worm, have stood for ages;

have seen creeds change and dynasties alter, and probably may see them again and again. But there is one purpose for which the British oak stands alone, unrivalled in the world—the purpose of ship-building. As adapted to this it has been the boast of our country, and the terror of our foes; lauded in lyric strains, from the ingle-side of the humble mud cabin to the princely halls of the noble; and well indeed is it merited.

“Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No castles on the steep;
Her march is o’er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.”

The bark on the healthy growing oak, although rough, rugous, and seamed, is by no means unsightly to look upon, but has a fitness and adaptation, as the external covering of the majestic bulk which it envelopes. And, oh, what a grapple it affords for the ivy, with its smooth, bright, and glinting leaves, (for ever green,) to creep up the trunk, and enring itself round the barky fingers, and, grateful for the protection it receives, deck it in garlands of beauty in the last stage of decay!—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

SPECIMENS OF A NEW DICTIONARY.—No. III.

ANGER, without cause, the spontaneous combustion of the mind.

BARGAIN.—Your purchaser of bargains is, generally speaking, a connecting link between the two apparently irreconcilable characters—the prodigal and the parsimonious. Addison has told us, in a beautiful allegory, that Luxury and Avarice were formerly at war;—that, after various vicissitudes of fortune, they agreed at length to a permanent peace, on condition that Luxury should dismiss Plenty from his service, and Avarice Poverty, their respective ministers of state; and that Avarice should become the minister of Luxury, and Luxury of Avarice, by turns. Since that time, he declares, that Luxury ministers to Avarice, and Avarice to Luxury. Now, your buyer of bargains is an instance of a similar partnership. As a spendthrift, he purchases what he does not want; and as a miser, he purchases it because it is cheap. Rest assured, that though the family likeness may not be noticed by the superficial eye, he is a blood-relation of the Elwes and the Vandilles. The latter contracted a fever by pilfering some logs of a woodman; and, after refusing to be bled by a surgeon, and by an apothecary, because they demanded half a livre for the operation, he sent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for three-pence a time; but, understanding that he should be bled three times, he asked what quantity was to be taken. “About eight ounces each time,” replied the operator. “That will be ninepence;—too much, too much,” said Vandille; take the

whole quantity at once, and that will save me sixpence.” Here was a bargain: he expired, in consequence, a few days afterwards, leaving immense wealth to the king.

CUSTOM.—The emperor of China, and “something more.”

DIFFICULTIES destroy small passions, but increase great ones; the wind extinguishes tapers, but kindles fires.

ERROR.—A serpent whose poison is deadly; though some persons seem to bring into the world with them, and others seem to acquire, an antidote, which enables them to take the reptile to their bosom, and remain unstung. Hence, some men are incomparably better than their principles; and some churches, whose creed overflowed with heterodoxy, have been able to boast a few members who number among the ornaments of mankind.

FREE INQUIRY.—Leave to be. When rightly conducted, it is leave to be happy; when wrongly, leave to be wretched.

GOLD.—The true *primum mobile* of the world.

HAPPINESS.—In the early language of China, the symbolic character denoting happiness is composed of two signs, one of which represents an open mouth, and the other a hand full of rice. But low and animalized as this conception of enjoyment is, is it not the prevailing idea, that “a man’s life consisteth in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,”—in a mouth filled with rice? And is not our own word “happiness” indicative that enjoyment is a thing of

mere *hap, luck, fortune*, rather than the necessary result of right principles—the certain consequence of holiness pursued on a plan?

IMAGES.—It has long been the fashion to heap all the odium of demolishing the old monumental and other ornaments of churches on the Puritans. Open almost any history of a church or a cathedral, and you will find that whatever legs, arms, or noses are wanting, are owing entirely to the sacrilegious mallets of “Cromwell’s soldiers.” Indeed, they appear never to have been so amply occupied in destroying the stone saints of the day, that one wonders they found time to do any thing else; while Time—the great mutilator—appears never to have taken a single image by the nose. Now, the truth is, that every great religious revolution has been attended with demolitions of the kind in question. The heathen temples suffered at the hands of Christianity. The destruction of that wonder of the world, the temple of Ephesus, followed the secular triumph of Christianity. The Ephesian puritans, when authorized by the imperial edicts, very naturally rejoiced in the opportunity of insulting Diana; and some of them falsely deemed it piety to demolish the very ruin of her habitation. When, under the auspices of Constantine and Theodosius, churches were erected, the pagan temples were either despoiled of their ornaments, or else accommodated to the new worship. The im-

mense dome of Santa Sophia now rises from the columns of green jasper which originally stood in the temple of Diana, and which were taken down and brought to Constantinople by order of Justinian. Two pillars in the great church at Pisa were likewise transported from thence. So, again, the Reformation despoiled many of the Catholic churches, wherever Popery gave way to Protestantism. The Lutherans condemned the Calvinists for breaking the images in the Popish churches, looking on it as a species of sacrilege. The Puritans, therefore, may be regarded as merely attempting to complete what the Reformers had begun; but with this important improvement on the destructive process of their predecessors,—that they proceeded according to law; a law which, while it authorized the demolition of “all crucifixes, crosses, images,” &c., directed, at the same time, “who shall repair the places, and at whose charge;” and which forbade the destruction of “any image, picture, or coat of arms in glass, stone, or otherwise, set up or graven only for a monument of any king, prince, or nobleman, or other dead person, which hath not been commonly reputed or taken for a saint.” Whatever odium, then, attaches to the demolition-propensity imputed to the Puritans, should be about equally divided between them, the Reformers, the ancient Christians, and the great destroyer Time.

SITTINGS FOR MY PORTRAIT.

FOURTH SITTING.

I HAVE been sometimes struck with the applicability of terms of art to other and higher subjects, and their actual use in imparting moral instruction. This is not only a proof of the flexibility of language, but of the progress of truth. In the infancy of mankind the first efforts of the power of speech would undoubtedly be simply descriptive, as when, according to the scriptural record, the Almighty having formed out of the ground “every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field.” (Gen. ii. 19, 20.) So when the multiplication of the human species rendered it necessary to maintain intercourse with each other, the objects of surrounding nature became soon distinguished by particular names, and thus a current language was established. The primary use of words then was very simple; the secondary more complex, and adapted to convey general sentiments. Hence arose the employment of rhetorical figures, as simile, metaphor, and allegory; and the method of teaching by parables. It is obvious that the application of terms of art, to

which I have referred, to the purposes of moral instruction, is a branch or ramification of the parabolic method, and, when judiciously pursued, is capable of combining entertainment with the communication of knowledge; so that the mind, instead of being conducted along a beaten and barren road, is led to improvement by a path that lies through a flowery wilderness.

“Leaning too much: more upright if you please.”

That was a needful hint, and the reader will at once perceive how easily it might give birth to the preceding reflections.

To be *upright* then, in point of moral position, is of incalculable importance; though in painting the idea must not be carried too far. An attitude of ease is required; but not one that indicates indolence, or is too remote from the perpendicular; on the contrary, an approach to it, if stiffness be avoided, rather bespeaks a manly boldness and firmness of character. Reclining suggests the idea of effeminacy and voluptuousness; sitting or standing erect, of conscious integrity, commanding influence, and active purpose. Whatever the attitude of the body, however, the mind should be distinguished by rectitude—rectitude of principle and aim. How important is the

prayer of the royal psalmist, and how worthy of adoption—"Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, O Lord!" Let the individual who is sitting for his picture, if requested to assume an upright, or more upright position, avail himself of the request to begin some self-examination. Will there be really a portraiture or shadow of the mind in this representation? Is this very appearance calculated to impress upon the observer an idea of the true greatness—the firmness—the moral purity, or the moral heroism of the person portrayed? and is it, therefore, a correct delineation of myself, or a real index of my character? If I am mean, selfish, and sycophantic, ought I not rather to be exhibited in a stooping posture, and with an averted eye? Will posterity receive a right impression from the canvass; or is it rather what should be than what is?—If truth demands the admission of this to myself; if indeed it be the echo of my own consciousness, then let me begin to rectify my character. Let me realise the moral obligation to take a higher station, to aim at real and religious elevation. Let me dismiss servility and become sincere! Let me abandon the mere purposes of self-aggrandisement, or petty gain, or personal distinction, or indolent self-indulgence, and live for others, for my neighbourhood, my country, and my God! Let artifice, chicanery, deceit, and fraud, be far from me, and let me determine to cultivate uprightness of heart and conduct towards my fellow-creatures and my Maker; in worldly transactions being free from trickery; in religious ones without hypocrisy!

There is another term of painting which, however, may be usually more applied to the historical department of the art than to the formation of the individual figures, and the drawing of particular purposes, which is capable of a moral application; it is the term "design." In the grouping of large pictures, where a multitude of objects is to be introduced, and all conducing to the general effect, as well as to give a chronological impression of the age of a particular event, as well as the event itself, the *design* is every thing; nor even in an individual portrait is it to be overlooked, not only for reasons deducible from previous statements, but from the encompassing indication of consistency and harmony. It would be very *outré* to represent, for instance, a clergyman in his study in a sportsman's dress, or with dogs and implements of the chase, or a sportsman in the field with inkstand, books, and papers; and it is easy to conceive of incongruity and absurdity in less obtrusive forms. Hence it is common to speak of a *good design* or a *bad design*. There are two ways in which this valuable word may be applied: the one is strictly moral; the other incidentally so.

In the strictly moral sense it is descriptive of motive—of the spring and intention of an action. To *design well*, to be pure in purpose and aim, is

of great moment; for the consciousness of it will sweeten success and alleviate failure. It is true that the motive will not always justify the action, because an improper proceeding may be adopted from a good motive; but no action can be deemed morally good, the incentive to which is not virtuous or holy. Thus a bad design may vitiate what might otherwise be deemed a good action, and a good design might extenuate injudicious conduct. But in no case can there be moral worth without sound and undeniable principle.

From the more extended application of the term design in painting, another moral allusion may be seen contained in the use of the word in other cases and in a looser sense. The sketching and arrangement of a large picture, in the elementary outline of particular parts and figures, so as to transfer the artist's vivid conception to the canvass, afterwards to be wrought out and bodied forth, may suggest the necessity of early adopting a good design, a well-arranged plan of future life. The outline is a great point; the fillings-up are to follow in the course of every day. The outline will indeed be susceptible of continual corrections, and will require many alterations; but these may not prejudice the whole, and will be but the more perfect exemplification of the original thought. A plan for the future, even though it be but imperfectly formed and loosely sketched, is of great importance to the young. I have heard an old acquaintance of mine, who was justly celebrated for his deep and comprehensive views, talk of "a planless plan." This significant expression describes the unformed, unfixed varieties of purpose, the half formed crudities of the vacillating mind of the young person whose scheme of life is so vague, and shadowy, and uncertain, that, while he chooses a profession or a business, neglects to realise the proper object, and to pursue the steady and successful course. He is not without a plan, but it is an outline without unity of design, and without any well-digested idea of either the means or the end. If the schemes of youth may not be expected to be comprehensive, they should at least be carefully and steadily adopted. Too often this is left wholly to youth, who are guided at the outset by accident or prejudice—or no definable sentiment at all. Then is the time for the master hand of parental guidance, and the moulding power of a sound and successful education!

How often, in reference to painting, I find the term colouring employed! Light and shadow it seems are the grand staple commodities of the artist, but much, very much depends on the colouring of the picture. In a landscape and in a portrait, equally, truth to nature in this respect is essential. Whatever may be the other objects of research to the connoisseur, this is a circumstance which invariably strikes the eye of the common observer. His decision as to merit in the case is indeed of no

consequence, but the artist will do well to watch his impression; for a common man sees nature in the general as well as the painter, and he has a means of comparison at once before him. It is true the vulgar eye delights in gaudy colours; but still, however incompetent to produce an effect, there is often in the veriest novice a kind of intuitive perception of right and wrong in colour which is not to be despised. "That looks like a field," says he,—"That is just like old Church,"—or "That is not a bit like flesh and blood." I do not believe the colour of a Claude or a Sir Joshua is lost upon the eye of a scavenger.

The term "colouring," in the moral application of it, is very obvious and very momentous. The essence of lying may consist in that evasive and prevaricating language which, while it avoids the

direct assertion of what is false, misrepresents, exaggerates, adds, or conceals, in such a manner as to give a false *colouring* to facts. The general features of the case may be true, but the complexion of the whole is wrong; and what is wrong or false may be so dexterously put on and so distributed as entirely to mislead. It would be well if the traducer or the mischief-maker were to recollect that the evil inflicted is far less upon the misrepresented individual than upon himself: in the one instance, reputation may suffer; in the other, in his own case, character is deteriorated. The false colouring whisperer grossly deceives himself when he imagines he is working the ruin, for sport or for envy, of another: he is, for this world and the next, destroying himself! Y.

EGOTISM.

You may rely on it, reader, that nearly all the world, except you and I, are egotists; so that, by the bye, we ourselves must have had a very narrow escape. "But how is it, then," you inquire, "that so many pass for modest, unassuming men?" Why, it is simply thus: some men are much more accomplished egotists than others; they know when to attract notice by appearing to disregard it; when to change the first person singular into the second; and when to excite the surprise and concern of the sympathetic, by affecting an undue degree of self-dissatisfaction and self-severity. And some are much less egotistical than others. The principle of *egotiveness* is within them, but circumstances have prevented the development of the organ. And provided a man's propensity to self-exaltation be not very obtrusive, he is allowed, by a kind of common courtesy, to pass for a modest man. This is his premium for being what he is, and his bribe to remain so. He is but a pigmy compared with the giant egotists around him, and his reward is to pass unnoticed.

But look me out the man who appears most dispossessed of self, and transport him to some planet inhabited by beings guiltless of selfism, and you shall find that even he will prove to be an egotist in every world but his own. He was humble here only by comparison; but there, no one could doubt for a moment that he was of the earth—earthly. And why? because he would be always talking about *our* world, and the superiority of *our* habits and manners; and be disposed to take the lead in every planetary conversation; and aiming to excite astonishment by recitals of the marvellous.

But you need not transport him to a distant planet for this purpose: try the experiment on a smaller scale; track him through two or three days of his earthly wanderings, and you will find that however unassuming he may appear in some

circumstances, in others he can lay claim to all the privileges of a veteran egotist. Has he just terminated a journey rather longer than usual? Then hush: "I am Sir Oracle—let no dog bark." For one half hour, at least, he lays claim to your attention as the "leading article," though, perhaps, he has merely to relate, "how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again." Has he been involved in a wordy war? Then he will astonish you with the point of his repartees, and with what "I said" to what "he said." But it is in his own family that his egotistical propensity is most conspicuous. And it must be acknowledged that here, if any where, it almost ceases to offend; here, indeed, it becomes almost amiable. He is, beyond dispute, the most important personage in the group; and his importance must be maintained. In the eyes of his children—those multiplications of himself—he is the strongest, the wisest, and the best of men. And in the heart of his *other self*, the dear idea of his superiority is enshrined till death. But this pleasing delusion, which seems almost necessary to domestic happiness, cannot be maintained without the occasional declension of *ego*. And let him egotize, reader; he offends neither you nor me. I envy him his auditors; and let him who would attempt to dissipate the grateful error be anathematized, and never allowed to graduate beyond a bachelor.

But who is not an egotist in his dreams? I cannot forbear venturing an opinion that even you, reader, though of so retiring a disposition while awake, and while your thoughts are under the eye of a vigilant judgment, no sooner lose yourself in the vagaries of a dream, than you become the hero of every scene which your imagination portrays. You may dream of others; but then they are only admiring spectators of your exploits. You may quarrel; but your antagonist never fails to be worsted. The drama

suddenly changes, and a new scene makes its appearance; but you are there in time to sustain the principal part. You dream of precipices, and of persons falling over them; but rather than be a mere spectator, you will fall from the highest point yourself. But this modification of egotism is excusable; you were beguiled into it during the absence of all mental control. If, indeed, as many do, you were accustomed to relate your dreams, then, perhaps—but away with the ideal! it is not for a moment to be entertained.

It is said that an extra glass will occasionally transform a very reserved person into a most loquacious egotist, if into nothing worse;—that it has a strong tendency to revive the memory of personal adventures, respectable connexions, and rich relations. But however this may be, it must be allowed that a slight degree of personal deference, to say nothing of adulation, will frequently operate to this effect. When a man perceives that you know him, and that you regard him (perhaps justly) with marked and respectful attention, he feels that he has to support a certain character, and rather than sink in your estimation, he is in extreme danger of contracting the guilt of egotism. This will, in some measure, account for the fact why so many men of mental eminence are chargeable with the commission of this offence. For be it remembered, that whatever it may betray, it is a propensity by no means peculiar to mental imbecility. They have been placed in circumstances of this description so often, that a feeling of self-importance has been first generated, and this, by repetition, has gradually led to a habit of self-exaltation. Hence Cicero became an egotist, though he was evidently most anxious to conceal it; and Montaigne, who wrote *I* more frequently than any other letter of the alphabet; and Wolsey, whose motto of "*I and my king*," renders him an example worthy the attention of every succeeding egotist. And why should thy name be omitted, Cobbett? thou prince of egots! thou whose every page breathes self-inspiration, and the most enviable degree of self-satisfaction. This, too, will partially account for the publication of so many trips and travels, conversations, reminiscences, autobiographies, and a variety of nameless effusions, "at the request of friends." And why will it not equally account for the slight degree of egotism attributable to honest John Bull? He boasts "a constitution which is the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world." And when it is remembered that many compliments to this effect have reached his patriotic ear, it is not strange that he should believe it. And when, in addition to this, the character and pretensions of his southern neighbours are remembered, it is not strange that he should so far throw off his natural reserve as to assert it, and thus turn egotist in self-defence.

I once knew a thorough-paced egotist, and I

would not willingly part with the idea which I retain of him. It was the fulness, the perfection of his egotism alone which rendered *I*—s supportable. Had he been less egotistical he would have been intolerable, simply because he would not have appeared incurable. Had he occasionally descended from his stilts, his friends might have cherished a hope that he might be gradually taught to walk upon the earth; but he never disappointed their hopes, for he never excited any. Had he occasionally enjoyed a lucid interval, an attempt might have been made at exorcism; but the demon of egotism never left him, so that no one could hesitate to pronounce him an incurable. It was scarcely possible to offend him by any of the ordinary means of giving offence. Convict him of ignorance; his self-confidence remained unshaken: he felt assured "in his own mind," that he had read or heard to the effect of what he had stated; or, he was not in the habit of forming an opinion hastily, nor should he be hasty in relinquishing it. Politely request him to withdraw; he evidently pitied you for defrauding yourself of the pleasure of his company. Tax him with egotism; he professed to hate nothing so cordially. But if it was difficult to displease him, it was a proverbial impossibility to put him on indifferent terms with himself. If he ever admitted, for a moment, that he could, in any single point, be more perfect than he was, it was done so blandly, with so many alleviating expressions and assurances of self-esteem, that he could not possibly be offended with himself; and, moreover, it was always the certain forerunner of invidious comparisons with those around him, and ended in torrents of self-gratulation. He was a happy instance of the principle of gravitation, for he was his own centre, and to that he tended with a constancy and force of determination which nothing external could ever disturb—

"And *I*—s, self-balanced, on his centre hung."

In conversation he quoted principally from himself, as a classical scholar would from the ancients; for few sayings had ever escaped from his lips which his memory had not embalmed with the most pious solicitude. In a doubtful question he seldom appealed to a higher authority than himself, which he did with the readiness and accuracy of a lawyer appealing to an old act of parliament; naming the date when he had formed the opinion or used the expression alluded to, together with the minutest circumstances which led to it. Few incidents of modern times could be mentioned in conversation of which he had not some knowledge, which called for the attention of the company. But whenever he condescended to refer to an incident which did not relate immediately to himself, he commonly atoned for the defect by giving a most detailed account of the several stages through which it had passed before it reached him—the depository

of all knowledge and secrets, past, present, and to come. And in doing this, he generally managed to introduce, indirectly, a few names and circumstances, intended, if not calculated, to raise him in the opinion of those he addressed, so that, before he had concluded, the original incident was entirely lost sight of, and you found yourself brought back to that beginning and end of all things—*himself*. And yet there is not one of his acquaintance—friends, I believe, he has none—who would not devour his Memoirs, provided they were written by himself, as the choicest morsel which ever gratified their literary palate. But such a pleasure is not to be expected; for unless he could be present at the reading of every copy which might be sold, to announce himself as the hero, and to offer any little explanation

which he might deem necessary, he would never think of the publication. Farewell, then, thou worthy archetype of the egotistical tribe, farewell! and accept, at parting, this feeble tribute to thy cherished memory. Never shall it be said that thou art self-irreverent; for seldom dost thou pronounce thy name but with an emphasis approaching to awe, or offer incense at any human shrine but thine own. Thou art self-canonized. Never can it be said that thou lackest a subject for conversation; for thou art so full of thyself, that it is only to address thee, and thou overflowest. Never, whilst thou livest, canst thou be taxed with forgetting the object which first engrossed thy affections; for thy "first love" was thyself, and thou wilt love on till death.

MY RUSHLIGHT.

My theme is not a very bright one—
Rushlights are queerish things to write on—
But I must praise this ragamuffin,
Because, d'ye see, he do'nt want snuffing,
And that is more than I could say
Of *all* the lights I've seen to-day.

My rushlight cost just half a penny—
'Twas worth that sum to me or any:—
A farthing used to be the value
Of all its ancestors, I tell you :
But now, when the whole world's improving,
My rushlight, too, is onward moving :
'Tis worth just double its grandfather,
And *that*, you know, 's uncommon, rather :
At least 'tis more than I could say
Of *all* the lights I've seen to-day.

This feeble rush, though oft despised,
And scarcely ever too much prized,
Is of some use—no man can doubt it—
This dark world would be worse without it.
It aids the sick, befriends the wretched,
And, if 'tis absent, must be fetched :—
For nurse would "make a fuss" about it,
And could not "find the pills" without it.
Then rich and poor alike must use it :
It gives both light, though both abuse it.
Midst scoffs, and jeers, and gibes ungrateful,
Without revenging things so hateful,
It still shines on, and lights the haughty,
Who censure it in modes so naughty.
It does *its best*—that's more than they do,
And longer burns than lights more gay do.
And this is what I would not say
Of *all* the lights I've seen to-day.

My rushlight, too, is very *modest* :
Of all its virtues this is oddest ;
But 'tis so bashful when first lighted,
You'd think the timid thing benighted ;

Then nought but time and care most tender
Encourage it to show its splendour ;
And, at the most, its whole pretension
Does not provoke our reprehension ;
And that is more than I could say
Of *all* the lights I've seen to-day.

My rushlight also merits praises,
And must be sung in grateful phrases ;
Because it has that happy talent—
For self-defects an equivalent—
Of setting brighter lights a-burning,
(A secret worth a *parson's* learning :)
'Twill make a lamp, or gaslight glitter,—
For *this* wax candle's scarcely fitter—
'Twill serve to light the peasant's fire,
Or peasant's master's—so much higher :
E'en "moulds" or "fours" could do no better :
I tell you truth, mind, to the letter.
And when 't has done the deed so nicely,
'Tis modest, as before, precisely :
Not proud because it could be useful,
Not clever first, and then abusive ;
It still remains quite unassuming,
Avoiding vain and idle fuming,
Although it *have* perform'd a wonder—
Now, this is fact, and here's no blunder :
Though it be more than I could say
Of *all* the lights I've seen to-day.

And when the rushlight's done, 'twill go out,
(There's nothing puts one's temper so out
As to be for'd to rise, to blow out
The cotton snuff which fumes so badly,
And makes one cough so very sadly :)
So I must praise retiring beauty,
Which *leaves*, when it has done its duty,
And do'nt pretend to shine *for ever*,
(As if it could be always clever) :
But, when it can no longer charm us,
At once departs, and does not harm us,
For this is praise I could not say
Of *all* the lights I've seen to-day.

W.

REVIEW.

Education Reform; or, the Necessity of a National System of Education. By T. WYRE, Esq., M. P.
Vol. I. London.

We take it for granted that there are numbers still who are as hostile to universal education as ever. We say we assume this as a matter of course; and our

reason for doing so is, that until education becomes universal, all the uneducated will not know what education means; and under this class we unhesitatingly rank all anti-educationists. They exemplify how necessary education is, by rendering themselves the greatest obstacles to it.

It is high time, however, that all such should be apprized that, willing or unwilling, education is no longer optional; it cannot be stopped; it is inevitable. "I wonder not much, considering what human nature is," says Archbishop Whately, "that some should think the education of the poor an evil; I do wonder at their not perceiving it to be inevitable." Yes, "Forward!" is the strong cry of the human heart; and every thing in the present day echoes it back. This may not, as our author remarks, at first be perceptible. The valleys may still seem to sleep in darkness, but the day is on the high places; the noonday sun will, ere long, be felt in their deepest depths. These are not vague anticipations; they are statistical as well as metaphysical facts. Indifferent as our education still is—limited as it is—it still evinces a great increase in numbers, and a still greater improvement in discipline. Proselytism, religious and political, has every where pressed into its service the new power. It is perceptible in every walk of life. The club, the reading-room, the newspaper, the magazine, the mechanics' institute, the public meeting, are all educators. In every transaction the schoolmaster's voice, loud or low, is heard. And not only all classes, all nations are under its influence; and the effective communion of nations has commenced. We are gradually forming a large European family: whatever vibrates at one extremity is felt at the other. We cannot, if we would, live by ourselves. The thoughts and words of others burn and speak in us, even when must we believe ourselves alone. The whole world is hurrying on: if one class would prevent another pressing and trampling on them, the only way to effect it, is to press onward themselves. In vain is it, then, to discuss whether education be a good or an evil; in vain to spend time in framing statistical tables to ascertain whether a state of education or of non-education be the more favourable to social morality. Educated the people will be; the only question left open is, whether their education shall be good or bad.

But besides being inevitable, education has become more than ever necessary. The Reform Bill is law; the people are now masters of their own destinies. Instruction has become indispensable. Every man ought to be educated up to the level of the functions to which his country and his situation call him. One man taught, soon becomes the teacher of another. From one centre, knowledge radiates in a thousand directions. The man who has learnt to discharge one duty well, will equally well, with proportionate care and opportunities, discharge another. And thus education might easily be shown to be not only necessary, but also a benefit and a right. Now with these impressions, the object of Mr. Wyse in the present volume is to develop these three propositions:—that national education should be good,—universal,—and be provided with means for its permanent support. And though we may demur to some of his positions we feel gratified in saying that he has brought to the momentous subject a great fund of information, comprehensive views of the philosophy of education, and an earnestness of purpose which invests the whole with surpassing interest. His style exhibits considerable point and vigour; and most of his pages teem with reflection. He is obviously a man of and for the times. "What, then," he inquires, "is good education?" The best means we can devise for preparing the future man for the ends destined by the Creator. But what are these ends? Upon the solution of this question depend the means. We must know whither we are

going before we can decide what road we are to take.

We must know in what education proposes to terminate, before we decide what should be the nature of our education. Some have proposed, as ends, the development and perfection of our faculties; but this is mistaking means for ends, it is stopping short on the road. Others, again, have proposed utility; but this conceals an ulterior term—what is utility? "The greatest happiness of the greatest number." Happiness, then, is the end of education; but what is happiness? From the time of ancient philosophy to the present day, this has been the great object proposed to the hopes and passions, spiritual or physical, of our nature.

But were happiness alone the end—or even the end *par excellence*—either of human life or of education, we should, on an impartial examination, be compelled to confess that it is an end which has scarcely ever been attained. Happiness on this earth exists only by comparison; it is not, nor can it be, an absolute, a fixed quality. It is a mere motion to some other happiness beyond it; and just in proportion to the distribution of this motion through our earthly existence, is the measure, great or small, of our earthly enjoyment.

But to mistake this for the end of being would be fatal. Philosophy, it is true, teaches that there is a happiness which is independent of worldly rewards, and often in contrast to them.

"Philosophy teaches that true happiness and true utility can only combine with virtue; that even nature avenges herself for the abuses of her gifts; that, on the most refined calculation of selfishness, there is wisdom in self-subjugation; and, in economising pleasure, a certain though late reward. But, after all, what is this but prudence? And what, even at its highest value, is prudence? Prudence, by itself, in the moral world, has no fixed value; it derives all its worth from the impress it receives. It may be found as often upon the service of vice as of virtue; and just as great a check upon the one as upon the other. It is, after all, a more purified species of egotism; it ends where it begins. Utilitarianism, indeed, has endeavoured to raise it from this earthly origin; and, by embracing mankind, to divest it of its purely personal characteristics. It thus partakes of a somewhat more elevated morality; but then it is a morality recommended, not enforced. There is no secondariness of the external law in the human breast, no utilitarian conscience. As long as such is the case, self-sacrifice—the individual for the mass—may be preached, but it will not be practised. The interests of society may be said to be conformable to those of the individual; but what are these interests? We must look for something certain, something here to-day, but not gone to-morrow. But is this to be found? Undoubtedly God has not commanded impossibilities; nor sent us into creation without a path or purpose—a medley only of doubts and contingencies. There is an end, and there are means, (though not those already mentioned,) both clear, both decisive. Perfection, through the performance of duty, is the great end of all education."—(Pp. 37-38.)

Such is the nature of the education which is necessary, and which must be imparted to the people at large. The people are entrusted with power: shall that power be left in the hands of ignorance? Shall the most important interests be confided to the mere instincts, the coarse passions, the blind impulses of an unenlightened community? We are not in times when we can afford to trifle with such forces, ranging at will through society. It is an electric stream, which must be conducted or turned aside. Great skill, the purest intentions, a very high improvement in our mental and moral capacity, are essential. And this can be effected. The rising nation, young Britain, still is ours; we hold its social destinies in our hands; we may cultivate in the child the future man. We are the accountable guardians of their virtues and their happiness; the creators, under God, of their characters; we are they who are to decide, even now, whether they shall be the future criminals or the future benefactors of our common country. But we have no right to erect gibbets, if we will not take the means of preserving from them; we have no right to punish ignorance and vice when our institutions have led in no other direction.

MEN AND THINGS.

THE SMITHS.—It is a well-known fact, that the thriving family of "Smiths" have always held the predominance over any other that has been established since the Norman conquest; whether it be attributable to their extraordinary progenital powers, or to a public preference of the monosyllable cognomen, is not known. A curious packet, however, which was delivered some time ago, shows how frequently this name is made use of. On two bags of flour the direction ran thus:—"Mr. William Smith, of Carlton. From Mr. William Smith, of Southwell. By William Smith, the Newark carrier. To be left at Mr. William Smith's, the Crown Inn, Newark, till called for." It may be necessary to observe, that each of these names refers to a different person.

ECONOMY OF TIME.—In England time, is a revenue, a treasure, an inestimable commodity. The Englishman is not covetous of money, but he is supremely covetous of time. It is wonderful how exactly the English keep to their appointments. They take out their watch, regulate it by that of their friend, and are punctual at the place and hour. English pronunciation itself seems invented to save time; they eat the letters and whistle the words. Thus Voltaire had some reason to say, "The English gain two hours a-day more than we do by eating their syllables." The English use few compliments, because they are a loss of time; they salute in a nod, or, at the utmost, a corrosion of the four monosyllables, "How d'ye do?" The ends of the letters always show more simplicity than ceremony; they have not "the honour to repeat the protestations of their distinguished regard and profound consideration" to his "most illustrious lordship," whose "most humble, most devoted, and most obsequious servants" they "have the honour to be." Their very language seems to be in a hurry; since it is in a great part composed of monosyllables, and two of them, again, are often run into one; the great quantity of monosyllables looks like an abridged way of writing, a kind of short-hand. The English talk little, I suppose that they may not lose time; it is natural, therefore, that a nation that sets the highest value upon time should make the best chronometers, and that all, even among the poorer classes, should be provided with watches. The mail-coach guards have chronometers worth eighty pounds sterling, because they must take care never to arrive five minutes past the hour appointed. At the place of their destination, relations, friends, and servants are already collected to receive passengers and parcels. When a machine is so complicated as England is, it is essential for every thing to be exact, or the confusion would be ruinous.—*Pecchio's Observations on England.*

PETER THE GREAT.—This eminent man being once at a town in Poland, heard much of a wonderful image of the holy Virgin, which had been seen to shed tears during the celebration of the mass, and he resolved to examine this extraordinary miracle. The image being highly elevated he asked for a ladder, ascended it, and approached close to the image. He discovered two little holes near the eyes. He put his hand to the head-dress, and lifted up the hair with a portion of the skull. The monks, who stood at the foot of the ladder, quietly regarded the czar, for they did not imagine he could so soon discover the fraud. The emperor discovered within the head a basin; it was so placed that the motion of a small fish which it contained agitated the water, and occasioned it to issue slowly, and by small quantities, from the two apertures at the corner of each eye. He descended the ladder without seeking to undeceive the devotees or any one; but, addressing himself to the monks, he

said coolly to them, "That is a very curious image indeed."

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—It is related of a lady resident in Montgomeryshire, and now somewhat advanced in years, that, in her early days, she had lived so secluded from the world, that, to her knowledge, she had never seen the bounding goat which frequents the mountains of her native land. When about the age of eighteen, it was proposed that she should accompany a friend to London. The invitation was accepted with delight, and day after day did she listen in wondering anxiety to the accounts of the varying sights which were to be presented to her astonished mind. But there was a remark which she overheard, and which made an impression on her mind not easily to be effaced; it was, that the only objection which Mr. — had to going to London was, the dread of the bugs which abounded there. On the approach to the metropolis, eagerly did Miss — gaze upon the passing wonders, till suddenly seizing hold of the arm of her friend, she exclaimed, "Dear Mr. T., is that a bug!" at the same time pointing to a huge goat which was being led through the streets, accompanied by a large crowd of children.

SPECTACLES.—The origin of these valuable instruments is uncertain. That the ancients were acquainted with the laws of refraction, is beyond all doubt, since they made use of glass globes filled with water to produce combustion; and in Seneca we find the following very curious passage:—"Litteræ, quamvis minutæ et obscuræ, per vitream pilam aquâ plenam majores clarioremque cernuntur." Yet thirteen centuries elapsed ere spectacles were known. It is supposed that they were first invented by Salvino, or Salvino Armati; but he kept his discovery secret until Alessandro de Spina, a monk in Pisa, brought them into use, in 1313. Salvino was considered their inventor, from the epitaph on his tomb in the cathedral church in Florence: "*Qui giace Salvino d'Armato, degl'Armati di Firenze, inventore delli occhiali, &c.. 1817.*" Another circumstance seems to add weight to this presumption. —Luigi Sigoli, a contemporary artist, in a painting of the circumcision, represents the high-priest Simeon with a pair of spectacles, which, from his advanced age, it was supposed he might have needed on the occasion.—*Millengen's Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

NINE OF DIAMONDS.—In playing-cards, the nine of diamonds is commonly nicknamed "the curse of Scotland," and several reasons have been assigned for this strange denomination. When the Duke of York, who was shortly after James II., took up his residence at Edinburgh, and enlarged the palace of Holyrood, he and his court introduced a new game there, called "Comet," in which the nine of diamonds was the most important card. The Scots, who had to learn the game, lost tremendous sums at it, and from that circumstance the nine of diamonds was called the curse of Scotland. Another derivation is, that the nine of diamonds bore some resemblance to the arms of the Dalrymples; and that Lord Stair, a member of that family, was the real curse of Scotland. But a third derivation is more modern, and much more striking, though we cannot take upon ourselves to decide that it is the most correct or the right one. It is said that the night before the fatal battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland sent orders to General Campbell to give no quarter to the soldiers of the Pretender;—that this order being despatched in great haste, happened to be written on a card, and that card the nine of diamonds; from which time and circumstance it has gone by the appellation of the "curse of Scotland."

A TALE OF THE INN KITCHEN.

DURING a continuation of deep snow, which formed an impenetrable barrier to the neighbouring roads, a few travellers were assembled at a village inn; good ale and porter foamed in the landlord's cellars, and the larder was well stocked with provisions, so that there was no danger of starvation, even though the besieging elements from without threatened a long blockade. Amusement was not so easily obtained; the company accidentally assembled in the kitchen of the inn, the only place of congress that the dwelling afforded, were of different ranks and situations in life, and nothing like general conversation could be established in the society. The same expedient by which persons in similar circumstances have, from the time of Boccaccio beguiled the lagging hours, was resorted to upon this occasion; and it was unanimously agreed that every individual should relate a story in turn. Desirous of promoting good fellowship, one of the party readily undertook to lead the way, and, drawing their chairs round the fire, the rest of the company prepared to listen attentively to the gentleman's tale of the gamekeeper's daughter:—

A younger child, neglected by my family, and ill-treated by the mercenaries to whose care I was committed, I felt no regret at leaving my native country at the tender age of fifteen. My parents parted from me without exhibiting any appearance of sorrow, desiring me to behave well for my own sake, and to get rich for theirs; and, promising to act according to this prudent counsel, I embarked as a cadet on board an Indian, in all the fearless confidence of youth, hoping that a change of scene would bring an accession of pleasures, and rejoicing in the idea that I should be my own master. On my landing in India I wrote to inform my father of my arrival; but never receiving any reply to this and various other letters, which I considered it to be my duty to address to my family, in the course of a few years I ceased to trouble them with my epistles.

A studious disposition, and a quick perception of the beauties of virtue, in some measure supplied the defects of my education; and manfully withstanding the various temptations with which I was surrounded, I preserved a simple taste in the midst of luxury. The regiment to which I was attached being stationed in the Upper Provinces, I had little opportunity of mixing with Europeans, or of gaining any knowledge of the world, except from books. My own recollections of England were faint and indistinct; but the descriptions of the poets revived in my mind visions of Arcadia. Often, in my solitary rambles through vast and almost impervious forests, as I gazed upon the stupendous productions of the

clime—a herd of elephants reposing under the shade of a mighty banian, and the tremendous boa winding its tortuous course round the gigantic trunks of the patriarchs of the soil; or turned from the contemplation of these astonishing works of nature to admire the living gems floating in the sunshine, the ruby and amethyst of the lory, the brilliant emerald of the slender paroquet, and the gorgeous constellation of the many-coloured peacock, perched in myriads upon the branches of trees of a thousand scents and hues—my mind wandered from this scene of magnificence, to feast upon the pictures which fancy drew of my native country, and imagination aided memory in recalling the sweet haunts of my infancy, the green lane leading to the mazy labyrinths of my grandfather's park, where, stretched upon the cool sward, I listened to the melodious trillings of the thrush, watched the playful antics of the squirrel, or, roused by the sudden flight of a fawn, bounded along the gem-enamelled earth with a step as agile and as fleet. How gladly would I have exchanged the luxurious collation which awaited my return, the baskets of pomegranates, limes, cocoas, and pine-apples, for one ripe rich cluster of hazel nuts, won by the active labours of a vigorous frame from the topmost bough of the sheltering hedge-row; or a solitary wood strawberry, which untiring search had detected amid the cunningly wrought tapestry of a bank of wild flowers.

Unblessed by friend or relative upon whom I could lavish the affections of a naturally tender heart, every emotion of love was centered upon the land that gave me birth; my soul yearned towards it; and whenever, subdued by the enervating heat, I lay faint and exhausted on a bed of sickness, the cool climate suggested a remedy for all my ills, and seemed only necessary to restore my strength, and quench the parching fever in my veins. My ardent desire to return home grew upon me every day and hour of my existence: twelve years had passed away, yet a dreary period was still to elapse ere I could reasonably entertain a hope that my own savings would enable me to visit my native country. I had already realized sufficient money to defray my expenses home, but as I could not reckon upon a welcome from my family unless I came amply provided against the chance of becoming burdensome to them, I was compelled to struggle with my wishes, and endeavour to be content to spend the summer of my life in India. Owing to a variety of accidents I had not even seen an English newspaper for several months: the arrival of an immense packet promised a fund of entertainment; and, arranging them according to their dates, I sat down eagerly to the perusal. My attention was soon fixed upon a paragraph which

concerned me deeply: it announced the deaths of no less than seven of my nearest relations; and, in commenting upon this extraordinary mortality in one family, stated, that the only individual who was supposed to be alive was a lieutenant in a native regiment in India; and now, in consequence, heir to considerable possessions. Though the natural ties of affection had been early snapped, and long absence had rendered me a stranger to my father's house, I could not learn the total extinction of all my race without experiencing poignant grief; and the feeling that I stood alone in the world gave a melancholy tinge to my mind that it never entirely recovered; the forlorn friendlessness of my situation was only increased in idea, for neglect and distance had as effectually separated me from my kindred as we were now divided by death.

Instantly relinquishing my commission in the Company's service, where a life of long inaction had rendered me hopeless of attaining military glory, I procured from the Governor of India such proofs of my identity as I considered to be necessary for the establishment of my claims, and set sail for England. My voyage was retarded by a series of disasters; the ship suffered so much damage from a storm, that we encountered in the Indian Seas, that we were obliged to make for the Isle of Bourbon, and the vessel being there condemned as unseaworthy, after suffering considerable delay, I took my passage on board a small schooner, on the point of sailing for England. Unfortunately, parting from our convoy in a heavy fog, we were chased by a French privateer, and after a long run we were taken prisoners. At the moment that I nearly despaired of ever revisiting my native country, our captors were surprised by a sloop of war in disguise, who, suddenly showing her guns and her colours, changed the posture of our affairs, and we again trod upon a British deck.

On leaving India, I intended on my arrival in England to proceed directly to London; but languishing for repose, and weary from the accidents of my tedious voyage, I requested to be set on shore on the coast of Cornwall, and landed within twenty miles of my own estate. I felt not the desolation of my situation, for every inanimate object that I beheld appeared to be a friend; my long confinement on board ship rendered the enjoyment of air and exercise too luxurious to permit the intrusion of any less pleasurable sensation, and I looked not for other welcome than that which the earth, the air, the sunshine, and the smiling landscape seemed to give me. My heart beat tumultuously as I approached the demesne of my forefathers. Turning an abrupt angle in the road, the paternal estate burst upon my view; the chimneys of a long irregular building just peeped from above the trees, which, clothing the side of an easy declivity,

gradually decreased in size, until the encroaching sand of the seashore effectually checked vegetation. Symptoms of long neglect were observable the instant I entered the park: the porter's lodge was tenantless, and the road, overgrown with moss and weeds, was entirely destitute of the trace of a single wheel; the deer, struck with a panic, fled at my approach; and, disturbed by the hollow sound of my horse's hoofs, a cloud of rooks rose from their aerial city in the over-arching elms, and filled the air with their clamorous voices; the front of the house was completely shut up, not a cranny or a fissure in any one of the windows gave evidence of inhabitants; but a slender column of smoke, issuing from a low chimney in one of the offices, guided me to an open door; and, fastening my horse to a post, I entered unannounced. I had not penetrated far into the interior of the mansion ere I encountered an old woman, who, with a voice corresponding in asperity to the sourness of her aspect, demanded my name and business in a dialect which I could scarcely understand. I briefly informed her that I had arrived from India to take possession of my house. Apparently not inclined to credit my statement, she began to bawl out the name of Jarvis, and presently an old man made his appearance, not a whit more prepossessing in his person and manners than his fair companion; this redoubtable personage seemed also disposed to dispute my entrance, and comprehending but little of their jargon, I assumed such a tone and attitude as speedily convinced them of my determination to support my rights, and, though with evident reluctance, they prepared to obey my commands. Demanding the keys of all the apartments, I removed the shutters, and derived a melancholy satisfaction in gazing upon the portraits of my family, with which the walls were hung; and though a very trifling share of tenderness was due from the alien they had so long neglected, I could not contemplate those faded representations of relatives now in the grave, without experiencing considerable emotion. The generality of the rooms were spacious, old-fashioned, and ill-furnished, but the extensive sea views, and the picturesque inland prospects that the windows afforded, more than compensated for their internal gloominess; not one exhibited marks of recent habitation, except a large hall, which was spread with the remnants of a rude feast. Flagon and glasses were confusedly strewn upon the table, and candles, burnt into their sockets, denoted that the company had kept up their orgies until a late hour.

In reply to my questions, the old woman answered doggedly, that the supper had taken place at the funeral of the last owner of the mansion, and that she had too much to do to keep the rooms in order. I recked little whether her statement was correct or not, and choosing a bed-chamber that pleased me, and the library for

a sitting-room, I informed my domestics of my intention of taking up my abode in them immediately. It was in vain that they started objections: I bestirred myself so heartily in the affair, that finding it impossible for them to conceal their stores from my knowledge, (for, threatening me with starvation, I was obliged to detect bread, meat, wine, and faggots, with the vigilance of a Margaretta,) they furnished me reluctantly with fire and food. Towards evening a boy arrived with my baggage, from the village where I had hired my horse, and in a few hours I was completely settled.

It was nearly the end of September, and sitting close to an excellent fire, I amused myself with a volume of Shakspeare; pausing every few minutes to enjoy the contrast of my present apartment to my Indian bungalow, where it was only by the aid of fans, slaves, and punkies that I contrived to breathe. Whilst I was thus employed, not using much ceremony in the mode of his entrance, a tall, strong-built man, dressed in a fustian jacket, leathern gaiters, and a pouch and short belt slung across his shoulders, interrupted my meditations; he informed me that he filled the office of gamekeeper, and begged to know who I was. Hard-featured and sun-burnt, yet strikingly handsome,

"His face was of that doubtful kind
That wins the eye, but not the mind;"

but as his request was reasonable, and his manners superior to the Sycorax and Cerberus of my establishment, I condescended to show him such proofs of my right as produced a visible change in his deportment; yet his civility seemed assumed, not natural, and there was a sly and sinister expression in his countenance that ill accorded with the ideas which I had formed of the open, honest brows of English peasants. Fearing that my Indian habits would lead me to expect more deference than was due to a mere country gentleman, I perhaps overlooked much that struck me as bordering upon insolence, and finding this fellow to be more intelligent than any one I had hitherto conversed with, I put several questions to him, which he readily solved. He told me that the executors of my grandfather, who had outlived all his children, except myself, resided in London, and that during the two years which had elapsed since his death, an attorney in a neighbouring town had acted as agent to the estate. This man, he informed me, was absent upon some business in an adjoining county; and indulging a disposition which was at once active and indolent, I determined to await his return before I wrote to London.

Bartley, the keeper, came to me the next morning by appointment, and we set out upon a shooting expedition, attended by a person whom he introduced as the bailiff, one of the most villanous looking monsters I had ever beheld; he was short

and squat, his features distorted, and his skin seamed with the small pox; diminutive, ferret eyes, gleaming with a horrible expression of malignity, were half hidden by the shapeless mass of livid flesh that nature had bestowed upon him for a face; his manners were ferocious and disgusting. Delighted with the exercise, but not very well pleased with my companions, I told them that I should dispense with their services in future, and pursue my sport alone. This measure, however did not appear to meet with Bartley's approbation: he told me that it would be dangerous for me to wander about without a guide, for that a great number of guns and traps were set in the covers. Accustomed to penetrate jungles infested with tigers, to drink at the pool in the teeth of the alligator, and tread carelessly by the nest of the cobra di capella, it was not easy to alarm my fears, and perceiving evidently that he was desirous that I should only visit such parts of the manor as suited his fancy or convenience, and not admiring the sort of restraint which he wished to place upon my actions, I gave him to understand that I could not submit to reign as king with a viceroy over me, and dismissing him and his satellite rambled about as I listed. Having happily achieved a riddance of my Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern whose frequent looks of intelligence I observed and disapproved, without troubling myself to guess their meaning, the pursuit of game was a secondary object: my chief pleasure consisted in exploring the most sequestered parts of my estate, climbing the rocks that skirted the seashore, and penetrating their cavernous recesses. The scenery was bold and wild: the profound solitude of a country which for many miles scarcely betrayed a human habitation, suited the morbid melancholy of my mind. At night I again sallied forth: this was to me the season of enchantment: I loved to contemplate the ocean sleeping in the moonlight, to see the slender stag stretched upon a bed of daisies, beneath the umbrageous shelter of an embowering oak; to view the fantastic appearance the rocks and groves assumed, their prominent points bathed in the mild light of the moonbeams, and the lesser beauties that the garish blaze of day revealed, buried in impenetrable obscurity; to fancy lagoons and lakes in the blue vapour that covered the valleys, to watch the wheeling circles of the bat, to follow the owl as she dived into the thickest darkness of the wood, and to listen to the sweet plaint of the nightingale, whom my Asiatic imagination decked with all its oriental attributes. Time passed away, and though I had determined to await the arrival of Dawson the attorney, I know not whether I should have grown tired of this solitary mode of life, if my curiosity had not been awakened by a circumstance, which, to my romantic disposition, was more than sufficient to create the strongest interest. My dislike to the society of Mr. Bartley, had rendered me rather

shy of approaching his dwelling, even though the anxiety which he always manifested to keep me at a distance from it might have outweighed my prejudices. One morning, a long chase after an animal, which I was desirous to take alive, brought me unexpectedly to a copse that skirted his garden. Panting with fatigue, I flung myself down upon the turf to rest; whilst in this recumbent attitude, I perceived a volume which I had missed from the set of Shakspeare in my library, lying on the grass beside me, and the next moment the sweetest voice I had ever heard, warbled the beautiful old song,

"Come, live with me and be my love!"

I held my breath, fearing to lose a single note, and when it ceased, I rose cautiously from the ground and sought to discover the songstress; she was no where to be seen. Not easily discouraged, I walked round to the garden, and framing a ready excuse for my visit, entered the house. A stout, vulgar-looking girl was busily employed in cooking, but from her barbarous dialect I could learn nothing, except that her master was out. I lingered until I was fatigued with vain endeavours to comprehend the unintelligible sounds that grated on my ear, from a voice hoarse as the raven's croak, and then returned home to ponder upon my adventure. From this moment the game-keeper's cottage became the grand point of attraction: it was situated under the brow of a rocky cliff, and seemed from its close vicinity to the beach better calculated for the residence of a fisherman, than for one whose occupation would have been pursued with less fatigue in a more central habitation. A high ledge of rocks concealed it from view on the ocean side, and the copse, which I have before mentioned, formed a screen that effectually guarded it from the eye of an accidental passenger on land; my ear was frequently regaled by the enchanting strains of the invisible melodist, but once only I caught a glimpse of white drapery vanishing amid the rocks; the disappointment of my hopes only rendered me more eager in the pursuit, and day and night I haunted the scene which had raised a new and strange sensation in my bosom. One evening when I returned home, rather fatigued from an unsuccessful ramble, I found a volume which I had left open upon my library table, closed, and the leaf marked with a paper folded in the shape of a letter. The billet contained the following lines, neatly written in a female hand: "You are surrounded by dangers; reject not my warning, but instantly quit the country and proceed to London, where alone you will be safe until you have established your claims. I dare not be more explicit, but I again entreat you to depart: you are treading upon the brink of a precipice, and your life will be the sacrifice if you linger in the midst of perils until the return of Dawson, or continue your nocturnal amusements."

Unable to comprehend the nature of those dangers to which my fair correspondent alluded, and certainly not inclined to fly at the first hint that my life was in jeopardy, courage or foolhardiness (for it may be termed either) prompted me to sally out in despite of the remonstrance I had just received; and concealing a brace of pistols in my bosom, I wrapped myself up in my boat cloak, and took a circuitous route leading to the game-keeper's cottage, marvelling whether it was from witches, fairies, or beings of flesh and blood that I was to apprehend hostility. The night was stormy; sudden squalls swept over the face of heaven, and thick clouds frequently obscuring the light of the stars, it required all my knowledge of the topography of the place to guide me on my pilgrimage. I had not proceeded far, ere, notwithstanding the caution I adopted, I came unexpectedly upon Griffith, the bailiff, a fellow whom I had often encountered before in my midnight excursions, but whom I was not at all desirous to see at the present moment. I made a trifling observation respecting otters, and asked him what sport was a foot? He replied sulkily, that the place was so infested with vermin, a poor man could not rest in his bed. Remarking that the night was inclement, I said I should return home, and parted from him almost with the intention of fulfilling my words; but a feeling that I could not repress, prompted me to proceed, after I had made a circumambulation which I thought would baffle any attempt he might make to watch me. I was soon aware that other spirits were abroad; for as I approached the cliff, I heard a shrill whistle, which was immediately answered. Lying flat upon the grass, I crawled up the side of the hill, (a fashion I had learned in some of my adventures with the four-footed savages of India,) and on reaching the top, a faint light, which the opening clouds permitted for an instant, showed me a vessel lying close to the shore. My situation became every moment more critical, for Griffiths, who had tracked me with the scent of a bloodhound, hallooed to his companions, directing them to surround the cliff; and I heard myself denounced as a spy, and condemned to death, amid a volley of oaths and execrations. A little favoured by the increasing darkness, I disengaged myself from my cloak, and disposing it round the branch of a tree, which fortunately lay upon the ground beside me, I placed my hat upon the top, and planted it firmly in the earth, then cautiously gliding to the side of the hill, I dropped down amid the rocks, hoping to find concealment within their sheltering caverns; in another minute I heard the report of fire arms, followed by a discordant mixture of the laugh of vulgarity and the growl of disappointment. Again I felt myself to be closely pursued, voices shouted above, below, and on all sides; placing my back against the side of the cave, I drew out my pistols, determining to await the attack and sell my life dearly;

but what in my agitation I had not perceived to be a door, gave way to the pressure of my body, and I fell into a small apartment; instantly recovering my feet, ere I was aware that I had reached a place of safety, a young female darted forward, and closing the chasm in the wall, drew a heavy bolt across it. "Thank heaven that I omitted to fasten the entrance," she exclaimed, "since you have ventured out against my—but speak not," she continued, "your pursuers are at hand, and as I dare not refuse them admittance, I may yet have some difficulty in saving you."

She then led me to a nook behind a large chest, and carelessly arranging a few trunks upon the top, which formed a very effectual screen, she exhorted me to remain quiet until morning, when she hoped, she said, to favour my escape. I perceived that I was now a tenant of the upper story of the gamekeeper's house, for through a pretty wide fissure in the floor I saw Bartley seated in the lower apartment, drinking with two men: one of them habited as a sailor, whom he called "Captain," had the most villanous aspect I had ever beheld; and in the third, who formed the triumvirate, I recognised, by the shabby coat of professional black, and the cunning expression of his countenance, before I heard his name, the attorney, Dawson. I soon learned that these worthies carried on together the trade of smugglers, and not at all approving of my fondness for out of door amusements, had determined, the instant that the arrival of the vessel gave them the opportunity, to despatch me quietly out of the way; and it was for this reason that Dawson, taking advantage of my supineness, kept aloof, in the hope that falling by the hands of the desperadoes he was leagued with, he should still retain the management of the estate, and be enabled to carry on his nefarious trade without let or molestation. I did not feel myself in the most comfortable situation imaginable as I listened to the development of a plot of which I had been so nearly the victim, and felt that my own stupidity alone had prevented me from perceiving the sort of gentry I had to deal with. Towards morning, the smugglers had succeeded in landing their cargo, and accompanied by their captain they betook themselves to their vessel; Dawson departed at the same time, and Griffiths and Bartley, exceedingly drunk, and apparently fatigued with the exertions of the night, stretched themselves upon the floor before the fire and fell asleep. It

was then that my fair preserver made a sign for me to leave my retreat, and conducting me through various windings in the cavern, I once more breathed the air of heaven in safety. During our walk she informed me that Bartley was her step-father; that, reduced by habits of dissipation to extreme indigence, from a situation of respectability, he had broken the heart of her mother, and squandered the property of both; and that when he accepted the ostensible office of game-keeper from his friend Dawson, who had peopled the manor-house and the park with his creatures, though her birth and education rendered such a mode of life abhorrent and disgusting, yet destitute of friends and money, she dared not leave even his protection to seek a precarious subsistence among strangers. Shrinking with native modesty from my offers of service, it was long ere I could convince her that my intentions were honourable; and that, ignorant of the manners and customs of England, it was only through her advice and assistance that I could hope to obtain possession of my rights. She at length consented to settle a plan for our correspondence, and we parted.

The sun had just risen, and as I gazed upon the fair face of nature, so beautiful, and so calm, I could scarcely imagine that a scene of violence and murder had been upon the eve of perpetration, and that the inhabitants of this sweet solitude were only intent upon plunder and the preservation of their ill-gotten wealth. It is not necessary to enter into a prolix narrative of the methods by which I was put into legal possession of my paternal estate, and enabled to take either noon or midnight air upon my own manor without running the risk of having my throat cut. Messieurs Bartley, Dawson, and Griffiths, suspecting that it would not be altogether prudent to continue their illicit traffic upon my manor, or to invite their aquatic friends to feast in my hall, wisely took advantage of their colleague, the captain's vessel, to make their escape. The game-keeper's lovely daughter refused to accompany them in their flight, and took up her residence in a neighbouring town. Though long estranged by circumstances from my fellow-creatures, my heart was feelingly alive to tender emotions, and I owed too many obligations to this interesting girl to suffer her to languish through her existence in servitude and dependence. It is now two years since we were united in marriage.

THE RADIATION OF HEAT.

When a hot body is suspended in the atmosphere, there are three ways by which it cools: first, by the conduction of the air; secondly, by convection; and, thirdly, by radiation. We trust that these terms are now sufficiently familiar to our readers to render further explanation of

them unnecessary. With regard to the first of these, we may remark, that as the conducting power of gaseous fluids is very limited, we cannot ascribe to it any great share of efficacy in the process of cooling. The agency of the second is more considerable, but that the effect

is not wholly attributable to the influence of the atmosphere acting in these two ways, is shown by the fact of a hot body cooling very rapidly when suspended in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. In this last case, then, it can only be by radiation. This term is applied on the supposition that caloric passes equally, in all directions, from the surface of a heated body, in the same way that rays of light appear to proceed from a candle, or any other luminous point. Nor does the air seem to have any effect in retarding the radiation of heat, for we find that it goes on quite as freely in the atmosphere as in a vacuum.

M. Pictet performed some experiments in order to determine the velocity with which heat radiates, but he found that it passed through a very considerable distance in a space of time so small as to be inappreciable.

Experience has taught all of us that radiant heat is less intense the farther we are removed from its source. Every cold day affords us ample demonstration of this fact. It has been shown to bear a very simple mathematical ratio, which may, in illustration, be thus expressed :—That at two feet from a fire, four times less heat,—at three feet, nine times less heat,—at four feet, sixteen times less heat will be felt than at one foot.

The facility with which bodies radiate is influenced, in a curious manner, by the colour and nature of their surfaces. Various inquiries were pursued by Dr. Franklin, Sir H. Davy and others, for the purpose of ascertaining the influence that the colour of surfaces exerted on the process of radiation; and the conclusions they came to tend to show that dark colours radiate heat much faster than light ones. This, at first sight, would lead us to condemn the practice of wearing dark clothes in winter as unscientific; but we shall have occasion to allude to this subject again, when we speak of the absorption of heat.

Again, as to the effect of surfaces on radiation, the experiments of Mr. Leslie show, that smooth, bright surfaces, as of polished metals, are the most imperfect radiators; but that if they are rendered dull and rough, or are covered with a coating of lamp-black, resin, or other similar substances, their radiating power is very much increased. Hence we may conclude, that when we desire to retain the heat of any thing, a bright vessel is better than one of a different description; so that a metal tea-pot is superior to a black earthenware one.

We have hitherto spoken only of the manner in which bodies lose heat by radiation; it remains for us now to consider how this heat is distributed in falling upon other bodies. There

are three different ways in which it may be disposed of: First, it may be *reflected* from its surface, as the rays of the sun are reflected from a mirror; secondly, it may be *absorbed* into its substance, and thus give rise to an increase of temperature; or, thirdly, it may be *transmitted*, as a window transmits light.

The reflection of heat is as much affected by the colour and condition of the surfaces of bodies as we have seen radiation to be; but the investigations of the same philosopher (Mr. Leslie) indicate that these two powers are opposed to each other; for he has found that the best radiators are the worst reflectors, whilst substances which radiate imperfectly, have considerable reflecting properties. We read in history that Archimedes, the celebrated geometrician of Syracuse, set fire to an enemy's fleet by reflecting the sun's heat upon it. And Buffon has proved, by experiments on a very large scale, the perfect practicability of such a scheme.

Nor is the absorption of heat less influenced by the conditions which affect its radiation and reflection; for we learn from the same experimenter, that the state of surface which facilitates the former process, facilitates also absorption; whilst this, in its turn, is retarded by any circumstances favouring reflection. We might, indeed, have almost anticipated this latter fact; for as we know that opaque bodies cannot transmit heat, it is natural to suppose that all rays falling upon any surface, and not being absorbed, must be reflected, and *vice versa*. From what has been stated, then, it appears that the properties of radiation, reflection, and absorption, have an intimate relation to each other; that radiation and absorption bear a direct ratio to each other, but an inverse ratio to reflection. A knowledge of this fact would lead us to correct an opinion which we might previously have entertained,—that dark-coloured clothes are not advisable in winter; for we now perceive, that although they might radiate easily, they would absorb as freely. This will teach us, also, that water in a black kettle will boil sooner than in a bright one.

We have had occasion to notice above, that heat is transmitted without impediment through gaseous fluids: we find, also, that it is capable of passing through some transparent solids, but with much less facility. Thus, a thin stratum of water or glass will allow the transmission, in a slight degree, whilst a thicker stratum will intercept it altogether. When, however, combined with light, as in the solar rays, it passes readily. Hence we see the reason why a room in summer becomes so hot if the rays are allowed to enter at the window.

W. R. W.

APPEAL TO INFIDELS.

(From the French of Bossuet.)

THE principle which I lay down is as follows:—That of which we do not deign to think is as nothing to us. Those persons, therefore, say in their heart there is no God, who deem him to be unworthy of a serious thought. They are inattentive to his truth when it is preached, to his majesty when he is worshipped, to his justice when he strikes, to his bounty when he gives—who so treat him as a nullity, that, in fact, they imagine they have nothing to fear while he only is the witness of their conduct. Who among us is not of this number? Who is not stopped in his undertakings by meeting some one not in his secret nor of his party? And yet either we despise or forget the observation of God. We introduce not here the example of those who are revolving in their mind some theft or murder; for every thing they meet troubles them—the light of day, their own shadow, inspires them with dread; they can scarcely endure the horror of their melancholy secret; and yet they live in a supreme indifference to the observation of God.

But leaving these awful crimes, we will refer to what is to be seen every day. When you secretly tear in pieces those whom you publicly caress; when you pierce them with a hundred fatal wounds by the redoubled and incessant stabs of your dangerous tongue; when you artfully mix up truth and falsehood, to give probability to your malignant narratives; when you violate the sacred deposit of secrecy which a too simple-hearted friend has poured forth unreservedly into your bosom, and you use for your own interests the confidence which required you to think only of his; how much care do you take that it should not become apparent! How you look to the right and the left! and if you perceive no witness to reproach your mean cowardice, if you have spread your snares with such subtlety that they may be imperceptible to men, you say, "Who sees us?" As the psalmist remarks, (Psalm lxxiii. 5.) you reckon not among the observers of your conduct Him who dwells in the heavens. And yet listen to the same psalmist: "He that formed the ear, shall he not hear? and he that created the eyes, shall he not see?" (Psalm xciii. 9.) How is it you do not surmise that he is all sight, all intelligence; that your thoughts speak to him, that your heart discloses every thing to him, that your own conscience is his watchman and his witness against yourself? And yet under those eyes so lively, under those observations so piercing, you rejoice without apprehension, in the pleasure of being concealed; you abandon yourselves to joy, and live in repose among your criminal delights, without even dreaming that he who forbids them,

and who has left you so many that are innocent, will one day come unexpectedly, in a terrible manner, to disturb your pleasures, by the severities of his judgment, when you least apprehend it. Is not this manifestly to reckon him as nothing—to say in your heart, "There is no God."

When I search into the hidden causes of a forgetfulness so monstrous, and consider within myself whence it is that a man so sensible of his own interests, and so attentive to his own affairs, nevertheless so easily loses sight of that very thing which is the most essential, the most dreadful, the most present,—that is to say, God and his justice,—this thought occurs to me:—I find the soul is bounded by such narrow limits, that it has not a comprehension sufficiently vast to reach beyond its enclosure, and therefore can only form a lively conception of that which it perceives in itself, and leads us to judge of the things which surround us, by our own disposition. The angry man imagines that all the world is agitated by the injury which he only feels, while he fatigues every ear with the recital of it. The indolent man, who negligently leaves every thing to its own course, never conceives of the activity of those who are attacking his property; while he reposes and sleeps at his ease, he supposes all sleep with him, and is only awakened by a blow. It is a similar illusion, though much more universal, which persuades all sinners that, while they languish in sloth, in pleasure, and in impenitence, Divine justice languishes also, and is altogether lulled asleep. Because they have forgotten God, they think that God also has forgotten them: "He hath said in his heart, God has forgotten it." (Psalm ix. 34.) But how extreme is their error! for if God is sometimes silent, he will not be always silent. "Behold," says he, "I will watch over them for evil, and not for good." (Jer. xlv. 27.) And elsewhere,—"I have long time holden my peace, I have been still and refrained myself; now will I cry like a travelling woman, I will destroy and devour at once." (Isaiah xlii. 14.) Do not, then, Christians, take his silence for approbation, nor his patience for pardon, nor his long dissembling for forgetfulness, nor his goodness for weakness. He waits because he is merciful; and if his mercy be despised often, he still waits, and hastens not his vengeance, for he knows that his power is irresistible. As a king who knows that his throne is established, and his power confirmed, ascertains that secret purposes of revolt are conspiring against his service,—for it is difficult to deceive a king who is wakeful and vigilant,—and is able to stifle in the birth the discovered plot, but, conscious of his power, is willing to see how far the rash conspiracies of his unfaithful subjects

will proceed, and therefore hastens not his righteous vengeance till they shall have attained the fatal limit where he has resolved to stop them;—so, and for a stronger reason, the almighty God who, from the centre of his eternity, unfolds the whole order of ages, and who, as the wise disposer of time, has arranged the destiny of every moment before the origin of things,—hastens nothing. Those only are in haste and precipitation whose counsels are governed by the rapidity of events, and are carried away by success. It is not thus with the Almighty. Sinners are under his eye, and in his grasp. He knows the time he has given them for repentance, and that in which he waits to confound them. They may mingle heaven and earth to hide themselves, if possible, in the universal confusion: faithless women, and corrupt and corrupting men, may cover themselves, if they can, with all the shades of night; those who are so skilful in conspiring for their destruction, may wrap up their lewd conceptions in the obscurity of an impenetrable intrigue: they shall be detected at the day of decision; their cause shall be carried before the tribunal of Jesus Christ, where their conviction cannot be eluded by excuse, nor their punishment retarded by lamentation.

But I have yet to unfold profounder truths. I do not merely intend to inspire sinners with apprehensions of the severities of the last judgment, and the intolerable punishments of the world to come, lest the peace in which they indulge in the present life should only cherish in their heart a blind and impenitent hope of impunity. The Holy Spirit teaches us that their peace is itself a punishment. Sinners, attend! There is a new mode of vengeance, which belongs to God alone,—it is that of abandoning his enemies to their repose, and of punishing them more effectually by their own obduracy and lethargic slumber, than though he inflicted some exemplary chastisement. In fact, therefore, Christians, it frequently happens that, from the very vehemence of his displeasure, God shuts up all his anger within his own breast, in such a manner that sinners, being themselves astonished at their prolonged prosperity, and the fortunate course of their affairs, imagine that they have nothing to fear, and have no more any trouble of conscience. Such is that fatal drowsiness, that deathful slumber of which I have spoken. It is, my brethren, the last plague that God sends to his enemies, it is the height of all calamities, it is the nearest approach to final impenitence, to ultimate and irretrievable ruin.

To understand this it should be remarked, as the excellent maxim of holy divines, that “by so much as sinners are severe censors of their own vices, by so much God relaxes, on their behalf, the severity of his judgments.”* As it is written,

that God loves righteousness and abhors iniquity, so there is something within us which cries out against sin, and rises up against vice—something that takes part with God; and this is a disposition favourable to his reconciliation to us. But from the time that we are so unhappy as to be altogether in accordance with our sins, from the moment that, by the basest of crimes, we come to the point of abolishing in our heart the sacred truth of God, the impress of his finger and his light—the stamp of his sovereign justice—by overthrowing the solemn tribunal of conscience, which condemns every crime—the empire of God is destroyed, the audacity of rebellion is consummated, and our misery is all but remediless.

Hence the great and living God, who knows that supreme happiness consists in serving and pleasing him, and that what remains for the improvement of those who are distant from him by their crimes, is to be grieved and distressed at the calamity of having displeased him; after having long despised his favours, his counsels, his merciful warnings, and the strokes of his hand, which have been given from time to time, not yet to punish with the utmost severity, but only to awaken us,—comes at last the final resolution to take vengeance on ungrateful and insensible men; withdraws his holy illuminations, blinds and hardens them, and, abandoning them to a forgetfulness of his Divine commands, they are at the same time made to forget both their salvation and themselves.

And that this doctrine may appear fully fixed in the order of the judgments of God, I shall consider nothing accomplished if it be not clearly proved. I must therefore point out from Scripture the progress of this mighty evil. The prophet Isaiah represents himself as holding a cup in his hand, which he calls the cup of the Lord's fury:—“which hast drunk at the hand of the Lord the cup of his fury.” (Isaiah li. 17.) And he declares it to be filled with a draught which he will have sinners to drink—a draught foaming up like new wine to the head, and inebriating them. This draught, which intoxicates sinners, what is it else, than their sins themselves, and the maddening desires to which God abandons them? They drink as a first glass, and by little and little the head turns giddy, that is to say, in the ardour of their passions, reflection, half extinguished, emits only a dubious light, so that the soul is no longer enlightened as before; the truths of religion, and the awful judgments of God are no longer seen, but as through a thick cloud. This is what is termed in Scripture, the spirit of error, which renders men wavering and unstable. Nevertheless, they still deplore their weakness, and cast some glances towards the virtue which they have forsaken; their conscience wakes from time to time, and says, with a secret sigh, “O, mercy! O, chastity!

* Tertul. de Pœnit., n. 10.

O, innocence ! O the sanctity of baptism ! O the purity of Christianity !” Sense overpowers conscience ; they repeat the draught, till their strength diminishes and their sight grows dim : and yet some knowledge, some remembrance of God remains. Drink, drink, ye sinners, drink to the very last drop, swallow all to the very dregs. But what will they discover there ? “Thou hast drunken to the dregs of the cup of trembling, and wrung them out.” And observe the strange effect ;—“Thy sons have fainted, they lie at the bend of all the streets, as a wild bull in a net.” It is a representation of great sinners who, having been for a long time intoxicated with the wine of their passions and their criminal indulgences, at length lose all knowledge of God, and every sense of their guilt. They sin without hesitation ; they remember it without sorrow ; they confess it without compunction ;

they persevere in it without uneasiness ; they die in it without repentance.

Open, then, your eyes, O sinners, and consider your state. While gratifying your evil desires, you drink a long forgetfulness of God ; a mortal slumber gains upon you, your understanding is obscured, your senses are enfeebled. Yet, as the apostle declares in Romans ii. 5, “Thou treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath.” His fury, long restrained, will suddenly burst with terrific majesty ; then you will be aroused by an awful blow, but aroused only to feel your intolerable punishment. Prevent so great a calamity. Awake ! the hour is come. “Now is it high time to awake out of sleep.” Awake, and hear the warning, lest you awake only to hear your sentence. Delay no longer ; this very hour in which I am speaking should, if you are wise, be the hour of your awakening. X.

DEMAND FOR POETRY.

(From Grund's “Americans.”)

If the Americans are not all poets, they at least read poetry with an avidity which borders on gluttony. Poetry is the necessary condiment of an American newspaper. The first page of it is always adorned by a poem, and there are some which are even graced with half a dozen. Supposing only two thousand daily papers to be published in the United States, (which is but a small average, exclusive of semi-weekly and weekly publications,) and their annual number will amount to 730,000. Allowing but one out of a thousand to be good, and you will have 730 good poems in the course of a year, which will make two volumes 12mo., and, consequently, more than is published in a twelvemonth in any other part of the world. I wonder no American bookseller has ever thought of collecting these fugitive poems, which would certainly present a greater variety of entertainment than any one single volume. But the want of enterprise in the venders of books is supplied by the kindness of youths, who are in the habit of composing volumes by pasting the best “daily poems” to the blank leaves of their albums ; satisfying, in this manner, the cravings of their tastes, by paying a just tribute to the merits of the author. Let no one smile at the simplicity of this description. Children are sometimes better judges of poetry than adults ; and, if they do not always understand what they are reading, their feelings are often better guides than the nicest distinctions of critics. Besides, who of all that read poetry pretend to understand it ? Is poetry not often

found the more beautiful the more it is unintelligible ? Let any one read Lord Leveson Gower's translation of Goethe's “Faust,” or some of Coleridge's translations of Schiller, and he will at once be satisfied of the truth of my assertion. Is the author himself obliged to comprehend the sense of it ? Would this not be crushing genius in the cradle ? As long as these questions are not satisfactorily answered, I am for the pasting system of America, as being at once an easy, cheap, and comprehensive method of transmitting the fame of our contemporaries to the latest posterity. Poetry is produced and consumed in America in most enormous quantities. Besides the publications in the newspapers, to which I have already alluded, there hardly passes a day without ushering a new volume into existence, which is greedily read, admired, censured ; but, at any rate, sold. There are, certainly, more poets among the Americans than prose writers, owing to a kind of musical impulse, which makes them express themselves in rhymes. But, above all, it is the prevailing taste of the readers which calls for this extraordinary exertion on the part of the authors, as the manufactory of goods must increase with the consumption. The Americans, as a nation, are the most reading people on the face of the earth. I can safely assert, that there are annually more volumes read in the United States of America than either in England, France, or Germany ; but the favourite works are poetry and, next to them, novels.

MEDICAL THEORIES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

AMONGST the variously constituted minds which fluctuate and flow amid that mass of

human beings, denominated “the world,” the subject of medical theories may perhaps, in the

present days of the universal diffusion of knowledge and information, partake somewhat of the nature and quality of a standing jest, save where amongst the *illuminati* of some Medical Diffusion Society, it lifts up its head in its pride and loftiness of position and place, and proclaims itself by creation and birthright superior to its antagonising brother, "Practice." And amongst its supporters and confederates we may find, after busy search, many who aspire to knowledge, and prudence, and all wisdom—with whom, however, the privacy and penetration of the closet hold a higher degree of respect and favour than do the sad and sickening details of disease, which echo from the cold and the pallid lips of the suffering and the dying. Among such as these, the chief employment and occupation is to bandy about words without either signification or idea, through nights, and weeks, and months, and years of time, and to pass their entire lives (or at least its chief and principal portion) in studying and discussing what is theory and what is not theory, instead of turning their attention to, and employing their minds in acquiring that careful and minute insight into the destructive regions of disease, which will, sooner or later, prove, most certainly, both desirable and useful in practice. Our thoughts and sentiments on this subject will, we doubt not, appear most scandalously and shamefully heretical to these followers and disciples of Galen and Sangrado; but, alas! we number the greatest amount of our days amongst the things that have been, and we may be likewise too late sensible of the truth and verity of that important maxim, which proclaims, *vita brevis ars longa*.

Lord Bacon, in one of his beautiful essays of wisdom, reckons it as a matter and subject worthy of surprise, that there should be more voyages than travels published, and that of those lands and countries where there is very little or nothing to be seen, there should be so much more written. Now, with all our high respect and admiration for the genius and talents of the great Verulam, we must state our conviction that the above remark may be, without falsity, admitted to be a very foolish one for a great lawyer to make, inasmuch as his legal knowledge and information ought ever to have taught him that the emptiest causes ever supply the longest pleadings—it would be quite correct to give the same estimate of such a remark if made by Lord Bacon in his character of a great logician and metaphysician, who by the very rules whose study strengthens and finishes such a character as this latter one, must be aware that the biggest books contain the fewest ideas; and that same observation obtains less notice and respect as made by Lord Bacon, who himself lent some heavy blows to that entire system which supposed the existence of a vacuum, and whose single, unaided, and unassisted efforts did more

to quell that hydra than those of any other man who lived before or who has existed since.

Premising our apologies for this Baconian digression we resume the consideration of our subject. Though in this day of our grey old age our studies and our devoted attentions to the subject of Medical Theories are fortunately long since terminated, yet even now the very sight of a medical library, with its old oaken carvings, and its shelves loaded with its numerous boarded, black letter, folios and quartos, the written treasures of ignorance, magic, and savage witchcraft, strikes us with an awful and indescribable horror—similar to that we should suffer from the crazy apparition of Banquo's ghost—our readers may smile at our superstitious weakness and folly, but as true as that our Miscellany has risen in circulation 10,000 every week since the first day of its publication, so truly does the appearance of either Cuthell's or Cullen's catalogues of medical books cause within us slight febrile exacerbations, attended by gentle rigors, nausea, and pains in the hypochondriac region; the exact geographical situation and position of which on the surface of the human frame we remember well, being sorely puzzled to discover in our earlier days, when we were taught to consider that dissection was the very acme of the art and mystery of carving.

We do not believe that the parchments and papyri of the Alexandrian library heated all the baths of that great and luxurious city for three months; but by all the truths and verities which we are now administering in the most palatable shape to our readers, we are very ready to bestow our conscience and affirmation on the belief that all the medical books which have ever been written in Great Britain, from the earliest days of the Caxton press down to the present time, would most certainly keep all the baths in the United Kingdom at the boiling point for a twelvemonth or more; and indeed we are quite sure that nine-tenths of them could not be employed for a better purpose. We occasionally (when not beset by that black spirit, the printers' devil, for "copy") drop in to cast our grey eyes over the earlier scenes of our surgical attendance and practice, in the wards of our great London hospitals. In our days there was no "library" or reading-room there; but, alas! a change has come over them as over us, and on the now heavily laden and groaning shelves, we perceived, a few days since, that the manager, who we verily believe is more fit to be kept in a lunatic asylum than in a library, had placed on the same row, and in closest approximation, "Wadd's Commentaries on Croup and Coryza" and "Fox's Book of Martyrs." Often, since the day on which we made this detestable discovery, have we passed this haunted shelf, and as often have we sighed in spirit, "Oh for an Omar, and no deputy-lieutenant to control his pious intentions!"

Our non-medical readers may perhaps by this time have discovered that we form a unit* among the countless, starving hundreds who, in this vast metropolis, have piously pledged themselves to pills and purgatives, and may therefore be ready to consider that we are speaking unjustly of, and dealing hardly by, a profession to which (if we do not starve by the way) we may be one day indebted both for fame and fortune. But they will perhaps suspend their judgment for a while, or even go so far, when the gently melting mood is on them, as to commiserate the utter hardness, injustice, and severity of our lot—the lot of us, the elder Galens of the day; when they are told that besides feeling pulses all day, administering jalap—acting the part of Paracelsus all day and Lucina all night; driving, riding, walking; bleeding, toothdrawing, vaccinating, blistering, and a thousand other things besides, we must all be doomed at one fatal period or other of our lives to write a book, and what is worse still, we have to read for a book. We have now before us a long list of worm-eaten and moth-destroyed tomes, which were read once by a departed friend of ours, whose predestined period of life at which he was to write a book had arrived exactly on the very day that Buchan the domestic medicine-monger gave up the ghost and medicine too at the same period of time. We learn from a record in his *Miscellany*, (*Miscellanies* were in vogue even in those pious ancestral days of our forefathers, gentle reader,) that when he had shed the last tear over the grave of Buchan he returned home and forgot his sorrows and griefs for the lamented dead in reading for his projected work. It will not be necessary for us to enumerate the titles of the books, we will content ourselves with specifying their number and the subjects they dealt in. They included two hundred and forty treatises on the plague, as many on scarlet fever, and as many on small-pox; four hundred on fevers, twenty on chilblains, six complete and finished treatises on corns, fifty on the gout, two hundred on rheumatism, five thousand on inflammation of various kinds; besides systems of physic, systems of midwifery, systems of anatomy, systems of surgery, nosologies without end, and treatises in folio, quarto, octavo, and

duodecimo, on more evils than ever were contained in Pandora's box, without remorse or mitigation of bulk, and number, and emptiness; to say nothing of botany, and chemistry, and drug-medicine, and pharmacy, and of ten or twenty dissertations on the itch. He was not writing for a degree, a wife, a doctorate in Madagascar, or a professorship in Kamschatka or the moon, but simply and solely for a book. And what was the end of all this toil? A lancet, a blister, calomel and salts.

But, alas for my reading friend!—he is dead now, and the truth may be spoken—in spite of all the hundred thousand volumes of all ages, shapes, sizes and types, over which he pored and pondered, men, and women, and children have gone on dying pretty nearly at the same rate since his death, as they did before, and will we suppose do the same until death shall have no more dominion over us. This very abnormal hatred, which we have ever felt towards medical books, has induced us seriously to consider the propriety of extending our patronising propensities towards those paragons of medical utilitarianism—the quacks—a race of created beings who hold out to you neither illusion nor deception, neither treachery or fraud; their open-hearted singleness of character, their strength of truth, and firmness of belief in the doctrines they support, encourage, and espouse, affords us a noble example, worthy of being followed in all climes and ages of the world, in all states and existences of society. They save our lives and our time too. “Here are the pills,” say they, “that will cure all your diseases—here is the koran, you may burn your books.” Can we be too thankful? They are sent upon earth to preserve and prolong our lives, and in return for their kind assistance and affectionate advice, we spurn them from our doors, we prosecute and imprison them, we show them up in the newspapers and police offices, and the man who by foul swearing causes one of these gentle creatures to cross the waters in a convict pleasure boat for life, is considered as a canonised saint for the remainder of his mortal existence. Verily quacks are a race of people hardly dealt with; they are truly amongst the rejected and the outcasts of society.

THE CROCODILE.

A FABLE.

(From the German of Krummacker.)

In ancient times, a multitude of people wandered from their habitations, and came to the country through which the river Nile directs its course. They rejoiced over the beautiful stream and its lovely water, and erected dwellings on the shore.

* We must utterly disclaim all contemporaneous creation with Irishmen.

But in a short time that dreadful monster, the crocodile, came out of the river, and wounded man and beast.

Then the people prayed to their god Osiris, and begged him to deliver them from this enemy. But Osiris answered by the mouth of his wise priest, and said, “Is it not enough that the

divinity has given you strength and understanding? Whoever asks for aid when he can help himself, supplicates in vain.

Now they took up swords and clubs, and attacked the enemy in his grassy retreat. They erected dams and places of defence, and in a few days accomplished a work of which they thought themselves incapable. Thus they became conscious of a strength which, in a subsequent age, laid the foundations of lofty columns and noble pyramids; and they discovered many arts and instruments which were previously unknown to them.

For a struggle with the mighty awakens and improves the slumbering strength of man.

But yet the inhabitants of the Nile were in want of instruments to complete their triumph over their mailed enemy, as long as they remained in the river. They could drive them back in a short time, whenever they were bold enough to approach the land, and with this they were satisfied.

By degrees, however, they lost their zeal for resistance. The animals became larger, and increased in number. Their rage was fearful. Then this foolish and slumbering people resolved to worship the crocodile as a god.

They brought him, voluntarily, rich offerings, and the enemy became more powerful than ever; but the people sunk into stupid inactivity.

For slavery and mental bondage makes man base and cowardly.

At length the overstrained bow breaks asunder, and vengeance reaches the tyrant. Osiris interfered, and summoned them, by the mouth of the wise priest, to a new contest. The struggle began, and the river was red with the blood of the slain.

Already the combatants began to be weary, when the priest and the afflicted people cried to Osiris for aid, and the divinity listened to the supplication. A small animal called the Ichnemon stood on the shore of the Nile. "Behold!" cried the priest, "here is help from Osiris." "How! do you mock us?" exclaimed the whole multitude of the people.

Then the priest answered and said, "Wait for the event, and trust in a higher power. He can end the greatest troubles by the simplest means."

The number of the enemy soon began to diminish. The people regarded the small animal with wonder. In silent activity it sought the eggs and the brood of the crocodile. It destroyed, in a moment, hundreds before they were hatched, and delivered the land of its plague; a deliverance which so many heads and hands could not accomplish.

"Behold!" said the wise priest, "if you wish to annihilate an evil, begin at the bud and the root; then the smallest means will effect that which, at a later period, man cannot accomplish."

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

I do not wonder that poets and moralists have gazed, with intense interest, and with unutterable emotions, upon infancy and childhood. The young human creature just ushered into life is an object of unspeakable interest. What a prospect is before it!—What undeveloped faculties does it possess!—What a part it may yet act upon the theatre of the world!—What a sea of sorrow and calamity it may have to pass through!—What infinite glories may encircle it on the eternal mount of God!—What unspeakable sorrows may gather around it in the dark pit of endless despair!

Can we look upon this young creature just bursting into life, just starting into immortal existence, itself unconscious of its mysterious powers, and we totally ignorant of its final destiny, without deep and solemn interest! All that we know with certainty in relation to it is—that trouble and death are before it! And yet, upon the forefront of these evils, mercy is written with a fair and plain hand. For trouble, under the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, brings us back from our wanderings to God; and death, though its hand be rough and icy, opens the door that admits us into the pure

mansions of celestial blessedness. Hence there is no less truth than poetry in the exclamation of Mrs. Hemans,—

"Gaze on—'tis lovely childhood's lip and cheek
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought;
Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity."

In one point of view, childhood is a most interesting season. It is the spring-time of life—the season when flowers bloom, when the air is balm, and all nature full of sights and sounds of loveliness. No parent can contemplate this period of life—can think what it was to him, and what it now is to his offspring—to those young beings whose joyous looks and thoughtless prattle often cheer his heart, without deep and unutterable emotions. For he cannot but remember that the frosts of autumn, and the rough winds of winter, will soon wither those vernal beauties, and spread bleak desolation over all this fairy scene! It is then that a parent learns to estimate aright the privilege of a throne of grace, to which he can go, and seek heavenly guidance and almighty protection for his beloved

offspring. Yea, and as he bows before the mercy-seat, and thinks of his own mortality—thinks what will become of his dear children when his head is laid low in the dust, he cannot but thank the Lord for that voice of encouragement which comes to him saying, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." How does man's mortality endear a mercy-seat to him, and draw his affections up to a covenant-keeping God!

I presume that every one has felt that if he could go back to childhood, and have the ordering of the influences that, from the first, were brought to bear upon his mind, he would be able to start in life at a much higher point of excellence, and have the prospect of accomplishing a far greater amount of good. This, however, we cannot do. To the hands of parents are committed the work, and the momentous responsibility, of moulding the character of all who successively appear on the stage of human life. It is, therefore, of no slight importance to trace the operations of mind in childhood, and to mark the effect of influences brought to bear upon it at that period. It is these influences that will mould, and fashion, and shape the intellectual

and moral image that will be fully developed in manhood. The features of that image, which will one day stand forth in distinct and visible lines, may, to a great extent, be known from the character of the moral influences brought to bear upon the young mind. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and, when he is old, he will not depart from it." If those influences are holy and heavenly, faith, with her microscopic glass, will enable us to discover the embryo of the future flower, and apply to a moral intelligence what was said of a certain form of vegetable existence.

"Here lies a bulb, the child of earth,
Buried alive beneath the clod;

* * * *

'Tis said that microscopic power
Might through its swaddling folds descry
The infant image of the flower,
Too exquisite to meet the eye.
This vernal suns and rains will swell,
Till from its dark abode it peep—

* * * *

Two shapely leaves will first unfold;
Then, on a smooth, elastic stem
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,
And open in a diadem."

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

CHAPTER II.

ACCORDING to her general style of living, Lady Stanhope could not be seen before the hours of three or four in the afternoon. We were each conducted into a narrow species of cell—dark and unfurnished. Breakfast was served up to us; and throwing ourselves upon the divan, we awaited the summons of the invisible hostess of this romantic dwelling. I slept until three, when I was informed that her ladyship awaited me. I traversed a courtyard, a garden, a kiosk hung with jasmin flowers, then two or three sombre corridors, and I was then introduced by a little negro child into the cabinet of Lady Hester. It was filled with so dark an obscurity that I could scarcely distinguish the serene, noble, softened, and majestic features of the white figure that, robed in the oriental costume, arose from the divan, and advanced towards me with extended hand. Lady Hester appeared about the age of fifty, and she had those traces that years cannot alter; freshness, colour and grace depart with youth, but when beauty is in the form, and in the linear traces of the countenance, and in the dignity, majesty, and thoughtful physiognomy of man or woman, beauty changes with the different epochs of life, but does not pass away. Such was the beauty of Lady Stanhope. On her head she wore a white turban, having in the front a fillet of purple linen, falling down on each side to the shoulders; a long yellow cachmeer shawl, a large Turkish robe of white silk, with floating

sleeves, enveloped her in its simple and majestic folds; and through an opening in the white dress, over her bosom, was a second robe, of Persian stuff, worked with rich flowers, which was fastened around her neck by a clasp of pearls. Yellow Turkish-Morocco boots, fringed with silk, completed this beautiful oriental costume, which she wore with the freedom and grace of one who has worn none other since her youth.

"You have indeed come from a great distance to see a hermit," said Lady Hester, "be welcomed. I receive but few strangers, scarcely one or two in a year, but your letter gratified me, and I was anxious to know more of one who, like myself, loved God, nature, and solitude. Besides, something tells me that our stars were friendly, and that we shall mutually agree. I see with pleasure that my prophecy has not deceived me, and your features, that I now see, and the simple sound of your step as you traversed the corridor, have given me sufficient intelligence of you not to repent having desired to see you. Be seated, and let us converse; we are already friends."

"How, Lady," said I, "can you so soon honour with the name of a friend one whose life and name are totally unknown to you? You know not who I am."

"That is true," she replied, "I know not what you are according to the world, nor what you have done since you have lived among mankind, but I already know what you are before God."

Do not take me for insane, as the world often does, but I cannot resist the wish of speaking to you with open heart. There is a science which is now lost to Europe, it was born in the east and has never perished, it liveth there still. I possess it. I read the stars. We are all children of some of those celestial fires, which presided at our birth, the happy or malignant influence of which is written in our eyes, on our foreheads, in our features, in the lines on the hand, in the shape of the foot, in our gestures, and in our aspects. I have only seen you for a few minutes, and I already know you, as though I had lived with you for an age. Do you wish that I should reveal it to you, that I should prophesy to you your destiny?"

"Be careful, Lady," I answered, with a sigh; "I do not deny that of which I am ignorant. I will not affirm that in the realms of visible and invisible nature, beings of an inferior order, like man, are not under the influence of superior intelligences, such as stars or angels are, but I want not their revelations to know myself, corrupt, infirm, and miserable as I am. And as to the secrets of my future destiny, I should profane that Divinity who hides them from me, were I to demand them of a creature. As regards the future, I believe but in God, in liberty, and in virtue."

"I do not care," she answered, "believe what you will: as to myself, I evidently see that you are born under the influence of these happy stars powerful and good, who have gifted you with analogous qualities, and who will conduct you to an end, that I could indicate to you, from this day, if you would wish it. It is God who has led you here to enlighten your soul; you are one of those men of ardour and good-will, whom he receives as instruments for the wonderful works that he will shortly accomplish among mankind. Do you believe that the reign of the Messiah has arrived?"

"I answer you," I replied, "by stating that I am born a Christian."

"Christian," she answered, with a gentle smile, "I also am a Christian, but he whom you call the Christ, has he not said, 'I speak to you again by parables, but he who cometh after me will speak to you in spirit and in truth.' Well, that is what we now wait for. He is the Messiah who is not yet come, but who is not far off, whom we shall see with our eyes, and for whose coming every thing in this world is being prepared! How will you answer this? and how can you deny or retract the very words of the Evangelist that I have recited to you? what are your reasons for believing in Christ?"

"Permit me, Lady," I answered, "to decline entering into this discussion with you, I do not even enter into it with myself. There are two lights for man, one which enlightens the spirit, which is subject to discussion and doubt, and

which frequently leads to aberration and error, the other, which enlightens the heart, and never deceives, for it is at once evidence and conviction, and for us mortals truth is nothing but conviction. God alone possesses truth as truth, we only possess it as faith. I believe in Christ because he brought down upon earth the most sainted doctrine, the most fruitful and Divine that has ever yet been reflected upon human intellect. A doctrine so holy could not be the result of deception or falsehood. The doctrines of Christ are known by their morality as the tree is known by its fruits—the fruits of Christianity. I speak of those fruits that are to ripen in the future ages, more than of those that have been already gathered, and are become corrupted—fruit infinite, perfect, and Divine,—the doctrine of which is Divine, the author of which is a Divine Word, as he has thus called himself. Such are the reasons why I am a Christian; such is the religious controversy which I hold with myself; with others I hold none: you can only prove to man that which he already believes."

"But," replied she, "do you find the social, political, and religious world, well ordained? and do you not feel that which all the world feels,—the want, the necessity of a Revealer, of a Redeemer, of that Messiah that we look for, and that we already behold in our hopes?"

"As regards that," I replied, "it is another question. None suffer more than myself, or groan from the universal wailing of nature, of mankind, and of society; none confess more deeply to the enormous abuses of social, political, and religious systems; no one desires or hopes more from the benefit of a reparation of these intolerable evils of humanity; no one is more fully convinced that the Repairer of all these can be none other than a Divine Being. If you consider this as the awaiting of a Messiah, I await for it as you do; and, more than you, I pant for its near appearance; like you, yet even more than you, I perceive in the shaken creeds of mankind, in the tumult of his ideas, in the void in his heart, in the depravity of his social state, in the repeated shaking of his political institutions, all the symptoms of an overthrow, or of a near and imminent revival. I believe that the Almighty shows himself always at the precise moment where all that is human is insufficient, where man confesses that he can do nought for himself. I believe, therefore, in a Messiah, who shall appear in the times of our own epoch; but in that Messiah I do not see the Christ, who has nought more to give us in lessons of wisdom, of virtue, and of truth; but I see him whom Christ has announced would come after him.—That Holy Spirit is always stirring up and assisting man, always revealing unto him, according to his time and his wants, that which he ought to do and to know. That this Divine Spirit is incar-

nate in man or in doctrine, in fact or in idea, signifies little, it is ever Him, be it man or doctrine, circumstance, or thought; I believe in him, I hope in him, I wait for him, and, more than you, lady, I invoke him. You perceive, therefore, that we can understand one another, and that our stars are not relatively so divergent as this conversation might at first have led you to believe."

She sighed; her eyes, sometimes veiled by slight tears as I confessed to her my Christianity, became enlightened with a tenderness of regard, and a lightness that was almost supernatural.

"Believe what you will," said she, "you are not the less one of those men for whom I have watched, whom Providence has sent to me, and who have a great portion to accomplish in the work which is being prepared. You will soon return to Europe. Europe is finished: France alone has a great mission to accomplish. You will participate in it; I know not yet in what manner; but I can tell you of it this evening, if you should wish it, when I have consulted your stars. I know not yet the name of them all; I see at present more than three—I distinguish four—perhaps five—and, who knoweth? perhaps many more. One of them is certainly Mercury, who giveth brilliancy and colour to the intellect and the word. You must become a poet; it may be read in your eyes, and in the superior portion of your figure. Lower than this, you are under the influence of stars totally different, and almost opposed. There is an influence both of energy and of action. There is of the sunbeam, also," said she, suddenly, "in the position of your head, and in the manner in which you droop it over your left shoulder. Be thankful to God; there are few men who are born under more than one star; few whose star is happy; fewer still whose star, however favourable, is not counterbalanced by the malignant influence of an opposing one.

You, on the contrary, have many, and all harmoniously arranged for your service, and all of them interaiding each other in your favour. What is your name?" I told her. "I had never heard it before," replied she, with the accents of truth.

"Such, lady, is glory! I have composed some verses, in my lifetime, which have caused my name to be repeated a million times, by all the literary echoes of Europe; but that echo has been too weak and feeble to traverse the surface of your seas, and the heights of your mountains; and here I am as a new being, a man completely unknown, a name never heard. I cannot but feel flattered by the kindly favour which you have shown me; I only owe it to you and to myself."

"Yes," said she, "poet or not, I love you, and I hope in you; but be assured that we shall see each other again. You will return unto the West; but you will retard not your return unto the East, it is your country."

"It is, at least," I answered, "the land of my thought and my imagination."

"Do not smile," she replied, "it is your country, the land of your fathers; I am quite assured of it now: look at your foot."

"I see nothing," said I, "but the dust of your paths which covers it, and of which I should be ashamed in a European saloon."

"That is nothing," replied she, "look again at your foot; I had not even myself carefully regarded it. See, the instep is elevated; there is, between the heel and the toes, when your foot is on the ground, a space sufficient for water to course under, without overflowing it. It is the foot of the Arab, the foot of the East; you are a son of these climates, and we are approaching that day when every one shall enter into the territory of his fathers.—We shall meet again."

STANZAS ON AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

ONE morn, about a hundred years ago,
This chronicle was usher'd into life,
Record of human happiness and woe,
Of foreign fury, and of civil strife.

Just issued from the teeming press, perchance
On the peer's breakfast-board the clean sheet lay,
While with a listless and a lordly glance,
He scan'd the stirring topics of the day.

Or on some summer's eve, it might have been,
When pure and cooling breezes were abroad,
The country squire, with most sagacious mien,
A careful glance upon the page bestow'd.

Or here with throbbing heart, and weeping eye,
The maid might read her warrior lover's doom;
This the sad cause of many a bursting sigh
That scap'd her in her dimly lighted room.

Weddings, and bankruptcies, and want, and woe,
These form a leaf of thy great volume, Time!
And here the inward grief, that "passeth show,"
The mourner's grief, perchance demands a line.

The mourner's grief! he is no mourner now;
The prisoner's pang! a touch hath set him free;
Both he who ruled, and those once wont to bow—
He bears no sway—thy no more bend the knee.

Go! read a homily to living men,
Those of a former age were great as they;
Warriors were valiant, princes powerful then,
Time's gorgon hath transform'd them into clay.

Bear them a solemn message from the skies,
Tell them thy page hath surviv'd learning's breath;
Teach them that wisdom's essence only lies
In making life an antidote for death. K.W.M.

MEN AND THINGS.

ROGER WILLIAMS.—This celebrated individual is well known as the founder of the State of Providence, Rhode Island, the first government which ever allowed full civil and religious liberty. In August, 1836, the Rhode Island Historical Society resolved on a festival in celebration of the completion of two centuries from the establishment of the state. The following is an extract of a letter addressed to the meeting, by Dr. W. E. Channing, of Boston, who was prevented from attending the festival :—

"Other communities have taken pride in tracing their origin to heroes and conquerors. I boast more of Roger Williams, the founder of my native state. The triumph which he gained over the prejudices of his age was, in the view of reason, more glorious than the bloody victories which stain almost every page of history; and his more generous exposition of the rights of conscience, of the independence of religion on the magistrate, than had been adopted before his time, gives him a rank among the lights and benefactors of the world. When I think of him as penetrating the wilderness, not only that *he* might worship God according to his own convictions of truth and duty, but that he might prepare an asylum where the persecuted of *all* sects might enjoy the same religious freedom, I see in him as perfect an example of the spirit of liberty as any age has furnished.

"Venerable confessor in the cause of freedom and truth! May his name be precious and immortal! May his spirit never die in the community which he founded! May the obscure individual, and the most unpopular sect or party, never be denied those rights of free investigation, of free utterance of their convictions, on which this state is established!"

SUPERSTITION OF PORTUGAL.—I was ill and shivering, though the evening was really warm; I therefore gladly established myself in the kitchen, for the sake of its roaring fire. The room was spacious, and imperfectly lighted, the chimney huge, and the roof high and pointed. Here I observed a man of singular appearance, sitting apart, and neither speaking himself, nor spoken to by others. His face was pale and haggard, his eyes deep sunk, and his hairs were prematurely grey. The borderer whispered in my ear that he was one of the dreadful Lobishomens, a devoted race, held in mingled horror and commiseration, and never mentioned without emotion by the Portuguese peasantry. They believe that if a woman be delivered of seven male infants successively, the seventh, by an inexplicable fatality, becomes subject to the powers of darkness, and is compelled, on every Saturday evening, to assume the likeness of an ass. So changed, and followed by a horrid train of dogs, he is forced to run an impious race over the moors, and through the villages, nor is allowed an interval of rest till the dawning Sabbath terminates his sufferings, and restores him to his human shape. If, therefore, a peasant chance to meet a pale and weary traveller at an early hour on a Sunday morning, he shudders, and in fancy sees the traces left by the infernal chase upon the stranger's haggard countenance. A wound inflicted upon the poor victim of this unhallowed agency during the very act of transformation, can alone release him from such an accursed bondage; a liberation supposed to be most rarely effected, because few men have courage to behold the appalling change in progress, and still fewer have sufficient coolness to strike the critical blow at the exact moment. Such is the superstition of the Lobishomens, diffused more or less over the whole of Portugal, but subject to different versions in different districts, and only credited implicitly in the wild and lonely wastes of Alentejo. —*Portugal and Gallicia.*

INDIAN INK.—The Chinese, or, as it is misalled,

Indian ink, has been erroneously supposed to consist of the secretion of a species of *sepio*, or cuttle-fish. It is, however, all manufactured from lamp-black and gluten, with the addition of a little musk to give it a more agreeable odour. Pere Contancin gave the following as a process for making the ink :—"A number of lighted wicks are put into a vessel full of oil. Over this is hung a dome or funnel-shaped cover of iron, at such a distance as to receive the smoke. Being well coated with lamp-black, this is brushed off and collected upon paper. It is then well mixed in a mortar with a solution of gum or gluten, and when reduced to the consistence of paste, it is put into little moulds, where it receives those shapes and impressions with which it comes to this country. It is occasionally manufactured in a great variety of forms and sizes, and stamped with ornamental devices, either plain or in gold and various colours.—*The Chinese*, by J. F. Davis.

GREEN FIELDS AND GARDENS.—Perhaps there is no country in the world where green fields and quiet out-of-the-way places are more eagerly sought for than in England. I speak not of the enjoyment of them occasionally, but a thirst to possess some such spot, which has stimulated many a man to industry, such as few save Englishmen can contend with. Look only at London! What numbers you meet on a summer's evening, walking home to their picturesque dwellings, which lie perhaps five miles from the city. They care not for the fatigue of the long walk—nay, it refreshes them after a long day's application to business, and they feel a pleasure in knowing they will meet a lovely wife, and fair healthful children awaiting the return at the garden-gate: perchance their ears will be arrested by a sound of laughter echoing from the smooth greensward, where they are romping and tumbling over each other. Look at the healthful families that daily pour into the metropolis: they are not indwellers of the city, but live where the blackbird sings them to sleep in the evening, and where the early lark is heard singing above the paddock on which the chamber windows open. Many a father leans with aching head over the time-worn desk in the city, that his family may enjoy the pure air of the suburb. Many a merchant plods through the dull and feverish calculation of traffic for years, that he may at last retire to some quiet cottage which he can call his own, and spend the remainder of his days in peace. And is there no love of nature in all this? Watch some old citizen, seated in his little summer-house,—one who has been city-dried for fifty years of his life,—view him eyeing his little garden, and you will at once discover that he feels amply rewarded for all he has undergone. These things are beyond the reach of the poor; but still the heaths, and commons, and green fields are not. There is a pleasure in contemplating the happiness of others; and although we may never be so fortunate as to possess one of these earthly paradises, still there is nothing to hinder us from occasionally enjoying ourselves in similar scenes. We have yet left a few lovely places, where the flowers spring forth, and the shady trees offer a shelter, and the free birds carol as loudly as they did of yore.

There is nothing more delightful than for a poor man to have the right of walking over some rich gentleman's estate. He enjoys the wealth of his neighbour without envying him; he feels it is his own for the time, and lays the same claim to the fragrant breeze and the cool shade of the venerable trees as the lord of the estate. He sees the stately deer troop before him with as much pleasure as the owner of the soil; he enjoys a wealth which leaves the proprietor no poorer, and partakes of the happiness that renders others happy without diminishing the store.—*Miller.*

THE COSMOGONY OF MOSES.

ARTICLE II.

So when the evening had come, and the morning had come, one complete day or revolution of light and darkness, God, according to our cosmologist, resumed his operations, by causing a part of the waters to be evaporated through the expanded air. "Let there be an expanse,"* said he, "amidst the waters, which may separate waters from waters." And this separation is said to have taken place in the course of the second day, during which the atmosphere assumed the quality it has of raising such a number of small particles from the surface of the watery element as are necessary to form those copious showers by which the earth is fertilized, and without which it would be incapable of producing any thing.

Still, however, was the earth covered with waters; and a new operation was requisite to disperse these into proper receptacles, that the dry land might appear. This is called the work of the second day, and produced the distinction of earth and seas.† The former was now fit for vegetation, and was accordingly covered with grass, herbs, and trees, capable of re-producing themselves. This was the work of the third day.

By this time the atmosphere was sufficiently expanded and attenuated to admit the rays of the sun and other heavenly luminaries, which now, on the fourth day, began to shine with full splendour upon the earth, and of which the influence was necessary to the preservation and

growth of the vegetable creation. On the fifth day the waters were peopled with fishes, and the air with flying creatures; and on the sixth, the dry land was peopled with reptiles, beasts, and man.

Dr. Geddes, whose system we have thus unfolded, concludes his statement by remarking, "Such is the very concise account which our historian (namely, Moses) gives of the creation of the heavens and of the earth, or, as the order runs in another place, "of the earth and of the heavens;" as if the writer had meant to explain his own theory, and to limit the six days' creation to the rescuing of the earth from a state of desolation and darkness, by making light to shine forth upon it through the medium of expanded air, and the waters that covered it to subside and be collected into their proper places."

Whatever ingenuity this hypothesis displays, it does not, in my view, perfectly accord with the Scripture narrative, which is not less simple, while it is far more comprehensive. Hence we prefer their notion of the extent of the six days' creation who consider it as embracing the solar system, though not in the precise order in which the statement is made in the first chapter of Genesis. We may fairly apply the critical explanation of Dr. Geddes to the work of the fourth day, and suppose that the sun, moon, and planets, with the earth, were formed together; that the sun was created when the command was given "Let there be light;" and that the whole process was then carried on in the manner which the former hypothesis describes. This is the view of the subject given by the authors of the "Universal History," and the writer of the article upon creation in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*." The latter concludes a very valuable essay with the following remarks:—"It has been conjectured, with great probability, that the creation of which Moses is the historian, was neither confined to the earth alone, nor extended to the whole universe. The relation which all the planets of the solar system bear to the same illuminating body, countenances the conjecture that they, together with the luminary by which they are enlightened, were all created at one period; but it would perhaps be to conceive too meanly of the benevolence, wisdom, and active power of the Deity, to suppose that, before that period, these had never been exerted in any work of creation. Yet even here we have no demonstrative evidence.

"On the supposition that the whole solar system was created at once,—which has, at least, the merit of doing no violence to the narrative of Moses,—the creation of the sun and the other planets may be understood to have been carried on at the same time with the creation of the

* "Expanse," i. e. an outspreading of dense air around the earth, called its "atmosphere," which is continually drawing up a large quantity of watery particles, that coalesce and float in the region of the clouds, until they become too heavy and fall in drops of rain. These are here called "the waters above the expanse." The expanse itself is denominated Heavens. The word "Heavens" has in the Scriptures three different acceptations. First, it signifies the air around us, where the birds fly, and where the clouds are gathered. Secondly, the whole visible sky, including the sun, moon, and stars. Thirdly, the invisible, supposed residence of the Divinity, or the heaven of heavens.

† "Seas." These are called by Moses, the waters below the heavens. These waters by being collected became seas and oceans. The waters separated by the expanse on the first day, bore but a very small proportion to those that yet covered the globe. It was necessary, therefore, to provide receptacles for these in the globe itself, that a part of it might become dry land, and productive. This was effected by giving to the earth's surface that inequality, and to its substance that porousness, we see in it. The liquid element subsided towards the centre wherever it found an opening, and the dry land emerged in consequence. From the Scripture account it should seem that the innermost parts of the globe are actually composed of water, with which, perhaps, all our seas have a communication. Hence the psalmist says, God hath "founded the earth upon the seas, and established it upon the floods;" and again, that "he hath stretched it upon the waters." It was evidently from these repositories that the waters had covered the earth at the time of the six days' creation; and the same are the springs or "fountains of the deep," that were broken up at the time of the universal deluge.

earth. In that case, even in the course of the first day, though no longer than our present days, those bodies might be reduced to such order, and their relative motions so far established, as to begin the distinction between light and darkness—day and night. On the second day we naturally understand from Moses's narrative, that the atmosphere was purified, and the specific gravities of aqueous vapour and atmospheric air so adjusted, as to render the latter capable of supporting the former.

"On the third day the waters were first collected into lakes and seas; but in what manner we cannot well determine. Some call in the operation of earthquakes; others, tell us, that when the earth was first formed, the exterior strata were, at different parts over its surface, of different specific gravities, and that the more ponderous parts now sunk nearer the common centre, while the lighter parts, still remaining equally remote from it as before, formed islands, continents, hills, and mountains. But these are mere fancies, and we have no facts to offer in their stead. On the latter part of this day vegetables were caused to spring up over the earth. Their growth must have been much more rapid than we ever behold it now; but by what particular act of supernatural power that might be effected, we should in vain inquire.

"On the fourth day the sun, moon, and stars were made to appear. But, according to the conjecture which we have mentioned as plausible,—though without ascribing to it the evidence of truth,—these heavenly bodies are to be considered as having been created before this day. But they might now begin to exert their full influence on the earth, in the same manner as they have since continued to do.

"The creation of the inanimate world was now finished, and the earth prepared for the reception of animals. On the fifth day, therefore, were the living inhabitants of the air and the waters created.

"On the sixth day the inferior animals inhabiting the earth were first created; and after that, the whole work was crowned by the creation of a male and female of the human species. To the account of the creation of the animals, nothing certain can be added in explanation of Moses's narrative. No more than one pair of the human species were at first created; the same economy might possibly be observed in the creation of the inferior animals."

These observations are sensible and pertinent, and they unfold the best interpretation of the Mosaic cosmogony that has yet been offered to the world. On such a subject we should receive every thing merely human with diffidence. Admitting, as we do most fully, the inspiration of the Hebrew cosmologist, he must be our only guide, and from his decisions we can make no appeal. If what appears to us rational and phi-

losophical be consistent with his general statements, we have a double reason for believing it; but if it is contradictory and opposed to it, we must reject it, knowing that God is wiser than man,—that we are liable to a thousand mistakes, but that a Divine Instructor cannot err.

Having thus considered the extent of the six days' creation, and assigned what appear to us to have been its limits, there are two other points, which, before we take a particular survey of the different works which it comprehended, are worthy of some attention; namely, whether the six days are to be understood literally; and whether any solid objections exist against the chronology of the facts as stated in sacred history.

On the first topic much ingenuity has been employed. A critic, whose name we have already had occasion to mention, pronounces it a beautiful mythos, or philosophical fiction. Some of the ancient Christian fathers esteemed it allegorical. Whiston and De Luc were far from understanding it in a literal sense. The former considered the six days as equal to six of our years: and is of opinion that the earth did not revolve daily round its axis but only annually round its orbit, till after the fall of man; and the latter maintained that these days are "indefinite spaces of time, which must have been very long, but of which we cannot hope to ascertain the precise length." To the first we reply, "Had the earth not begun to move round its axis till after the work of creation was completed, the immoderate degrees of heat and cold which its different parts would have alternately felt, would in all probability have proved fatal to both plants and animals." The second requires no answer,—it is wild and extravagant, by no means necessary, and not at all justified by facts. "I confess," says an elegant modern writer, "that my reverence for this volume (the Bible) makes me very reluctant to resolve into *allegory* any thing which wears the appearance of a *fact* on its pages, much more so to venture to call it a fable." The following reasons determine us in concluding that Moses designed it as a statement of facts, and that we ought to understand the phrase, "six days," in its literal sense.

The seventh day was instituted as a Sabbath, that in it man might rest from his labour, and more immediately serve his gracious Creator; and the reason, the only reason, assigned for it in the promulgation of the law was, that in "six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and all that in them is; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it."

This is the reason always produced when the institution of the Sabbath is at all named; and in consequence of it, the seventh day was observed till the resurrection of Christ on the first day of the week; when, in perpetual remembrance of this great and glorious event, the first day be-

came the Christian Sabbath, and the seventh was laid aside. The apostle who wrote to the Hebrews quotes this passage from Genesis, in the second chapter, and at the fourth verse of his epistle; "And God did rest the seventh day from all his works." In his reasoning upon this passage, he makes no one remark which discovers the least approximation to an allegorical interpretation; much less did he seem to regard it as a beautiful mythos: on the contrary, every thing which he says throughout that chapter appears to ascertain very clearly, that he understood the phrase, "six days," used by Moses, in its literal sense.

To this reasoning we may add, that those who contend for an allegorical interpretation, have theories of their own to support, which render such a mode of interpretation necessary. And of those theories it is not too much to affirm, that they are as unphilosophical as they are contrary to Scripture. To adapt the creation of the world to systems of human invention, may be well as an amusement; but to attempt by such systems to perplex the meaning, or to subvert the authority of sacred history, is a very dangerous employment. We perfectly acquit the writers we have named of all sinister intentions; * but the obvious tendency of the lucubrations of one of them, at least, is to afford matter of triumph to the sceptic and the unbeliever. We confess ourselves to belong to that class of men who are slow in believing ill-imagined theories of the earth.

The accuracy of sacred chronology which fixes the era of creation has been impugned, but without success. What was intended to be destroyed was more firmly established by the very means used for its subversion.

The great antiquity of the earth was, a few years ago, a favourite topic with literary infidels. It was confidently asserted, that records and documents were in existence, which contained facts concerning the history of the globe many thousands of years anterior to the period stated by Moses as the beginning of creation. Philosophers came forward to confirm this appalling statement, by discoveries made in the bowels and on the surface of the earth. They in fact triumphantly quoted nature in opposition to revelation: but the increase of knowledge has put to flight both these classes of objectors.

It is now certain, that we have no credible history of transactions more remote than six thousand years from the present time. The Chinese, the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, and the Phenicians, have all laid claim to much higher

antiquity: but in bringing their pretensions to the test, it is clearly manifested that they do not deserve the credit which they demand. Their chronology is so absurdly extended as to exceed the bounds of probability, and to excite suspicion in respect of the facts themselves, which are the subject of these calculations. It has been stated, and rendered probable, by the learned writers of the Universal History, in their account of the Tartars and Chinese, that a great part of China was very thinly peopled so late as the year before Christ 657, when the Scythians, under the conduct of Madges, made an irruption into Upper Asia. We have a singular fact to state, which will prove that their boasted antiquity really falls within the limits of the Mosaic chronology. For the evidence which we are about to produce, we are indebted to the discoveries of modern astronomy.

The Chinese have ever made a point of inserting in their calendars remarkable eclipses, or conjunctions of the planets, together with the name of the emperor in whose reign they were observed. To these events they have also affixed their own dates. There is a very singular conjunction of the sun, moon, and several of the planets, recorded in their annals as having taken place almost at the very commencement of their remote history. The far-famed Cassini, to ascertain the fact, calculated back, and decisively proved, that such an extraordinary conjunction actually did take place at China, on February the twenty-sixth, two thousand and twelve years before Christ. This falls five hundred years after the flood, and a little after the birth of Abraham. Here are two important facts ascertained. The one is, that the Chinese are an ancient nation, although at that time perhaps not a very large one; and the other, that their pretensions to antiquity, beyond that of Moses, are unfounded: because this event, which they themselves represent as happening near the beginning of their immense calculations, falls far within the history and chronology of the Scriptures.

The Egyptians pretended in like manner to possess an exact narration for some myriads of years. Their inaccuracy is demonstrable from a plain matter of fact. They professed to preserve the records of other ancient nations as well as of their own; and their evident fallacy in relation to other empires, marks the dependence we ought to place on their history respecting themselves, and proves that we should receive their calculations with great caution, and under considerable limitations. When Alexander entered with his victorious army into Egypt, the priests professed to show him out of their sacred annals an account of the Macedonian and Persian empires, through a period of eight thousand years: while it appears from the best historical accounts, that the Persian empire was not then three hundred years old; nor had the Macedonian been

* No part of this censure is merited by M. De Luc. The object of his elementary treatise on Geology, is indeed worthy of a Christian philosopher. It contains much valuable information, relating to science and Divine revelation. But theorists are always in danger of running into extravagance.

founded quite five centuries. In order to establish their chronology, they make their first kings, on their own calculations, reign above twelve hundred years each; and for the same reason the Assyrians make their monarchs reign above forty thousand years. We might adduce a variety of similar instances of unbounded licence in the pretensions of the Chaldeans, Phœnicians, and some other nations. But it is unnecessary to pursue our inquiry farther. Such extravagance defeats its own purposes; since no dependence can be placed upon calculations so chimerical.

We are able to ascertain the periods when the most useful arts and sciences were invented; which could not be done with certainty had the world been of that remote antiquity which infidels affirm, because many of them would be involved and buried in obscurity. Mark the progress of science; observe how soon it arrives at the perfection of which it is capable! What elucidation a few pages throws upon theories previously obscure! In the lapse of comparatively a very few years, the hand of time uncovers a fund of knowledge which was veiled in perplexity and uncertainty. How many useful arts are invented, and how many interesting discoveries are made in the course of a single century! Calculate upon the most tardy progress of the arts imaginable, and determine whether those of which we are now in possession are at all equal to that which we might reasonably expect, if the world had been as aged as some pretend, and if human genius had been gradually, however slowly, penetrating the darkness, and dispersing the cloud of ignorance. If it be urged, that floods, and fires, and wars, with ten thousand nameless hypothetical desolations, may have destroyed a number of useful inventions; we answer, the number of these must have been prodigious indeed, and absolutely inconceivable, to have produced a devastation of the arts which should be able to counterbalance the inventions of science, which in the supposition of the world's extreme antiquity might be expected; nor could we with such facility determine the periods when these useful arts were discovered, if the chronology of the world extended far beyond the Mosaic history. Admit that the world were twenty thousand years old, we should necessarily be in uncertainty with regard to the rise of the most simple and useful inventions, because of their extreme antiquity. The fact, on the contrary, is simply this: that the necessities and conveniences of life, civilization and commerce, the invention of the arts and sciences, the letters which we use, the language which we speak, have all known originals, may all be traced back to their first authors, and these all far within the circle of six thousand years; none are found to exceed it—no, not one.

In the same manner we are able to trace the

origin of different nations; which we could not do with certainty had the world been much more ancient than the Mosaic statement reveals. We can look back to the greatest empires of the present day; and we can also mark the rise, the meridian splendour, and the decline of those which preceded them, till we arrive at a certain point beyond which we know nothing; and this point extends to about the standard assigned in the Mosaic account of the creation. Should earthquakes and floods be again pleaded as having destroyed nations as well as sciences, and thus reduced the world to a second infancy—if any remained, we might naturally conclude that the most useful arts had been preserved, and that some wrecks of mighty nations would have survived the desolation, at least, to tell a tale of woe to succeeding generations. But a system begins to be in danger, when those who maintain it are reduced to the necessity of supposing things which might, or might not happen—where probabilities are against them—and when, if their arguments are admitted, the slender causes they assign are in themselves inadequate to the production of effects so extensive as they wish to establish.

Without entering into the philosophical objection against the era of creation, derived from geology, we refer our readers who wish to obtain correct views on the subject, to the productions of Professor Sedgwick, Dr. Buckland, Cuvier, and especially Lyell. The following observations of De Luc are worthy of their very serious consideration, who have a smattering of philosophy mingled with a great deal of infidel conceit; nor ought they to be disregarded by an opposite class of persons, who, in their eagerness to press philosophy into the service of religion, are not sufficiently careful to distinguish the discoveries of science from mere speculation and theory.

“If there be a science in which advances ought to have been made with scrupulous caution, it is geology; for the history of the earth is inseparably connected with that of man. The other speculative sciences are, for the most part, interesting only to those who cultivate them, and the errors which they may commit are of little consequence to the rest of mankind; but every man is greatly interested in the decisions which respect his abode; for if it can once be ascertained to have undergone various revolutions, some of these may have involved the human race, and on them may depend the solution of the question, ‘What is man?’

“It is here only that I shall permit myself to make an observation on this subject, in order to point out its importance; and this it is incumbent on me to do, to the end that they whose precipitation I have blamed, may be more upon their guard. Geology was useless to man in a moral view, previously to the appearance of those numerous systems which were hazarded in the

course of the last century. To the Jews, the Christians, and the Mahometans, the book of Genesis presented the history of the earth and of mankind; and if the Pagans were not favoured with such direct means of information, the grand outline of their mythologies bore so striking a resemblance to the Mosaic records, that it was impossible not to acknowledge them to be, in common with the other nations, the descendants of Noah; a circumstance which strongly confirmed the authority of Genesis to those who were so fortunate as to possess that exact history of the origin of the human race, and of the principal events which have befallen it.

"No essential information, therefore, upon this subject was wanting to men; nor, indeed, can it be conceived that such knowledge should have been withheld from them, if they be considered only as the rational and moral creatures of a God infinitely wise and good; for such a Being could not have suffered them to remain ignorant of his existence, and of the relations which they bore to him. This reflection alone enabled the Theist to repel the arguments of a few sceptics against the reality of a revelation from God to men.

"But a complete change was made in this state of things by geology. All those who have formed geological systems have endeavoured to rest them upon facts which relate to the history of the earth. This has called back the attention of men to that history, as it is contained in Genesis, and consequently to that of the human race with which it is connected; and it was soon inferred that if geology were contrary to Genesis, the latter must be fabulous. All attempts to elude so evident a conclusion would prove vain; and it must of necessity be admitted, that if geology be a science founded on facts, and on strictly logical deductions, having attained all the characters of truth, were in reality found to be in opposition to what Genesis relates of those physical events of the earth which are intimately connected with the human race, the history of the latter would become vague and uncertain. This is a consideration which I offer to those whose profession is to teach and defend revealed religion. The weapons by which it has been attacked have been changed, and our modes of defence must be adapted to the arms of its assailants. They now attack it by geology; which therefore becomes a science, too, essential to theologians, as the study of the learned languages, or of these ancient arguments which are already much neglected in the present times, and which must henceforth derive their chief support from the very science, through the medium of which, under the pretence of an appeal to facts, it is attempted to set them aside.

"In proportion, therefore, to the influence which geological systems will necessarily have, must be the caution observed by the friends of

mankind in their inquiries respecting this great object. No general inference, indeed, drawn from the physical sciences, could be more important to men than that in which Genesis was involved; for to consider that book as fabulous was to plunge them into final uncertainty with regard to what it most concerned them to know, viz., their origin, their duties, and their destination: it was sapping the very foundation on which the great edifice of society has always rested; it was, in short, abandoning men to themselves; and those must have been little acquainted with them, who did not foresee the fatal consequences which would inevitably ensue.

"Now the naturalists who first published geological systems contrary to Genesis, were guilty of this want of consideration; for time has pronounced sentences on them; all these systems have already fallen, in consequence of the increase of knowledge; and thus is become obvious the imprudence of their attack on that which a sublime tradition had established among men. Impelled by the love of fame, and solicitous for reputation, they lost sight of that future state which constituted the chief value of their own existence, and were wholly inattentive to the rest of mankind. This is the most favourable interpretation of the conduct of those who have manifested, and still continue to manifest, such levity and imprudence in their geological pursuits.

"I shall not apologise for those who, without possessing a greater share of information, have treated the same subject with a view of defending Genesis. For this premature undertaking has likewise produced various chimerical systems; and their authors did not consider, that, as the science of which they ventured to treat was of vast extent, they could not flatter themselves that their researches had been sufficiently deep to guard them against the danger of being contradicted by new facts, and of thus injuring the cause which it was their object to defend. And so in reality it has happened; for the adversaries of Genesis, by overthrowing those groundless systems, imagined that they triumphed over Genesis itself. While geology, therefore, was in its infancy, philosophers should have contented themselves with pointing out the errors of the anti-mosaic system, for which the state of physical science was sufficiently advanced to have readily furnished them with the means; and they should not have hazarded theories, before they had taken every requisite precaution to fix them upon an immoveable ladder.

"I shall no longer dwell upon the connexion subsisting between geology and Genesis. In adverting to it in this place, I have been influenced by no other motive than the obligation to set forth the importance of this subject; and I solicit the attention, not only of those who themselves endeavour to form systems, but of that

more numerous class, consisting of those who read them, and wish to form fixed opinions. This is not merely one of those subjects of natural history, or natural philosophy, in regard to which it would be of little consequence to mankind whether erroneous theories were formed or adopted; a most important moral object is combined with it, by the indissoluble connexion which subsists between the history of the human race and that of the earth,—an object which ought to be always kept in view, as well by those who, not pursuing the road which alone can lead to truth, may betray mankind into fatal error, as by those

who, not having qualified themselves by previous study to judge of these systems, embrace hypotheses from mere appearances.

Having thus met a few important questions, involving the consideration of various difficulties which naturally occur to a reader of the Hebrew cosmogony, we now feel ourselves in the situation of those sons of God who watched the progress of the mighty undertaking, from the moment of its visible commencement till its final completion, when the Almighty surveyed his perfect work, and pronounced it good.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW OF NAPOLEON.

'Tis dead of night, and the full moon's light
Is struck with eclipse pale,
And deep and low, like a voice of woe,
Through the forest comes the gale.
'Tis like the hour when things have power
Of might and mystery;
When reason shakes, and man awakes
To all he dreads to see.

And on yonder cloud, like a mighty shroud
Hung over the lifeless earth,
Are shifting bright, on the dazzled sight,
Strange scenes of grief and mirth;—
Plays, battles, banquets in high halls,
Wild plains with corpses strew'd,
Kings crown'd, kings stretched in funeral palls,
Feast, pageant, frenzy, blood.

There to the deep thy waters sweep,
Soft Seine, through myrtles wound;
There to the brown Italian plain
The Alpine torrents bound;
There through the Austrian's pleasant field
Thy billows, Danube, pour;
The Turkish lance, the Roman shield,
Lie mouldering on thy shore.

And there the Nile bathes many a pile
Of old Egyptian kings;
There Dnieper's bed is gory red;
There, Don, thy crystal springs
Are dark and faint with corpses' taint,
And the wild Cossack sweeps by,
For the judgment has come, and the snow is the tomb
Where the murderer's host must lie.

But what is the sound rolling round and round?
'Tis the beat of a midnight drum;
And from many a land the spectre band
At the sound of that larum come.
From south and from north they are flocking forth,
From the field, from the ocean-wave—
For there are all who held earth in thrall,
Dark battalions of the grave.

And they come on the plain, like the drops of the rain
Falling thick in a thunder-shower;
But no footstep's fall, no trumpet-call,
Is heard through the sons of power.
The moon's last light just quivers white
On a harvest of helm and spear;
But no eye of man could stretch from the van
Of that host to the cloudy rear.

Still on they come from the earth's deep womb,
In column, and square, and line;
All fleshless bone, with eyes of stone,
The moonbeams through them shine.
But their fingers grasp, with deathless clasp,
The bridle and lance and sword,
And the eagles wave o'er the ghosts of the brave,
Which once o'er their glory soared.

And on front and on wings their chieftains and kings
On their pawing chargers ride;
There he whose crown was cloven down
On the Calabrese mountain's side;
There he who fell when Austria's yell
Rang wild from Marengo's plain;
There he whose blood dyed the Leipzig floor,
When the German shivered his chain.

And he, the last on whom death had cast
The grasp of his icy hand,
With eyes that smite like the arrow's flight,
In the front of the host takes his stand.
On his brow of gloom is waved no plume,
On his breast is no steely mail,
But an iron crown throws its flashes down
On his spectral visage pale.

And by his side is simply tied
A little long-sheathed sword;
No gold is there, no jewel rare
Betrays the battle's lord;
But the lightning's wreathed round that steel un-
sheathed,

And the thrones of Europe reeled,
For the sickle of death was in that sheath,
And the world was its harvest-field.

On his charger white, through the livelong night,
He passes in pale review
The skeletons to whom earth's thrones
Were once but dust and dew,
And the banners stoop, as each ghastly troop
Moves before its silent lord;
And one word of woe each murmurs low,—
Saint Helena is that word!

Still on they crowd from the worm and the shroud,
In fleshless millions on;
And the star of pride is on each side,
And the spear in the grasp of bone;
Till the march decays on the chieftain's gaze,
And the thistle alone is stirred,
As the wind comes low with one sound of woe,—
Saint Helena is that word!

A SCOTTISH SACRAMENT.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT half past four the service was over; and Tom and I went to partake of that simple dinner which was customary on those occasions. The village, and indeed the neighbourhood for many miles round, contained no regular house of entertainment, at which strangers might find refreshment, or the people be tempted to spend their money and their time, neglect their duties, and contaminate their morals. But as on the sacrament Sabbath many more strangers resorted to B—— than could be accommodated in the houses of the residents, and who did not wish to be so accommodated, there was provision made for them for the time. The viands were simple, consisting of penny rolls and small beer, at three-halfpence a quart bottle; but the bread was good, the beer fresh, the air healthy; and all were too much interested with the services of the day for troubling themselves about any matter of mere worldly enjoyment. They were of all the different ranks of which a rustic population is composed, and they were seated in the large barn of a farm house; but it is probable that not many feasts consisting of the choicest dainties that can gratify the palate of the epicure, were ever eaten with more zest, or contributed more to health, than the penny rolls and the small beer upon this occasion. Tom Allan and I had a roll a-piece and a bottle of small beer between us. We ate our dinner in silence; and indeed there was little sound of voice accompanying the meal, saving blessing and thanks to the Giver of all good, which though not loud were fervent, and repeated from many parts of the temporary abode.

When Tom and I had finished our repast, we walked out through the little street of the village, and along to the fields. As we passed through, we heard the voices of psalms or prayers from many of the houses; and all was so still and decorous, that it seemed a Sabbath indeed—a day of rest, holy to the Lord, and honourable, in the simple perfection with which it was observed.

At half an hour before six we returned, and found the greater part of the people assembled on the green bank opposite to the tent; and there were many there who had not appeared at any previous time of the day. The evening sermon on the sacrament Sabbath at B—— was indeed a general gathering of the people of that country-side, which was attended by numbers both from the neighbouring parishes, and from the dissenting meetings, who did not think proper to desert their own places of worship until the service there was over. All who came, however, came with a sincere desire of hearing the gospel in its purity; and Dr. S. took care that their pious intentions should not go unrewarded.

It is not the custom for the parish minister in these places to officiate personally on the evening of the sacrament Sabbath; and indeed he is generally too fatigued by the duties of the preceding part of the day for being able to do this. It is however understood that, as this sermon is as it were the gleanings after the vintage, it shall be delivered by one who is competent to do it justice.

On the present occasion, the officiating minister was Mr. M——, the most popular preacher in a town some twenty miles distant; and he had, after performing the morning service in his own church, rode to B—— for the express purpose of delivering this evening sermon. He was eminently qualified for the task, being a man of powerful stature and voice, and capable, without fatigue or over-straining, which is always unpleasant in a preacher, of making himself distinctly heard by the most distant member of his congregation. When in a state of quietude, the expression of his countenance was stern, and one might almost say forbidding; but when he entered the pulpit, and ministered in the service of his Maker, he brightened up, so that the countenance of the preacher was a great contrast to the countenance of the man, and of itself proclaimed the beneficial influence which genuine religion has upon human nature.

His text was well chosen. It was the last two verses of the ninth chapter of St. Luke's gospel: "And another said, Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home in my house. And Jesus said unto him, No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

Mr. M—— showed, in the clearest and most impressive manner, that religion which is confined to the public services of the church, whether of a more ordinary or of a more sacred character, is no religion at all: but that it is a mockery and profanation if we do not carry it home with us, and make it at once the regulator and the comforter of the whole life and conversation. That every man "having put his hand to the plough," more especially in those solemn rites which the Saviour has appointed, in commemoration of his mission upon earth, must not look back; but must, in all that he thinks, and in all that he does, keep his face steadily toward the Zion of his God, and have the obligation of the holy covenant always before his mind, so that he may, in all things, glorify upon earth that great Redeemer by whose intercession he is saved from eternal woe. In the discourse these doctrines were of course amplified, and they were interwoven with a luminous exposition of the doctrine of salvation through Christ; so that this

evening discourse formed a most appropriate summing up of what had been done during the day; and though it is unnecessary to go into the details, it would be injustice to the preacher to say that it did not produce a very powerful effect, and though long, was heard to the conclusion with breathless attention.

The prayer and the psalmody which followed were equally appropriate; and when Dr. S. stood up to implore the best blessing of the Holy Trinity upon the doings of that day especially, and upon all the outgoings and incomings of the assembled people, there was literally a foretaste of heaven in it.

We left B—— with still enough of sunlight to carry us great part of our journey; and as the day was fine, and the road was safe and pleasant, we took our departure with light and joyful hearts. On the first part of our journey we exchanged but few words, for each, I suppose, had fallen into his own train of meditation upon what he had seen and heard. When we gained the top of the hill, where the ancient cross marks the grave of the warrior of old, we simultaneously turned to look down upon the low and rich country, now streaked with shadows from the intercepted beams of an almost horizontal sun. We stood for some time looking at the scene, to gain breath, which had been tried by the steep ascent, as well as to admire the exuberant beauty of nature which was amply spread before us.

"I think I can answer my own question now," said Tom Allan, "and tell you who Christ is; for this day I have learned, and the

knowledge is not more new to me than it is delightful; but let us pursue our journey, and I can tell you as we walk along."

The knowledge which, in the course of a single Sabbath, Tom Allan had acquired of the Christian religion, and the nature and purpose of the Divine mission of the Son of God, seemed to me much greater than my own, though I had been schooled in religious knowledge from my earliest infancy. He lost no part of the liveliness of his disposition, but became a more delightful companion than ever, and we pursued our limited and humble observations in fonder brotherhood than we had previously done. Tom mentioned to his father the desire which he had of attending the school in the next parish, where the teacher was celebrated for his abilities. The father consented, and so diligent was Tom in his studies, that in less than three years he was in a condition for resorting to the University of —, and gained, by competition, an exhibition or "bursary," as it is there called, nearly sufficient to cover the whole of his expenses. Soon after this I was called into distant places, and did not again visit that part of the country until twenty years had elapsed. Upon returning at this time, I found that Dr. S. had been gathered to his fathers, in the fulness of time, and that Tom Allan had succeeded him in the pastoral charge of B——. I lost no time in paying him a visit; and he said, "If I had not asked, Who is Christ? and you replied, 'Come along with me,' I should not have been in my present situation, and might have been without God in the world."

THE PRESS.

THE utility and influence of the press, in the world of our moral being, is strikingly and beautifully analogous to that property of the atmosphere of our physical universe which we call "reflection." For, as by this simple, yet wonderful contrivance of nature, not only is light from the great luminaries transmitted to us, but every visible particle of matter is made by radiations, in turn, to contribute to the general stock of light and glory by which we are surrounded, until earth is filled with beauty, and heaven with splendour: so the "press" not only transmits to us, from their rich and elevated sources, the world-enlightening rays of genius and science, but even the smallest radiations of mind, the feeblest scintillations of intellect, are enabled, by its aid, to render their minute beauties visible; tending, by their infinite number, rather than by their individual importance, to promote the general spread of knowledge, and the consequent improvement of society. Genius dazzles and delights us; but it is the multitudinous radiations from inferior minds which make us acquainted with those ten thousand proximate objects upon

which our happiness and well-being in a great degree depend, yet which, but for the "press," would, perhaps, entirely, and for ever, have escaped our notice. Who can feel himself to be thus standing amidst the hundreds of millions of intellectual radiations which this agent of light is continually diffusing in profuse splendour around him,—filling the once dark and gloomy region of our moral world with a flood of light,—and not rejoice in the consideration that such a medium for communicating knowledge has been discovered; not adore the beneficent wisdom which has provided such a means for the delight and improvement of his rational creatures? As without the property of "reflection" in the atmosphere, though the glorious luminaries of heaven might still walk in brightness the paths of their magnificent orbits, rejoicing in their undiminished lustres, or repose themselves in solemn grandeur on their everlasting thrones, cheering and delighting the worlds of creatures by which they are immediately surrounded, yet we should derive no advantage from their existence, no delight from their career of glory; deprived of

its aid, even the world of light itself would communicate no light to us; nor the canopy from which ten thousand lesser brilliants now shed their streams of radiance upon our path, be other than a starless void, a dark and gloomy waste: so, were the vivifying labours of the press suspended, though those mighty master-spirits of our common nature,—those worlds of intellectual energy which, as it were, of themselves, create the light in which “they live and move”—might continue, though withdrawn from their influence over meaner minds, to solace their own spirits in the unborrowed wealth of native genius; might still pursue in solitude their godlike course,

revelling and rejoicing in all the delights of refined and elevated intellectual existence,—we, who walk but by the reflexion of their light, who shine but by reason of their brightness, and are mentally visible to each other but as we radiate the scattered beams of their profuse effulgence, should soon present, in our degradation and debasement, the appalling spectacle of a dark moral chaos, where every thing which now instructs, and charms, and ennobles, would speedily be buried beneath an ever-gathering, ever-deepening cloud of cheerless, undistinguishable barbarism.—*Recreations in Retirement.* 1837.

THE YEW.

MANY reasons have been assigned for the frequent occurrence of yews in our churchyards; to me it has always seemed most natural and simple to believe, that, being indisputably indigenous, and, from its perennial verdure,* its longevity, and the durability of the wood, at once an emblem and a specimen of immortality, it would be employed by our pagan ancestors, on their first arrival here, as the best substitute for the cypress, to deck the graves of the dead, and for other sacred purposes.† History and tradition concur in telling us that it was allowed as a tribute to departed worth or friendship, under that new and purer system which confirmed to them the cheering prospect of a reunion after death with those who had shared their pleasures and affections here. It was also closely connected, in the superstitions of our simple forefathers, with ghosts and fairies.

In a very ancient Welsh bard, we are told of two churches eminent for their prodigious yew trees:—

“*Bangor Esgor, a Bangebyr Hênllan*
Ysied er clodvan er clyd Ywyz.”

Which has been thus translated:—“The minster of Esgor and that of Hênllan, of celebrity for sheltering yews.” Hênllan signifies an “old grove;” thus proving that its church stood where druid worship had been performed. There can be no longer any doubt of the real origin of planting it in our churchyards. And if it be said that this, its usual though not natural situation rather proves the venerable trees we find there not to be older, at most, than the introduction of Christianity, it may be stated in reply, that our earliest Christian churches were generally erected on the site of a previous heathen temple, and that at least one motive for

placing them there would be their proximity to trees so sacred, already venerable for size, and indispensable in their religious rites. That these rites were performed, and altars erected, in groves, from the highest antiquity, we know from the Pentateuch. The devotions and sacrifices of Baal among the Moabites, and the idolatrous rites of the Canaanites and other Gentile tribes, were performed in groves and high places. The druids chose for their places of worship the tops of wooded hills, where, as they allowed no *covered* temples, they cleared out a circular space, and erected their circles of stone.‡ Many of the first Christian churches were built, and intertwined with green boughs, on the sites of druidical groves. When Augustine was sent by Gregory the Great to preach Christianity in Britain, he was particularly enjoined not to destroy the heathen temples, but only to remove the images, to wash the walls with holy water, to erect altars, &c., and to convert them into Christian churches. These were the *designata loca gentilium*, in which our converted ancestors performed their first Christian worship. *Llan*, so general a name for towns and villages in Wales, is a contraction of the British *llwyn*, a grove: and, strictly, means an enclosure, rather than a church, the places so designated being probably the earliest inhabited spots, and also those where religious rites would be celebrated. *Eglwys* means a “Christian church,” (*Ecclesia*), and probably those were so called which were first

‡ Many of the remote Welsh churches are on little eminences among the wooded hills. It has been suggested whether the words kirk and church might not originate in *Cerrig*, a “stone,” or “circle of stones,” the first churches having been placed within these circular stone enclosures. The word *Cuer*, a “camp,” is also used in some parts of Wales, for the wall round a churchyard. Some writers believe that round churches are the most ancient in England. A circle was the most sacred symbol, among the Eastern nations, of antiquity; and it would be interesting to know whether the raised platform, within a circle of stones, which is sometimes found around old yews, as in Darley and Llanfoist churchyards, is not a remnant of this superstition.

* Its very name seems to be derived from the Celtic, *iw*, signifying “verdure.”

† In some parts of Hampshire it is still the custom to sponge the bodies of the dead with an infusion of yew-leaves, under the idea that it retards or prevents putrefaction.

erected after the introduction of Christianity, and not on the site of a heathen temple. History and tradition give their concurrent testimony that the yew was held sacred by our remotest ancestors; and we cannot avoid concluding that many of the specimens which still survive, must have been planted long before the first promulgation of Christianity. Nay, some yews, still standing, are probably above three thousand years old. Who, without emotion, can look upon one of these primeval giants, the oldest of living forms,

which after braving the storms and accidents of so many centuries, after being the contemporary of successive dynasties and governments now swept away, and surviving various changes in the customs, nay even in the language and religion of the country, still enjoys a green old age, and promises to remain, for centuries to come, the living though unconscious witness of other unforeseen events and changes, when we shall have joined our fathers beneath its shade?—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

FICTION.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In a paper in our second number we led our readers along with us, in the bonds of a happy and cordial friendship, through the radiant and flowery ages during which the beauty and harmony of imaginative fiction was nurtured, fed, and cherished, by the united kindred of mankind, as a rich and a warm delight—as a thing to be reflected on in the circle of household relationship, and by the fireside of mutual friendship—amid the wide-spread fields and plains of nature—as well upon the mountain-top as amid the sequestered and secret solitudes of hidden valleys. And now, kind and gentle reader, after this wild aerial flight of thoughtful and dreamy fancy, (though all the while claiming companionship with a sincere but gentle philosophy,) will you permit us to settle down our wings in the early noon of an unclouded sunshine, whilst we reason, in gentle mood withal, upon the theme and subject of our contemplations, and set before you some of those speculations of mystic and quick fancy which, as we write, spring up like the increasing abundance and ambrosial odour of new-born spring flowers around us.

Many and numerous have been the ingenious and beautiful speculations of thought, in which the lonely student and the reasoning philosopher have indulged, concerning the sources of that pleasurable delight into which the mind enters, after the perusal of those writings which involve in their narration a series of fictitious adventures, as well as concerning the reason why this delight is more lively and more generally felt, than is the satisfaction which we receive from perusing the pages of truth and history. Beattie, in his "Essay on Fable and Romance," has considered it as an effect and result of the moral weakness and degeneracy of our nature, which, too grovelling to appreciate and understand the beautiful and majestic loveliness of truth, surrenders itself up as a most willing slave and captive to the masked and meretricious allurements of fiction. Lord Bacon, in his "Essays," tells us, that the soul, tired with the even and dull uniformity of life, disgusted with the cold

and icy tameness of real characters and events, so disproportionate to the nobility of its exalted nature, and to the lofty dignity of its final destination, rejoices to escape, in its gladdening freedom, into the rich and luxurious regions of fancy, where it can delight itself in ever-varying combinations, and gratify its high aspirations by the contemplation of personages rich in the united assemblage of all possible perfections. The true and solid sources of that pleasure which we derive from the perusal of, and after-reflection on, the pages of a fictitious narrative or a dramatic composition, in the quiet secrecy of our study, may be said to arise from the union of our sympathies with the feelings of the persons brought before us in the narrative or the drama, and from our curiosity being powerfully awakened and excited to know what may be the probable future fate and destiny of those same persons who have been by these means introduced to our notice. But our participation in the sympathies, feelings, and passions thus delineated soon becomes wavering, unsteady, and eventually droops, unless we are kept constantly enlivened, in all our sensations and perceptions, by the continued development of a well-connected and skilfully-arranged series of critical situations, circumstances, and trials, which shall call forth, in their narration, all the more vivid and powerful sentiments of the mind, so that even thought shall become like an over-charged and sultry summer atmosphere, filled with the rich and radiant fusion of mental and spirit-like electricity. The softer, and gentler, and finer feelings, also, of our nature, must be brought into vivid action; our own individual interests in the world, and its inhabitants around us, under whatever aspect they may shine, must be aroused by the intervention and assistance of those fortuitous events which, as they happen to the character whose life, conversation, and adventures they narrate, so, if they be powerfully and vividly expressed, (without which most fictitious narrative will fail,) they will awaken in our own minds the recollection of a past similar event or circumstance which may have happened

to ourselves; or they will carry us along with them into the regions and recesses of an unknown future, wherein may lie buried the very germs and seeds of a precisely similar adventure, or series of adventures, in which, as destiny or fate may devise or divine, we may perform the part of Hamlet or Harlequin; for, as the hand and will of an unseen guide, guardian, and director may choose, we may be sublime either in our dismay or despair, or become the simpleton and the buffoon amid the jeers and laughter of those who look upon the world around them with the same *Æsop-eyes* with which they look upon a grand and gorgeous pantomime. Unless our thoughts and sensibilities are thus awakened and aroused from their dormant and leaden sleep—unless our complete and entire faculties are thus stirred up and fired—unless we are thus led into the inner *penetralia*, and can have all the characters laid bare before us, and compare their feelings and passions with those which thrill and throb within our own bosoms, the awakening interest and sympathy of our hearts will be none, our co-equality and co-partnership with the ideal will become diluted and dissolved “by mutual consent,” and we shall but reap the same wintry and barren share of mental harvest from reading such a sullen and spiritless narrative as we have thus negatively described, as we should gather from the simple solution of a riddle, or the childish disentanglement of a puzzle.

We need scarcely in this place remark, that the above traits and incidents, appealing as they do more powerfully than all others to the mind of the reader, are more frequently sought for, and are also most frequently found, in that class of fictitious narratives of life and composition to which the term “novel” has most commonly and generally been applied. It may be expected, therefore, that we should offer a few general observations on this most fruitful and fertile theme; and the present opportunity appears to us, indeed, to be the most fit and proper one that we could select for such a purpose. The following general remarks on novels and novelists we have selected, arranged, and condensed from a variety of sources: they will serve to give our readers a general and extended outline of the subject, which they can fill up by an extensive study and perusal of those topics and subjects to which we shall more minutely and particularly draw their attention as we proceed. We must, in the outset, reserve to ourselves the opinion and right of expressing our sentiments as to the engendering and diffusion of principles which such works as those to which we are now more particularly adverting are calculated to aid in and assist, whether they be of good report or evil report,—whether they affect an undivided individual welfare, or ramify and spread their peace or poison over large and extended masses of the public community.

It is an universally acknowledged fact on all

sides, that the novel is the only form and species of composition to which the talent, genius, or invention of modern literature can lay any just or well-founded claim; and as it bears on its front the impress, aspect, and appearance of being clothed and invested in a form as nearly approaching to the natural one as any that exists, it will not become a subject of much wonder that much discussion and speculation, both learned and vulgar, should have been hazarded upon the conjecture as to the cause of its remaining untouched, to all intents and purposes affecting its vitality and stability, by those other authors and literary composers who have carried dramatic composition on the one hand, and historical display and research on the other, to their highest and loftiest altitude of classical perfection. Indeed, it has been maintained and proved, by many clever and ingenious writers, that, in point of fact, the manners and customs which were prevalent in the olden times of a renowned and classical antiquity, did not present to the scholar or literary observer a field for this kind of structural and delineative composition at all equal to or fit to be compared with that which social life, as it exists and has existed in modern times, supplies. The division of a vast and barbarous population into the two great classes of freemen and slaves, abridged, as a matter of necessity, in a miserable manner, that wide extent and range which the social sympathies and friendships of modern times are permitted to enjoy; whilst the almost exclusively oriental division and separation of the sexes from each other, in the higher as well as in the lower classes of life, implied and seemed to keep up, if possible, a still more unhappy defect of the interests of a liberal and humanising community. It were false and absurd to deny that the effect of the prevalence of such circumstances as these must have been sought for and found in the exertion of an extensive and most unfavourable influence upon the entire creation, being, and aspect of society in the ancient ages; but we must be permitted to entertain some sceptical doubts upon the decided fact, that the influences which we have detailed could ever have been found to operate to the great and serious extent which the above remarks would assume: we will, therefore, give the reason for the faith that is in us. We have the poets, the historians, and the philosophers of antiquity before us, as developed in their lives and characters which have come down to us; the fragmentary specimens of the arts and sciences of the same period of the world still, in the present day, remain as so many specimen-impressions of the genius and talent which distinguished alike the artificer and the pupil of science; whilst the influence of that intellect which was rife in those days, is stamped in indelible traces on every European language, as well as on every system of jurisprudence that has ever yet been applied

or employed for the purpose of regulating the most simple and ordinary transactions of everyday social life amongst any class of the civilised or humanised community. It would be a very difficult matter, we suspect, to find any one who could resist a smile at hearing it maintained that a Fielding or Le Sage could have been at any loss for materials amidst a society so exquisitely refined and complicated as the recorded decisions which have been handed down to us of the old Roman lawyers would seem to imply. But for the support of this argument, we have no need to call in the aiding assistance of any extraordinary or special authority. Artificial institutions may be as ill arranged and devised as they are clumsily put together, yet their heterogeneous and chaotic formation will not deprive us of the very members who form part and parcel of their entire mass, and who tend, by their numerical strength, to support the crazy and disjointed structure they have raised over their heads: the men and women, parents and children, lovers and friends, servants, slaves, and masters—these are not taken from us, but remain in their mutually dependent and depending situation relatively to each one around them; they still have, and still retain within their breasts, the conscious moral dignity of their nature, and the superiority and excellence of all virtuous principles; though, whilst they remain among the dwellers of the earth, and the tillers of the ground, they must remain the subjects of the temptation of the things of sense, and the tyranny and despotism of passion. We may look back to the ages of the creation and the deluge, and we may consider the events and circumstances that have shook the nations of the earth like a whirlwind, from that genesis of all things, even until the present days of the world's ancestry, and we shall find that, in every age, and under every moral and social aspect affecting the people of a civilised community, the great and leading elements of social interest and support must have been, and we might add, always have been, one and the same. Laws might have been made, and orders and regulations might have been issued, for the order of processions, or the march to a saturnalian festivity, and these might have been strictly recognised and abided by; but we should be inclined to venture some very strong doubts as to whether the same obedient and decorous propriety would have been observed had these edicts extended also to the full assurance of domestic comfort and conjugal happiness to the husband of a Xantippe, or to the total prevention of an Arria from dying with her Pætus. To speak the truth, it does appear to us to be an assertion which is strangely out of place, and falls very far short of the mark which it would hit, to look upon slavery, as it existed in the days of Greece and Rome, as blotting out nearly three parts of the population from the map of manners

and customs; especially, too, when we reflect that it was to that very dark and degraded condition of human life that we are indebted for a Dromio, and for a Terence who drew him. And highly, we are willing to own, as woman is indebted to the religion of the Bible, and the gallantry and renown of Gothic chivalry, we may look in vain to find any charm of the female character entirely destitute of a homage at once respectful and lofty, amongst the people of those nations who could value, and therefore appreciate the amatory delicacy evident in the *Anthologies*, the filial piety and regard of an *Antigone*, the conjugal devotion and attachment of an *Alcestis*, or the majestic despair and lofty sorrow of an *Andromache*. We may possibly concede it as a matter of regret, that, amongst the literature of the ancient times—which have been handed down to us, we should have had no production of that fictitious nature generally denominated a “novel.” But it would assuredly argue a strange and vain-glorious want of sense, were we unhesitatingly to decide that the materials going to the formation of any class or species of imaginative composition could not have been found in richness and abundance amongst those civilised communities of Greece and Rome who, from the knowledge we possess of them, from the perusal of their works of classical philosophy, must have been undoubtedly familiar with the highest and noblest displays of human intellect, science, and learning, in every form and grade possible, as well as with the exhibition of human character under every variety of light and shade which could possibly result from the jarring and conflicting influences of principle and passion upon every shade and variety of human temperament and constitution.

These points and arguments we might amply commence illustrating, by referring to the high standard of the master of Grecian verse, and inquire whether any one who has read Horace, can doubt for one moment that he might have written a novel? We must equally suppose that Quintus Horatius Flaccus had uncles, and aunts, and cousins, amongst those very slaves from the midst of whose dregs and degradation his family had so recently emerged. He rose by his own talents from this low state of life to the very highest rank of society. He had seen the lives of mankind and womankind in every class, order, degree, and rank in the community—in the hovel and the cottage—in the hall and the palace, as well as in every medium and intervening kind of human habitation. He had enjoyed the reckless laugh and the *bizarre* humour of inns; and whether he entered fully and deeply into them or not, he had been an eye-witness of all the incidents of a campaign whose annals were most probably of a nature as various and interesting as those belonging either to Culloden, the Peninsula, or Waterloo. He was the companion of

statesmen whose lives, characters, and manners, may have involved as much of the light and shade belonging to them as did those of Olivarez, Pizarro, Buckingham, or Chatham. Nor can we dissent from the supposition that the affections of the Ovids and the Julias had nothing in them affording either entertainment or interest; or, as has been observed, that the author of "Peregrine Pickle" could have supped with Novidienus, and found no use for his tables. The social order and being of the inhabitants of Greece and Rome are pregnant with facts and circumstances which, fragmentary as they may be, are yet sufficient to warrant the assumption, that had such a being as a novelist sprung out of the philosophic and classic characters of those days, the materials which his genius could have raised up were scattered in the greatest profusion around him; and the journey to Brundisium would of itself afford proof enough that the expedition of a Roman Humphrey Clinker might have been. We should be inclined to question much whether the Sabine farmhouse might not have been described as minutely as Pliny's villa, and yet as lightly and elegantly as the pavilions of Lizias; or whether the complete and satisfactory, though untechnical, description of such a scene of refreshing retirement would not have given a great relish of luxurious delight to the reader who, after perusing two controversial volumes on the topography of the *Via Sacra*, had been compelled to feel as though he had, in good earnest,

"Heard the imperial city's din
Beat on his satiate ear."

But that peculiar province of fiction which this class of works may be said to identify itself with and occupy more particularly, demand, in

the exercise of that power which they are supposed to exercise over the mind, an excitement and interest which shall appeal to the darker and deeper shades of human character, as well as to those of a more common and every-day nature. And in pursuance of this argument, as applied to what we have noted above on this subject, it may be stated, that if we look for such dark and enchanting excitements in the classic ages, we shall readily discover that the Jews and Chaldeans, who inhabited, for a long period of the Roman power, the suburbs and outskirts of the imperial city, might have been made quite as imposing, if not more so, than any gipsies, real or romantic, with which our perusals or peregrinations have made us acquainted; or, to come down to a period more nearly approaching to the present day, we can as easily conjecture that the Canidia of the Roman city would have presented as picturesque a full-length as the Meg Merrilies of the Scottish Highlands. As regards that peculiarly-interesting class of outlaws,—to wit, robbers and murderers in their caves,—both Le Sage and Smollett have taken the outline-sketches of some of their best pieces of that sort from Lucian; and we may state, indeed, that both this last writer and the author—whoever he was—who wrote under the name of Petronius, have, in many parts of their writings, approached so closely to the strain and tone of some of our most popular novelists, that we wonder at, scarcely less than we regret, the circumstance of their having mistaken the wide and full career of a path which was so near to them, and which, if they had once hit upon it, they would have found to be most admirably adapted for the display of their peculiar talents.

EPHON.

THE EFFECTS OF HEAT.

IN our former papers we confined ourselves to a consideration of the various modes by which heat is communicated: we now propose to treat of the principal effects produced by such communication; and these we shall find both interesting and important.

Heat regulates, to a very great extent, the dimensions and form of bodies. An increase of heat in a substance is almost uniformly attended with an increase of its size, whilst a diminution of heat is usually accompanied by a corresponding decrease of size. It appears to excite a repulsion between the particles of which the substance is composed, and thus to counteract the forces that hold them together: hence heat, and the principle causing attraction, have properly been represented as two great antagonist powers in nature; the one tending to keep the particles of bodies at a distance from each other, the other to bring them into close contact. We shall speak of this effect of heat, under the term *Expansion*. Again: as

to the influence which heat exerts on the form of bodies, we find that through its agency solids are converted into liquids, and liquids into vapours, and that these three different states are entirely dependent upon its presence; but to this we shall revert hereafter under the heads of *Liquefaction* and *Vaporization*.

EXPANSION.—It may be laid down as a rule, to which only apparent exceptions exist, "that all bodies are expanded by heat, and that the expansion of the same body increases with the quantity of heat which enters it;" but although this is the case, all bodies are not *equally* expanded by heat. This is owing to the varying force of the cohesive attraction to be overcome: for where that force is the greatest, as in solids, expansion is least; whilst liquids or gases, which possess much less cohesive power, are capable of being expanded to a much greater extent.

Many experiments have been undertaken to ascertain the rate of expansion which different

solids undergo from equal additions of heat, as a correct knowledge on this point is capable of considerable practical applications in the arts, especially in the formation of pendulums and balance-wheels. For the results of these experiments, we must refer our readers to the tables given in systematic treatises on heat. It is found, however, that different solids do not expand to the same degree, and that the expansion of the same solid increases as the temperature increases. A body, when heated and allowed to cool, usually recovers its exact original dimensions.

Numerous illustrations might be selected from facts commonly observed by every one, but the following will suffice. We all know how liable glass vessels are to crack from the sudden application of heat to them, and that the thicker they are, the greater the liability. This is owing to the unequal expansion which takes place, for glass being a bad conductor of caloric, one surface becomes heated and expanded before the temperature and dimensions of the other can be increased, and whilst in this state the particles break asunder. This is also the reason why glass mirrors are so frequently broken from a candle being placed too near them.

Wheelwrights take advantage of this property of solids, in expanding when heated, and subsequently contracting as they cool, in the construction of carriage-wheels. The iron rim or tire which they place on the circumference of a wheel is always made too small: they therefore heat it, and, whilst expanded, are enabled to fit it on. As it cools, it contracts, and binds the other parts of the wheel firmly together.

The expansion of liquids by heat is exemplified in the ordinary occurrence of the fluid in a vessel running over if placed on a fire when quite full; and it illustrates also the fact, that liquids expand more than solids; for it is evident, that if the capacity of the containing vessel were increased to the same extent as the bulk of the fluid, no overflow could occur. The dilatation of liquids, also, similarly to that of solids, increases as the temperature increases; that is, a certain quantity of water, at 200 degrees of the thermometer, would expand more than the same quantity at 50 degrees by an equal addition of heat.

Different liquids do not dilate to the same extent from an equal increase of temperature. Those are most expansible which require the lowest temperature to boil them.

Liquids also contract as they cool, in a manner analogous to that of solids. To this, however, there are several remarkable exceptions. Water is one of these. It is found to contract very gradually, as it cools, until it reaches a certain point in the thermometric scale (about 40° Fahrenheit), when it commences expanding, and continues to do so until the temperature is reduced to 32°, when it freezes. This expansion has been ascribed by some to the contraction of the containing vessel; but although this has certainly some share in producing the effect, Dr. Hope has satisfactorily proved that water really experiences an increase of bulk as it cools below 40°. This is a most beautiful provision of a beneficent Creator; for it is owing to this that our lakes, and other pieces of water, are prevented from becoming, during a severe winter, a mass of ice, which the heat of a returning summer would never be sufficient to melt: for were water to observe the ordinary law of contraction, the fluid at the surface of a lake, becoming heavier as it froze, would fall to the bottom, and this process would continue until the whole became solid; whereas, by this bountiful deviation from the law, ice is in fact lighter than water, accumulates on its surface, and thereby greatly protects the remainder from congelation.

The force with which water expands as it freezes is very great. Water-pipes are frequently burst by it. Narrow-necked water-bottles, in our bed-rooms, are often broken during a severe frosty night, if completely filled. And in an experiment performed at Quebec, a bomb-shell was actually burst by the force exerted by this liquid expanding as it congealed.

The expansion of æiform bodies by heat, may be illustrated by inverting a wine-glass on a plate containing a little water, so as to surround the margin of the glass, and at the same time confine the air: if a little warm water is now poured on the plate also, the air in the glass will expand, and a portion of it escape. The dilatation of gases is much greater than that of solids or liquids, owing to their particles being unrestrained by cohesive attraction, and therefore presenting no obstacle to the repulsive power of heat. All gases undergo equal expansions for the same additions of heat. The influence of heat on the atmosphere is one of the principal agents in producing the phenomena of winds.

W. R. W.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

THE manner in which the divine Head of the Jewish church appealed to the common sense of the Israelites against the idolatry of Egypt, is wonderfully exemplified in the history of the plagues of Egypt. The miracles of Moses had now arrested their attention, and their hopes of

an early deliverance from their bondage must have been proportionably excited. Yet many of the Israelites were still followers of the surrounding idolatry; and the mercy of Providence displayed itself in proving to them the utter worthlessness of all the idols and false gods, on whom

the proud, the learned, and the scientific Egyptians so vainly depended.

The first plague demonstrated the superiority of Jehovah over their imaginary river-gods; the Nile was turned into blood, the object of peculiar abhorrence to the Egyptians. The second effort of power on the part of Moses filled the river with frogs, and its streams by this means became a second time polluted, to the utter confusion both of their Gods and priests. The land also was equally defiled, and they had no way to cleanse themselves, for every stream and every lake was in a state of pollution. The frog was held sacred by the Egyptians, and was regarded as an emblem of preservation in floods and inundations. The plague of lice reproved the absurd superstition which demanded external purity alone. The Egyptians considered it a great profanation of the temple, if they entered it with any animalculæ upon them of this sort. The people in general wore a linen garment over another of linen; but they laid aside the former when they approached their deities, for fear it should harbour vermin; and although their rites were most filthy and contemptible, they were carried on with a most scrupulous show of purity and cleanliness. The fourth plague must have convinced the Egyptians, who were worshippers of Zebub, the gadfly, that their own gods were converted into instruments of torment in the hands of a superior Power. The fifth plague destroyed the living objects of their stupid worship. The sacred bull, the ram, the heifer, and the he-goat, fell dead before their worshippers, as if in ridicule of their vain incense. This judgment must have likewise

had a great effect on the Israelites, and must have tended to wean their affections from those gods of the country, to which they had before attached themselves. The sixth plague was the boil, produced by the ashes of the furnaces in which they had offered human sacrifices, probably some of the Israelites themselves. They were accustomed to scatter the ashes, to obtain a blessing from their gods: this very rite became the means of their present torment. The seventh plague demonstrated that neither Iris, who presided over water, nor Osiris, the lord of fire, were able to protect the fields and the climate of Egypt from the thunder, the rain, and the fire of Jehovah. These phenomena of nature seldom disturbed at any period of the year the climate of Egypt. They now fell at a time when the air was generally most calm and serene. In the eighth plague of locusts, the Egyptians undoubtedly offered up their prayers to Isis and Serapis, who were the conservators of all plenty. They would likewise naturally invoke those deities who were supposed to have power over those destructive creatures. But their very deities could not stand before Moses. The winds they venerated were made the instruments of their destruction; and the sea, which they regarded as their defence against the locusts, could not protect them. An east wind prevailed all that day and all that night: this wind must have brought the locusts from Arabia, and borne them, contrary to their nature, over the Red Sea, which proved no barrier to their progress.—*The Rev. Prebendary Townsend.*

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

SERPENTS.—In the savannahs of Isacubo, in Guiana, I saw the most wonderful, the most terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it be not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passages, whilst I preferred to skirt the great forests. One of the blacks who formed the vanguard, returned full gallop, and called to me, "Here, sir, come and see serpents in a pile." He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the savannah or swamp, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company then said, "This is certainly one of the assemblages of serpents, which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest: I have heard of these, but have never seen any: let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near." When we were within twenty paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our nearer approach, to which, however, none of us were inclined.

On a sudden, the pyramid mass became agitated! horrible hissings issued from it, thousands of serpents rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of the circle their hideous heads, presenting their envenomed darts and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to draw back; but when I saw this formidable phalanx remained at its post, and appeared to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode round it, in order to view its order of battle, which faced the

enemy on every side. I then sought what could be the design of this numerous assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded some colossal enemy, which might be the great serpent, or the cayman, and that they reunite themselves, after having seen this enemy, in order to attack or resist him in a mass.—*Humboldt.*

PRINTS OF HUMAN FEET IN ROCKS.—In Schoolcraft's Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley, we find the following interesting descriptions of two apparent prints or impressions of the human foot in a tabular mass of limestone at New Harmony, Indiana. The stone had been previously conveyed from the banks of the Mississippi, at St. Louis, and carefully preserved in an open area.

Being aware of the conclusions which must result to geology from a fact of this nature, and that all former notices of the organic impressions of our species in well consolidated strata have been deemed apocryphal, we were induced to examine the subject with particular attention.

The impressions are, to all appearance, like those of a man standing in an erect posture, with the left foot a little advanced, and the heels drawn in. The distance between the heels, by actual measurement, is six and a quarter inches, and between the extremities of the toes, thirteen and a half. But by a close inspection it will be perceived that these are not the impressions of feet

accustomed to the European shoe; the toes being much spread and the foot flattened, in the manner that is observed in persons unaccustomed to the close shoe. The probability, therefore, of their having been imparted by some individual of a race of men who were strangers to the art of tanning skins, and at a period much anterior to that which any traditions of the present race of Indians reaches, derives additional weight from this peculiar shape of the feet.

In other respects the impressions are strikingly natural, exhibiting the muscular marks of the foot with great precision and faithfulness to nature. This circumstance weakens very much the supposition that they may possibly be specimens of antique sculpture, executed by any former race of men inhabiting this continent. Neither history nor tradition has preserved the slightest traces of such a people. For it must be recollected that as yet we have no evidence that the people who erected our stupendous western tumuli, possessed any knowledge of masonry, far less of sculpture, (the carvings of pipe bowls out of straitite, indurated clay, and other soft materials, executed by Indians of the present day, do not, perhaps, merit the name of sculpture,) but even if there is, we believe there is no evidence that this simple art was practised before we made them acquainted with the use of iron; or that they had even invented a chisel, a knife, or an axe, other than those of porphyry, hornstone, or obsidian.

The average length of the human foot in the male subject may perhaps be assumed at ten inches. The length of each foot, in our subject, is ten and a quarter inches; the breadth, taken across the toes, at right angles to the former line, four inches; but the greatest spread of the toes is four and a half inches, which diminishes to two and a half at the heel. Directly before the prints, and approaching within a few inches of the left foot, is a well impressed and deep mark, having some resemblance to a scroll, whose greatest length is two feet seven inches, and greatest breadth twelve and a half inches.

The rock containing these interesting impressions is a compact limestone, of a greyish blue colour. It was originally quarried on the left bank of the Mississippi, at St. Louis, and is a part of the extensive range of calcareous rocks upon which that town is built. Foundations of private dwellings at St. Louis, and the military works erected by the French and Spaniards from this material sixty years ago, are still as solid and unbroken as when first laid.

ANTS.—A gentleman of unimpeached veracity remarked to us, says a writer in the "Scientific Tracts," the other day, that while in the island of St. Croix, he instituted several experiments with reference to ascertaining the truth of what he had been often told, of the ingenuity and apparent reasonings of the ant of that beautiful island. Having slain a centipede, which had been sent him by a friend, he laid it on the window-stool within his department, where, though not a single individual of that mischievous race of vermin had been seen, to his great gratification, in the course of a few hours, one solitary ant suddenly made his appearance through a crevice in the casing, attracted probably by the odour of the dead body. Shortly after, having surveyed the premises, it disappeared, but speedily returned with a host of companions, to whom the discovery of the prize had unquestionably been communicated. A more careful survey of the magnitude of the object was evidently instituted. The whole company then disappeared simultaneously through the crack; but an army was put in requisition, for the third appearance was a multitude. Having mounted the carcase, examined minutely its exact position, and satisfied themselves that it was actually bereft of life,

and that no danger would be incurred from their premeditated operations, a new and unlooked for series of labours were commenced, bearing such a striking analogy to human reason, as manifested in what is commonly called contrivance, that if there is no intelligence in it, why, the metaphysicians have in reservation an unexplored field of observation. Well, not being able to move the mass entire, they divided themselves into platoons, and cut the body into portions of about half an inch in length; which was effectually and skilfully done, between a late hour in the afternoon, and the following night, and each piece transferred to their citadel, through some contiguous aperture of sufficient diameter to allow the loads to pass. When the observer arose at daylight, every part had been carried away but the head, which was really moving off toward the hole, surrounded by an immense concourse of admiring spectators, probably on the *qui vive*, happy in the delightful anticipation of future feasts and revellings. On further scrutiny, he found that the decapitated head was mounted on the backs of about a dozen bearers, who, like a Roman phalanx with a testudo upon their shoulders, were marching off in an orderly manner, toward the same orifice through which all the rest had disappeared.

GROWTH OF FISH.—The rapid growth of some fish is very extraordinary. I saw three pike taken out of a pond in Staffordshire, belonging to the present Sir Jervoise Clark Jervoise, two of which weighed thirty-six pounds each, and the other thirty-five pounds. The pond was fished every seven years, and supposing that store pike of six or seven pounds weight were left in it, the growth of the pike in question must have been at the rate of at least four pounds a year. Salmon, however, grow much faster. It is now ascertained that grilse, or young salmon, of from two and a half to three pounds weight, have been sent to the London markets in the month of May, the spawn from which they come having only been deposited in the preceding October or November, and the ova taking three months of the time to quicken. It has also been ascertained by experiment that a grilse which weighed six pounds in February, after spawning has, on its return from the sea in September, weighed thirteen pounds; and a salmon fry of April will in June weigh four pounds, and in August six pounds.—*Gleanings of Natural History.*

FOSSIL REMAINS OF THE ELEPHANT.—In a pamphlet published at Sydney, New South Wales, by the Rev. J. D. Lang, detailing the steps which had been taken for the establishment of an Academic Institution or College, in that colony, we find the following curious statement:—"A collection of fossil bones which had been discovered in a lime-stone cave at Wellington Valley, by George Rankin, Esq. of Bathurst, and to the discovery of which the writer had the honour of calling the attention of the colonial public, in an anonymous letter published in the "Sydney Gazette," about eighteen months ago, was entrusted to the writer by Mr. Rankin, for Professor Jameson, of the University of Edinburgh. One of the bones had evidently belonged to some large animal; and Professor Jameson and an eminent naturalist of the College of Surgeons in London, to whom it had afterwards been forwarded, coincided in regarding it as a bone of the hippopotamus. Not satisfied, however, with their own opinion concerning it, it was subsequently sent to M. Le Baron Cuvier of Paris; and that distinguished naturalist (Professor Jameson informed the writer just before leaving Scotland) had ascertained that it was the thigh-bone of a young elephant; thereby establishing the interesting and important fact, that the wilds of Australia were once traversed by that enormous quadruped."

THE DAY OF THE MEN, IN THE SCOTTISH CHURCH.

THE day of the men—*la nan daorna*, as it is called in the Gaelic language—is not an observance which is enjoined by the formulary of the Scottish Kirk; neither is it common to Scotland, or, indeed, known at all in the more populous or wealthy parts of the country; it is, in a great measure, confined to the counties of Inverness, and Ross, and Cromarty, which is spotted like a piece of patchwork over the latter. Easter Ross, which is in great part both fertile and populous, may be considered as its head-quarters, and it has probably spread thence into all the districts which it has penetrated.

The people of Easter Ross have long been remarkable for strong attachment to the Presbyterian doctrines, sturdy disputants upon doctrinal points, and equally given to the polemics and the practical exercises of their religion. One cause is usually assigned for this, namely, the number of Monroes, and other clansmen from that part of the country, who joined the armies of Gustavus of Sweden, the lion of the north, when he was battling in Germany, as the champion of the Reformation. A good many of these found their way back to their native country, and are understood to have imported a spirit of zeal on religious subjects, which has not abated even at the present day. That such is the fact is probable; but be it as it may, the district to which we have alluded is the one in which the day of the men is considered as a very important and highly essential part of the sacred observances of the year.

Every one who knows any thing about the practice of the Kirk of Scotland, must be aware that the sacrament of the Supper is dispensed only once a year in country parishes, and rarely more than twice in towns. The time for dispensing it has reference to nothing commemorated in the calendar, but is chosen when the weather is most likely to be good, and the labours of the people are not pressing. In towns these are less attended to, but in the country the celebration never takes place in seedtime or in harvest, but generally during that portion of the summer when nature is bringing forward the fruits of the earth with the least assistance of human labour. At this particular season the weather is generally settled, the nights are short, and, in the northern parts, there is pretty bright twilight all night long. These circumstances enable parties who are so inclined, to travel twenty or thirty miles, or even more, in order to be present at the sacrament. Thus there are very often gatherings of the people far more numerous than one would suppose, in a country so thinly peopled in proportion to its extent. In the south, the gatherings are not generally so numerous, but they are considerable in some places.

The regulations of the Kirk enjoin public worship for four days: First, upon the Thursday, which is considered to be a day of fasting and humiliation, ordered to be kept as a Sabbath, and having the same extent and form of service in the church; secondly, the Saturday, which is considered as a day of preparation, but not kept as a Sabbath. The service is not begun till after the noon of this day, and the people are not enjoined to abstain from their ordinary labours any longer than the service lasts. Thirdly: the Sunday, which is the day of communicating, and by far the most solemn day of the whole; and, fourthly, the Monday, which is a day of thanksgiving, with morning service only, after which the people are supposed to return to their ordinary employments, or to meet with their friends, and commune respecting what they have heard. It will be seen that, in this arrangement, Friday is a blank day, upon which there is no public worship, though, in some parishes, the young, and especially those who are to communicate for the first time, assemble in the church, and are examined as to their religious knowledge, and admonished with respect to their general, and especially their religious, conduct. This, however, is not very common; and as the Friday is one day only, and regular employment cannot be very profitably resumed upon it, some spend it in idleness, and some in dissipation.

Friday is "the day of the men" in all parts of the country where such a day is kept, and it is a day of very peculiar and often very interesting character. It is usually the longest single sedentary on the whole occasion; and there is often a vast deal of knowledge of the Scriptures and acumen displayed at it. The men consist not only of the seniors of the parish, but of many who come from a distance to take a part in the business of the day. These consist of catechists, or men who are appointed to look after the religious knowledge of districts where the parish is too extensive for being perambulated by the minister, or when the state of the season renders such perambulation unnecessary; and along with them there are many others who are eminent for their religious knowledge, and not willing that it should be hidden.

It sometimes happens that these *men* are unable to read, or even to speak the English language; but they all have a great deal of theological knowledge, and their acuteness shows that they are not men of mere rote, but that they have thought deeply upon all the subjects upon which they speak. The greater number of them, too, speak very fluently, more especially those who speak in Gaelic; and they almost all have what is called a "gift of prayer," that is, they can pray a long time extempore, without pause or hesitation. The Gaelic is well adapted for this purpose,

because its whole structure is poetical, and many of its figures are lofty and impressive. It also harmonizes well with the phraseology of the Bible, with which it is copiously mixed. It may be that some of these men attend such meetings, partly through desire of showing off their knowledge, for it is difficult to find any human exhibition without some of the leaven of human vanity in it: but there is an earnestness and sincerity of manner about a vast majority of them which no hypocrite could possibly assume. Our present business, however, is description, and not criticism, though we feel quite sure that the men would have little to fear from the latter.

They meet in the church at rather an early hour on the Friday, and many are in waiting before the doors are open; and when this takes place, the church is soon filled by a miscellaneous assemblage of speakers and hearers. The parish minister himself presides, but he occupies the precentor's desk and not the pulpit; and those ministers who are to assist him on the other days, usually mingle with the congregation, apart from each other, as is also the case with the principal speakers among the men. A psalm and prayer always begin the day, and with the latter the official duty of the minister closes, and the men take up their subjects, state their opinions, their doubts, and their perplexities; and always, now and then, interpose a prayer. The subjects are for the most part doctrinal, often involving the most nice and intricate points; but it is astonishing with what acumen the more experienced manage these. There are very many professional ministers, where religious discussions are not common, and who consequently get every thing their own way without contradiction, who would find the men most formidable antagonists. This, indeed, sometimes happens to the minister of a parish, especially if he is a young one, and has been appointed contrary to the wishes of his people. This occasionally happens, and when it does, the men, who generally have a very strong feeling for each other, muster from all quarters, ready prepared on all the difficult points, and work him without mercy. They are enabled to do this in consequence of the position which he occupies on the occasion. We have mentioned that he presides, and that after he has read the psalm, and offered up the prayer in the morning, his formal duty is at an end, until a prayer and psalm again close the day. But

although, during the intermediate part, the employment of the men is out of his direction, he is by no means out of the power of the men. Whenever a difficulty arises which they cannot solve, or do not choose to solve, an appeal lies to the parish minister, who is understood to be both able and willing to help them out of every difficulty: if he is disliked, as we have stated, they weigh him in the balance to the nicest scruple; and he must be an acute man indeed, if he is not found wanting in some particulars. If he is a favourite they let him alone, and discuss their knotty points with each other; though, in these cases, he often strikes in of his own accord, and gently brings them back when they are getting beyond their depth.

To make a figure on the day of the men is a matter of considerable emulation; and therefore there are always a certain number of novices, catechumens, who make their appearance on every such occasion. These, generally speaking, have been under the training of some catechist, and have been tutored on the subjects of their first displays. They usually begin in a louder tone than the men of experience, but they fall off by degrees, and many of them break down so completely as to be incapable of rallying again: these are cases in which the parish minister is understood to interfere, and give encouragement and assistance; and if this fail, some one stands up to pray, and after prayer a new subject is taken up by a new speaker.

This may seem a singular mode of procedure to those who are not accustomed to it, or the character of the people among whom it obtains; but, notwithstanding this, it is a scene of much instruction, and appears to have no small influence in preserving the zeal for religion, and the consequent uprightness of conduct, for which those shrewd, but sober and simple-minded people are so very remarkable. Scattered widely apart from each, cut off from intercourse for a considerable portion of the year, strangers to what the inhabitants of more wealthy places call the comforts of life, and without any amusements within their reach, religion is to them all in all. It is blended with their every day occupations; it is their resource in the hours of relaxation; it is their consolation under privation and pain; and it is their hope and stay on the bed of death: and, we may add, that the "day of the men" tends much to keep it alive.

LIQUEFACTION AND VAPORIZATION OF HEAT.

It was remarked in the last paper, in allusion to the influence that heat exerts on the form of bodies, that by its agency solids may be converted into liquids, and liquids into vapours; not only so, but, by the abstraction of heat, vapours

may be again condensed into liquids, and these also into solids; and so universally does this apply, that the common opinion entertained with regard to the three different conditions under which matter exists on the globe, is, that each of

them is owing to the relative preponderance of the powers of attraction and repulsion; the latter being manifestly owing to the agency of heat. Thus it is supposed that in solids the attractive power is greatest, in liquids the two forces are nearly equal, whilst in æriform bodies repulsion is considered to predominate.

The temperature at which solids liquefy is called their melting point, or point of fusion; that at which liquids solidify, their freezing point, or point of congelation. These points vary in different substances, but are uniform for the same substance under similar circumstances. The freezing point of water is at 32° of Fahrenheit's thermometer, which, of course, corresponds also to the melting point of ice.

One of the most important discoveries connected with the liquefaction of bodies, and which was made by Dr. Black, is, that during the process a large quantity of heat is absorbed by the body as it dissolves, and becomes concealed in it, that is, becomes insensible to the thermometer; and the same obtains, also, during the conversion of liquids into vapours. Hence Dr. Black called it concealed, or latent heat. The quantity of heat which is thus rendered latent, as a body becomes fluid, varies in different substances. Thus ice, as it melts, absorbs a quantity of heat sufficient to raise an equal weight of water 140° , whilst, during the fusion of tin, 500° are stated to disappear. It was proved, also, that during the freezing of liquids, a quantity of heat is set free corresponding to the quantity absorbed during liquefaction. And here, again, we have further demonstration of the wisdom and goodness of God; for had not the melting of ice or snow been thus rendered gradual by the large proportion of heat necessary to be absorbed, the slightest increase in the temperature of the atmosphere would suffice to thaw the heaviest fall of snow, and our lands would be devastated by sudden and extensive inundations.

The loss of sensible heat during liquefaction, is the basis of many of our processes for producing cold, as by freezing mixtures, &c.

VAPORIZATION.—This process takes place in two different ways: either rapidly, and attended with considerable commotion in the vaporizing liquid, when it is called "ebullition;" or slowly, and almost insensibly, when the term "evaporation" is applied to it.

It will be convenient to treat of each of these separately.

Ebullition.—The temperature at which vaporization takes place so rapidly as to constitute ebullition, is called the boiling point. This point varies in different fluids, that of water being 212° , whilst that of mercury is 662° ; but is constant in the same fluid, the circumstances being the same. The nature of the vessel has a slight influence on the boiling point: thus, water boils at a temperature two degrees lower in a metallic

vessel than in one of glass. Pressure affects, very considerably, the degree at which liquids boil: at the top of a mountain less heat is required to boil them than at the foot, owing to the diminished atmospheric pressure; and in a vacuum, the heat of the hand will suffice to boil water. But if subjected to a greater pressure, by confining it in a vessel, the boiling point is considerably raised; and it has even been conjectured, that if a vessel could be procured strong enough to resist the expansive force of the steam, water might be made red-hot. When a liquid has reached its boiling point, its temperature no longer continues to increase, although the application of heat to it is continued; nor does the temperature of the vapour rise higher than that of the liquid that produces it. From these and other facts, Dr. Black was led to suppose that the heat which is imparted to a liquid after it has arrived at the boiling point, becomes latent during its conversion into vapour, and this he afterwards proved by experiment. It was found, also, that the heat thus rendered latent was again set free when the vapour was condensed into the state of liquid. The quantity of heat thus absorbed by water, as it is converted into steam, would be sufficient to raise the temperature of an equal weight of that liquid nearly 1000° . These laws have been beautifully applied to the construction of the steam-engine, for an account of which we would refer our readers to Dr. Lardner's interesting work on the steam-engine.

Evaporation is constantly going on at the ordinary temperatures of the atmosphere. This occurs in all fluids, to a greater or less extent, and even in some solids, as camphor. It is most rapid in those liquids the boiling point of which is lowest.

A large quantity of heat becomes latent during evaporation, and hence considerable cold is produced. This may be illustrated by allowing a few drops of spirit of wine to evaporate on the hand. It is on this account that showers in summer are so refreshing, from the water absorbing, as it evaporates, the superfluous heat from the earth. Porous earthenware wine-coolers act on this principle: being dipped in water, they imbibe a certain quantity of it, which gradually evaporates, and, in doing so, abstracts heat from the bottle of wine placed in the cooler.

The process of distillation, for the purpose of separating spirit from fermented liquors, depends on evaporation. Alcohol or spirit of wine rises in vapour at a lower temperature than the water and other ingredients with which it may be mixed; it is therefore easily separable from them by heat; and being separated, is carried along a tube passing through cold water, by which it is condensed, and obtained in a less adulterated state. Evaporation is constantly going on from every piece of water on the surface of the earth; the vapour thus formed accumulates in the atmo-

sphere, and, under certain circumstances, again returns, the bearer of innumerable blessings,—at one time in the meek and lowly transparency of the dewdrop, at another in the sparkling brilliancy of hoar-frost; now it clothes the earth in the

radiant purity of the snow, now visits it in vernal showers, and traverses its bosom in a thousand rippling rills, whispering their simple songs of gratitude and praise.

W. R. W.

TALES OF THE INN KITCHEN.—No. II.

THE interest excited by the narrative of "The Gamekeeper's Daughter," told, as it was, with much feeling, could not but be very great. After awhile, however, when inquiries had been answered, and kind expressions had been interchanged, a second gentleman was called on for his tale, and he begged to place before them an account of

THE BECALMED SHIP.

Not a breath of wind had been stirring all day; the flag that was attached to the foremast-head hung listlessly by its side, while a burning sun poured down unremittingly his fiercest rays upon ocean and land. All on shore was perfectly still; not a sound indicative of labour was heard, even from the neighbouring plantation, so intense was the heat that had reigned throughout the day. The sailors on board the brig had been lying under an awning that was stretched upon deck, and, overcome by the sultriness of the air, had resigned themselves to sleep, from which the voice of the captain awakened them, as soon as he perceived the first motion of the steamer that gently moved when the first breath of the land breeze sighed around it. Roused from their slumbers, they proceeded to get the vessel under way; and as the last glimmering of the sun was seen through the trees that bordered the plantation of the principal man in the place, and the first signs of returning life and activity were perceptible on the shore, the shout of the sailors announced to the passengers below that they had taken their departure from the island of Antigua.

Among those who had shipped themselves for England were two gentlemen and their ladies, one of whom was accompanied by a younger sister, and the other with two lovely children. These, with four servants, three natives of Scotland, the captain and crew, made the whole number of souls on board the Harriet amount to twenty-one, for whom provisions for fifty-five days had been taken in. Their progress was very slow for the first four weeks, and the end of the sixth found them in the midst of the mighty Atlantic. The captain was constrained immediately to put both men and passengers upon short allowance. In the examination of their stores, they were full of consternation at the discovery that the sea had destroyed one barrel of biscuits, and that the requisite quantity of meat had not been stowed in the vessel previously to her departure from the island. Mutual reproaches and recrimination were then indulged, but soon

gave way to the anxious consideration of what, in such an emergency, was the best conduct to adopt. A still less allowance was given to each individual, both among passengers and sailors; and a hope was entertained by the captain that, before all their provisions were exhausted, some vessel would appear, from which a supply of necessaries might be obtained.

Three days after the passengers and crew had agreed to the diminution of their daily food, the slight breezes that had wafted them along gradually subsided into a perfect calm. Not a breath stirred the bosom of the mighty ocean, as it lay glittering in the sunbeams that lighted the waters many fathoms below the surface, and not a cloud hung beneath the blue heavens as the sun journeyed in his course, until he bathed his radiant forehead in the western waves. The ship lay motionless on the sea, as if spell-bound by the spirits of the deep; and so intense was the heat, that the few who came on deck found it painful to walk; it was as if burning embers had been scattered around: the pitch exuded from the interstices of the planks, and the iron stanchions seemed as if they had been exposed to the action of a slow fire. Heavily wore the hours of that day, and the anticipation of such another filled all on board with trembling dread. The supply of water, as well as the other provisions, was rapidly diminishing, although both were portioned out in small quantities; so that unless the wind should again rise, and that speedily, there would be no deliverance from an awful and terrible death. As the daylight departed, and the sky became brilliant with a thousand stars, a few of the passengers left their cabins to walk on deck. One of the married ladies brought her eldest child, a boy of four years of age, who, during the early part of the voyage, had been the pet of the sailors, who loved to listen to his engaging prattle, and to play with him in his little games, as his laughing glee often reminded them of those they had left in their own loved land, to whom they were then returning. About the time the captain had been under the necessity of shortening the daily allowance of provisions, the little fellow became ill, and called forth all the solicitous attentions of his parents for his recovery. A burning fever had seized him, and those who watched over him took most of the water which had been apportioned out to them to moisten the lips of the little sufferer. At first he seemed to revive, and for two or three

days very sanguine hopes were entertained of his recovery. On the first evening the ship was becalmed they brought him on deck, and hoped that a change from the almost intolerable temperature of their cabin would greatly restore him; and such, for a short time, appeared to be the case.

The night passed away, and the sun arose with new strength from his slumbers. Under any other circumstances, the surpassing splendour of such a scene would have awakened their greatest admiration and delight. From north to south the waters were streaked with lines of silver, glittering with beauty and brightness. A few fairy clouds that hung in the orient sky parted as the sun rose from the deep, and seemed like drapery drawn, by the unseen hours, from the couch where the rosy-fingered morn had been reposing. It was a gorgeous sight, as, "with new-spangled ore, the sun flamed in the forehead of the sky;" but the eyes that gazed upon him were heavy with grief and dismay, for no breeze as yet had arisen. In vain did they loosen the sails; no wished-for gale filled them. They cast on each other a fearful glance, and shuddered at the fate that seemed about to befall them.

Another day passed as the preceding; the ship still remained motionless, the heat was as oppressive, and the hearts of some began to faint. The sick child, having relapsed into a more dangerous state, demanded and received the utmost attention. As the mother bent over him, she seemed to forget her own increasing weakness: he was her first-born, and with the affection a mother only feels and manifests, she sat by his side throughout the day, and, with her own hand, cooled his parched lips, when his eye, meeting hers, indicated the wish he was not able to utter. When the next night drew on, her anxiety and her solicitude were increased, for the younger child became restless and fretful, and it was soon apparent that fever had seized him too. Her husband, with an aching heart, assisted her in attending to their little ones, and marked, with the deepest agony, that she herself was sinking through want of repose. But all his solicitations that she would, if only for a short time, leave the couch of her children, and endeavour to obtain the refreshment of sleep, were in vain, he could not prevail upon her to relinquish her office, or withdraw her attention, for one hour, from the exercise of her maternal duties. They watched the livelong night, and the morning still found them, sleepless and pale, by the side of their offspring. Both the invalids were worse, and it was evident to the parents that the sufferings of the elder would soon be terminated: his breathing became more difficult, and his strength was hourly failing.

On this, the third day of the calm, two others of the passengers—the sister of the married lady and one of the Scotchmen, who had been an overseer in a plantation on the island whence the

vessel had sailed—fell ill. The scanty supply of food, and the small quantity of water that was allotted to each, had impaired their strength; and the attention of their respective friends was called into requisition on their behalf. It was evident to all that three more such days could not be endured. There remained in the cask but barely sufficient water for that day and the next, and the last biscuit had been divided between them; so that if no change of weather took place, there would be no alternative but to resign themselves to their fate. Loud was the groan of anguish with which this announcement was received, and as thoughts of their homes and friends rushed over the minds of all, they wrung their hands, and wept in the wildness and bitterness of despair.

Some were young, and were following relatives who, on the preceding year, had embarked for England, and were awaiting in eager expectation for their arrival. Of this class were the lady and gentleman whose sister had sunk beneath the privations of the voyage. Her tale was pitifully sad: she had been betrothed in early life to a young Englishman, who, with his parents, had resided for some years in the island of Antigua, and had returned to his native land to enter upon the possession of an estate which had unexpectedly reverted to his family. Returning, when his affairs had been adjusted, to claim his affianced bride, he was lost on the passage; and thus her fondest hopes were blasted, and all her anticipations of future happiness destroyed. The death of her own parents, and the subsequent removal of two of her sisters to England, made her determine to visit that country with the remaining one, whom she now accompanied on the voyage. She anticipated a mournful pleasure in beholding that land of which, from her earliest childhood, she had heard so much; which had a double charm when remembered as the birthplace of him who had won her affections, and who had often wiled away the hours by his glowing description of the valleys, the hills, the cities, and the villages of his native land, to which he hoped, at no distant period, to lead her, as the wife of his youth. A pleasant, delicious dream! but one that he never realised. She lay in her cabin feeble and helpless, watched by the eye of her weeping sister, who endeavoured, with a mother's fondness, to anticipate her wants, and, with ready hand, to supply them. Round her neck hung a gold chain, to which was attached a miniature portrait of her lover, who, in the last moments of parting, had placed it there, that, by the possession of the semblance of his features, she might, as she gazed, feel less bitterly the pain of his absence. This she pressed with one hand to her heart, while the other was locked in her sister's.

"Maria," said the invalid, "I thought not, when I heard poor Henry had perished in the

waters, that I should find a resting-place in the depths of the ocean too."

"O, do not talk so sadly," replied her sister, "you will yet recover; another day, and the wind may rise, and we shall be able to pursue our voyage, and meet with another vessel, from which we may obtain the necessaries your feeble condition demands."

"I shall never be restored again," said the sufferer; "even if your hopes be realised, sorrow has pressed too heavily here;" and she laid her hand to her heart—and continued—"I am willing to die; life, since that fatal night when, through the wild roaring of the waves and the hollow murmurs of the storm, the cry of distress rose unheeded,—has had no charms for me. There was something in the prospect of visiting England which seemed to promise a little alleviation of my sorrow; but that country I shall never see. Do not take his portrait from me when I am dead, Maria; promise me you will not. Let it be buried with me in the sea."

"Do not give way to such gloomy thoughts, my dearest Emily," said her sister, "we are not without hope that a change in the weather will speedily take place, and we shall then be delivered from our present fears." But as she spoke, and tried to re-assure the fainting spirit of her sister, she could not take the same comfort to herself. The fear of a lingering death had seized all; and the dreadful intelligence that the last division of biscuits and water had been made, was only kept from the knowledge of the sinking invalid by her sister sharing her own supply of the latter with her.

As the third night set in, the elder child, who had been first seized by the fever, died. Agonizing was the grief of the bereaved mother, as she hung over the inanimate remains of her first-born, and long and bitter was the cry that her anguished spirit sent forth, as her husband tore her away from the couch on which her boy was laid in his still and unawaking slumber. That was a fearful night to all; not a single article of food remained, the water casks had been emptied, and a horrible fate awaited all, unless timely assistance should be afforded.

As the morning again broke on the waters, it was a fearful sight to see all in the ship who were able to come on deck, turn from their long and anxious gaze over the wide waste before them, and look with speechless agony in the face of each other. No help appeared nigh, and their parched lips quivered with fear and dismay. Alone there on the pathless sea—far, very far from any land—with the unclouded sun shining as if in mockery over them, and the waves glittering in beauty around—the vessel remained another day immovable. Some, in the wildness of despair, had laid themselves down to die, and, closing their eyes, awaited the stroke that should release them from their misery. Others, unwill-

ling to part with hope, remained gazing on the heavens, eager to catch the least indication of wind, and throwing up small pieces of paper, to see if a breath was stirring. But in vain: another dreadful night came on, with its dreary stillness. Scarcely a sound was heard throughout the ship, save the stifled groan of one of the passengers or crew; for, habituated as the latter had been to all the hardships of a nautical life, they now began to sink under their terrible calamity. The captain—comparatively a young man—who, leaving England as mate, had succeeded to the command of the vessel on the sudden death of the first officer at Antigua, was one of the first who resigned himself to despair. "I felt," said he, when narrating the circumstances to me, "that it was in vain to resist what appeared inevitable: I laid myself down in my cabin, committed my soul to God, and prayed to die."

On the fifth morning, a slight breeze stirred slowly the long steamer that hung idly so long at the mast head; and with their remaining strength, some of the crew endeavoured to prepare all the sails, that so favourable and long-desired an opportunity for removing from the spot where, as if held by enchantment, they had been detained for the last five days, might not be lost. But the men, reduced to the helplessness of children, by the want of the most common necessities of life, were unable to accomplish their object. They had not tasted food for two days; and now that the wind had arisen, only two of the sails were in a condition to receive it. Slowly, however, the vessel began to move, and a faint gleam of hope animated its crew that, during the day, they might fall in with some ship, and thus be rescued from their perilous condition.

The day wore away, and the vessel being half trimmed, proceeded but slowly. As the shadows of evening began to fall, the hearts of the men again sank within them, for they knew they could not endure another day the privations and pangs of hunger with which they were seized. As three of the crew were lying near to the stern wheel, one of them whispered to his next comrade, and as he spoke, both raised themselves on their arms, and the fire flashed from their eyes.

"We must do that or perish, Jacques," said he who first spoke; but he who was addressed turned away from his companion with a kind of loathsome horror, at the proposition he had made.

"I will perish before I do it," replied Jacques. "What! the child? Never ask me the question again."

"What, shall we not do it to save ourselves?" said the first speaker; "others have done so before us; and on the preservation of our lives depends the happiness of others we have left far away."

As he spoke he rose and staggered towards the door of the cabin in which were the lady, her husband, and children. His companion followed him with his eyes. The last words he uttered had called up a thousand feelings in his breast; and the desire of life, even if purchased in a manner at which he shuddered, was excited within him. A gentle tap at the cabin door was answered by a feeble voice bidding the visitant enter. The sailor stepped into the room, and signified to the parents that it would be well if the child who lay dead were removed from their sight; and that he would perform the melancholy duty of committing to the waves the remains of one who had endeared himself to all on board. The father looked at the mother of his child; and while she gazed for a moment on the sailor, as if to comprehend the true nature of his request, a sudden thought struck her, and she peremptorily refused to accede to it. "Not to-night," said she, "to-morrow will be time enough; no, not to-night;" and she hid her face and wept.

The sailor returned on deck, muttering between his teeth, and lay down once more beside his comrades, whose quick and fast breathing told him their end was approaching.

The next morning, which was the sixth from the commencement of the calm, as the sailor Jacques lifted his languid head from the deck, he thought he perceived a sail at no great distance. His strength seemed to return as, with an exclamation of delight, he roused those near him to look in the direction in which the ship had appeared to him, fearing lest his own eyes should have deceived him. A joyful cry rose from their lips, as they saw approaching them a large West Indian vessel, with all her canvass stretched. They watched her with trembling anxiety, and when, once or twice, she seemed bearing to the south, they hoisted signals of distress, which they soon perceived were observed, for she quickly bore down upon the Harriet, and proved to be the Alert, a Jamaica trader. A few words sufficed to explain their sad and doleful condition, and the captain of the Alert immediately went on board the ill-fated vessel, taking with him such necessaries and restoratives as his own ship supplied. The dangerous state of the young lady before mentioned demanded his first care, and he soon perceived she was rapidly sinking. Administering what temporary aid he was able, he visited each of the other passengers and the crew, in succession. He found the parents of the dead child sitting near his remains; and gently adverting to the prudence and the necessity of having him removed, he obtained permission to send his own carpenter to construct a coffin for him. That day, at noon, he was buried. As the mother, who insisted on being upon deck during the ceremony, saw the waters close over

her child, she gave one wild shriek, and sunk into insensibility. But another trial yet awaited her: her infant who had sickened on the second day of the calm, died that same evening. Poor thing! she mourned like Rachel for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not. She lived to reach England, but never recovered from the effects of that voyage.

For two or three days after the Alert had come up with the Harriet, the young lady who appeared near death when the captain of the former vessel visited her, seemed to revive, and sanguine hopes were entertained that she would recover; but the hectic flush that sat upon her cheek was delusive, and, as the torch sends forth a brighter blaze when it is about to expire, so her beauty appeared the more brilliant a short time previous to her dissolution. The Alert parted company with the Harriet when nearing the Channel, after having supplied the latter ship with provisions for a week.

It was on a clear and beautiful evening that the shout of the sailors on deck announced to the passengers in the cabin that the English shore was visible. Emily Dalmer listened to the exclamation of joy, and her countenance seemed suddenly irradiated.

"Take me, William," said she to her brother, "take me above; let me see that land, though it be afar off."

Her brother complied; and as she sat on the deck, and the gentle breeze that was wafting them along sighed through her dark hair, she gazed long and wistfully at the broken shore, towards which they were rapidly approaching. The sailors were ascending the shrouds to catch a better view of that welcome land; and their loud congratulations and boisterous mirth strangely contrasted with the silence of the little group that had gathered round the invalid. Her head had sunk on the shoulder of her sister, and she appeared overcome by the emotions which had been excited by the sight of that country with which some of her brightest and holiest hopes had been associated. As she remained in this position for some time, her sister attempted gently to rouse her, and softly recovering her arm from beneath the head of the lovely sufferer, parted the curls that had fallen over her face, and kissed her pale lips with the fondest affection. There was no pressure in return; and after her sister looked again on the features before her, she saw that the spirit had fled.

She lies in a beautiful and romantic churchyard on the coast of Devon, with this simple inscription on her tomb:—"Emily Dalmer, aged 24. A stranger in a strange land."

All the other passengers recovered from the effects of their hazardous voyage; and the Harriet still sails in the track she formerly pursued.

MEDICAL THEORIES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE French are amongst the vainest medical theorists of the present day and generation, but we do not contend that for this especial reason they are entitled to erect themselves into a medical autocracy, and assume the sway of universal critics, and dictators in the science of medicine. We must, however, on this, as on all other subjects, allow something for truth, and a good deal for vanity. By changing the chemical nomenclature, chemistry became the French chemistry; works of Gretry and Sachini and Cherubini constitute French music; the Paris Basia, and Monsieur Brongniart's barbarous nomenclature of rocks, have nearly put Dr. Buckland out of the field, and made geology the science of France alone. Dancing, dressing, capering, and cookery, we admit are theirs, without any other competitors in the universe. Every body allows them to be the best soldiers except the Duke of Wellington, and all except Mr. Seppings consider that they build the best men-of-war,—all except those who have travelled over them think that they have made the best roads; and our ladies' shoes must all be made in Paris; our dandy's gloves must come from the same mart; and in diseases, Monsieur Broussais reigns lord king paramount; he is, forsooth, to rule all stomachs, livers, bowels, lungs, and limbs, with bouillons, ptisans, and saignées. There is but one nation, and that is France—but one town, and that is Paris.

The French medical theorists believe very little more in the existence of gout than they do of the man in the moon. In England the word gout is a charmed word,—it is both cabalistic and surgical. It saves all trouble, care, and anxiety to the physician, and, by a necromantic transference or twist, it gives it all to the patient, with all full interest of pain and suffering included. No matter what the pain or the disease may be, or where it may take up its local habitation, only let the patient be sick and past forty, let him drink a bottle of champagne daily, and eat devilled turkey and pickled spinage about this time of the year, and a Hottentot would tell him he had the gout. The head, the heart, the stomach, the liver, the spleen, the nose or the great toe—be it dropsy, palsy, consumption, asthma, apoplexy, it is all resolved into the same pristine element of disease—the gout. It is as royal a road to physic as to death. If you are anxious for either, you cannot take a safer route. Catch the gout, and be well assured that it is of a good kind, and all your anxieties will be eased, all your profoundest wishes accomplished.

In the earlier days of our youth, when we were more prone and partial than our present advancing age will permit us to be, to doubtful theories and speculative sophistries, it often occur-

red to us as matter worthy of some doubt whether the lancet or the cannon-ball were the most dangerous instrument when wielded by a stupid surgeon, or fired off by a crazy artilleryman. The former of these possessed indeed the twin-power of doing often as much harm in the practitioner's pocket as in his hand. The internal theory of disease, of which some drowsy Scotch student has just obtained a sufficient insight to put his knowledge and his ignorance on a par, will teach him, if not in due time enlightened by wisdom, or darkened by death, to bleed one patient in a fever to death, and to inebriate the other with huge potations of port wine, sufficient either to drown himself, or to swallow up all the Temperance Societies in the United Kingdom in one wide, universal deluge. It has therefore become in our minds the food of much knowledge, and much experience and information have we gleaned from gathering the wheat and wisdom of our present age from the wild tares of delusion and deception on this subject, in which we rioted in the early days of youth and inexperience. We formerly looked upon the wisdom of the world as something very nearly approaching to the nature of an apocryphal revelation, but we now revere the dictum of the great universe as the voice and wisdom of a vast and unseen Spirit, who, by his eternal will and power, guides us in this world through paths of everlasting and radiant sunshine to the homes and abodes of true and everlasting happiness.

We have ceased to wonder at the knowledge which seems inherent in the brain of every sick man in the present day; we do not consider it for one moment as an equivocal mark of insane delirium, or as the result of an overburdened or overweakened intellect, struggling in the strangling depths of agonising disease to recover its lost power and potential influence over the distorted faculties of the mind. We now bend down our grey hairs in obedient attention to every word the suffering patient utters, and we do not pause in marvellous astonishment when we are informed by the sick man, that, with all his respect and esteem for our private character and worth, he cannot forego the impression that the art we practise and the profession we follow in public, are each of them made up of the same quantum of illusive and conjectural absurdities, and that, in our treatment of disease and suffering agony, we may be, in spite of ourselves, as much guided by the blind phantom tricks of fashion, as by the stern and just laws of true and upright wisdom. Nor, we regret to say, can we, upon deliberately considering the matter, wonder that such a statement should, from being a matter of conjecture, become at once the subject of a serious truth. What can we really think of

ourselves when the world looks upon us as it does? But, alas! for the days we live in, we do not perceive how it can be otherwise, when the trade or profession of physic is conducted as it is—subject, like a pair of gaiters or a Mackintosh waterproof, to the governing sway and fashion of the multitude—followed by countless hundreds, who are, in numbers, greater than those who swam unburied on the banks of the Styx; and who, pursuing their usual routine of circumvallation, with as little reasoning as steam-engines, do not take half so much thought as a tailor in adopting their line of professional practice and treatment to the cases and circumstances which were brought before them.

We shall not always discover in one and the same mind, that dexterous facility in the application of leeches, combined with an equal share of that judgment which renders the whereabouts to place a blister—a matter of far greater understanding and skill. Nor will the same practitioner who cures a typhus fever one day be enabled to relieve a patient who is dying from functional disease of the stomach; the greater chance is that the latter patient will die; and if the doctor pockets any thing besides his fee it is the certain consolation arising from the fact, that if he had not entered into a partnership contract with the disease, the probabilities are, that the patient might have numbered many summers more. Such as these are among the number of the multitude of the present day, who envelope all they do in talk; they possess not the strength of that thought and reasoning which can alone disencumber them of the jargon of schools and colleges—than which they have nothing better to offer; and the only satisfaction you derive from either them or their conversation is the sole and simple variety of their manner and language. The doctrines which these theorists preach are always enveloped in doubt and discussion, and if they could be made aware of it, they would come out of this disputatious warfare with a better grace, if they did not occasionally interlard it with some absurd hypotheses of their own. If they see acutely, it is through green spectacles. They will also set themselves up, in the absurd insanity of their imaginations, for critics; and we need scarcely inform the readers of our Miscellany, that medicine and physic abound in criticism. Now, in our profession, we hold it as an axiom, worthy of Hippocrates, that no driveller or theorist will become a critic but from improper and disingenuous motives. Half the medical books in the libraries of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons are made up of little else than criticism; but it is always Cribb *versus* Belcher; some brazen idol must be knocked down that a golden calf may be hoisted in its place, which in its turn shall be laid prostrate in the dust whenever its ignorant worshippers shall pant for a greater or a more glaring novelty in their idol.

In this way they will alternately lift up and degrade Sauvages, and Cullen, and Vogel, and twenty more, as they would do also to those German theorists, Stahl, and Hoffman, and Van Helmont. We are of opinion that the archæus and spasm, on which these latter authors so learnedly wrote, may be considered as *par nobile fratrum!* and that if sthenia, and asthenia, and fermentation, nay, and the gastro enteritis of M. Broussais, too, were bottled up in Ariosto's jars, they would be very well disposed of, and the world, including both patients and physicians, would be no losers by the transference; it would only afford another apposite exemplification of exchange being no robbery.

There are some few among the continental physicians, who, in the violent outbursts of their theoretical fury, have declared that English physicians are wrong in every thing—ignorant of every thing—more ignorant ourselves than all Europe put together—poisoning quacks—empirics—ontologists, and we scarce know what besides. They declare that we can transfer cancers from the bosom of the wife to the stomach of her husband; a discovery on a par perhaps with that of General Pillet, who found out that the prisoners at Norman Cross had eaten up Lord Cawdor's horse, saddle and all. With that candour and caution which becomes us in the days when the aspect of a benign and venerable old age overshadows our countenance, we are meekly willing to confess that, in the ranks of our profession, we have had many creature-slayers, who have now gone to mingle with the countless crowds of those who went before them into "the presence." We have, truly we confess it, had our share of bad practitioners, and bad practice, and bad medical books, besides ontologists, and Brownists, and spasmodians, and humorists, and Abernethys, and Brodums, and Hunters, and Solomons, and last, though not least, we have had Eadys and Morisons. Verily the English nation would be in a most unpoetical and unpicturesque plight were they to be responsible for all the medico-chirurgical enormities and absurdities which any one of the above-named gentry may at any one period or another of their mortal existences have committed. We, who are somewhat better read in the manners of our foreign brethren, should be very loth to pin our faith to the prime belief that all Frenchmen wore wooden shoes and lived upon frogs: were such a fact a matter of true history, our sympathy and pity would be concentrated upon the fact or their being martyrs to corns and indigestion. That terrier spirit which influences the continental physicians in their criticism upon the theories and practices of English doctors, is such as would actuate a mastiff in worrying a rat or a badger. We may admit that the race of "pepper and mustard" is a useful race, and we should be glad if some of the number of *Messieurs les*

Médécins would accompany Monsieur Chabert in his next fire-eating trip to London, and read a few more of our books, and thus be enabled to distinguish between Dr. Bree and Martin Bree, and between Messrs. Cooper and Co. and Sir Astley Cooper, and thus treat us with proper corrosives—escharotics and vesicatories, only taking care to apply them to the diseased and not to the sound parts. We may tell them (and our many days, if we may so say, have been

pregnant with much experience,) that their practice is greatly injured and seriously deteriorated by a theoretical fatalism, which abounds in it. This Turkish creed, which they amalgamate into all their doctrines, is most abundantly and pre-eminently mischievous, whenever it is either detected or openly exposed, whether it be among the high or the low, in the palace or the garret, in physic, in morals, or in religion.

ΕΡΗΘΗ.

PERSIAN ANECDOTES.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

By various pious frauds the Soonny priests endeavoured to provoke the sovereign, Octai, against the professors of the Shiah faith; they saw impossible visions, and belied the prophet, who appeared to them in their dreams or in their meditations, bitterly lamenting the total ruin of his abused religion.

The enlightened Octai notwithstanding remained firm in his benevolent purpose, and maintained his resolution to preserve his character from being stained by acts of cruelty. A bigoted wretch—a Persian by birth—who had embraced the Mogul faith, and by his hypocrisy or enthusiasm had ingratiated himself with the leaders of that creed, thereby obtaining amongst them the reputation of a saint, once called upon the king, apparently in great perplexity and consternation. Feigning much agitation and distress, in a tremulous and doleful voice, he exclaimed, "O prince, thou hast thy father much offended! I saw the holy Zingis in a vision last night, who, in great anger, bade me to hasten and inform you that you have excited his indignation by your unlawful tolerance of the infidel Shiah; and that unless you speedily quenched his burning wrath by a general effusion of the blood of the Râfizy-dogs, he will renounce you as an evil son, and let his curses fall upon you!" Octai gazed upon him for a while, and then calmly asked, "Did my holy father speak to you himself, or convey this message to you through some interpreter?" "Himself, himself," was the reply. "Do you understand the Mogul language?" inquired the Prince. Here the fanatic imposter was confounded, and was obliged to answer in the negative. "Thou art a liar," said the indignant Octai, "and a mocker of thy sovereign, for my father was ignorant of every other language."

When the new faith was first introduced, the prophet undertook personally to instruct his followers in the form and duties of his religion; particularly in the Manassik, or the ceremonies to be observed on the pilgrimage to Mecca. One day (during the season of the Huj) he was engaged with a large party of pilgrims in performing the Harwallah—a sort of dancing trot,

accompanied by the simultaneous motion of every limb and muscle, and by a succession of gurgling noises in the throat, such as none but a dromedary can imitate. While thus occupied, Omar, the second Khalif, broke out into a fit of laughter, much to the indignation of the prophet, who rebuked him, sharply for his want of reverence and decorum. Omar apologised, by assuring the prophet that his laughter had not been excited by the holy ceremony, but by the remembrance of a circumstance which had happened to him during the "days of ignorance." "Once," he continued, "whilst on a journey to Mecca with a few companions, we reached this very spot, worn out with fatigue and exhausted with hunger, having passed a day and night without food. Unable to proceed further, we prayed to the images of those deities—(made out of a composition of date and flour)—which we carried with us. But the idols were deaf to our supplications, and we were at last obliged to eat the very gods we had so lately worshipped."

The glorious days of the house of Bani-Abbas had already been numbered, but the effeminate Mostassam had personal vices enough to lead to and excuse the final extinction of his race! Ebni-Alkamy, his prime minister (who hated him more than any other of his oppressed subjects) from within, and Naseer-uddean, the preceptor of the Mogul prince (who owed him an old grudge) from without, urged the conqueror to the gates of Bagdad. Naseer-uddean had a few years before been at Bagdad, seeking shelter from persecution; when he was introduced to Mostassam, the latter asked him to what country he belonged? "Toos, please your highness," answered Naseer-uddean. "Art thou of the asses, or of the oxen of Toos?" said the Khalif (meaning the two principal branches of the Shiah faith—Akhbaries and Usoolies). Mortified as the illustrious refugee was at this inhospitable insult, he still submissively answered, "Of the oxen of Toos, please your highness." "Where then are thy horns?" said the insolent buffoon. "I have them not with me," replied Naseer-uddean, "but if your holiness permit me, I will go and fetch them." "Make haste hence, thou deformed animal,"

said the Khalif, "and never again appear in my presence in so imperfect a state!" Naseer-uddean kept his promise well, for, at the moment when Bagdad was on the point of being surrendered, and the Khalif driven to the last extremity, he sent him a message to the effect that the ox of Toos was at the gate with *his horns*, and inquiring, when would it please his holiness to receive him? Naseer-uddean had in the city another old offender, whom he was anxious also to chastise. This was Ebni-Hajeb, also one of the Khalif's ministers, and a person of great reputation for his learning; but, being an Arabian Soonly, and a very bigotted one too, he had behaved still more cruelly than his master to the distressed Persian Shiah when he sought protection at Bagdad. Ebni-Hajeb having been seized with depression of spirits, the physicians recommended him (and the priests granted him dispensation) to take, occasionally, a little wine. This happened when Naseer-uddean was at Bagdad. One day, Ebni-Hajeb feeling himself particularly melancholy, and having, in consequence, taken a larger dose than usual, he became unusually merry; and in that state he ordered his boat to be made ready, and requested Naseer-uddean to accompany him on the Tigris. Having reached the middle of the stream, he stopped the boat, and produced the several volumes of Naseer-uddean's works, which the learned refugee had presented to the Khalif—some of them in the original manuscript, and not yet transcribed, and, in the presence of their anxious author, he threw them all, one after another, into the river, with such spiteful force that the water was splashed about in every direction: when, turning himself, on each occasion, to his mortified guest, he exclaimed in Arabic, and with a sarcastic smile of triumph, "How wonderfully it bubbles!" When the turn of Naseer-uddean came, he, too, gave full vent to his revenge. He ordered Ebni-Hajeb to be cased, up to his neck, in an ox's hide, just taken off the animal, and, having filled the skin with air, he laid it for a few hours in the sun, till it became quite dry, and sounded like a drum. Then the victor advanced close to his half-exhausted enemy, gave him a kick of triumph, and, as he rolled on the ground, exclaimed in Arabic also, "How wonderfully it rattles!" This brutal severity towards a helpless captive, is an everlasting stain on the otherwise illustrious character of this distinguished man.

When the power of the Khalifs was diminished from the usurpations of not a few adventurers, they had the mortification of beholding the finest kingdoms and provinces seized upon and erected into independent states. An outward show of respect, (not more than that paid to the pope by the European sovereigns of the last century,) was all that the head of the Mohammedan religion received; the substantial power being completely

in the hands of the monarchs of Ghaznah and the kings of Persia. The great Mahmood, indeed, the patron of Ferdousy, treated the Khalif with the utmost respect. On ascending the throne of his father, he sent an ambassador to Bagdad, with a magnificent present, to entreat the Khalif's blessing and solicit a title from him. His envoy lingered for a whole year in the capital, without being able to accomplish the wishes of his sovereign. At last the grand vizier of the Mohammedan Pontiff, finding his master in a remarkably good humour, ventured to represent to him that the ambassador of Mahmood, who had contributed so much to the cause of the true religion, and treated the Prophet's representative with great reverence, had been long detained, waiting for permission to depart with a title for his master. "I am aware of it," replied the Khalif; "but I know not how to comply with Mahmood's wish: what title could I confer on him without degrading all similar distinctions? Mahmood's father it is true, was a prince; but his mother was a slave. Yet I am unwilling to disappoint him, lest he should become desperate, and an enemy to the true faith. Could we not find some equivocal word, the use of which would, at the same time, express his parentage, and yet, from his ignorance of Arabic, satisfy his desire?" After some deliberation they hit upon the word "Wily," which in Arabic, means not only "a friend," but also "a slave:" it is needless to point out in which sense they applied it. But Mahmood, and the learned men of his court, were not so ignorant as the Khalif had imagined; and the ambassador was sent back to the Khalafat with a hundred thousand dirhems, and the following petition:—"Mahmood, the humble dog of the dignified threshold of the Khalafat, who, by the blessing of God, and through the prayers of your holiness, has converted a thousand grand temples of the idols into Mohammedan mosques, and extended the true faith over a vast portion of the globe, now sends 100,000 dirhems as an offering to be laid at your holiness' feet, and humbly entreats that, in return, your holiness' servants would vouchsafe to add to the distinguished title already bestowed upon him one single letter, and that this should be the letter Alif, (A.)" The request was granted, and Mahmood thereby changed his title from "Wily" to "Wally," the latter word signifying "a prince."

Yazeed, who reigned at Damascus about the year 679, was a man of considerable taste and refinement, an eloquent orator, and an admired poet. Some specimens of his composition, which are still extant, display no ordinary powers of mind. The first and the last lines of the ode with which the bard of Persia, the celebrated Hafiz, opens his magnificent "*Divan*" (*work*), are borrowed from Yazeed. It was once sarcastically asked of Hafiz, "How could a distinguished poet like yourself, a Shiah too, stoop to borrow from

Yazeed, who was not merely a Soonny and a usurper, but also the murderer of Hosseyn, our third Imam?" He answered, "Which of you, seeing a dog running away with a diamond, would not stop the brute, and rescue the jewel from his unclean mouth?"

The Zand king was affable and gracious, and anxious to make his subjects happy, but, unfortunately for the literary institutions of the country, he was exceedingly rude and illiterate. Ignorance, indeed, in the superlative degree, was "the badge of all his tribe:" and scarcely a single individual out of so many different families of the Zand dynasty, had the least pretension to refinement; with the exception of the king himself—who was at least humane and benevolent—they were in fact a band of illiterate, selfish, half savage robbers. As an example, one of them once beat a poor wretched scribe nearly to death, for not having a letter ready written, which he wanted to send to his wife. "You rascal," roared the foaming grandee, "when I go to a shoemaker, or a hatter, they fit me in a moment; how is it that you beggarly writers alone require a previous notice, and the description of the kind of letter, such as a man should send to his wife? If you are a scribe by trade why have you not a sufficient stock of wares to supply your customers with?"

Kareem Khan bestowed great care on the education of his eldest and only son—Abul-fatah Khan, whom he destined to his throne; but the weak prince possessed no talent whatever, and all the pains and diligence of the many literary men, whom his father intrusted with his education, were entirely thrown away. He not only fancied himself a poet, but that his wretched compositions were equal to the most celebrated works of either ancient or modern bards. Being a prince, and presumptive heir to the kingdom, he had been perhaps too much flattered; and the frankness of Meerza Reza—the first poet of the age—(whom the prince once importuned to tell what he honestly thought of one of his odes,) proved too sharp for his irritable temper. He treated his eminent tutor even worse than the mortified archbishop did the honest Gil Blas; for, darting a fierce look on the object of his indignation, he exclaimed, "I often tell my father that you poets and grammarians are great asses, but he himself being a greater ass, he never believes me. Here," said he to his attendants, "take this old donkey into the stable, put a halter on his head, tie him there, and let him eat straw till his understanding is improved." The order was executed accordingly; but the prime minister rushed into the presence of the royal poet, and entreated him to consider the consequence of this rash sentence. "This man," he continued, "whom your royal highness has so disgracefully punished, independently of being your own preceptor, is a great favourite with his majesty; and what will

the king say,—what will be his feelings when he hears you have treated his friend in this manner?" This remonstrance had some effect, and Meerza Reza was delivered from his ignominious situation. A few days after, another fit of the *cacoethes scribendi* came upon his royal highness, and he produced another wretched ode. The unfortunate Meerza Reza was again sent for, and the prince having apologised for his past indignity, repeated his new ode, and most emphatically a second time put the Meerza on his honour to declare what he thought of it. The poet paused a while; then rose gently from his seat, made a profound bow, and, without saying a word, proceeded to leave the room. Surprized at this behaviour, the prince called after him—"Where art thou going, Meerza?"—"To the stable, please your royal highness," answered the poet, "to save you the trouble of sending me there."

While at Kermanshai, a collector of the revenue, who had embezzled a large sum of money, fled from the officers of justice, and took refuge in the house of Auka Mohammed Aly, the Mojtahed (or chief Mulla) of the city. The king demanded the man: but the Mulla would not surrender him, although he declared himself willing to hear and decide the case, if the king would send his Vakeel (or counsel) thither. The proud monarch would not be dictated to, and the scrupulous priest would not abate a jot of his privilege. The king at length became enraged, and directed his officers to proceed in a body, and drag the man out of his sanctuary. The exasperated Mojtahed immediately proceeded from his house to the great mosque, bidding the people follow him there, for the Mohammedan religion was endangered by an infidel usurper. In less than two hours the news spread throughout the city and the camp, and an immense multitude were assembled in the great Jamea: the Mojtahed then ascended the pulpit, and there denounced Mohammed Khan as an unbeliever, on whom in a most solemn manner he pronounced sentence of excommunication, and exhorted the faithful, in the words of the prophet, to revolt against an infidel king, who himself had revolted against religion. The shops, and even the mosques, were forthwith closed; all business was suspended; and denunciations against the king were uttered by all classes of his subjects. His soldiers everywhere identified themselves with the people, and his nobles and courtiers would have deserted him, had he not accepted the only alternative they suggested, and with a sword hung about his neck, and with the Koran in his hand, the absolute monarch of all Persia, in the presence of thousands of his subjects, knelt down before the head of the Mohammedan religion, and implored his mercy in a flood of tears! "Rise," said the exulting prelate; "if thou comest in this manner like a repentant child, it is my duty to forgive thee, and pray that God may forgive thee too.

Be virtuous, and fear not, thou art the king of Persia, and the defender of the faith." The Mojtahed had only to ascend the pulpit once more, and to announce his satisfaction at the king's conduct, when the people gradually retired, and in a few hours order was entirely restored.

SAVA SAVEETCH AND HIS CLERK.

A RUSSIAN SKETCH.

SAVA SAVEETCH was reckoned one of the cleverest sheriffs in the whole province. He was of a full figure, and, from having served some time in the police dragoons, still retained his military attitudes and manner, kept himself always as straight as a rush, and in turning, made a rapid "face-about" with his whole body. Years, and the fumes of his potations, had weakened the roots of his hair, so that he had almost lost it entirely, except some tufts on his whiskers and chin. His long nose, and the extremities of his meagre face, were covered with livid carbuncles; and from under his bushy, hoary eyebrows glared a pair of small grey, cattish eyes. He always went about in his official uniform surtout, and wore in his waist a Cossack *porté-épée*. He never put on his sword but when he went upon any official business; his usual weapon was a Cossack whip, with a leaden bullet plaited into the end of it. His head was generally covered with a stiff-crowned leathern cap, which added to his military appearance. His voice was like the growling of a bear. His writing department was managed by an old clerk, who spent three-fourths of his time with his leg tethered to a writing table. In addition to this, by Sava Saveetch's orders, his boots were taken off, to prevent him from decamping to the cabaret. But the supple clerk found the road to the bottle without rising from his chair. Some of his cronies among the understrappers would fetch him *vodky*, in apothecaries' phials, several doses of which he would dispatch every hour, from the time that Sava Saveetch

had, in quest of his bottles and cans, ransacked the stove, chimney, and even behind the casks and tubs. On holidays only he had liberty to get drunk; and then he was usually brought home at night as stiff as a stock, laid in the lock-up room, and water poured upon him. In his journeys through the district, Phomeetch (this was his name) had also full permission to drink a settling bowlful, but only after he had finished his business; for after his drunken bouts, his hand shook so as to render him unfit for work. Sava Saveetch called Phomeetch a golden man; and his inclination to drunkenness he attributed to his uncommon talents, which, in the opinion of old-fashioned people, cannot flourish unless they are moistened with spiritual dew. According to this maxim, Sava Saveetch was himself a genius; however, to give him his due, Sava Saveetch was thoroughly versed in business, particularly in conducting examinations, following up proofs, and general investigations, only he did not know how to put his thoughts upon paper so easily as he could pour ardent spirits down his throat—could not pick out for himself, in both capitals, such a pair of spectacles as would enable him to read hastily-written papers, even by syllables, the same as if they were printed; and, owing to the multiplicity of business, did not recollect the dates of the ukases. In this Phomeetch was his Mentor. The inhabitants of the district, as a tribute of justice to Sava Saveetch, called him the "Grey Wolf," and his faithful coadjutor Phomeetch, was called the "Trap."

Lines written at the request of a lady who had lately become blind.

THY will be done, O God, thy will be done!
Though to these sightless orbs for ever hid
All forms of beauty, and all smiles of love,
The sun his splendour, and the moon her light,
The canopy of heaven a starless void,
And the fair landscape, rich with varied hues,
The verdant fields, the blooming trees and flowers,
The sun-lit stream, bright flowing through the vale,
Alike to me one universal gloom.
Thou still art present, and thy light Divine
Shines brighter 'mid the darkness of the scene:
That inward light sustains and cheers my heart;
Thyself more fixed my soul to look upon,
By outward hinderance now the less obscured.
Things seen by mortal eye must pass away,
How soon! but the invisible remain,

Remain for ever, by that light revealed.
Thou primal Source of light, and life, and joy!
Eternal Father! shine into my heart,
There let the image of my Saviour dwell,
Bright with thy Spirit's effluence Divine;
Sustain, 'mid all my complicated woes,
My sinking faith, that I may bear them well—
With resignation meek and patient hope,
Unmoved by suffering, unsubdued by death.
And when released from this dark tenement,
May I behold the bright unclouded Sun
Of Righteousness arise, and radiant shine
In His eternal light, amid the choir
Of seraphim, hymning the grateful song
Of Moses and the Lamb around thy throne.
Jan. 10th, 1837.

R. S.

NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

CAFFRARIA.—When visited by sickness and the harbingers of death, the benighted mind of the Caffre is distracted by dreadful apprehensions and tormenting fears; these, however, he carefully conceals, and can seldom be prevailed upon to give free expression to his feelings, even when consciously sinking in the very agonies of dissolution. Tears are regarded as the proof of an imbecile and unmanly spirit; hence, whatever pain he may endure, he seldom suffers nature thereby to relieve herself; nevertheless, the gross darkness that envelopes his soul is awfully manifest at this dread crisis. No sooner do convulsive symptoms make their appearance than the dying are immediately declared to be dead; and are at once carried out into the forest, or laid in a ditch out of sight, and at a distance from the place of their residence. Two reasons are assigned for this inhuman measure: first, that the hamlet may not be defiled by the breathless body lying in it; and, secondly, that it may not be requisite for any one to touch the corpse after the spirit has departed. It is a fact, and to every thinking mind a heartrending fact, that thousands are thus dragged from their habitations by their nearest relatives, and literally placed in "the region and shadow of death" while in the actual possession of all their rational faculties. Such is the melancholy situation of numbers at this very moment, wholly destitute of every degree of comfort, and of the faintest gleam of hope, regarding either this world or that which is to come. No friendly voice is heard cheering them amidst the struggles of dissolving nature; no kindly-helping hand is lent to turn them from side to side; nor have their sinking spirits any the least expectation of a Deliverer. For, alas! they know not that there is a Saviour. The moment the spark of life becomes extinct, and sometimes before, "ravens wolves around" feed upon their remains unmolested.—*Kay's Travels in Caffraria.*

NORWAY.—There is a very simple and very ancient way of assembling the people in this country for public business. A bud-stick, or message-stick, the size and shape of our constable's baton, is painted and stamped with the royal arms, and made hollow, with a head to screw on one end, and an iron spike on the other. The official notice to meet, the time, place, and object, are written on a piece of paper, which is rolled up, and placed in the hollow. This is delivered from the public office, or court-house, of the district to the nearest householder, who is bound by law to carry it within a certain time to his nearest neighbour, who must transmit it to the next, and so on. In case of two houses, equally distant, it must be previously determined by the fogged at which he shall deliver it. If the owner is not at home, he is to stick it "in the house-father's great chair, by the fireside;" and if the door be locked, must fasten it to the outside. Each is bound to prove, if required, at what hour he received, delivered, or stuck it. He who, by his neglect, has prevented others from receiving the notice in time to attend the meeting, pays a fine for each person so absent. There are fixed stations at which the bud-stick rests for the night; and it cannot be carried after sunset, or before sunrise. The householder to whom it comes last takes it back to the office. In a country so extensive, with its population scattered in valleys, divided by uninhabited fjelde, and with few paths of communication, this primitive sort of gazette is the most expeditious mode of publication. In the Highlands of Scotland, the stick, burnt at one end, and with blood on the other, was a similar device for assembling a clan in arms.—*Laing's Norway.*

CHINA.—The tongues of ducks are among the dainties of Chinese epicures. In one of the lanes running westward from Leuenhing Keae, there is a shop containing a great variety of live fowls, besides several species of dried ones, for sale. One article puzzled

me much; and by inquiry I found it to be nothing more nor less than a string of dried tongues obtained from ducks. They were stretched out to the utmost length, resembling awls in shape, and hardened almost to the firmness of iron.—*Chinese Repository.*

ICELAND.—The most important branch of rural labour in Iceland is the haymaking. About the middle of July the peasant begins to cut down the grass of the tún, (the green around his house,) which is immediately gathered to a convenient place, in order to dry; and, after having been turned once or twice, is conveyed home on horseback to the yard, where it is made up into stacks. At the poorer farms, both men and women handle the scythes; but in general the women only assist in making the hay after it is cut. In many parts of the island, where there is much hay, the peasants hire men from the fishing plains, who are paid for their labour at the rate of thirty pounds of butter a week. They cut by measurement; the daily task being about thirty square fathoms. Hay-harvest being over, the sheep and cattle that had been out all summer on the mountains are collected; the houses are put into a state of repair for the winter; the wood needed for domestic purposes is brought home to each farm; the turf is also taken in. During the winter, the care of the cattle and the sheep devolves entirely on the men; and consists chiefly in feeding and watering the former, which are kept in the house, while the latter are turned out in the daytime to seek their food through the snow. When the snow happens to be so deep that they cannot scrape it away themselves, the boys do it for them; and as the sustenance thus procured is exceedingly scanty, they generally get a little of the meadow hay about this time. The farm hay is given to the cows alone. All the horses, excepting perhaps a favourite riding-horse, are left to shift for themselves the whole winter, during which season they never lie down, but rest themselves by standing in some place of shelter.—*Henderson's Iceland.*

EGYPT.—In Egypt, the dead, after being embalmed, were deposited, in great numbers, in caves or places formed under ground. These are now known by the name of "mummy pits." The following is an interesting account of a visit to one of them:—"We now went to see the mummy pits. It is impossible to conceive a more singular and astonishing sight than a tomb of this description. Imagine a cave of considerable magnitude, filled up with heaps of dead bodies in all directions, and in the most whimsical attitudes: some with extended arms, others holding out a right hand, and apparently in the attitude of addressing you; some prostrate, others with their heels sticking up in the air. At every step, you thrust your feet through a body or crush a head. Most of the bodies are enveloped with linen, coated with gum, &c., for their better preservation. Some of the linen is of a texture remarkably fine, far surpassing what is made in Egypt at this day, and proving that their manufactures must have arrived at a great degree of excellence. Many of the bodies, probably of the lower orders, are simply dried, without any envelopment. Innumerable fragments of small idols are scattered about; they are mostly human figures of Osiris, about two inches long, with the hook and scourge in either hand: some are of stone, some of baked earthenware, and others of blue pottery. The bodies are stowed in compact masses, tier on tier, always crossing each other. In some instances we found the hair quite perfect. It was in a tomb of this description that some of the diggers found a beautiful network, composed of long blue beads, hollow, with threads passed through them; the parts of the net hanging down over the shoulders, and all emanating from a *scarabæus thebaicus*, which was on the crown of the head. It was found on the head of a female mummy."—*Irby and Mangley's Travels.*

GEMS.

MEMORY.—We all know what a power there is in memory, when made to array, before the guilty, days and scenes of comparative innocence. It is with an absolutely crushing might that the remembrance of the years and home of his boyhood will come upon the criminal, when brought to a pause in his career of misdoing, and perhaps about to suffer its penalties. If we knew his early history, and it would bear us out in the attempt, we should make it our business to set before him the scenery of his native village, the cottage where he was born, the school to which he was sent, the church where he first heard the Gospel preached; and we should call to his recollection the father and the mother, long since gathered to their rest, who made him kneel down night and morning, and who instructed him out of the Bible, and who warned him, even with tears, against evil ways and evil companions. We should remind him how peacefully his days then glided away; with how much of happiness he was blessed in possession, how much of hope in prospect. And he may be now a hardened and desperate man: but he will never believe, that, as his young days were thus passing before him, and the reverend forms of his parents came back from the grave, and the trees that grew round his birthplace waved over him their foliage, and he saw himself once more as he was in early life, when he knew crime but by name, and knew it only to abhor—we will never believe that he could be proof against this mustering of the past: he might be proof against invective, proof against reproach, proof against remonstrance; but when we brought memory to bear upon him, and bade it people itself with all the imagery of youth, we believe that, for the moment at least, the obdurate being would be subdued, and a sudden gush of tears prove that we had opened a long sealed-up fountain.—*Melville.*

SCIENCE.—It furnishes those comprehensive analogies, and contrasts, and varieties of fact, which awaken recollection, and exercise and strengthen the mind; which serve to correct precipitancy of judgment, to render us ingenuous in our deductions, temperate in the formation, and modest in the maintenance, of opinion—to confirm those high intellectual and moral habits that eminently qualify for religious study. What a noble capacity for the defence of our holy mysteries is matured under the discipline of abstract science! Within its sublime recesses are wrought and tempered the swords of flame that move on the battlements of our paradise; from this school have issued the mightiest champions of the faith. The pursuits of taste, by cultivating our powers of contemplating the good and the fair, and by evolving our susceptibilities of pleasure from such perceptions, co-operate with religion in refining and elevating character. Do they not also diffuse a peculiar charm through the sacred writings, that detains us oftentimes to linger with fondness over their pages—entices many, by whom they might otherwise be neglected, to the perusal of them—and allays much of the repugnance that is felt at the purity of their morals, and the stern consistency of their truths? Does not history confirm the record of the inspired narrators—the knowledge of ancient customs reconcile apparent discrepancies—and geology lend a tributary light to illumine the earliest details of revelation?

How full, how exquisite, are the manifestations of God, that are presented in the study of his works! How impressively do his nature and character affect the mind, which, ascending the heights of science, lays itself open to the moral power of the scene that expands around—contemplates the silent, viewless energy that impresses the mightier movements, that supports the complicated relations of the universe, that endues each department with its properties, that, by its visitation, preserveth the spirits it hath made, that deviseth

the organization of every living thing moving on the face of the earth, that arrayeth the structure of every plant!

Science and literature kneel at the shrine of religion; and although visionaries would put forth their hands to thrust it back, she accepts the offering.—*Rev. A. Waugh, jun.*

WAR.—The history of every war is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys, from different schools, met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other with rather jealous and indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow. "What are ye glowrin' at Billy?" "What's that to you? I'll look where I have a mind, an' hinder me if ye daur." A hearty blow was the return to this; and there such a battle began. It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general and desperate. At one time they fought with missile weapons, such as stones and snow-balls; but at length they coped in a rage, and many bloody raps were liberally given and received. I went up to try if I could pacify them; for by this time a number of little girls had joined the affray, and I was afraid they would be killed; so, addressing the one party, I asked what they were pelting the others for? What had they done to them? "O, naething at a', man; we just want to gie them a good thrashin." After fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between, covered with blood, and his clothes torn to tatters, and addressed the belligerent parties thus: "Weel, I'll tell ye what we'll do wi' ye: if ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane." There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play. I thought at the time, and have often thought since, that that trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general that I had ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown-up children; exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that, instead of fighting out the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, hound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle; and then, after a waste of blood and treasure, we are glad to make the boy's condition,—*"If ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane."*—*Hogg.*

FASHION.—Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is, compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for her sake. She pinches our feet with shoes, or almost chokes us with a tight neckerchief, or nearly takes away our breath by tight lacing. She makes people sit up at night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them there in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait upon one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless. She compels people to visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades our pleasure, and interrupts our business. She persuades people to dress gaily, either on their own property or that of others; or whether agreeable to the word of God or the dictate of pride. She ruins health, and produces sickness; destroys life, and occasions premature death. She makes fools of parents, invalids of children, and servants of all. She is a tormentor of conscience, a despoiler of morality, and an enemy of religion; nor can any one be her companion and enjoy either. She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning; and yet husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, of every colour and of every clime, have become her devotees, and vie with each other who shall be most ardent in their attachment.—*Christian Sentinel.*

LIFE AND MANNERS.

GEORGE IV.—The following anecdote was related to me, says Dr. Sprague, of America, in his letters furnishing an account of his journey to Europe, of his late majesty, as being well authenticated. When he was in Ireland, two or three years since, he told Lord Roden, a man of decided Christian character, that on a particular morning he was coming to breakfast with him. He accordingly came, and bringing with him two or three of the nobility, happened to arrive just as his lordship and family assembled for domestic worship. Lord Roden being told that his guest had arrived, went to the door, and met him with every expression of respect, and seated him, and the gentlemen that accompanied him, in his parlour. He then turned to the king and said, "Your majesty will not doubt that I feel highly honoured by this visit; but there is a duty which I have not yet discharged this morning, which I owe to the King of kings—that of performing domestic worship; and your majesty will be kind enough to excuse me while I retire with my household and attend to it." "Certainly," replied the king, "but I am going with you," and immediately rose and followed him down into the hall, where his family were assembled, and taking his station in an old arm-chair, which, I understand, has acquired an immense value from that circumstance, remained during the family devotions. This anecdote certainly reflects honour upon his lordship and his majesty; while it exhibits in the one the dignity of unyielding Christian principle, it displays in the other at least the courtesy of a gentleman, and the natural homage which every man feels for a constant, religious character.

A DIFFICULTY OVERCOME.—A ridiculous instance of the change effected in public opinion of late occurred a short time previously to my arrival at the Egyptian capital: a Levantine tradesman of Cairo, wishing, probably, to do honour to his patron St. Anthony, and at the same time to give his friends a treat, took a joint of pork to be cooked at a Mahomedan bakehouse. The backsliding baker of the faithful made no scruple in admitting the unclean flesh to cook in company with orthodox meats; but one of his customers, a more rigid observer of the Koran, on coming for his bit of buffalo, discovered it with horror, baking alongside the smoking ribs and crackling skin of the abominated beast, and raised an outcry against the offending baker, who was instantly dragged before Habib Effendi, (a sort of sitting magistrate of the Egyptian metropolis,) and ordered to explain forthwith his reason for daring thus to set the mandates of the prophet at defiance. "Truly," said the trembling culprit, "I have lately witnessed such changes in Egypt, that I thought I was committing no sin. Do I not daily see Moslem soldiers equipped as Franks? Beys, half-dressed as Franks? Women shamelessly exposing their faces like Franks? Frank dishes eaten—nay, even Frank wines drank? Could I, with such sights before my eyes, suppose there was any sin in allowing a piece of Frank pork to bake quietly by the side of Mussulmanish meats?"—adding that, in what he had done, he had, in fact, but acted up to the "spirit of the age." The Mahomedan sage was a little staggered; he admitted, however true all that had been stated might be, (and he regretted to say that there was much in the example of some who should know better, to lead away ignorant men like the culprit,) yet he was placed there to see that all the faithful inhabitants of Cairo acted up to the "spirit of the Koran"—that pork was pork; and the precepts of the prophet must be obeyed. A quibbling Moolah here observed, that fire was a

purifier of all things—upon which, after a consultation, it was decided, that no harm could have been done to the other meats in the oven, by the steam of the Levantine's pork, and the complaint was dismissed. The triumphant baker now professes to roast "Frank and other meats," and has had a thriving business ever since the wise decision of the judge in his favour.—*Scott's Rambles in Egypt and Candia.*

ANTÉDILUVIAN LONGEVITY.—In how short compass is included all that the Spirit of God has seen meet to record of the greater part of those patriarchs who lived between Adam and Noah! Long as was the life of those men, and very long as that of some of them, their birth and their death is here separated only by a few lines. "And he died," is the affecting close of the little narrative of one after another. Even the hoary Methuselah, over whom nine hundred and sixty and nine years rolled in long and weary succession, passes from us with this brief memorial, "he died." Was it because their lives were so unprofitably spent, that nothing was judged to be worthy of record? Or was it because, in their times, no important addition was made to the stock of revealed truth—no further light thrown on the designs of mercy, obscurely intimated in the first promise, and unfolded by subsequent events, which were therefore judged more deserving of a place in the sacred history? Whatever may have been the reason, we are sure, at least, it was not because during those successive generations there was wanting a like variety of incidents, a like mixture of good and evil, to that which chequers the life of men now. Enos and Cainan, Jared and Methuselah, had their pleasures and their pains, their joys and their griefs, just as Abraham and Jacob had. They had their active days, and the days when they leaned on the staff, and sat at the door of the tent. Once the cultivators of the ground, they at length looked on, as others handled the implements they could no longer wield. They married and gave in marriage, they built and they planted, they sowed and they gathered, they reared altars, and slew sacrifices, and digged wells. But when gone by, how short does their long day appear! What a little portion of the line of time does it fill up! "Their love, and their hatred, and their envy, are now perished, neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun." The short sum is this—they were born—they lived a while—they died.—*Willis.*

A DEAR LOBSTER.—The late Duke of Norfolk was fond of the luxuries of the table, and, although apparently as joyous and blithesome as any one, he could be as morose and ill-tempered as any person breathing. Those who knew him could pretty well anticipate when a breeze was likely to spring up, as an ebullition of temper was always preceded by a convulsive heaving of his ponderous shoulders, as exemplified by the following trait:—A select party, about twelve in number, had assembled in St. James's square, and were partaking of a sumptuous dinner, when, on a sudden, the earl-marshal's shoulders began to undulate, and the following short colloquy between a then-favoured servant and his grace took place: "I do not see a lobster on the table, Dodson." "No, your grace." "I think I ordered one, sir," roared the Duke. "Yes," replied Dodson, "you did, your grace; and I bid as far as 4*l.* 16*s.* for one; but, there being but one in the market, I could not get it: the same lobster being divided between the Lords Anglesea and Sefton, who were resolved to have it!" Jockey of Norfolk said no more.

BROKEN SHIPS COME TO LAND.

Yea, "broken ships *do* come to land," and "thereby hangs a tale" worth telling; though a tale of this kind is very often most effectively told in the answering of a question; and the question here, naturally, and almost necessarily, is, "Why should broken ships come to land?" There is an easy and pleasant answer to this, and to all similar questions, in a very singular work, produced by the learned rector of some parish in Kent, (Bromley, we think, but we will not be positive,) some ten or a dozen of years before the close of the last century.

This learned person, for we believe he was *A.M.*, *Oxon.*, saw meet to pen a new system, or hypothesis, of the working of the world, and all things that therein are; and, as the learned "King Jamie" did, when he essayed to tune the folks of Scotland into a more classical kind of "poesy" than they had previously put in practice, he expounded the "newlis and cautalis" of nature, according to his new hypothesis. In order that this new system might captivate, both the grave and the gay, the author has rendered it in prose, and also in "blank" verse; and it would have puzzled a conjuror, even when the art of conjuration was in the zenith of its ascendancy, to say whether the verse or the prose was the more blank of the two.

The "Analytical Review," to which it was understood that both Priestley and Price contributed at that time, smote the Kentish rector "hip and thigh" on the subject of his duplicate book. Whether the smiting was inflicted by either of the two sharp-quilled authors that we have named, or by one whom we do not choose to name, is a matter of no moment after the lapse of so many years; but the theory therein set forth is public property, although the volume in which it appeared is, in all probability, now as dead as Julius Cesar. It seems that this learned person took for calm earnest the opinion which the satirical author of *Hudibras* puts upon the shoulders of Anaxagoras, the philosopher of Clazomene, namely, that the sun is

"a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;"

for he maintains, positively and stoutly, that the cause of the earth's gravitating toward the sun, and of all bodies near the surface gravitating to the earth, is the existence of "a great magnet" in the centre of our globe. If he had not been sublimed above all material things, he would, in all probability, have had some perplexity about the difference between this central magnet of the earth, and the magnets with which we are conversant on its surface; because they attract only a very few select substances, while his is a "very whale" of magnets, and attracts all matter equally, in proportion to its quantity, without the smallest distinction as to its quality.

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This matter of the magnet is not, however, the one which is so unique in itself, and so very convenient for all who are "put to their wits' end" on subjects of physical philosophy. Others besides him have aimed at the performance of mighty deeds, and the overcoming of any tough and gnarled difficulties, by means of magnets. We have, for instance, known of more than one very ingenious, but not very philosophical mechanic, who laboured to produce an engine of perpetual motion by means of magnets; and we have no desire to blame them for their selection; for a magnet is just as likely to produce a perpetual motion as—any other thing that could be named.

The point upon which we have always admitted the universal and beautifully accommodating nature of this reverend person's philosophy has reference to the tides; or, as he calls them, "the flux and reflux of the sea;" and he says that these alternate with each other, "in consequence of their regular and settled habit of so doing." That he learned this most universal and convenient mode of dealing with philosophic difficulties at Oxford, we do not mean to say; but we do mean to say that it is too much for being any one man's discovery, though a dean, or even a bishop, far less a rector.

If we were to take our stand upon this, the most impregnable ground of which we have any knowledge in all philosophy, we should make short work of the matter, and say, that "broken ships come to land" in consequence of their regular and settled habit of so doing. We are fearful, however, that there may be, among the readers of "The Miscellany," some "black sheep," whose "carnal wit and sense" may so far "overcome them," that they may refuse to avail themselves of this short and easy method of dealing with philosophical difficulties; and so, for their perverse and unbelieving sakes, we shall endeavour to give a particular explanation of this fact of the broken ships coming to land.

Substances which are specifically heavier than the water of the sea fall to the bottom as a matter of course; and it depends on the depth in which they sink, and the current of water that may be setting at that depth, whether they shall ever come to the shore or not. If they sink in the profound depths, which we have no reason to believe are affected by any currents, then we must conclude that they remain at rest there, unless they are upheaved to the surface by the action, of course, of those subterraneous powers which the Great Author and Governor of the system of nature has appointed to effect the production of new lands when the old ones are so worn down as to be no longer fit for the support of growth and life.

Leaving these out of the question, and at-

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tending only to such substances as float on the waters of the ocean, or are liable to be moved by the currents of these waters, we cannot help feeling, if we make our observations with judgment and accuracy, that there is a wonderful difference between the living and the dead. We, of course, do not mean the simple fact of life in the one and no life in the other, because that is involved in the mere use of the epithets by which we distinguish them. But while they are alive, the inhabitants of the sea have no tendency to come to the shore, of the mere physical constitution of their nature; and coming nearer to the land, and removing to a greater distance from it, are movements which all of them that have the power of locomotion perform with equal ease. Many fishes come to the shallows in order to deposit their spawn; and the reason, though they themselves are not, of course, aware of it as *reason*, seems to be, that, in the shallow waters, more action of light, heat, and air operates on the genus, and calls them into life much more speedily and certainly than they would be called were they to be deposited in deeper water. When this operation, the most important one of their lives, is performed, these fishes again betake themselves to much deeper water, in which they remain and recover their strength, and do not again revisit the shores and shallows till they are stimulated by a fresh impulse of reproduction. In their going seaward, they do not appear to have any more severe labour to perform than when they come to the shore; and the conclusion that we may, and must, draw from this is, that they have perfect command of themselves in the sea, and are not induced either to the shores or to the deep water by any power or tendency extrinsic of themselves.

The very same thing holds with animals that are covered with crusts or shells, and with marine plants, when they are in the living state,—not one of them has the slightest tendency to come on shore, by the operation of any general principle, or any principle external of themselves. The medusæ and other radiatæ, which appear to have less command of themselves in the water than any other marine animals, are more frequently found stranded on the beaches. But they are found most abundantly after storms; so that they, too, may be said to be drawn by the wind and the waves, and not drawn by any attraction which exists between them and the land. The same may be said of marine plants. It is true that the greater part of these in our seas are *rooted* plants; but to these the root is a mere support, from or by means of which the rest of the plant derives no nourishment. In other seas, especially in the great eddies of tide in the tropical parts of the oceans, the Atlantic more than any other, as there is a more decided revolution of the current there, there are vast extents of sea-weed which is not rooted, and yet

which is never scattered into the other parts of the sea, while it is in the living state. In short, the fact is perfectly general, and we may state it as such, that the living inhabitants of the water, while they remain in life and health, have no tendency to come to the shore any more than to move in any other direction.

There must be a general reason for this general fact, and that reason is easily seen: the water takes no hold upon the living plant and the living animal,—it does not wet them, it merely surrounds them, and so gives them the support of its weight; but it has no tendency to make them move in any one direction, unless when they are borne away by the mere mechanical force of its current. This is produced upon nearly the same principle as we resort to when we grease the axles and other working parts of our engines and machines, in order to lessen their friction; only, it is done with far more perfection than we can do it. Whether the inhabitant of the water is plant or animal, and if the latter, whether it is covered with skin, with scales, or with a shell, there is always an *epidermis*, or scarf-skin, upon it, which cannot be wetted by any length of exposure to the water as long as the creature is alive.

This is produced by a sort of mucous secretion which lubricates the epidermis, and which is not soluble in water so long as the creature is alive. This differs in quantity, and probably also in kind, in the different species, being greater, generally speaking, in proportion as the fish has more action in the water. Skate, for instance, drives about so rapidly that they have been called the “eagles of the sea,” and they are among the most mucous of all the finny race. Soles, on the other hand, range but little, and the quantity of mucus upon them is proportionably small. In all, however, it is perfectly adapted to the need the animal has for it, upon the beautiful principle of “no want no waste,” which is clearly traceable through the whole of creation. This mucus is a secretion of the animal or the plant, and must, as a matter of course, cease to have any influence very soon after death occurs. Any one may be practically convinced of the truth of this by observing how very soon a dead fish, or sea plant, macerates and dissolves in the very same water which is health and protection to a living one.

We see, therefore, why the living thing does *not* come to the land; and this is at least one step toward showing why the dead one *does*. The water *wets* the shores of the land; and, wetting them, there is an adhesion between them, and a friction when the one moves upon the other. The effects of this friction may be seen in the eddies which are formed in the loops of a river's banks, and in which the water moves contrary to the current; and also in the abrasion, or wasting away of the bank or shore when a cur-

rent sets against it. A dead substance floating in the water is wetted and laid hold of in a similar manner, and is thus at the mercy of the current. The greatest exception to this is oil, which spreads in a thin pellicle over the surface; and the effect of oil, in lessening the turbulence of waves, by diminishing the friction of the air and water, is so well known as to be proverbial.

But though the water wets, lays hold on, and is capable of carrying along the dead substance, this is not sufficient to show that a dead substance, which floats, *must* come to land, though it may in a great measure determine where the landing shall be made. Productions of tropical America, for instance, are often cast on the western shores of Britain; but no British production is ever cast on the shores of America.

The general set of the current from America to our shores explains why that which floats in the dead state, and is, in consequence, at the mercy of the current, should move along with the current: but it does not explain why the floating substance should get out of the strength of the current, and get stranded; and this, generally, in the eddy where the set of the water is the other way. We must, therefore, look somewhere else for the cause of all the wreck and ruin floating in the sea, invariably coming to land, and leaving the face of the ocean free and clear.

Where shall we look for this? It is clear that the attraction of gravitation will not answer our purpose, because the direction to the land is right across that of gravitation. It is equally clear that the common attraction of cohesion will not do, because it operates only upon substances which are nearly in contact. Electricity, magnetism, and the other peculiar modifications of attraction, chemical or otherwise, to which we are in the habit of referring pretty generally—

when we do not know very well what to say—also fail us in the explanation of this very simple fact of coming to land.

Even while we write, a theory has been broached, and supported by experiments which some of our most able investigations of the niceties of philosophy admit to be conclusive. This theory is too recent and recondite for the mass of the people yet; but the gist of it is, that there is a general attraction of cohesion in matter, of which not only all the named attractions, but gravitation itself, are merely modifications; gravitation being the modification answering to the quality of matter, without any reference to quantity or kind; and the others, the modifications arising from kind and quality. If this can be fully established, it will be a giant step in the philosophy of matter, and there are hopes, inasmuch as the researches concerning electric action appear long to have pointed to some such result as this. Still, it is rather too early to have perfect confidence.

In the meantime, we may state the coming of the broken ship to land, thus:—The water wets and lays hold of both the shore and the floating substance; and, laying hold of those, it draws them together, just as water draws itself into the openings of a sponge, or the spaces between crystal and crystal in a list of sugar. The strength of the attraction depends on the nature of the substance. It dissolves the sugar but not the sponge. A bit of wood floating in mid ocean, and the shore, stand in the very same relation to each other as the proximate parts of the sponge and the sugar. The only difference is distance, which may be a modification, but cannot be a cause. The distance is too great for the water climbing between them; but the tendency is to draw them together till they can; and so, "broken ships come to land."

BRITAIN.

CHAPTER I.

[THE multiplied and multiplying modern histories of England prove the general dissatisfaction which prevails with those which are already extant. And as we see little improvement in the new claimants to notice, and wish to put into the hands of our young men especially a more condensed and yet full history of our country than we believe has been furnished elsewhere, we propose to insert a chapter occasionally in our Miscellany, till the whole is finished—always premising that our specimens prove acceptable to our readers. We have only to add, that it is written by a gentleman who has devoted many years to the subject.]

THE BRITISH PERIOD OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

1. The very names of Britain, England, or Albion, have occasioned considerable dispute; one question being, whether its first name was Prydain, Pridania, Britain, Bretagne, Pritannia, Bretanac, Brutania, Breatin, or Brydain; and

another, whether it was called Albion from its *white* cliffs, Alben from its *high* cliffs, or Alvin from both causes united. It is the opinion of some that the name, England, first given probably by the Saxons, was anciently Englewria, Englewry, Englexhyria, Ingland, Angleland, Angleslonde, &c. And the Saxon, British, Gallic, French, Latin, Greek, German, Italian, Phenician, and many other languages, have been adduced by different advocates, as furnishing certain etymological proof; but the whole of this subject is *via deserta*.

2. Quite as various are the conjectures about the first inhabitants. Gaul, Germany, Rome, Greece, Egypt, Phenicia, have by different theorists been deemed the mother of the colony which peopled the island; but the old Britons

believed themselves to be island-born. Nothing certain is known, further than that, long before the Christian era, Britain was visited by the Phenicians and Carthaginians for its metals. Companies of them colonised Cornwall; a fact which is sufficiently indicated by many of its local names.

3. The island is supposed to have been separated by volcanic action from the continent; of which the analogous geologic qualities of the south-east coast, and that of France, are offered as proofs. At the time of the Romans it was nearly covered with vast forests; one of which, with intermissions for pasturage and towns, extended, in the south, from Kent to Somersetshire; another, in the north, covered half of Scotland; and a third included the present counties of Lincoln, Derby, Stafford, Leicester, Warwick, Northampton, and Rutland. At that period, and long after, the boar, bear, wolf, fox, several kinds of deer, of which one was very large, wild bulls, cows, distinguished for their whiteness, badgers, otters, and wild cats, were common. A powerful kind of dog, and the greyhound, are also mentioned, by the Roman writers, as peculiar to Britain. The climate, owing to the prevalence

of forest and stagnant water, was then considerably colder in winter and less heated in summer, than at present; though, subsequent to this period, the vine was cultivated in the open air, to a great extent, in the midland counties.

4. The Britons were rude, but not so barbarous as is often represented. The island, at the time of Cæsar's landing, was inhabited by more than forty distinct and hostile tribes; which necessarily retarded their mental improvement. They had above a hundred towns, of which thirty were south of the Thames and Severn. The seven tribes which occupied the country between the Humber, the Mersey, and the Thames, are thought to have had forty. Five towns belonged to the tribes which lived beyond the Severn and the Dee; and the Brigantes, who possessed the north, occupied seven or eight more. A British town, according to Cæsar, was a track of woody country, surrounded and fortified by a ditch and a mound, which secured the inhabitants and cattle. The island contained, probably, at that time, not more than 600,000 adults, at most. Of these, the following, according to Ptolemy, were the principal tribes:—

Name of Old Inhabitants.	The part they occupied.	Their chief Towns.
Atrabatii	Berkshire	Nalena, or Calena.
Belgae	Wilt, Hants, and part of Somersetshire	Venta Belgarum, Iscales, Agia, Calida.
Brigantes	From Yorkshire into Northumberland	{ Eboracum, Vinovium, Calatum, Olicana, Catractondium, Isurum, Eboracum, Rigodanum.
Caledonii		
Cantæ		
Cantii	Kent, and part of Middlesex	Londonium, Damentum, Ratupia.
Carei		
Carnonacæ		
Catvanchlani	Bucks, Beds, Herts, and Huntingdon	Salena Verulamium.
Cerones		
Coritani	{ Northampton, Leicester, Rutland, Notts, and } Derbyshire	Lindium Raga, or Ratæ.
Cornavii	Warwick, Worcester, Stafford, Salop, and Cheshire	Deana, or Deonna, and Viroconium.
Creones		
Damnii	Clydesdale and Lennox	{ Colonia, Coria, Lindum Vandaure, Alanna, Victoria.
Demetæ	Caermarthenshire, Cardiganhire, and Pembroke.	Lucentium, Maridunum.
Dobuni	Gloucester and Oxfordshire	Corinium.
Dumnonii	Cornwall and Devon	Voliba, Uxela, Tamara, Ica.
Durotriges	Dorsetshire	Dunium.
Epidii		
Gadeni	Tiviotdale and part of Northumberland	
Logi		
Mertæ		
Novantæ	The neighbourhood of Galloway	Lucopibia and Religionium.
Ordovices	North Wales	Mediolanum Brannogenium.
Otadeni	The north sea coast from the Tyne to the Forth	Curia Brimenium.
Parisi	East Riding, Yorkshire	Pitarria or Picarra.
Regni	Surrey and Sussex	Neomagus.
Selgovæ	Nithsdale and Annandale	Carbantorigum, Corda Tremantem.
Silva Caledonia		
Silures	{ Herefordshire, Radnor, Brecknock, Monmouth, and Glamorganhire }	Bulleum.
Simeni, or Iceni	Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, and Huntingdonsh.	Venta Icenorum.
Texali		
Trinobantes	Middlesex, Essex	Camudolanum.*
Vacomagi		
Venicones		

* These names of the British towns are mostly Roman, and are perhaps oftener translations of the old British name,

than merely Latinised. This is one cause of the geographical obscurity that belongs to this period of our history.

Of these, the Belgæ, the Silures, and Trinobantes, were the most powerful; and those who lived on the sea-coast incomparably the most civilised; for they made their own clothing, wore a square plaid, and even rings on the second finger!

5. The Britons often named their towns from their rivers, on whose banks were all their cities; or from some circumstance connected with the particular spot on the banks where they stood.

In the old British, *Avon* meant a river; *Cymmer*, the confluence of two streams; *Bala*, the departure of a river from a lake; *Nant*, a brook; *Aber*, the fall of a less into a greater water; *Lhuch*, *Lach*, a lake; *Eors*, a marsh; *Rhaidr*, a cataract; *Tam*, a smaller river; *Clyde*, a stream; *Mar*, water; *Tre*, *Trev*, *Tra*, or *Tira*, signified a family or home; *Dorf*, or *Thorp*, a dwelling; all which, with a little reflection, will lead to the true knowledge of many names of places.

THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE ENGLISH RIVERS AT THAT TIME.

Old Name.	Modern Name.	Old Name.	Modern Name.
Subriana	The Severn	Abu	The Humber
Novuis	Nith	Garyenum	Yara
Deva	Dee	Idumania	Blackwater, Essex
Toisobuis	Conway	Tamessa	Thames
Tuirobuis	Tivey	Urus	Ouse
Tobuis	Towcy	Glotta	Clyde
Ratoaubuis	Wye	Fala	Vale
Tamarus	Tamar	Dovus	Dove
Iaca	Ex	Avona	Avon
Alenus	Ax	Athesis	Tees
Roza	Loth	Tucasa	Tweed
Finna	Eden	Trehenta	Trent
Alannus	Alne	Lindis	Witham
Vedra	Either the Were, or Tyne	Spea	Spey.

6. The form of government, as appear from Cæsar, Diodorus, Cassius, and Solinus, was monarchical; possessing as much power as the king had skill to acquire, and ability to keep. He commanded in war; with the vicissitudes of which much of his power rose and fell. The British king could do nothing without the auguries of the Druids, and the permission of the inferior chieftains. Crimes were considered as committed, not against the king, but against God; hence penalties were in the hands of the priests, and consisted of fines and excommunications. The royal revenues were slender and precarious; being part of the spoils and weapons of war, the produce of rude cultivation and of cattle, together with some obscure taxes, (from which the Druids were exempt,) and presents, which the poor were obliged to offer in order to secure protection, and the rich to avoid spoliation. These customs differed under each of the petty kings.

7. The chieftains recorded their victories, and other important events, by the erection of a stone; while the bards, who often relieved the tedium of their journeys, celebrated and inlaid them in more lasting songs; of which, according to some, there were more than a hundred kinds. The poets consisted of two orders,—the *Faids*, or religious poets; and the *Bards*, or secular poets; both of which were held in so much distinction among the Britons that they associated with nobles, and even checked the will of kings. Nor must it be forgotten that the poet was then, as in all incipient societies, the musician: for Nature of old wedded music and song together. The only instrument known then was the lyre.

8. The Silures were the first of the Britons who

bartered with foreigners: but what commerce could there have been without weight, number, measure, or money? According to Strabo, the first merchants who changed with the Britons were the Phenicians, who, 1250 B.C., passed the Straits of Gibraltar; but Bochart, and a host of inferior literati, have thought that the Cassiterides, Scilly, Cistymnydes, or Tin Isles, then ten in number, were discovered by them B.C. 904. All that is certain is, that they were known in the time of Herodotus B.C. 440 years; but their situation is not described.

9. The articles which the old British then exported were lead, tin, wool, and skins; of which the tin sold at high prices in all the chief places of the world, for, at that time, it was considered the most valuable metal! Lead was so common, according to Pliny, that the Phenicians were obliged, in policy, to keep back the greater part of what they obtained in order to advance the price of the rest. Strabo informs us that the Phenicians gave the British, in return, salt, earthenware, brass, chains, necklaces, and other trifling ornaments. After monopolizing this trade for about 800 years, the Greeks, Gauls, and Romans, (through Pytheas of Marseilles, about A.D. 380,) discovered its source. Polybina wrote a book concerning the British tin: and, for tin, says Pliny, the Indians gave their best diamonds! Afterwards the Isle of Wight,* was, according to Diodorus, the chief depository

* The space between the isle and the mainland was, at low water, dry. In the eighth century the water separating it from the coast of Hampshire was only three miles wide; now it is seven. Similar changes have taken place in respect to other British isles.

of tin; which was then conveyed, by rude Gaulish merchants, up the French rivers to various parts of the world. Such was the state of trade prior to the coming of Cæsar.

10. From the Giraldus, we learn that the old British house (as far as such a fabric could be said to exist) was only one circular room, in whose centre was the fire; around which husband and wife, parent and child, stranger and friend, slept on rushes; and in the top of which a hole was left for the entrance of the light, and the emission of the smoke.

11. The boats which the Britons chiefly used were made of wattles covered with skins—the latter article serving also for a poor sail: from the lightness of their construction they were capable of being carried about; while they answered sufficiently well for skimming along the coast, from which the ignorance and fear of the generality restrained them from departing. Solinus states, however, that the channels were often crossed by them. Besides which, they must evidently have possessed ships far superior to these, for they assisted the Gaulish Veneti—themselves no mean sailors for that age—against Cæsar.

11. The juice of woad, and of other vege-

tables, mixed with earthy substances, were used to stain, with ingenious devices, the bodies of the Britons; who, at the time of the invasion—those at least, in the middle and northern parts of the island—chiefly wore skins. In the southern parts, however, where rude tillage and pasturage obtained, the inhabitants often wore, in the colder season, a rough woollen garment; which they are thought to have made with the glutinous parts of bark, and to have dyed in the glaring colours with which barbarians no sooner become acquainted than enamoured. The Britons also possessed probably some knowledge of working the metals; of which there are not wanting modern as well as ancient indications; while their numerous urns at once decide the fact that they practised the potter's art. The husbandman used for manure a "white marl,"—probably chalk and lime,—which Pliny affirms was so efficacious as to last seventy years. The granaries were simple subterraneous pits and holes in the rock. So highly, however, did agriculture come to be valued among the Britons, in process of time, that the plough, as well as the place of religious worship, had the privilege of sanctuary for criminals.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[From the Preliminary Essay on Letter Writing, prefixed to the "Christian Correspondent," an invaluable work, in three volumes, edited by James Montgomery Esq., and published by Ball. It is a work we cordially recommend. Four hundred and twenty-three letters, written by persons of all classes, on Christian principles, were never before collected.]

WHEN a man undertakes to be his own biographer, he places himself in a very difficult and perilous situation. Before he can gain credit for one honourable motive, every sinister one that can be imagined will probably be laid to his account; and in a very few instances can he hope to obtain from his judges that impartiality in hearing his story which they require of him in relating it. This narrow-minded jealousy arises from that pride of heart which almost every man tolerates in himself, and persecutes in all beside; it is the beam in his own eye, which, instead of blinding him as it ought, seems to quicken his sight in searching out the mote in his brother's eye. This species of history, on the ground of some peculiar advantages which it possesses, and because it is seldom fraught with danger, except to the author himself, ought to be treated with more indulgence than it generally experiences. Whatever a man says of himself is genuine; whether it be true or false it is equally his own. Even in hypocrisy he is no hypocrite, for deceit then is natural; if he assumes a virtue which he has not, he exposes a vice which he has; if he pretends to talents which he does not possess,

he disproves his claim by the inability with which he asserts it. One part of his character he may conceal, but the very act of concealment betrays another; if he cover his breast with both his hands, he may be showing us that they are not clean; if he turns away his head to hide his face, perhaps he is discovering to us his baldness behind. Let him represent himself as he will, we shall see him more nearly as he is than any other man could have represented him. This consideration alone goes far towards counterbalancing the few objections that may be urged against autobiography; for, practise as he may upon our good-nature, or presume as he will upon our credulity, the general fidelity or falsehood of the author's own statements can be more correctly ascertained than those of any stranger concerning him can be either established or refuted.

A man's genuine autobiography, however, must be sought for in his friendly and confidential correspondence; in letters written on all kinds of occasions, in all moods of his mind, and intended for the eyes of none but those who could at once understand their slightest allusions as well as their minutest details,—on subjects real, not imaginary, but which were specially interesting, congenial, or familiar to both parties, referring to their modes of life, rank in society, family connexions, personal circumstances;—all these being more or less illustrative of the language,

manners, and customs, style of conversation, state of literature, science, politics, religion, law, commerce, arts, and manufactures; in a word, the prevalent occupations, amusements, and pursuits of the people, the country, and the age to which he belonged; as well as exhibiting his own peculiar habits, tastes, and dispositions.

Letters, moreover, are side-lights to history; marginal notes or running commentaries on the universal volume of man as he is, as he was, and as he ever will be,—the same in essentials, though infinitely modified in the external manifestation of these, by the form of government and society, the degree of intelligence and virtue, or of ignorance and profligacy, under which the individuals of his species, singly or in masses, have been born and grown up to the utmost stature, which, according to their varied circumstances, they could attain, as immortal spirits dwelling in mortal bodies, during a course of threescore years and ten. How much have the annals of our own country been enlarged and enriched, within the last fifty years, from the hidden treasures of family papers, and personal memoirs of public agents in the great events of their times, composed by themselves for the use of their children and posterity? but especially, how much have those annals been elucidated by the private and even secret correspondence of such characters, which, after having been long locked up in cabinets and libraries, inaccessible to general research, have recently been given out, either in bulk to the public indiscriminately, or submitted to the inspection of enlightened men like Fox and Mackintosh, who have undertaken to rescue important portions of our national history from the discreditable obscurity, and even obloquy, under which they have been left by the negligence, prejudice, or incapacity of former chroniclers! But, if letters be thus auxiliaries to history, as history refers to man, the perpetual inhabitant of every region of the globe, they are distinct chapters in his family history; autobiographical sketches of men, individually or in companionship with others in domestic life. Princes, warriors, statesmen, patriots, philosophers, poets, artists,—people of every rank in society, every diversity of employment, and every degree of mental power and cultivation,—all, in this kind of inter-communion, show themselves of the same blood, complexion, and spirit with their countrymen and contemporaries, as well as kindred to the whole species in those general qualities which distinguish man, whether civilized or savage, from the brutes that perish. Bruce, in Abyssinia, says, "I heard the skylark singing at Massuah the same notes as in England." So man, in the abstract, speaks every where the same language, notwithstanding the confusion of Babel, and the countless multiplication of cognate, yet strange tongues, which followed the spread of the builders all over the face of the earth. The

language of the heart,—man's true mother tongue!—that is, the language of the affections, is literally translatable from one dialect into another, wherever it has been embodied in fixed vocal sounds, or their alphabetical signs. Akin to the delight and surprise which Bruce experienced, when he heard the skylark in Abyssinia singing the same notes as in England, is the pleasure which we feel, when, in bosom-intercourse with their friends, we find the venerable and the illustrious, the great and the good, among our forefathers, speaking this universal language of the heart, in our own vernacular tongue; at the same time reviving within ourselves those very emotions, enjoyments, and sympathies which were among the most precious of our own experiences, and are cherished with the most endeared of our recollections. It was not merely the unexpectedness and strangeness of hearing in a far land the song of the most common of English birds, that affected the traveller with a joy which the same notes had never awakened in him before, when he heard them every day; it was because that song, those "same notes," carried him home in the spirit to his own land, renewed the days of his youth, restored the countenances of the friends whom he had left behind, and caused him to anticipate the happy meeting which he hoped to have with them on his return; when he should sit down, in the peace of old age, on the spot where he was born, and where he hoped to be buried, beloved in life, and honoured after death, as one who had been a public benefactor, by the fruits of his labours, perils, sufferings, and discoveries. In reading the epistles of those who have been so long our elders, or were so far our superiors, we not only become more intimately acquainted with them, but more nearly allied to them; and, while we rejoice to find, that, as in the elements of our common humanity, they were in all respects like ourselves,—through the consciousness of that equality we are enabled, in no mean degree, to rise, sympathetically at least, towards the standard of their moral or intellectual pre-eminence. At the same time, such discoveries of them are well calculated to keep us humble in our own esteem; for, if the letters of the most exalted personages bring them down to our level in the ordinary affairs of life, and occasionally lift us out of ourselves towards their elevation, yet the tone and style of these unaffected compositions will always correspond with their high qualities; and passages of peculiar force will frequently elicit evidence of how far they are in reality above us in things the most excellent. Casual expressions, incidental sentiments, fall from their pens, in the fervour of spiritual communion with their dearest connexions, which reveal in a moment, and perhaps but for a moment, all the beauty or grandeur of the writer's character; like those magnanimous replies, on great emergencies, when the whole soul of a

hero or a martyr has revealed itself in a word of rebuke, admonition, or encouragement to faint-hearted attendants. Cæsar, when in imminent peril of being foundered in a storm at sea, chid the cowardice of the captain of the vessel, by exclaiming to him, "Fear not: your vessel carries Cæsar and his fortunes." Pompey, when embarking in a tempest, on a voyage to bring corn from Sicily, to supply the wants of his famishing fellow-citizens, on being urged to wait for more favourable weather, replied:—"It is

necessary that I should go, but it is not necessary that I should live." There cannot be a question which was the nobler sentiment in these two cases, though each was perfectly in keeping with the character of the man, as well as splendidly contrasting them with each other. It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that, though Pompey had here, as at the battle of Dyrrachium, the advantage of his rival, on most occasions Cæsar showed as much superiority over him as he did in the field of Pharsalia.

CHRISTIANITY.

[For the following admirable letter from Alexander Knox, Esq., to the Rev. John Jebb, we are likewise indebted to "the Christian Correspondent."]

YESTERDAY, as I was walking in the streets, I asked myself, "What is Christianity?" It is, answered my mind, a Divine system of spiritual attractions, by which, whosoever gives himself honestly to them, is effectually drawn out of the otherwise invincible entanglements, and inextricable intricacies, of this dark, miserable, polluting, heart-lacerating world, (the *αιων του κοσμου τουτου*—the *εξουσια των κοσμοκρατεων, του σκοτους, του αιωρος τουτου*), and led forth into what David has described as "green pastures, beside the still waters;" or what Saint Paul has emphatically called *ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΕΙΡΗΝΗ*, "Life and peace." The truth is, to a person of any sensibility, this world is a wretched place. There is not a step in life where we can be sure of not meeting some latent, lurking thorn; and when we fall in with those various adventurers, described by Lucretius—if they are in pursuit, they rudely shove us by; if they are in possession of their prize, they despise us in their hearts, and tell us by their looks and manner that they do so. A hard, selfish, thorough-paced mind, goes on, and cares not; but the sensible, delicate, feeling spirit, is ever pushed to the wall. To such a spirit, then, what a gentle, blessed relief is afforded, by a heart-knowledge of Christianity! There is no abatement of feeling; the vivid perception is as great as ever. But the heart and mind are so occupied, so filled, so richly compensated, and so deeply tranquillized, by the pursuit, the contemplation, the confident, affectionate, filial apprehension of God; the scripturally revealed God, Creator, Redeemer, and

Sanctifier; the incarnate God, touched with the feeling of our infirmities; and all this infinitely harmonizing, or rather identifying, with the philosophic view of the *first good, first perfect, and first fair*, while it is practically and experimentally evinced, by undeniable, invaluable, never-failing influences and effects within; all this together forms such a set-off against, and such a refuge from, the common pains and penalties of mortality, as often makes the naturally vulnerable mind rejoice in its quickness of feeling, because this serves to enhance the preciousness of the blessing.

Perhaps this view may appear to you too highly coloured. It would be so, were it to be taken as the hourly state of a Christian's mind; but all this, to its extent, is the cloudless meridian state. Many partial obscurations occur, to diminish this clearness; but they only diminish it; the substance still remains. A kind of mental rain and storm may, also, be often experienced; and the weather-beaten pilgrim may tremble to find himself driven, as he thinks, to the very edge of some dangerous precipice. But he does not fall over. He recovers his footing, and his confidence; and in a little time the sky is cleared, and the air becomes calm and genial. Amid all this, however, there is sensible progress. And this variety has its great use. In order that the mind may maintain its victory over sin, it must be kept on the alert by temptation. In order that it may continually look to Heaven for strength, it must be made to feel its own entire imbecility. And it is on the whole necessary, that nothing here should be perfect, in order to the eternal sabbatism being rightly pursued, and habitually anticipated.

RELIGIOUS DISSIPATION.

CAN, then, religion and dissipation, two things so opposite in their nature, be associated? Is it not a contradiction in terms to assume that the truly devout can be at the same time dissipated? These are questions which very naturally suggest

themselves to those of our readers who know little of the religious world, and who attach to dissipation no other meaning than that which generally obtains in their own circle. Religion, strictly speaking, is a pure and heavenly essence, which can never be

debased by an unhallowed amalgamation with the evil principles and habits of our corrupt nature. For these it has no tolerance; and it enters the heart on the express condition that it is to maintain perpetual warfare, not only with sin, but its airy shadow, its unsubstantial appearance. The imperfections and follies of religious people are not, then, to be charged upon their piety; so far as they indulge in what religion condemns, they are departing from its spirit, and furnishing an evidence against the influence, if not the sincerity, of their profession. When, indeed, their conduct and the prevailing dispositions of their hearts associate them with the world, with its maxims, and its distinguishing amusements and pleasures, whatever they may profess, their religion scarcely amounts to a name; the veil of their hypocrisy is so transparent, that it only reveals what it is intended to hide. In attributing, therefore, dissipation to the religious, we are not to be understood as intending to throw down the barrier which must ever separate the church and the world. The anomalous, or rather the amphibious creatures which seem to belong to both, who are seen one day in the sanctuary and another at the theatre, who exchange prayer-meetings for card-parties, and the Bible for the romance, are not pointed at by the subject of the present essay. They have Jacob's voice, but their hands are the hands of Esau; it is only by a too common and latitudinarian courtesy that they are denominated Christians.

But among the inconsistencies which mark a religious profession, even where there is a commendable abstinence from worldly pleasures, there is a species of dissipation of a most injurious tendency, and the effects of which are abundantly visible, especially in the metropolis, and at certain seasons of the year; to one of which we are now rapidly approaching. It is distinguishable rather as a state of mind and feeling, than by the nature of the objects by which it is elicited and confirmed. The objects in themselves are not only blameless, they are praiseworthy and excellent. To frequent the temple of God—to assist, by our presence and patronage, by our efforts and influence, the numerous benevolent and religious institutions which are at once the glory and the safeguard of our land, and which constitute Britain the missionary of the nations, and the tutelary angel of the human race, is not only innocent, but laudable, and to regard them with indifference would be to betray a total want of personal Christianity. But it is possible to “serve the gods amiss;” it is possible to lose, in the pursuit of these objects, all the advantages—as far as we are ourselves concerned—which render them valuable. It is possible to hear too many sermons, and to be so devoted to the public, as to lose all individuality in our Christian profession. There are duties enjoined by religion which we owe to ourselves, to our families, to

our pastors, and to the church with which we are more immediately connected. Whatever is inconsistent with the regular and conscientious discharge of these, though it may be good in the abstract, is, to us, an evil of no trifling magnitude. The “flying camp,” as it has been facetiously called, which is ever hovering around a new preacher, which is to be found in every place of public resort where novelty is to be seen and heard, which is always abroad and never at its quarters, is an irregular and useless appendage to that army which is led on to victory and triumph by the illustrious Captain of Salvation; they add nothing to its discipline, nothing to its success; they may seem to swell its numbers, but they encumber rather than assist; they make little progress in knowledge, and none at all in sanctity; they are, in truth, the curse of our churches, and the reproach of our common faith. These people are always hearing, but never doing: the intervals, when their example ought to shine, are wasted in languor or restless anticipation; their principles, instead of being strengthened, evaporate by constant excitement; their love to the Saviour can only be kept warm by being steeped in an azotic atmosphere; and they can be devout and benevolent only in a crowd; and when the sympathy of numbers is withdrawn they are mere religious automata, without the informing spirit or the feeling heart. This is religious dissipation; and it is indicated when the closet does not receive us as our home—when family religion is either suspended or performed in a confused and hurried manner, and when self-denial is viewed by us as an obsolete requirement of the Divine Lawgiver—when our own pastors are forsaken for the wonderful man just come up, and when the quiet and unobtrusive obligations of church-fellowship are merged in the noise and bustle of large popular assemblies.

This is an evil which is becoming infectious; and those who are free from its worst symptoms, are not wholly beyond the reach of danger. The “May meetings,” as they are familiarly termed, while they bring with them “all that I love and much that I admire,” certainly open the door to this malignant intruder; and, without great care and watchfulness, may steal from us as much as they impart. If they are attended for the mere purpose of gratification, if we go only to be pleased, without the spirit of devout supplication, which implores a blessing upon their efforts, and without a determination to favour them by our contributions, they are likely to prove fatal snares to our piety. It is impossible for the same individuals to attend them all without breaking in upon other and more imperative duties; and he is unmindful of his religious consistency who suffers himself to be drawn by them from the business of life and the spiritual interests of his own heart. It were to be wished, too, that these

meetings had in them less of ostentation, of rivalry, and of flattery; that they were conducted more in the spirit of godly simplicity; that principles were appealed to rather than the passions. It is true, that whatever is human is imperfect, and we must take the good with all its accidental evil; yet ought we to be aware of the temptations which are ready to assail us, for often where there is the least suspicion there is the greatest peril. It is not for us to impugn motives and

to judge the heart; but surely, when there are palpable indications of a frivolous spirit, and when the spiritual temple is raised amid the din of instruments and the clamours of the lookers-on as well as of the workmen; it becomes us, at least, to examine ourselves, to set a guard over our principles, and fervently to pray that we may at last enter the ark, as well as assist by our efforts in its erection.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.—No. III.

AN OFFICER'S LADY.

You will believe me when I assert that I quitted Calcutta and its neighbourhood with an aching heart. The colonel was ordered to the Mysore country, whither I accompanied him with our infant son; for soon after our arrival I had become a mother. We were at length stationed at Vellore; and to that mutiny, which was most maliciously ascribed to the influence of the Missionaries, but which arose from a totally different cause, have I to attribute my greatest earthly loss, and a train of sorrows, which, but for the sustaining power of the Gospel, would long ere this have consigned me to the grave.

On my arrival in England, I learnt with surprise and indignation, that the fanatical zeal (as the divine philanthropy of the Missionaries was contemptuously called) of a few Christians, in a very distant part of British India, and of whom the native troops in the Mysore had probably never heard, had provoked the mutiny at Vellore, and the massacre of so many of my brave countrymen. But it was not zeal of any kind that occasioned this dreadful catastrophe. It was pure absurdity. An insane order had been issued from some mysterious quarter, for altering the turban of the sepoy into something like the helmet of our light infantry, and for preventing them from wearing on the forehead the distinguished mark of their caste,—as direct an outrage of their religious customs as it would be to prohibit baptism among Christians. This was indeed a flagrant insult to their faith, an overt act of intolerance; yet with it the religion of their persecutors had nothing to do. It was a military folly—a war against turbans and toupees, and which, like most of the follies of despotism, which interfere with long-established customs and prejudices, led to very disastrous consequences.

With my beloved husband I spent nearly four years of uninterrupted felicity. Our dear Charles grew up, a lovely scion from the parent stem, and his infantile prattle often drew from his father many expressions of tenderness which suffused my eyes with tears of joy. Our affections flowed, and mingled towards this object of mutual endearment. I was too happy.

The last evening we ever spent together was one of peculiar satisfaction. We conversed of England—happy England; and by a natural transition, our minds were carried upwards to that better country—the Christian's heaven—the Christian's home. The Bible lay before us, and I read the last chapter of the Revelations. We then knelt down, and my husband offered up a prayer remarkable for its calm solemnity and fervour. With pathetic earnestness he prayed for me, and our little boy. It was love, conjugal, paternal love, heightened and hallowed by a sublime and exquisite devotion. As we rose, I pressed his hand to my heart with a rapture which I never felt before; nor shall I feel it again till I behold his welcoming smile on the shores of immortality.

About nine o'clock we retired. At two in the morning we were awakened by a loud firing. The colonel hastened to the window, which was open, and demanded from the crowds of sepoy that were assembling at the main guard, the cause of the disturbance. No answer was returned; but the rapid continuance of the firing left us in no doubt of the perils which threatened us. I had not power to articulate, and I dreaded, even by a look, to agitate my husband, whose countenance, I perceived, was already pale and troubled. With his characteristic coolness and self-command, he wrote a note to be forwarded to Arcot for reinforcements; and gently urging me to seek safety in my chamber, he rushed into the thickest of the danger, hoping by his presence to reclaim the less desperate to a sense of duty, and either to vanquish the others, or to bring them to terms.

Instinctive terror induced me to close the doors of my apartment, and to seek for my child and attendants the best retreat in my power. I endured two hours of excessive alarm. The thunder of the cannon, and the loud volleys of the musketry, which, with alight intervals, continued till four o'clock, shook my nerves, and I almost died with apprehension. Once, when the firing ceased at the main guard, I imagined that I heard the footstep of my husband.

I ran to the door, but before I could open it he was gone. New dangers awaited him at the European barracks, where the conflict was renewed, and where the disaffected were making their last, desperate struggle. It was too successful, and in a few moments a scene of dreadful carnage and plunder ensued. I had ventured twice from my apartment down to the hall, to ascertain, if possible, the fate of my husband. The last time, as I stood in a situation open to the veranda, a figure approached me, and a flash from a distant musket discovered to me a military uniform. I trembled for my safety, and that of my dear infant. I had courage, however, to ask, who was there? The reply was—"I am an officer of the mainguard—my brave comrades have all been murdered—the rebels are advancing—fly for your life!" I rushed back to my chamber, but, before I could reach it, this unfortunate man experienced the doom of his companions. He was cruelly butchered in Colonel Wilmington's* dressing-room. Every moment increased the horror of my situation. Daylight revealed a shocking spectacle. The parade was covered with soldiers of the sixty-ninth regiment lying dead. Sepoys were running in all directions, shouting and yelling with the ferocity of demons. Some, with savage brutality, were insulting the remains of their hapless victims; while others, intoxicated with success, were ransacking the houses, intent only on rapine and murder. At this moment I gave up all for lost. My husband's miniature was in the drawer of my dressing-table. I took it with convulsive agony and placed it in my bosom. It was an involuntary act of tenderness. I was resolved to retain his dear image even in death. Scarcely had I indulged this pardonable weakness, ere a loud noise in the hall, adjoining my bed-room, announced the crisis of our fate. I moved softly, and looking through the door, discovered two sepoy's beating our furniture to pieces. At the suggestion of my Ayah, we concealed ourselves beneath the bed. Scarcely had we taken this precaution ere the door was forced, and shots poured into the apartment. I have now in my possession a ball which fell close to me, and had nearly proved fatal to my child.

With the energy of despair, I resolved to make a desperate effort to save our lives. With my Charles in my arms, and the women following me, I presented myself from the back staircase to the sepoy's who were on guard. It was a mother's appeal, the appeal of holy nature in its last extremity, and, though made to the hearts of barbarians, it was not in vain. We were permitted to seek refuge in the stables: here we had not been five minutes when we were visited by a sepoy, whom I instantly recognised as a man to

whom the Colonel had shown many little acts of kindness, and who had manifested an unusual attachment to our darling son. He looked fearfully round, as if apprehensive of being discovered, and whispered to me in hurried accents to escape, pointing at the same time to a fowl-house, which had a bamboo front, as the only asylum. I objected, that there we should be exposed to the view of our enemies. However, I deemed it prudent to follow his suggestion, and he kindly covered our hiding-place with a large mat, and furnished my little Charles with half a loaf of bread, which he greatly needed. Here, famished with thirst, and full of the most dreadful apprehensions, I continued another three hours, every successive moment of which augmented my terror, lest the screaming of my poor boy, who was alarmed at the firing, should reach the ears of our bloodthirsty foes, and allure them to the spot. Through an aperture I distinctly saw my house plundered, and frequently was chilled with horror when I heard the enraged murderers repeat my name, and threaten me with instant death.

But amidst all these horrors, fears for myself were absorbed in anxiety for my husband. I dreaded to hear of his assassination, and I really believe I should have braved death, and searched for him on the parade, had not the situation of my babe withheld me from the rash attempt.

Exhausted by fatigue and terror, nature was just sinking under the accumulating pressure, when the tremendous roar of cannon at the gates roused my attention, and inspired me with hope. What I conjectured proved to be true: the nineteenth dragoons, from Arcot, had arrived. My heart beat violently, and I almost fainted with the sudden emotion as I heard the trampling of their horses on the drawbridge, and the welcoming huzzas of the garrison. Still I was afraid to leave my place of concealment. My name was repeatedly called, but I knew not whether it was a friendly or a hostile voice; till perceiving several British officers, I imagined that one of them was my husband, and instantly sprang forward to meet him. But, alas! it was a sad illusion. In an agony of suspense I looked round on all the group, but he was not there. They first told me he was wounded. In mercy they would have deceived me, but my prophetic soul too surely foreboded the heart-appalling fact—I was a widow, and my babe an orphan: so soon passed away my dream of happiness.

Inconsolable at my loss, I could not pray; even the resources of piety seemed to fail; I felt as if utterly forsaken, and almost questioned the oracular assurance of my dying father. I was a stranger in a strange land. My hopes were withered, and there were no dews of heaven to refresh them; no fostering hand gently to raise them upon their bruised stem; no sunshine to restore their fragrance and their beauty. They

* The real name may be found in the journals of the time.

were crushed, and my poor, weak heart was crushed with them. Grief is scarcely grief that is relieved by the luxury of tears; I could not weep; I have no doubt there was impiety in this sorrow. It was a virtual arraignment of the wisdom and mercy of Providence; it was charging God foolishly; and in this consisted its bitterness. If Divine faith had not been obscured, and almost annihilated, my calamity would have been great; yes! with all the supports of religion I could scarcely have borne it. The infusion of despair made it intolerable. Alas! it was the hour and triumph of weakness; it was nature subduing principle: but God was merciful. I fled from him into the deep recesses of my woe, but there, where I endeavoured to avoid, I found him. The chastising rod dropt from his hands, and he said unto me, "Live!" In the extremity of my anguish his compassion visited me.

All the relief which sympathy and kindness could afford, I experienced from my friends: my

sex, my loss, the delicacy of my situation, conspired to ensure me the tenderest offices of humanity, even from strangers; but it was the sacred page, the promise of strength according to my day, the light of salvation irradiating the gloomy path of adversity—it was this which supported and cheered my heart. Now I learned to appreciate the value of Christian principles, and the incomparable excellence of the Holy Scriptures. Under this, the heaviest calamity of my life, I experienced their mighty efficacy. When at ease, and enjoying all the comforts of life, I could only speculate on this efficacy, or believe it on the testimony of others. Now, I knew it for myself; speculation became confirmed persuasion, and faith arose to assured certainty. Thus the advantages of my affliction greatly counterbalanced its suffering, and I was taught in the sad school of adversity. It came in darkness and in terror, but before the glorious beams of heavenly hope it melted into a thousand forms of beauty.

MAY.

WELCOME, welcome, once again,
With thy bright and beauteous train;
Queen of sunshine and of flowers,
Goddess of the roseate hours,
In thy golden chariot come,
From thy fair and distant home,
Where the nightless scenes arise,
Far beyond the deep blue skies;
Girt with robes of radiant hue,
Light as morning's filmy dew,
While the wreaths of roses fair
Twine around thy sunny hair,
And upon thy forehead shine
Glittering gems of hues divine.

Trees, with dress of living green,
Welcome thee, their sylvan queen;
And along the smiling plain
Birds awake their vernal strain,
While th' echoing hills reply
To their pleasant minstrelsy.
Brightly now the summer beam
Dances on the sparkling stream,
Flowing softly, murmuringly,
Where the willows sadly sigh,
And the flowers look up and smile,
Gladdening in that light awhile;
Primrose pale and violet fair
Fling their fragrant incense there;
Cowslips shine with modest pride
On that streamlet's grassy side,
And the wild rose in its bloom,
Scatters round its rich perfume.

Village maids, as evening comes,
Gaily hie from cottage homes,
Tripping fast to daisied green,
Where the rustic virgin queen
Holds her high and sovereign court,
While her subjects round her sport;
And, as mirthful music plays,
Whirl along the dizzy maze.
Wrinkled care, with leaden eye,
Darkened brows, and blighting sigh,
May not in that train appear,
Breathing sullen sadness there.
Smiles are brightening every face,
Ills to mirth have given place,
Pleasure rules the laughing throng,
Pleasure wakes the joyous song;
Heart with heart, and hand in hand,
Lightly trip that happy band;
Or beneath the green-wood shade
Walk the swain and blue-eyed maid,
Whispering low the tender tale
"While the evening shades prevail,"
And the moon, through glancing boughs,
Hearkens to their solemn vows,
And with chaste and holy light,
Breaks the gloom of silent night.

Welcome, welcome, with thy train
Fair and smiling; may thy reign
Be of gladness and of flowers,
Sunny skies and laughing hours.
Happy, then, thy gentle sway,
Child of summer! blooming May! T. W. A.

CHRISTIANITY THE ONLY PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

No one will deny that death is an object of reasonable dread and apprehension. The terror with which this opprobrium of our nature is invested is made up of various appalling elements. Death is undoubtedly an object of instinctive aversion to every creature capable of feeling; but he is properly an object of terror to man only. Whence arises this?

In the first place, assuredly from the original superiority of his nature and destiny, which placed him above the control of death; and, as the thinking immortal principle still remains in him, its enforced and *unnatural* association with that which is its *natural* antipathy, its eternal contrariety, must inspire him with agonising sensations whenever it is realized. On this

account, man alone, among the creatures of this mortal world, is surprised with miserable pain, the soul's forebodings of indefinable horror, when death shakes over him his dreadful dart. The flowers rise, blossom and perish; they emit their life in dying fragrance, and there is no terror in the departing loveliness. The creatures endowed merely with life and instinct, bow to inevitable fate, but there are no premonitions to alarm them. They feel the pang of nature, but not of mind: it is momentary, and then follow the undisturbed repose, the slumbers of eternal rest. Not so with man. That which arms Death with his greatest terror is, what we know and what we do not know on subjects of infinite moment to our well-being and happiness. In one word, our knowledge and our ignorance equally awakens in our souls the most appalling dismay, when we think of ourselves as creatures, dependent, accountable, sinful, and dying. On all these points our knowledge and ignorance are strangely blended, and leave us nothing to hope, but every thing to dread. I know that I am a creature, but I know not why I am created, nor by whom. I know that my life and destiny, however they may be connected, and whatever consequences they may involve, are in the hands of another; but I know not whether it is Providence, or chance, or fate. I know that I am accountable, for I have an inward consciousness of good and evil, of right and wrong, of virtue and vice, of piety and irreligion; yet on every one of these interesting subjects I am strangely ignorant. I transpose and confound them, and have no clear apprehension of their specific and characteristic distinctions. I know that, as an accountable creature, I am depraved and guilty; that I am in a state of misery,—the consequence of the moral disorders with which I am infected and surrounded. But I am ignorant of a remedy: I know not that I can be pardoned—I feel that I deserve to be condemned: but whether retribution be in this life, or whether in a life to come, or whether there be a future life, and whether there I shall suffer punishment, and whether that punishment will be temporary or eternal, I am totally uninformed. But, in connexion with the certainty of death,—with my natural dread of annihilation, and the instinctive revolting of my heart from the idea of a judgment of which I have awful and undefinable impressions, my ignorance gives a terrible preponderance to anxiety and fear, and death concentrates in itself all the horrors which a soul can endure while united with a body which is likewise doomed to suffer the unutterable pang. Now, it may be important to inquire, how all this is met by those systems which either do not recognise or which reject Christianity?

Philosophy, as it is called, cannot advance us a single step: it may increase the vividness of our perceptions, and strengthen our convictions as to the truth of all we know, but it can add nothing new. It cannot lift up the veil and remove our ignorance. It can offer nothing to allay our fears, nothing to mitigate the real terrors of death. But it will be said that, among the philosophers of the ancient world, and their followers, almost innumerable instances occurred of tranquil, and even triumphant, dissolution. But, in the majority of these cases, it must be admitted that hope, in the true and proper sense of the term, did not form an ingredient; or, if it threw any cheering influence over the spirit, it was founded on ignorance, and was therefore no better than unreasoning presumption. A human being, wholly unconscious of spiritual subjects, unacquainted with his own immortality, with the nature of God and himself, and his aggravated offences against his Creator, and with the awful retribution which his offences deserve, may die at ease, because he dieth as the fool dieth. Amongst persons of this class, the best and most enlightened individuals of the heathen world must be included,

and their repose in death, the tranquillity which they felt and displayed, is a totally different thing from the peace which pervades the bosom of the dying Christian. In many cases it was mere apathy, proceeding from a mind disciplined to an unnatural persuasion that insensibility was the highest virtue; in many more, it was mere dissatisfaction with life; in others, an entire disbelief of the reality of the state on which they were about to enter; and, in some, the resignation which flowed from the desire of being released from excessive pain. The deaths of which I am now treating, likewise differ essentially from the peaceful departure of Christians in this,—that, in the one case, the passive virtues alone are summoned to the task of bearing the weight of unavoidable evil; in the other, there is not only submissive endurance, but positive enjoyment,—the bitterness is not only neutralized, but a sweetness is actually infused into the cup of mortality.

While philosophy is thus confessedly an insufficient qualification for a conquest over the last enemy, it will be found that superstition, and false religions, the inventions of men, have been equally powerless in assisting them to dispel the terrors of death. Superstition (and in this term I include every species of idolatry that has at any time obtained in the world) is indeed the creature of human fear, invented for the sole purpose of annihilating that fear, by imaginations the most vile, principles the most atrocious, and actions the most diabolical. Thus, in every age, and among all nations where it prevails, it obliterates and destroys all that is great, holy, and divine in the universe, for the purpose of deceiving the soul into a fallacious confidence in the hour of death.

Infidelity undertakes to conquer the king of terrors, and by a method exclusively its own. With what success we may easily ascertain by considering the nature of the process which it employs, and its general effect upon its votaries when its principles are brought to the test. To insure peace in death, infidelity endeavours to divest sin of its turpitude, and thus offers the greatest violence to the conscience,—to extinguish in the soul its natural longing after a future state; and thus the dread of falling into nought is left to operate with all its power, as simply more tolerable than an apprehension of impending retribution. But infidelity is the most treacherous, as well as the most daring, enemy of man. How often does it take off its mask, and reveal its real character to its victim, in the hour of his utmost need, in the moment of his greatest peril? There may be some few instances among unbelievers of an apparent superiority to the anxieties and sorrows of death; but I confess I have never met with any well-authenticated case. Where, on any occasion, it has been pretended or paraded, it has been nothing more than an affected composure, proceeding from an arrogant wish to make the last act of life confirm its preceding professions; or it has been the vanity of perpetuating a philosophic character the ruling passion strong in death; or the pride of not retracting sentiments which, from pride, had been maintained,—the desire of posthumous renown among their own party,—the hope to make their disciples stand firm by their example,—ambition to give their last possible blow to revelation,—or, perhaps, the fear of expressing doubts which might beget a suspicion that their disbelief was not so sturdily as they would have it thought. Above all, might they not, as a punishment for their long neglect of the warning voice of truth, have been given up to a strong delusion to believe the lie they had so often propagated, and that they really expected to find in death that eternal sleep with which they had affected to quiet their own consciences, and had really weakened the faith of others? Tranquillity and infidelity are not natural allies, and

in death they cannot meet. For if we suppose that the infidel wavers, and that scepticism places him in equilibrio between the opposite decisions of faith and unbelief, what terrifying apprehensions must be the consequence! That religion he has so wantonly impugned may, after all, be true; that Jesus whom he has blasphemed, may, after all, be the Son of God; and that hell that he so often despised as a figment of the brain, may turn out to be no less than an everlasting reality. But let us take another supposition—that the unbeliever possesses, in his own mind, a full assurance of the truth of his principles: this very assurance must greatly augment the natural terrors of death. If infidelity be true, then this life is our only possession—this world our all. We must, to be consistent with ourselves, set an infinite value upon both; on these principles death comes to rob us, not only of life, but of being. But infidelity changes its character in the dying hour. It flatters its votaries till they find themselves in the presence of the king of terrors, and then their false friend laughs them to scorn, and departs, leaving them to the faith of despair—the faith of demons, who believe and tremble. One exclaimed, struggling in death, "That there is a God I know, because I feel his wrath; that there is a hell I am certain, having received the dreadful earnest of my inheritance there." The late excellent Bishop Porteus has remarked, that "the writings of Voltaire have unquestionably produced more infidels among the higher classes, and spread more general corruption over the world, than all the voluminous productions of all the other philosophers of Europe put together." And mark the end of this man. "It is stated," continues the Bishop, "as a well-authenticated fact, that the nurse who attended him on his death-bed, being soon after called to attend another person in dying circumstances, eagerly inquired whether this person was a philosopher, (that is, an infidel,) assigning as the reason of her inquiry, that she had suffered so much, had been so greatly terrified by the extreme dread and horror which Voltaire had expressed, that she was determined to attend no one who was not a Christian. There was much effort to conceal the agonies of his mind from the knowledge of the world; but the effort was vain. His last words are said to have been, 'I am abandoned by God and man.'" Hobbes died like a true sceptic. Is it not a comfortable confession, uttered in the immediate prospect of dissolution?—"I give my body to the dust, and my soul to the great *Perkaps*. I am going to take a leap in the dark."

All those instances, in the hour of death, of a confirmed, or rather undisturbed, state of mind, separate and apart from religious consolations, known and avowed by the soul in the full possession of its faculties, must be resolved into ignorance, or stupidity, or hardened unbelief, or the influence of opiates. This tranquil mode of dying is no evidence of safety. A man walking upon a precipice is not secure because he is ignorant of his situation; but this ignorance keeps him easy, and laughing, and singing, till he falls off. And thus we are told of the wicked, that "they have no bands in their death, and their strength is firm."

The levity of Hume, or his philosophic equanimity, as it has been called by his friends, is a case which makes sadly against his cause, and those who take an interest in its success. A writer in the "Eclectic Review" at the time when Ritchie's "Life of Hume" first made its appearance, so completely exposed this dying scene, that we have heard little of it since. I cannot conclude this article with a more apposite quotation than from this admirable critique. Speaking of the indifference to life and to all existence which the

author of the *Essays* which teach scepticism as a science betrayed on this solemn occasion, the reviewer proceeds—

"First. Supposing a certainty of the final cessation of conscious existence at death, this indifference to life, if it was not affected, (which, indeed, we suspect it to have been, in part,) was an absurd undervaluation of a possession which almost all rational creatures that have not been extremely miserable have held most dear, and which is, in its own nature, most precious. To be a conscious agent, exerting a rich combination of wonderful faculties—to feel an infinite variety of pleasurable sensations and emotions—to contemplate all nature—to extend an intellectual presence to indefinite ages of the past and future—to possess a perennial spring of ideas—to run infinite lengths of inquiry with the delight of exercise and fleetness, even when not with the satisfaction of full attainment—and to be a lord over inanimate matter, compelling it to an action and an use altogether foreign to its nature—to be all this, is a state so stupendously different from that of being simply a piece of clay, that to be quite easy and complacent in the immediate prospect of passing from the one to the other, is a total inversion of all reasonable estimates of things; it is a renunciation, we do not say of sound philosophy, but of common sense. The certainty that the loss will not be felt after it has taken place, will but little soothe a man of unperverted mind, in considering what it is he is going to lose.

"Second. The jocularity of the philosopher was contrary to good taste. Supposing that the expected loss were not, according to a grand law of nature, a cause for melancholy and desperation, but that the contentment were rational; yet the approaching transformation was, at all events, to be regarded as a very grave and strange event, and therefore jocularity was totally incongruous with the anticipation of such an event: a grave and solemn feeling was the only one that could be in unison with the contemplation of such a change. There was, in this instance, the same incongruity which we should impute to a writer who should mingle buffoonery in a solemn crisis of the drama, or with the most momentous event of a history. To be in harmony with his situation, in his own view of that situation, the expressions of the dying philosopher were required to be dignified; and if they were in any degree vivacious, the vivacity ought to have been rendered graceful, by being accompanied with the noblest efforts of the intellect, of which the efforts were going to cease for ever. The low vivacity of which we have been reading, seems but like the quickening corruption of a mind whose faculty of perception is putrefying and dissolving even before the body. It is true that good men of a high order have been known to utter pleasanties in their last hours; but these have been the pleasanties of a fine ethereal quality,—scintillations of animated hope,—the high pulsations of mental health,—the involuntary movements of a spirit feeling itself free even in the grasp of death,—the natural springs and boundings of faculties on the point of obtaining a boundless liberty. These had no resemblance to the low and laboured jokes of our philosopher; jokes so laboured as to give strong cause for suspicion, after all, that they were of the same nature, and for the same purpose, as the expedient of a boy passing through some gloomy place in the night, who whistles to lessen his fear, or to persuade his companions that he does not feel it.

"Third. Such a manner of meeting death was inconsistent with the scepticism to which Hume was always found to avow his adherence; for that scepticism necessarily acknowledged a possibility and a chance that the religion which he had scorned might, notwithstanding, be found true, and might, in the moment after his death, glare upon him with all its terrors. But how dreadful to a reflecting mind would have been the smallest chance of meeting such a vision! Yet the philosopher could be cracking his heavy jokes, and Dr. Smith could be much diverted at the sport.

"Fourth. To a man who solemnly believes the truth of revelation, and therefore the threatenings of Divine vengeance against the despisers of it, this scene will present as mournful a spectacle as perhaps the sun ever shone upon. We have beheld a man of great talents and invincible perseverance, entering on his career with the profession of an impartial inquiry after truth, met at every stage and step by the evidences and expostulations of religion and the claims of his Creator, but devoting his labours to the pursuit of fame and the promotion of impiety, at length acquiring and accomplishing, as he declared himself, all he had intended and desired, and descending toward the close of life amidst tranquillity, widely extending reputation, and the homage of the great and learned. We behold him appointed soon to appear before that Judge to whom he had never alluded but with malice or contempt; yet preserving to appearance an entire self-complacency, idly jesting about his approaching dissolution, and mingling with the insane sport his references to the fall of "superstition"—a term of which the meaning is hardly ever dubious when expressed by such men. We behold him at last carried off, and we seem to hear, the following moment, from the darkness in which he vanishes, the shriek of surprise and terror, and the overpowering accents of the messenger of vengeance! On the whole globe, there probably was not acting, at the time, so mournful a tragedy as that of which the friends of Hume were the spectators, without being aware that it was any tragedy at all."

THE REVIEWER'S TABLE.

The Christian's Daily Treasury: containing a religious exercise for every day in the year, by EBENEZER TEMPLE, has led us to the reflection that this is not only the age of inquiry, but, if we may judge from the numerous devotional manuals which are daily issuing from the press, the cause of genuine piety is also on the advance. Mr. Temple has furnished his quota to the general stock. "The Christian's Daily Treasury" will enrich many a heart, and cheer the pilgrim on his way to heaven. Here is food for a year, and it is better than the manna, it is—in a nobler sense—"angels' food," and will bear keeping. It may be repeated day after day, and for many a year, and will be ever fresh; out of this treasury we may draw things new and old.

Pastoral Appeals on Conversion; by the Rev. CHARLES STOVEL, is filled with scriptural sentiments and searching appeals; but we wish Mr. Stovel would cultivate a more correct taste, and aim less at originality.

RANSOM'S Temptation: a Treatise on Satanic Influence; is a small but excellent work, worthy of being

ranked with the best theological treatises in our language.

Stevenson's Sacred History, from the Creation to the Death of Asa; is well worthy the attention of all, especially of the young. It is to be followed by a second part, but was it really desirable to divide the work? We naturally wish for the remainder.

The Cedar Fallen, a Piece of Music; by Mr. JOHN KING, occasioned by the death of Dr. Rippon, is well composed, and very correct in its harmony.

We have read with pleasure *Original Hymns, intended to be sung at the Public Meetings and other Services of Temperance Societies*. By JOHN BULMER. Second Edition. Sold by Jackson and Walford.—We hope that these hymns will answer the pious purpose of their esteemed author. The notes are a valuable and useful addition.

The Dreadful Requisition; or, a Treatise on God's Righteousness in Punishing the Neglect of Souls. By the Rev. C. STOVEL, is worthy of its great subject, and has our cordial commendation.

MEN AND THINGS.

ST. ROCHE.—We give the following article relative to a Catholic saint, merely to show what some men believe.

All that Butler can affirm of him is, that, making a pilgrimage from Montpelier to Rome during a pestilence, he devoted himself to the sick, became infected, made a shift to crawl into a neighbouring forest, bore incredible pains with patience and joy, returned to France, practised austere penance and piety, and died at Montpelier.

In the "Golden Legend" he is called St. Rock, and it relates that when infected by the pestilence, and lacking bread in the forest, a hound belonging to one Gotard daily took bread away from his master's board, and bare it to Rock, whom Gotard thereby discovered, and visited, and administered to his necessities; wherefore the hound came no more; and Rock was healed by revelation of an angel; and with touching and blessing he cured the diseased in the hospital, and healed all the sick in the city of Placentia. Being imprisoned, and about to die, he prayed that he might live three days longer in contemplation of the Passion, which was granted him; and on the third day an angel came to him, saying, "O Rock! God sendeth me for thy soul; what thou now desirest thou shouldst ask." Then St. Rock implored that whoever prayed to him after death might be delivered from pestilence; and then he died. And anon an angel brought from heaven a table, whereon was divinely written in letters of gold, that it was granted—"That who that calleth to Saynte Rock mekely, he shall not be hurte with ony hurte of Pestylence;" and the angel laid the table under Rock's head; and the people of the city buried St. Rock solemnly, and he was canonized by the pope gloriously. His life in the "Golden Legend" ends thus: "The feast of Saynte Roche is always holden on the morowe after the daye of the assumpcion of our lady, whiche life is translated out of latyn in englysshe by me, William Caxton."

There is an entry among the extracts of the churchwardens' account of St. Michael, Spurrier-gate, York, printed by Mr. Nichols, thus: "1518. Paid for writing of Saint Royke Masse, 0l. 0s. 9d."* His festival on this day was kept like a wake, or general harvest-home, with dances in the churchyard in the evening.†

The phrase, "sound as a roach," may have been

derived from familiarity with the legend and attributes of this saint. He is esteemed the patron saint of all afflicted with the plague, a disease of common occurrence in England when streets were narrow, and without sewers, houses without boarded floors, and our ancestors without linen. They believed that the miraculous interposition of St. Roche could make them as "sound" as himself.

There is a rare print of this saint, with an angel squeezing the wound, by D. Hopfer.—*Hone's Every Day Book*.

HYPOCHONDRIACISM.—The most melancholy record of the miseries of hypochondriacism is to be found in the diary of Dr. Walderstein, of Gottingen. He was a man much deformed in person, and his mind seemed as distorted as his body. Although of deep learning and research, and convinced of the absurdity of his impressions, yet he was unable to resist their baneful influence. "My misfortune," says the doctor, "is, that I never exist in this world, but rather in possible combinations created by my imagination to my conscience. They occupy a large portion of my time, and my reason has not the power to banish them. My malady, in fact, is the faculty of extracting poison from every circumstance in life; so much so, that I often felt the most wretched being because I had not been able to sneeze three times together. One night when I was in bed I felt a sudden fear of fire, and gradually became as much oppressed by imaginary heat as though my room were in flames. While in this situation, a fire-bell in the neighbourhood sounded, and added to my intense sufferings. I do not blush at what might be called my superstition, any more than I should blush in acknowledging that my senses inform me that the earth does not move. My error forms the body of my judgment, and I thank God that he has given it a soul capable of correcting it. When I have been perfectly free from pain, as is not unfrequently the case when I am in bed, my sense of this happiness has brought tears of gratitude in my eyes. I once dreamt," adds Walderstein, "that I was condemned to be burnt alive. I was very calm, and reasoned coolly during the execution of my sentence. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'I am burning, but not yet burnt; and by-and-bye I shall be reduced to a cinder.' This was all I thought, and I did nothing but think. When, upon waking, I reflected upon my dream, I was by no means pleased with it; for I was afraid I should be.

* Brand.

† Fosbrooke's Dict. of Antiq.

come all thought, and no feeling." It is strange that this fear of thought assuming a corporeal form in deep affliction, had occurred to our poet Rowe, when he exclaims, in the "Fair Penitent," "Turn not to thought my brain." "What is very distressing," continues the unfortunate narrator, "is, that when I am ill I can think nothing, feel nothing, without bringing it home to myself. It seems to me that the whole world is a mere machine, expressly formed to make me feel my sufferings in every possible manner." What a fearful avowal from a reflecting and intelligent man! Does it not illustrate Rousseau's definition of reason—the knowledge of our folly?—*Millengen's Curiosities of Medical Literature.*

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.—In the beginning of 1815 a circumstance took place which excited much interest in Paris. A surgeon in the army, named Dautun, was arrested at a gambling-house in the Palais Royal, on the testimony of a scar in his wrist. Some time previous, the officers of the night had found, while passing their rounds in the different parts of the city, four parcels tied up. One contained the head, another the trunk, a third the thighs, and a fourth the legs and arms, of a man. In the teeth, tightly compressed, was a piece of human flesh, apparently torn out in the dying struggle. The parts were collected, and put together in their regular order, and exhibited for a number of days at the Morgue. The mystery which involved this dark transaction excited quite an interest, and numbers went to behold the corpse. The general and only conviction was, that he must have been murdered; but for a number of weeks no clue was obtained to elicit information on the subject. When it became improper to keep the body longer above ground, a cast in plaster was taken, fully representing the murdered victim, and this remained a much longer time for the public to see. At length Dautun happened to be engaged in gambling at the Palais Royal. He played high and lost. Calling for liquor to drink, and angry because the waiter was somewhat tardy, when he came with it, Dautun emptied

the glass, and threw it at the waiter. It was shivered into a thousand pieces, and a fragment was carried into Dautun's wrist, under the cuff of his coat. The spectators gathered around, and, learning the accident, wished to see the gash: he drew down his sleeve, and firmly pressed it round his wrist; they insisted on seeing it, he obstinately refused. By this course the bystanders were at length led to suppose that something mysterious was involved in this conduct, and they determined at all events to see his wrist. By force they pushed up his sleeve, and behold a scar, recently healed, as if made by tearing out of flesh, appeared. The landlord had been at the Morgue, had seen the murdered man with the flesh between the teeth, and it struck him in a moment that the flesh was torn from this man's wrist. Charging them to keep him safe, he hastened to call in the legal authorities, and arrested him.

In the event, Dautun confessed that, being quartered at Sedan, and out of money, he came to Paris to try some adventure. Knowing that his brother had a large sum by him, directly on his arrival he went to his lodgings in a retired part of the city, about eight in the evening. He entered the house, unnoticed by the porter, and passing to his apartment, found his brother asleep. He immediately commenced his work of death: his brother waking up defended himself, but in addition to the surprise and horror of the moment, being in a feeble state of health, all the desperation of his struggle was overpowered. In the scuffle he tore out the flesh. Being killed, the surgeon cut up the body, tied it up in four parcels as before-mentioned, secured the money, and retired.

He also confessed that, eleven months previous, he had murdered an aunt, who was living with a second husband, to obtain money. Her husband was arrested, and imprisoned for a number of months; but as nothing appeared to criminate him, he had been discharged. The writer saw the unhappy fratricide on his way from prison to the place of execution.—*Zerah Colburn's Memoirs.*

GEMS.

ANTIQUARIAN ENTHUSIASM.—The following anecdote is related in Nichols's "Illustrations of Literature," upon the authority of Mr. Dallaway, vol. iii. p. 727. Upon the receipt of a letter at Townley, from Mr. Jenkins, the then English banker at Rome, promising him the first choice of some discovered statues, Mr. Townley "instantly set off for Italy, without companion or baggage; and, taking the common post conveyance, arrived *incognito* at Rome, on the precise day when a very rich cava was to be explored. He stood near, as an uninterested spectator, till he perceived the discovery of an exquisite statue, little injured, and which decided his choice. Observing that his agent was urgent in concealing it, he withdrew to wait the event. Upon his calling at Mr. Jenkins's house in the Corso, who was not a little surprised by his sudden appearance, the statue in question was studiously concealed, while the other pieces were shared between them with apparent liberality. Mr. Townley remonstrated, and was dismissed with an assurance that, after due restoration, it should follow him to England. In about a year after Mr. Townley had the mortification to learn that the identical young Hercules had been sold to Lord Lansdowne at an extreme, yet scarcely an equivalent, price." This transaction must have occurred some time before 1790. It was in that year that the Hercules was sold by Mr. Jenkins to Lord Lansdowne. A different story is, however, told of this Hercules in the account of it in the first *Dilettanti* volume, pl. xl. Mr. Townley is there stated to have had the choice of the two statues at the time they were discovered; to have fixed from

description, but afterwards to have repented of his choice.

THE CONSERVATORS OF TRUTH.—Heresies have seldom or never taken their rise from the mass of the people. Look at the history, trace the origin, of the principal corruptions of Christianity that have prevailed at different periods, and you will uniformly find that they commenced in the higher classes, among men of leisure and speculation; that they were the product of perverted ingenuity and unsanctified talent. Adopted to subvert the purposes of avarice and ambition, they were the invention of spiritual wickedness in high places. The commonalty, tenacious of the habit of thinking and acting as they have been trained, are slow in adopting novelties, and the last to be misled by the illusions of hypothesis, or the false refinements of theory. Let but the great body of the people be enlightened by the word of God, let them comprehend its truths, and imbibe its maxims, and they will form the firmest bulwarks against every erroneous and delusive system. It is in a virtuous and enlightened population, and especially in a yeomanry and peasantry informed and actuated by the true spirit of religion, we look for the security and preservation of its best interests. It was among them that Christianity commenced its earliest triumphs; among them the reformation, begun by Luther, found its first and latest friends; as it was in this department of society our holy religion first penetrated. Should the time arrive for its disappearance in other quarters, it is here that it will find its last and safe retreat.—*Robert Hall.*

LIVINGSTON'S SYSTEM OF PENAL LAW IN THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

CHAPTER I.

AMERICA is the world of progress. Social humanity there develops its energies, without being counteracted or misdirected by antiquated institutions based by tyranny on popular ignorance. Hers has been an onward course. Old edifices she has not had to pull down before she could raise her own fabric of society; she has had little to unlearn; and, to guard her against constructing systems fatal to her national happiness and prosperity, Europe exhibits a thousand beacons to warn and to instruct her. In common with all the friends of justice, we hail the "System of Penal Law for Louisiana," which Mr. Livingston, one of the most eminent men in America, has drawn up and submitted to the legislature of that state, they having unanimously previously intrusted to him the arduous undertaking. It is a noble monument of genius, industry, and patient research, and we hope that it will lay the foundation for similar systems throughout the civilized world. It is high time that the legislature of Great Britain should take up this subject in good earnest: America has certainly taken the lead, and set the example.

We shall lay before our readers the arrangement of Mr. Livingston's work, with pertinent observations upon its different codes, for which we are indebted to the "North American Review," one of the best conducted periodicals in the United States.

The "System of Penal Law" opens with a preliminary title, briefly stating the fundamental objects for the attainment of which it is established, and the plan and divisions in which it is framed.

The original design of Mr. Livingston was to comprise the whole system in a single code, giving a separate book to each of the principal divisions; a little experience, however, showed him that, by such an arrangement, the subdivisions would not be sufficiently numerous to preserve order and distinctness in the distribution; and that, by forming separate codes, these would be secured, and an easier mode of reference obtained. This plan and division, therefore, were finally adopted.

The system comprises four distinct codes, and a book of definitions.

The first is called the "Code of Crimes and Punishments." It is divided into two books: it contains general principles, and the description of all acts or omissions that are declared to be offences, with the punishment assigned to each.

The second is called the "Code of Criminal Procedure." It is divided into three books: it contains the means provided for preventing offences that are apprehended, and repressing those that exist; it directs the mode of bringing of-

fenders to justice, and it describes the forms to be used in judicial proceedings.

The third is called the "Code of Evidence." It is divided into two books: it contains the nature and whole law of evidence in penal as well as civil cases, and it lays down the rules applicable to the several kinds of evidence.

The fourth is called the "Code of Reform and Prison Discipline." It is divided into three books: it contains a system of prison discipline, in all the stages in which imprisonment is used, either as the means of detention or punishment; the places of confinement, the treatment of prisoners therein; and the proper provisions for the voluntary and compulsory labour of discharged convicts and irreclaimable vagrants.

The concluding division of the system is a "Book of Definitions," which defines the technical words and phrases used in the several codes.

I. The "Code of Crimes and Punishments" is, of course, the most interesting portion of the work; it is that in which Mr. Livingston displays his adherence to, and interpretation of, the principles of jurisprudence previously laid down as the basis of his system; that by which the soundness and practicableness of these is to be effectually tested. It is a different, perhaps an easier task, to reason on the general principles of science, to point out incontrovertibly what justice, philanthropy, and knowledge require, than to frame laws imbued with the spirit of these, which shall also meet the exigencies of human society, and prevent or repair the injuries arising from depravity or crime. To show what is right and fit, is the delightful aim of philosophy; to reduce it and apply it to practice, is the studious labour of legislation.

The first book of this code contains general provisions, relative to the operations of the laws, to prosecutions and trials, and to the circumstances under which acts, that would otherwise be offences, may be justified or excused. These provisions embrace, in brief and simple language, what is necessary to protect the criminal from injustice, while they sustain the administration of the laws. In most instances they do not differ from those which belong to the enlightened jurisprudence of modern times; but in some, Mr. Livingston has made changes too important not to be noticed.

Offences are explicitly confined to such acts or omissions as are made the direct subject of legislative decision; and no pretence of their being within its meaning or spirit, no vague reference to the laws of nature, religion, or morality, is permitted to sanction the notice or punishment of them. The necessity of this provision has been proved by the frequent practice of American courts. Deriving their jurisprudence chiefly

from the unwritten code of England, many instances are not wanting of the introduction of constructive crimes which are utterly at variance with institutions where interference in the different departments of government is forbidden. No injurious consequences arising from an unpunished offence accidentally unprovided for, can equal those which have resulted, and must inevitably result, from judicial legislation.

Another provision, novel in its character, which is introduced by Mr. Livingston, is that which simplifies the law, and ascertains the comparative degrees of guilt where crimes are committed by several persons. To assimilate a person actually ignorant of a crime with the perpetrator, because accident or the bonds of kindred may have made him acquainted with and induced him to conceal it, seems to be equally harsh and unjust. To relieve a suppliant offender who relies on our generosity, is an act which humanity can scarcely condemn, even in a stranger. To make obedience to the law consist in sacrificing the ties of nature, in betraying those nearest and dearest to us by affection and by blood, can only be the rule of a barbarous and distant age. "Almighty power," Mr. Livingston eloquently remarks, "might counteract, for its own purposes, the feelings of humanity; but a mortal legislator should not presume to do it. In modern times such laws are too repugnant to our feelings to be frequently executed; but that they may never be enforced, they should be expunged from every code which they disgrace." To put an end, therefore, to this conflict between natural sensibility and harsh legislation, Mr. Livingston provides that no relative of the principal offender in the ascending or descending line, or in the collateral as far as the first degree, no person united to him by marriage, or owing obedience to him as a servant, shall be punished as an accessory. He thinks, however, that cases involving other ties of gratitude or friendship, cannot be so properly distinguished by law, and he leaves them for the consideration of the pardoning power.

The second book of this code is the most important in the whole system. It enumerates, classes, and defines all offences, as well as prescribes the nature and extent of punishments. The former naturally divide themselves, for the purpose of arrangement, into two great classes of public or private injuries, according to the character of the object against which they are directed. The latter are founded on the principle, that loss of personal liberty, of property, and of social and political privilege, are the best modes of suppression, prevention, and reform.

Under the head of public offences are ranked those which affect the sovereignty of the state, in its legislative, executive, or judiciary power; the public tranquillity; the revenue; the right of suffrage; the public records; the current coin; the internal and external commerce; the freedom of the press; the public health; the public pro-

perty and highways; the morals of the people; and the exercise of religion. Each of the offences falling under these heads is accurately defined, and provisions intended to meet every case have been introduced, with an industry that has left little, if any thing, unnoticed. In regard to some of them there is considerable novelty.

In offences against the legislative power, all interference by violence, threats, or corruption is forbidden under appropriate penalties, instead of being left to be repressed by the supposed inherent right to punish contempts.

In those against the judiciary, while such as are of more usual occurrence are guarded against, those which may be committed by the functionaries themselves are specially considered. Combating with firmness, but without disrespect, the strongly-urged sentiments of those who think it degrading to suppose that men entrusted with this high office can be influenced by such inducements as would bias others, Mr. Livingston has applied, in this instance, the same strict principles of positive legislation as in every other.

"I acknowledge," he remarks, "the force of the maxim, that confidence in generous minds begets a disposition to merit it; but I deny the propriety of its general application. The penalties of law are founded on the supposition that, without them, its precepts would not be fulfilled. Could we count on that generous disposition which the objection supposes, there would be no need of any sanction to our laws. The legislator need only point out his will, and express his confidence in the integrity of those to whom it was directed, and the work of legislation would be done. But the argument is not pressed so far. It is acknowledged that penalties are necessary to insure obedience in ordinary cases; but it is said that judges form an honourable exception. Restrain all the rest of the world by the fear of punishment; trust to the integrity of the judge for the performance of his duty. What! will you impose no restraint? no impeachment for corruption? no indictment for bribery? Yes, these we will allow; but he must not be restrained from accepting presents as the testimonials of friendship, which are no more than common courtesies of life. Now, if you can think it necessary to guard against the gross corruption of direct bribery, why will you permit a practice which is the most common mode of effecting it? Not to speak of their being made the vehicle for the more glaring crimes, their unfavourable effect on the mind of man is evident to any one who has the slightest knowledge of the world. Received as tokens of kindness at first, their slight value excites no suspicion: they are multiplied; their value is increased, and the obligation goes on augmenting until it can only be discharged by a favourable decree. But the practice ought to be forbidden, if it should have no other effect than that of exciting suspicion. If the judge has been in the habit of receiving presents of

game or liquors from a suitor who gains his cause, the loser will not fail to attribute it to the flavour of the venison, or the exquisite taste of the wine. Nor is the inhibition either new, or considered as derogatory to officers of the highest trust. It is a constitutional provision, that no one holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall accept any presents from a foreign power. If this does not degrade the ambassador, why should a similar one degrade the judge? Besides, be consistent. You have two sets of judges; if those who determine the fact, when they are exhausted with hunger and fatigue, receive the slightest refreshment from one of the parties, you dishonour them by setting aside their verdict, as being corruptly procured, and often punish them for misconduct; and yet you think it degrading to the other class of judges to prevent them receiving gifts of much greater value."

So in regard to the punishment for contempts—a power subject to be exercised by courts in a manner and to an extent utterly at variance with the principles conceded in every other instance to be just. This indefinite offence, and this dangerous power, are reduced to that certainty and limit which are prescribed in respect to other crimes. Ample means of repression are vested in the court: they may remove every actual interruption of their proceedings; they may enforce prompt obedience to their orders; they may, if simple removal is not sufficient, restrain by imprisonment. But here their extraordinary interference stops; the interruption being at an end, the trial and punishment must follow in the regular mode. The judge is not made an accuser, nor the accuser a judge; the dignity of the court is not lessened by angry altercation; above all, the chosen ministers of the law are not specially allowed to violate its most sacred forms.

Among offences against morals, Mr. Livingston has embraced and punished insulting and indecent language to women, deliberate seduction, and the infamous agency of ministering to the vices of others; all of them basely profligate, though our codes, following in the track of the English law, have omitted or inadequately guarded against them. In the same spirit, he has denounced a proper penalty against violating the sanctuary of the tomb; a provision in accordance with the natural sentiments of men in every country and age.

Under the head of private offences, are ranked those which affect individuals, and injure them in their reputation, their persons, their political privileges, their civil rights, their professions, and their property. From among them is wisely and humanely excluded, suicide; the sad act of misfortune or despair, which most criminal codes have chosen to treat as a crime of the deepest dye. It seems, indeed, a peculiarly strange dictate of law, to pursue with penal sanctions

the inanimate body, which has ceased to feel either ignominy or pain. But it becomes still more so, when, by so doing, we inflict exclusively upon the innocent all the consequences. To prevent or to remedy, even to punish it, is beyond our power; we can only harrow the feelings, and seize on the fortunes, of those who have been made already to suffer from the sensibilities of human nature, and, with impotent revenge, strike the guiltless because the guilty has placed himself beyond our reach. The justice, therefore, as well as the propriety of omitting this, in the enumeration of crimes, seems indisputable.

In treating of offences which affect individual reputation, Mr. Livingston has examined, with extreme care, the whole subject of libel and slander. This has always proved peculiarly difficult, where free institutions exist, since the instrument usually employed in the work of detraction, is also one necessary to spread information, promote science, support political and civil liberty, and disseminate the truths of religion. To permit its unrestrained employment for these noble ends, and yet to prevent its use for the destruction of individual reputation and happiness, is a task worthy, from its importance, of the most zealous studies of a beneficent and patriotic legislator. In the code of Louisiana, the indefinite and absurd offence of libelling incorporeal beings (if we may use the phrase) is totally abolished; men are to be protected, not governments, courts, or corporations; private character is to be guarded, not public measures. These, which are for the benefit of all, must be guarded by the approving support of all; they must be strong enough, in the language of Cromwell, "to stand against paper shot," or they are not worth guarding; and while to discuss them in the widest possible range must be a trifling evil, to impose the least restraint on their examination would be one of incalculable amount. In regard to individual character, however, every man is equally protected from defamation, every man has a right to appeal to the laws; and, upon the same principle, whether he is thus injured while executing a public trust, or pursuing his private business. That principle, as admirably laid down by Mr. Livingston, is, to punish an act wilfully done, which injures the character of a fellow-citizen, without any motive of private good or public duty. This reaches the great object of the law of libel, without violating any rule of justice or general utility; it meets the cases, in which the truth of the statement may or may not be a justification; it permits the exposure of that which is proper to be made known, but not of what, without any corresponding benefit, would tend only to produce injury, ridicule, or misery.

In the important title of offences against the person, (a class of crimes which it is, perhaps, the first object of civilized society to prevent,) each

of the various kinds of injury, from a simple assault to homicide attended with every circumstance of aggravation, is defined with extreme care, and with an anxious desire properly to measure the degrees of guilt. In the sections relating to justifiable homicide, the rules are clearly laid down that authorize the execution of the orders of magistrates or courts, and the defence of person and property to the last extremity. In no branch of criminal law are such rules more needed for the information and protection of a citizen. His first duties to his country and to himself are those of aid to the public officer and resistance to private aggression. Properly to perform these, is not only legal, but praiseworthy; to do so improperly, constitutes an offence, which brings down the severest penalty of the law. The same act in one way is a duty, in another a crime. It is, therefore, a cruel defect in legislation, to leave in the slightest degree obscure, as has been too generally the case, the rules that justify homicide, either in the execution of a public law, or the defence of a private right. Excusable homicide is made to differ from this, in being involuntary, and unavoidable by common prudence or care. Culpable homicide embraces those acts which can neither be justified nor excused, and which, beginning at the lowest degree, where negligence alone, without any criminal intention, is to be attributed to the perpetrator, rises to murder in its appalling forms of assassination and parricide. Those who are satisfied with the provisions derived from the common law of England, which knows only the two classes of manslaughter and murder, will, perhaps, be startled at eight degrees of guilt, graduated according to the intention and manner of the crime. Yet, certainly, to confound together a sacrifice of life caused by negligence and by design; by extreme provocation and with the want of any; by open attack, and by secret assassination, poison, or lying in wait; by avowed hostility and by a breach of those holy relations which imply confidence, fidelity, or protection; is a defect of jurisprudence in respect as well to the designation of crimes, as to the just assignment of punishment.

The class of offences which forms the concluding chapter of this code, embraces the numerous catalogue of those affecting property. They are arranged and defined with much care, whether arising from a malicious intention to destroy, or a fraudulent design to appropriate property that does not belong to the offender.

The means by which Mr. Livingston proposes to secure obedience to the provisions he has thus made; to prevent or to punish the offences he has thus elaborately arranged and defined; are limited, as we have already observed, to the deprivation of personal liberty, property, and social and political privileges.

He discards the disgusting, cruel, and ineffi-

cient modes of punishment which, under greater or less modifications, have continued, until a very recent period, to disgrace the jurisprudence of countries pretending to the greatest refinement, and continue at present to be approved, and even applauded, in that of the largest number of the nations of the world. He proposes to abolish at once, and in every instance, all punishments that spring from a desire to gratify revenge, or to inflict on the offenders inhuman suffering. He stops not with the prohibition of the faggot or the rack, because they are universally denounced by modern justice or humanity; but he equally prohibits punishments of the same character, that are yet retained, and which a similar spirit of justice and humanity ought equally to condemn. Banishment, imprisonment in chains, exposure to public derision, mutilation, and stripes, are all still inflicted by the codes of enlightened nations, but are all a violation of the same principles, which prohibit, in penal sanctions, injustice, cruelty, and revenge. Banishment forces upon another country him who has violated the laws of his own, in defiance of the common rights of nations; it leaves the criminal at liberty to repeat his crime, where his character and habits are unknown; it holds out no means of reformation; and it offers no salutary example to deter others from the commission of a similar offence. Imprisonment in chains is at once cruel and unequal; it is always a torture to the weak, and may be so to the strong, according to the discretion and petty despotism of his jailer; it preys upon the spirit by the infliction of bodily pain; it obliges to constant and debasing indolence. Exposure to public derision is a mode of punishment, whose absolute inefficacy has been established by its increased disuse; it can produce no reform in the offender; it serves, on the contrary, to harden him in crimes; it offers no useful example to those who behold it, for it appeals only to the lowest passions, and if it creates any other sensation, it is that of sympathy. Mutilation is almost repudiated from the code of modern nations: it inflicts indelible marks of disgrace, which drive the wretched victim into the constant repetition of his crimes; it has no real motive but revenge, for its sole consequence is bodily suffering; it destroys the hope of reformation, and exhibits to society a picture that excites either its sympathy or disgust. Stripes are liable to almost every objection that can be made to public exposure and mutilation: they are founded on the propriety of inflicting pain; they are cruel and revengeful punishments; they produce public and lasting shame; they bring no repentance; convince the criminal of no error; but restore him to his associates at once exasperated and disgraced.

Mr. Livingston thus confines the punishments, prescribed in his system, to the deprivation of

personal liberty, property, and social and political privileges. Fines, disfranchisement, and imprisonment, are those only that he proposes to inflict; but these he varies and graduates according to the nature of the crime, and the circumstances that extenuate or aggravate it. Pecuniary fines; degradation from office; temporary suspension of civil rights; permanent deprivation of civil rights; simple imprisonment; imprisonment at hard labour; and solitary confinement during certain intervals of the time of imprisonment, to be determined in the sentence,—such is the scale adopted in this code. He contends that this is sufficient to produce the just ends of punishment, and has, in itself, peculiar and indisputable advantages; that it affords a prospect of reformation in the criminal, highly probable; that it restrains him effectually from the repetition of his crime; that it offers a permanent and striking example to deter others; and that it is so mild that it can enlist no prejudice against its execu-

tion and in favour of the sufferer, either among those called upon to try and condemn him, or those whose duty it may be to carry the sentence into effect. He submits, that its sufficiency is secured by the advantage it has of being divisible almost to infinity; that there is no offence, however slight, to meet which it may not be moderated; none so atrocious, that, by the accumulation of its various degrees, an adequate punishment may not be found; that it may be made, also, to suit the differences of sex, age, habits, and constitution, which in themselves cause and constitute so different an amount of actual suffering to the criminal, where the nominal penalty is the same. So far as regards imprisonment, either in its simple or more severe character, this scale of punishment looks to the penitentiary system for its complete development and perfect execution; it therefore improves in efficiency as well as humanity, with all the improvements of that admirable mode of punishment.

SITTINGS FOR MY PORTRAIT.

FIFTH SITTING.

"Indeed, my dear sir, I must proscribe that very set and thoughtful look which you have lately assumed."

"Well, but Mr. Painter, I trust you will not give me a thoughtful and vacant countenance."

"Certainly not, but I must paint what I see: so have a care that you do not make yourself appear what you are not."

"Yes, yes, I grant this is of material consequence every way; but what is to be done: am I to sit for hours in a constrained position, with a forced smile to look amiable, or a steady gaze to look profound?"

"No, no; the natural look."

"Well, how is that to be accomplished?"

"Perhaps best by cheerful or at least agreeable ideas, elicited by conversation: I wish I could thus engage your attention; for I want not a drawing of the features only, but the soul's expression. In order to this the mind must be interested, so as to avoid both the relaxation of weariness and the stimulus of undue excitement. May I request you to propose a topic which may give us at least some mental occupation?"

"Can any thing be better than to talk about your art, its origin and progress, together with the great names that have immortalised it? I confess it is not a study exactly in my way, and yet, ever since I have sat to you, I have felt myself as it were enlisted in your ranks, and inspired with an awakening curiosity respecting the powers of the pencil. And, by the bye, what strange impulses and what singular and subtle laws of association guide us! This new interest of which I have spoken reminds me of an extraordinary

development of the same kind in another way of which I was once conscious, and which may perhaps aid again in considering the diversities and ramifications, as I deem it, of the social principle. I was once travelling in a gig, and on suddenly emerging from a cross-road found myself by accident and by a sort of a jerk in the very centre of a large electioneering party, who were hurrying with pipe and drum, carriages and horses, and colours flying, a merry cavalcade, to the county town to vote for their favourite candidate. For myself, I was perfectly ignorant of the names and parties in question, and at that time cared comparatively little about politics or members of parliament; and yet in a few minutes I caught the flame, and burnt with as true a heroism and vehement anxiety as any 'chiel' among them. Nay, I believe I absolutely vociferated and clapped with the loudest, and turned as eager an eye every instant to the state of the poll. My present feeling with regard to painting is, I judge, analogous to this; and not supposing myself exclusively or preeminently sensitive, I conclude it is to be accounted for by the very nature of our mental constitution.—Now, what think you, Mr. Painter, of a long digression?"

"Oh, sir, 'tis the very thing—I have been doing wonders: pray proceed."

"Not, however, with digressions, I assure you; for in fact I wish to be instructed as well as painted. Pray what do you imagine was the origin of this splendid art of yours?"

"I presume an observation of nature."

"Probably: and do you not suppose that the first principles of the art must have been elicited by noticing the shadows of objects, which pro-

jected upon plane surfaces the very shape and figure of all living and all inanimate things. Surely the conception of the art must have been very early formed by seeing these imitations every where and in beautiful perfection. Trees, mountains, animals, were thus exhibited on the outspread canvass of Nature herself."

"You are unquestionably right; and accordingly simple outlines existed long before the expression of relieve or the application of colour. It was simply drawing, and of course at first very rude and imperfect in its character. The second step was to apply colours and to attempt the fillings up; which was primarily done by merely covering the different parts of a sketch with different colours. Afterwards, from observing how the objects of nature appear in relief, what is termed the "*chiaro-scuro*" was invented; for which, indeed, even before the application of colours, the Greeks have acquired a merited celebrity. Its origin must have been, as you have remarked, very early: in fact, it claims the highest antiquity; for Plato, who lived 400 years before Christ, says that painting had been practised in Egypt for 10,000 years. Whatever we may think of his chronology we must at least trace this noble art to the remotest ages. I might remark, too, that the drawing of figures of men and animals appears to have been most rudely practised, for we find them in Egypt, still preserved in the chests of mummies; and by these we perceive that their whole art consisted in laying on colours, without that admixture and tinting which are of such essential importance. With the exception of the Chinese daubings, we have little knowledge of the history or character of ancient efforts in art till we come to the fifth century before the Christian era."

"But I remember allusions to the subject in Homer. For instance, in the *Iliad*, Helen is represented as working at a tapestry, on which she sketched the various combats of which she was the cause."

"Very true; and what is termed lineary painting was practised long before Homer's time. Polygnote of Thasos was, I believe, the first who clothed his female figures, and varied the colours of the different parts of their dress. He was also the first, as Pliny says, who could shew the teeth. Zeuxis and Parrhasius flourished about the year B.C. 400, when the art sprung from its infancy"——

"Yes, and I should think into something like manhood; for I remember reading the story of these painters, which is, I think, to this effect.

There was a contest of skill between them. Zeuxis declared himself to be vanquished; for while in a cluster of grapes which he had painted, he deceived the birds, Parrhasius, in a curtain which he executed, deceived Zeuxis. What was the progress of your art among the Romans? I should suppose, from their energy of character, it must have been early introduced and successfully cultivated: unless indeed their military projects absorbed all taste."

"This might be the case. They were long content to employ foreign artists, till Fabius became both the first painter and the first historian in his country. He, however, awakened no emulation, and not a painter of celebrity adorns the Roman annals till the times of the emperors. The worthless Nero emulated this art, and ordered a colossal picture of 120 feet to be painted, which was destroyed by lightning. This is the only painting on cloth mentioned by the ancients."

"Were not the ancients distinguished by their paintings on walls and ceilings?"

"Yes; and their paintings were either in fresco, with deeply inlaid colours and a bold outline; or on the dry stucco, in distemper or encaustic painting, about the nature of which there has been some dispute. But Pliny says the most eminent of the ancient productions of art were the moveable pictures, on wood, canvass, or marble. Four paintings of the latter class have been found among the antiquities of Herculaneum. The art of painting, which had sunk into decay, was revived in Europe about the commencement of the fourteenth century. The first attempts were made in Italy, and were devoted to the representation of our Saviour's passion on the walls of chapels and churches. A great number of figures were often crowded into their subjects, often to the extreme detriment of the general effect. Dominique Ghirlandais, a Florentine, was the first who grouped his figures, and distinguished by exact gradations the spaces which his figures occupied. Leonardo da Vinci was the inventor of numerous details in this art:—but I shall fatigue you with my details."

"Oh, by no means; quite the reverse. I am prodigiously interested in a subject somewhat new to me; but I was about to inquire respecting what has been often termed the 'schools of painting.'"

"I am glad you have named this, because, instead of merely referring to a few individuals whom I was about to mention, it will be best to introduce them in their proper connexions."

BRITAIN.

CHAPTER II.

18. THE old British religion was Druidism, a system which was here carried to perfection.

The objects of worship were a supreme Being, called *Hassus* and *Tertates*; *Teranis*; the sun

and moon under various names, as Bel, Belinus, Belatucardus, &c., to which their cromlechs, and circular masses of large stones and round towers were dedicated; Saturn, Jupiter, and Mercury, whom their mythology derived from the same source as the Greeks and Romans; Andraste, Orwana, and Minerva, and hundreds besides. According to Gildas, they had more deities than the Egyptians, for they deified the stream, mountain, lake, valley, and almost every object in nature.

Their religious principles were twofold: First, such as the initiated alone acquired in the most secret manner, and which they were bound, by the most dreadful oaths, to keep from the rest of mankind; these, except the immortality of the soul, which was encumbered with metempsychosis, or the passage of the soul into other bodies, were not allowed to be written, nor divulged to women, nor exposed in any other way. Second, such as were suited to the depraved and ignorant multitude, calculated to flatter their leading passions, and to enrich and aggrandize the priests. These—the acquisition of which required twenty years—were taught by the priests or Druids; conveyed in fables, songs, and marvellous traditions; and, usually uttered from an eminence, produced, as might be expected, a great effect upon the people.

Their rites, according to Diodorus, consisted in singing hymns made by the priests, and accompanied by music, in praise of the sun. Their prayers were offered through the priest or Druid, whose hand was upon the sacrifice, which was commonly an ox, sheep, calf, goat, or some other valuable animal, of which they always selected the best. But often this sacrifice was either from the unfortunate or the innocent of mankind. The human victim was generally offered amidst crowds, before or after a war, in a public sickness, or when some great man was ill. And the mode of sacrifice was to prepare a huge wicker-work colossus, fill it with the victims, surround it with faggots and hay, and reduce it to ashes. Their other sacrifices were mostly divided into thirds; of which the sacred fire took one, the priest a second, and the sacrificer and his friends the remainder. They had no statues of their gods; their temples were all circular; and, before worship, they thrice went round the altar. They were also greatly addicted to divination; some of their methods in which may be learned from the description below.* They worshipped

the moon, or the evil god, at midnight, deprecating its wrath; but the sun at noon. They divided their time into weeks, but do not seem to have observed a Sabbath; yet they held a lunar religious feast, which began, says Pliny, on the sixth of every new moon. The annual cutting of the mistletoe, generally about the tenth of March, their new year's day, was another feast. On the first of May was a feast to the sun, when they lighted fires on all their high places. Midsummer's day was also a sacred feast. November the first was a feast of thanksgiving for the summer and the harvest.

Their places of worship were roofless, and stood on hills, or in the heart of the thickest groves, surrounded, according to Lucan, with a moat. The priests, when engaged in religious acts, were always garlanded with oak leaves. The druidic priests were much hated by the Romans; and were cruelly destroyed, in the isle of Anglesea, by Suetonius. A few who escaped to Ireland and the Scottish isles soon disappeared; but the effects of their doctrines and practices were traceable among the people till the time of the Norman invasion.

The priests, a division of whom was called Druids,—from the Greek name of the oak, their sacred tree,—had supreme power in religious affairs, and, indirectly, in secular proceedings also; dwelt apart from the people; nor could any act of religion be performed without them. They were all exempted from taxes, and from state services. The Archdruid was chosen by the vote of the other Druid-priests; the election sometimes ending in a war. His residence was in the isle of Anglesea, as vestiges still extant are thought to prove; and the whole druidical hierarchy—composed of two orders, the Druids above named, and the Faids, whose office it was to indite hymns and superintend the music—were subject to his authority. According to Diodorus, Strabo, and Caesar, the priesthood pretended to foretell things to come, and to receive messages from the gods. Like the monks of modern times, some of the British priests were formed into fraternities, and invested with special privileges, while others retired to the hermitage or cell. Most of them lived in a state of celibacy; attended, however, with female slaves or devotees. Their property consisted of a portion of the offerings made to the gods; the spoils of war; the gifts of the people, large in proportion to their gratitude or their fears; or land, which, in some instances, amounted to whole islands, as the isles of Harris, Man, Anglesea, Wight, &c. The Druids practised medicine, taught the little knowledge which the people then possessed, administered the laws, which were uttered in a kind of verse, and initiated nearly all the rich into their orders, from which great emoluments, and greater power, necessarily accrued. These were still further increased by the fact, that, on the

* Arinomaney	Cleromaney	Iethyomaney
Austromaney	Chiromancy	Libanomaney
Aruspicy	Chaomaney	Lithomaney
Aleetryomaney	Ceremancy	Metopomaney
Arnomaney	Cephalomaney	Necromancy
Aeromaney	Catoptromancy	Onomaney
Antromancy	Capuomaney	Ornomaney
Aleuromancy	Daphnomaney	Pyromancy
Iphitomaney	Gastromancy	Pedomancy
Botomaney	Geomancy	Rabdomancy
Bellomaney	Hariolation	Sciomaney

last day of October, every person was obliged to extinguish his fire, and could rekindle it only from the Druid's altar, after the payment of the national tax; to secure which the custom was doubtless introduced. The number of the Druids was probably not less than thirty thousand; in fact, the Druids were the scholars, poets, divines, and judges of their age; which, added to their wealth, accounted for their power. They taught something of astronomy, mechanics, a metaphysical mythology, geography, and a marvellously potent botany.

To these Druids might be added, according to Tacitus and Suetonius, the three sects of Druidesses; the first of which were devoted to perpetual virginity, lived together in societies, pretended to the gift of prophecy, to supernatural power over the sea, diseases, the animal and vegetable world, and even over themselves; on which accounts they were greatly admired by the people. Another sect married, and waited on the celibate Druids; and a third performed the meanest offices of the temples.

The Britons, especially those inhabiting the north, were, according to Strabo, who saw many of them prisoners at Rome, six inches higher than even the Germans, who, till then, had been reputed the tallest of men. They had blue eyes and yellow hair, which they dyed with still brighter colours, wore it long, and washed it often; they were very muscular, and swift of foot. Like all barbarians, they were indolent, counting it dignified to abstain from labour; they were all shaven, except on the upper lip; were very egotistic and vain; long lived, many of them exceeding a hundred and twenty years; loud voiced, inquisitive, vindictive, and hospitable, as a sign of which, the chiefs never shut the doors of their huts. The natives shared, in common with the savages of other lands, in the arts of climbing, swimming, wrestling, and in the power of passing unhurt through forests and bogs, where, by decoying their Roman enemies, they often beat them; and from their accomplishments in these important respects—still cultivated by thousands of their more civilized successors—they often derived their names. Till the third century, they went nearly naked, except, indeed, on special occasions, when the women were known from the men by wearing fuller clothing, which, though made of skins, was by no means wanting in gaiety. What they wore in the day covered them at night. They also used mocassins, or a garment which at once answered for breeches, stockings, and shoes, and which they called "*bracce*;" and kings were often known from the rest by having on their heads plumes of feathers.

The Britons were also fond of relating their

feats of strength, of cunning, and deceit, which one tribe regarded as quite lawful to practise on another. But they had an utter aversion to every kind of slavery. Some writers think they indulged in games of chance, but this is very doubtful.

At the invasion, the food of the inhabitants was roots, baked acorns, wild fowl, and cattle, wild or tame. Pliny relates that the Britons used a kind of butter, and ate twice a day; but that, for reasons unknown, they never used the hen, the hare, the goose, nor certain kinds of fish. They also used to preserve their flesh by a species of black salt, made from wood ashes and sea water. The ordinary drinks were water and milk, often mixed with the blood of enemies; honey diluted, and called "*mead*;"* and an intoxicating liquor, something like beer, which the natives would often drink in immoderate quantities for many days together.

At meal-times the old British sat in a circle on the ground, each having a little stool, on which his food was placed, which he ate with his fingers, while his children or slaves stood behind to serve. Their dishes were osier or wooden baskets; and their drinking vessels were horns or shells, whence they sometimes called their drink "*the strength of the shell*." They had frequent feasts, always attended with dancing, music, and songs, and often followed by war on some other tribe, or a hunt, in which the women and dogs joined; while some authors maintain that the aristocratic game of hawking must be traced to the practices of our savage ancestors.

Marriages were also celebrated by feasting; when, if the bridegroom was rich, he gave presents to his wife, if poor, he received them from their mutual friends. At the birth of the children, the women are said to have needed little and often no help; while the new-born child was plunged in a river or lake. The sons were trained to arms from a certain age, before which the father thought himself disgraced if found in their company; and they are said to have been often fed with the point of the sword, to make them remember that on its use depended their food. Names were not given till after the children had performed some remarkable action, the nature of which should discriminate them and become their name.

The old British were distinguished from nearly all other barbarians by the great attention which they paid to their women, who were often treated as oracles, and allowed to exercise a considerable power. Chastity does not appear to have been one of their virtues, though there are reasons to believe that they punished adultery.

* The mead-maker was the eleventh person in dignity in the old Brito-Cambrian court.

ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.

THE following adventure occurred in the brilliant days of Napoleon's empire.

It is well known that he was fond of going about Paris, early in the morning, accompanied only by the Duke de Frioul, and he was always greatly pleased when he escaped being recognised. About six o'clock one morning, in the month of March or April, he left the Elysée early, in company of Duroc. They bent their course towards the Boulevards, and on arriving there, the emperor observed, that they had got out very early, as all the shops were yet closed.

"I must not play the Haroun-al-Raschid so early," said he; "besides, I believe it was always at night that he wandered forth with his faithful Giaffar."

When they arrived at the Passage du Panorama, some of the shops were already opened. One of them particularly attracted the emperor's attention. It was the celebrated *magazin* of Florence alabaster, which was kept then, as it is now, by M. L——, and his sister, natives of Switzerland.

There was at that moment nobody in the shop but a servant girl who was sweeping it, and whose movements were much constrained by the fear of breaking any of the brittle but invaluable articles around her. The emperor was amused at the cautious way in which she performed her task, and after he had stood looking at her for some time he said, "*Ah, ça!* who keeps this shop? Is there neither master nor mistress here?"

"Do you want to buy any thing?" said the girl, suspending her labour. Then leaning on her broom, she rested her chin on her two hands, and stared the emperor full in the face, apparently half inclined to laugh at his eccentric appearance. Certainly it would be difficult to imagine a more comical figure than Napoleon presented in his Haroun-al-Raschid costume, as he used to call it.

He wore the famous grey frock coat;* but it was not the coat itself, it was the make of it, which rendered it so singular. The emperor would never allow his clothes to be in the least degree tight; and consequently his tailors made his coats as if they had measured them upon a sentry-box. When he married Maria Louisa, the King of Naples prevailed on him to have his clothes made by his tailor. The emperor wore them most courageously for a short time; but he could endure the torture no longer, and he begged for mercy. He submitted the question to the decision of the empress, who as long as she could ride on horseback, and take four or five meals a day, was always good-humoured and willing to agree to any thing. She therefore granted Napoleon full power to dress according to his

own fancy; saying that she liked the Emperor as well one way as another. Perhaps she would have spoken more correctly had she said she did not like him any better one way than another.

With the loose frock coat above described, the emperor wore a round hat, slouched over his forehead, to prevent his being recognised. His unfashionable appearance, joined to his abrupt and uncereemonious manner, led the servant girl to conclude, at the first glance, that he wished only to purchase some trifle, worth about ten or fifteen francs, and that it was certainly not worth while to call her young and pretty mistress for so paltry a customer. But the emperor thought differently, and after looking about him for a few minutes, he asked in an authoritative tone, whether there was any one whom he could speak to.

Mademoiselle L——, who had just risen, at that moment came down stairs. On seeing her, the emperor was struck by her beauty and her elegant appearance; and in truth she might well have vied with the finest woman of the imperial court.

"*Parbleu, Madame,*" said the emperor, touching the brim of his hat, (for he could not venture to take it off lest he should be known,) "it would appear that you are not very early folks here. A good shopkeeper should look after her business better."

"That would be very true, sir," replied Mademoiselle L——, "if business were going on well. But as it is, it matters very little whether we are in our shops or not."

"Is then trade so very bad?" said Napoleon, examining various things on the counter.

"Ruined sir, totally ruined. I know not what will become of us."

"Indeed! I had no idea that France was in so pitiable a condition. I am a foreigner. I wish to make a few purchases, and, at the same time, I should like to learn from so agreeable a person as yourself, some particulars respecting the state of business in Paris. What sort of vases do you call these?"

"These are the Medicis form," replied Mademoiselle L——.

"They are very beautiful. What is the price of them?"

Mademoiselle L—— opened at once her ears and her eyes. The vases were marked at three thousand francs. She told Napoleon the price of them; but he merely nodded his head; and then said: "Pray what is the reason that trade is so bad?"

"Oh, sir, as long as that *little man* our Emperor is so madly intent on war, how can we hope to enjoy either prosperity or happiness?"

As she spoke these words, Mademoiselle L—— threw herself into a chair, and the emperor stood looking at her with the admiration and respect-

* Latterly he frequently wore a blue one.

ful interest which her beauty was calculated to excite.

"Is your husband with the army?" inquired the Emperor.

"I am not married, sir; I live here with my brother, whom I assist in carrying on the business. We are not French, we are Swiss."

"Ah! ah!" said the emperor; and he uttered these exclamations with as much indifference as if he had been yawning. "Well, I will purchase these two Medicis vases. I will send for them at eleven o'clock. Take care to have them ready."

With these words, which were delivered in a truly imperial tone of authority, he touched the brim of his hat, and darted out of the shop, beckoning the Duke de Frioul to follow him.

"That girl is very interesting," said he to Duroc, as they left the Passage du Panorame. "When she told me she was a Swiss, I fancied I beheld before me one of the wives of the heroes of the Renty.* Do you think she knew me?"

"I am confident she did not, Sir. No; her manner was too calm and too self-possessed. She had no suspicion of whose presence she was in."

The emperor remained silent and thoughtful for a few moments; then as if suddenly recovering from his abstractedness, he looked around him with an air of calm dignity. Duroc, who described the whole of this scene to me, said he was certain that some unworthy thought had for a moment crossed the emperor's mind, but that he had immediately banished it.

At eleven o'clock, two porters, accompanied by a footman in imperial livery, arrived at the shop of Mademoiselle L—. The footman was

the bearer of a little billet, requesting the lady would herself accompany the vases and receive payment for them.

"And where am I to go?" said Mademoiselle L—, trembling; for on seeing the imperial livery, she began to regret the freedom with which she had spoken to her customer in the morning.

"To the Elysée Napoleon," said the footman. The vases were carefully packed and delivered to the porters, and Mademoiselle L—, accompanied by her brother, followed them, trembling like an aspen-leaf; yet she was far from suspecting the whole truth.

On arriving at the Elysée Napoleon, they were immediately ushered into the Emperor's cabinet. He took three bills for a thousand francs from his desk; and presenting them to Mademoiselle L—, said with a smile:—"Another time, Mademoiselle, do not be so ready to murmur at the stagnation of trade." Then wishing her good morning, he retired into his interior apartment.

The brother and sister were both sensibly alive to this generosity. Mademoiselle L— used to relate the adventure with the most charming simplicity and feeling. It had taught her a lesson; and since that morning, she readily admitted that the depression of trade may exist without any fault being chargeable to the head of a government.

The little man, too, had grown wonderfully great in her estimation, not because he had purchased from her a pair of vases worth three thousand francs, but because he had forgotten a remark which many others in his exalted station would have regarded as an unpardonable offence.—*Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes.*

THE BOY'S LAST REQUEST.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Half-raised upon his dying couch, his head
Dropped o'er his mother's bosom—like a bud
Which, broken from its parent stalk, adheres
By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand
From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book,
And slowly pressed it to his bloodless lip.
"Mother, dear mother, see your birthday gift,
Fresh and unsoiled. Yet have I kept your word,
And ere I slept each night, and every morn,
Did read its pages with my humble prayer,
Until this sickness came."

He paused—for breath
Came scantily, and with a toilsome strife.

"Brother or sister have I none, or else
I'd lay this Bible on their heart, and say,
Come read it on my grave, among the flowers;
So you who gave, must take it back again,
And love it for my sake." "My son!—my son!"
Whispered the mourner, in that tender tone
Which woman in her sternest agony
Commands, to soothe the pangs of those she loves—
"The soul!—the soul!—to whose charge yield you
that?"

"To God who gave it." So that trusting soul
With a slight shudder, and a lingering smile,
Left the pale clay for its Creator's arms.

REVIEW.

WORKS OF MR. LEIGH HUNT.

His Poetical Works. Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy," published by the same; and Preface by him, as Editor.

It is not often that we feel ourselves called upon to review authors, except through the medium of their works; but occasions sometimes arise when, if we

* The field in which William Tell, Valther, Furst, and Standfaccoor took the oath.

would secure to an individual his just consideration as a writer, we must enter somewhat at large into his personal history as a man. The appearance of Mr. Leigh Hunt's poetical works under the circumstances hinted at in the preface, renders this deviation from our usual course, in the present instance, a plain and indispensable duty.* An author whose talents are acknowledged to be of a very high order, who has enriched our poetry, adorned our general literature, and contributed as largely as any writer of the age to its political illumination, has been permitted, after many years of indefatigable industry, and with an unblemished character for moral worth, to sink into neglect—neglect which has, at last, involved him in all the irritating perplexities of pecuniary embarrassment. Without criminating Mr. Hunt, or justifying the public, we think the present a fair opportunity for placing their respective treatment of each other in the full view of both; to show the former that his present situation may be traced as a natural consequence to causes which exist in himself and the tenour of his literary life; and to convince the latter that they have been unconsciously influenced, by the spirit of a powerful and unprincipled party, to alienate their patronage from a meritorious individual, who, with all his faults, has every claim upon their generous indulgence and support.

Mr. Hunt began his career under circumstances peculiarly auspicious. His first publication, even at the early age of sixteen, exhibited mental powers and moral tendencies which afforded ample promise of a matured character of excellence. Hymns and prayers occupy a considerable portion of its pages; and in the effusion entitled "Christ's Hospital," he expressly recognises the worship of that faith which was taught to the youth who there learned to bow with him before the throne of heaven; and he devoutly hallows "the name of the all-powerful God,"—the honoured Deity of its holy cloisters. In the "Palace of Pleasure," the victim of despondency is thus addressed:—

"Come, then, O come to this composing breast!
Come, on the Cross repose the weary head;
Come, for this bosom soothes the tired to rest,
And this hard cross yet makes an easy bed.
This hand can join again life's parted thread;
This eye can animate the pallid cheek
With one warm look, though health has long been fled;
This arm can raise to strength the drooping weak;
This arm the gush of woe, the rack of torture break.
My name's Religion. He who reigns above
Calls me his own."

The largest list of subscribers we almost ever remember to have seen, is prefixed to this volume; dignitaries in church and state, and men of all the learned professions, figure in its columns. Thus patronised, we might have augured for the literary aspirant a happy and successful course; but how suddenly

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream!"

It was impossible for a youth of his temperament to behold unmoved the grand spectacle which the theatre

* A collection of his poetical works into one elegant volume was suggested to Mr. Hunt by his friends, for the purpose of relieving him from embarrassments which persecution and misfortune, after years of struggling, had at last brought upon him. This work, at its first appearance, was put into the hands of the author of the present article by the editor of a leading periodical, with a request that he would write a critical notice of its contents, with a special view to the furtherance of the benevolent object it was chiefly designed to accomplish. With this request he complied; but the article appeared so mutilated, and so changed in sentiment as well as spirit, that it scarcely retained a particle of its identity. It is published here in its original form, because the writer values the opinions and views which it maintains, and because he wishes to revive public attention to a volume which has every claim to its admiration. He is happy to learn that Mr. Hunt's genius and perseverance have at length enabled him to triumph over the depressing circumstances which, for a season, threatened to overwhelm him.

of the world was then unfolding to his view. The old despotisms of Europe, to his ardent imagination, appeared tottering to their base; his bosom responded to the chant of liberty. He saw nations rising in their might, breaking their chains, and proclaiming the reign of freedom. In his native country, the conflict of opinions was fierce and deadly. The government, by its subsidies, its armies, and its fleets, had been aiding a more sanguinary warfare, to suppress every where the rising spirit of the people against their rulers. In his eyes, this was an offence never to be expiated; and he commenced his political career by joining the standard of the oppressed. With moderate reformers he felt but little sympathy: the radicals of that day were revolutionists; they hated every thing established in church and state. Mr. Hunt, perceiving that the system was full of corruption, and that the men in power were civil tyrants and religious hypocrites, too hastily concluded that the Augean stable must not only be cleansed, but demolished, in order that a new and better structure might be erected on its ruins. This was the tendency, though not the avowed object, of his political lucubrations. We have this distinct impression on our minds from recollections of the leading articles in the "Examiner," which we read in succession as they came out, for several years. Monarchical institutions, if not assailed, were not defended; and not only was the Church attacked, but sophisms were invented, and more than insinuations thrown out against Christianity itself; in fact, the editor went the whole length of the most violent of his party. He had not, indeed, the ferocity of Cobbett, nor the coarse ribaldry of Paine, but the subtle spirit of both pervaded his writings: where the one was brutal, he was sarcastic; where the other cut religion with a vulgar joke, he tainted its purity with a malignant inuendo. The "Examiner" was not so great a favourite with the populace as some other periodicals which pandered to their taste; Mr. Hunt was too fond of literature and the fine arts to sink to their level; nor was his journal much in vogue with the best educated. Those of the higher classes that liked its principles were not pleased with its intolerable affectations and puerile conceits: it was too refined for the vulgar, and too vulgar for the refined; yet it maintained a very important station, and exerted a considerable influence on the public mind. Its ultra principles, and its severe animadversions on men and measures, rendered it long an object of hatred to the government. The attorney-general scrutinised its columns with an eagle eye, and only waited for an opportunity to pounce upon its editor, and visit all his sins by an exemplary punishment of one. Perhaps the bitterest sarcasm against royalty ever uttered was that which described George the Fourth as "every inch a king." Mr. Hunt, in evil hour, offered some flippant and not very gentlemanly remarks upon the person of the royal voluptuary. In their truth, however, consisted their point; they wounded to the quick, for they grievously offended the vanity of the monarch. The luckless editor was now within the circle of *ex officio* authority, and he was haled to judgment and to prison. The length of his incarceration, viewed in connexion with the losses he sustained in consequence of it, to say the least, was harsh, and savoured more of revenge than of justice. The public, and many distinguished individuals, regarded it in the light of persecution; and the sufferer was often cheered by their personal sympathy, and assisted by their pecuniary liberality. The libeller was forgotten in the victim; and many who censured the offence became the patrons of the offender, when they saw the arm of vindictive power raised against him.

His "Feast of the Poets," and the "Descent of Liberty," a mask, were published in the years 1814

and 1815, and are dated from Surrey gaol. They show, at least, that imprisonment had not damped the ardour of his mind, and that he could write poetry of sufficient beauty and power to entitle him to a niche among his contemporaries. Neither of these productions were likely to conciliate his enemies; the first, indeed, was directly calculated to increase their number, and that, too, among the *irritable genus* who know how to avenge real or imaginary injuries on a sensitive spirit like their own, much more effectually than attorney-generals, with bolts, and bars, and dungeons at their command. The next year the public were surprised and delighted by the appearance of the "Story of Rimini." This beautiful poem procured him golden opinions from all whose judgment and feeling are of any value; while, as might have been expected, it brought down upon him the uncandid animadversions of the Tory critics, who were glad to abuse his poetry, because they hated his politics. But more of this anon.

Mr. Hunt's next movement was a step which, had it been a trap laid to enthrall him by the most subtle and malicious of his foes, could not have produced to him and his fame a train of more disastrous consequences.

The removal from his country, the breaking up of all his connexions, the fatal copartnery in the "Liberal,"—a periodical which provoked some, disgusted many, and disappointed all,—which associated him with a debauchee in morals, and an atheist in religion, and who, though men of the brightest genius, could spare him none of their glory, but who covered him with all their disgrace,—are circumstances in his life which he must incessantly deplore, and to which his friends can never advert but with the keenest anguish; and it would be well if this were the worst. He might have retrieved much of the mischief which the termination of this unhappy affair had entailed upon him, could he have borne the wrongs under which he smarted with the mild and manly dignity of a philosopher. This, unfortunately, was beyond his moral capacity. Why would he, wretched limner that he was, give the world such a portrait of himself as appears in almost every page of the pretending quarto entitled "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries?" Where was his self-respect? where his love of genius and of justice? and where that reverence for the tomb which refuses to desecrate it till the cold remains are resolved into their parent dust? If Byron had been alive, it would have been another affair; but even then a wise man would have hesitated to tell the world that he had been treated as a menial, and trampled in the dirt; unless, indeed, he felt that he could derive honour from the degradation. This was the last fatal blow to Mr. Leigh Hunt's popularity as a writer; and it is aggravated by the reflection that it was inflicted by his own hand.

Nor could he return to his political undertaking, in the character of an editor, with the same advantages as formerly. Sunk, as he was, in his own estimation and that of the public, he had other and more formidable difficulties to encounter. This species of publication had undergone a change; a new race of journals had sprung up; Sunday papers had multiplied with astonishing rapidity; radicals had become more radical; and those who formerly regarded the "Examiner" as an oracle, now worshipped at other shrines; they sought for doctrines still more levelling, for democracy less disguised, for infidelity more unequivocally impious; while the reflecting portion of those who had, through life, supported liberal opinions, had become apprehensive that a too ardent zeal for ultraism might endanger the constitution, and a too unqualified hostility to superstition involve the ruin of true religion. Yet, with all these various causes operating against

him, we are of opinion that Mr. Hunt's present distresses call loudly for the sympathy of the public; and that his failure and his misfortunes are full as much to be attributed to an external force which would have reduced him to the extremity under which he suffers, even if he had done far less to bring it upon himself.

It must on all hands be acknowledged that he is a man of genius, that he has greatly accelerated the march of social improvement, that he has opened to us many sources of intellectual pleasure, and that, in the vigour of his faculties, he ought not to become the victim of heartless oppression. His enemies have done their worst. His danger is, at this moment, greater from indifference than hostility. Neglect is often more fatally injurious than active persecution. Of this he has had his full share; and it is now high time to medicate his wounds, and to put him into a situation which may render the evening of his days tranquil and useful.

Let it be remembered, that for nearly thirty years he bravely and nobly stemmed the tide of corruption that threatened to involve our liberties in its maddening course; that when he bared his arm against the furious elements, there were few, comparatively, to cheer him on; that when he fought our battles, it was a mortal conflict—that there was peril in every stroke, and that he lost his freedom where he might have sacrificed his life; that if his simply literary productions have not all the vigour and polish which would rank them with the first performances of the age, they were written and prepared for the press under every disadvantage—while he was pressed by the cares of business, or worn down by the lassitude of intellectual drudgery; that the stormy regions of politics are most unfavourable to the growth of poetry; and that what he has composed of this nature has been run down far below its average merit by a host of critics, who, with their well-directed artillery, have avenged on the poet the delinquencies of the man. No individual has had less of fair play than the author of the "Story of Rimini." The cutters and the slashers have mangled him with relentless cruelty; ridicule has had its laugh at his expense, and cold malignity has emitted all its venom. A new canon of criticism has been invented, for the purpose of excluding him from the rank of poets, and epithets have been coined to render him contemptible. The gentle Keats was rancorously hunted to death, out of sheer enmity to him; and Byron and Shelley almost demonised, because they fearlessly avowed their admiration of his talents. What a triumph had the Ebony school, when, with a ferocity unequalled in modern times, they found him vulnerable, and without his armour, exposing himself, as we sorrowfully confess, to their bitter and unmanly taunts! And shall we suffer the victim to die under their tortures? We believe that every heart not "charred and blackened with the flames of its own bad passions," spontaneously answers—"No."

Let it not hence, however, be inferred that we are insensible to the blemishes which disfigure the poetical works of Mr. Leigh Hunt. We know our duty as critics, and fearlessly perform it; but we will not stifle in our bosoms the kindly feelings of humanity: we will temper judgment with mercy.

Mr. Hunt has very correct notions of what poetry ought to be, and is himself a critic of no mean standing. He has an eye for poetic beauty, and an ear attuned to its harmony. What, for instance, can be more just than his description of poetry in the preface to the present volume? We only wish he had always realized his own conception:—

"Poetry, in its highest sense, belongs exclusively to such men as Shakspeare, Spenser, and others, who possessed the deepest insight into the spirit and sympathies of all things; but

poetry, in the most comprehensive application of the term, I take to be the flower of any kind of experience, rooted in truth and issuing forth in beauty. All that the critic has a right to demand of it, according to its degree, is, that it should spring out of a real impulse, be consistent in its parts, and shaped into some characteristic harmony of verse."

We are afraid that a very large portion of the contents of this volume cannot be tried by this standard. The "Story of Rimini" comes nearest to the perfection which it requires. It is a tale of impulse and power from the beginning to the end, discovering at the same time a delightful play of fancy. It perpetually reminds us of the old Italian poetry, the plain and simple pathos of Dante and Boccaccio, and now and then its revelations open to us a depth and delicacy of feeling, which prove how nobly the author is endowed with all the higher qualifications of his art. We scarcely dare commence the pleasurable task of quotation, for in gratifying ourselves we should greatly trespass the bounds allotted to this department of our work. Where we do not extract, however, we may refer; and the very first page comes upon us with all the fresh and fragrant loveliness of a clear spring morning. The description of Evening is scarcely inferior; and throughout the poem Nature appears as in her prime, playing at will her virgin fancies. The poet must have felt all the beauty he so exquisitely describes; but the human interest of the poem is its mightiest charm. We need not inform our readers that the tale develops the gradual progress and final accomplishment of a criminal passion, under circumstances which exhibit the principal actors and sufferers in the tragedy rather as the victims of others' vices than of their own depravity. We know not how it was possible for Francesca, even had she been pure as Eve in innocence, not to have been captivated by the youthful Paulo, whom she was first taught to regard as her intended husband, and whom she no sooner saw than loved, especially when the character of the real husband is viewed in contrast with that of his brother. We are far, however, from palliating the guilt by which her unsuspecting nature was ensnared,—which was so signally punished by the natural course of events, and which, we think, affords a most impressive moral to the story—a moral the more true to nature, and the more worthy of her, because it is not inculcated by the poet, and, as he says, was not even thought of by him. It is in his presentment of "Two Brothers," that Mr. Hunt puts forth his best powers of description and discrimination. As the interest of the tale increases, we are brought to sympathise with the heart-breaking anguish of the once innocent and happy daughter of Ravenna's lord. If there be any who doubt whether poetical justice has been inflicted upon the culprit, let them read and ponder well the following exquisite passage; it is not, indeed, in the Don Giovanni style of retribution; but the heart that it does not touch must be cold as marble.

"But she, the gentler frame,—the shaken flower,
Plucked up to wither in a foreign bower,—
The struggling, virtue-loving, fallen she,—
The wife that was, the mother that might be,—
What could she do, unable thus to keep
Her strength alive, but sit and think and weep?
For ever stooping o'er her broidery frame,
Half blind, and longing till the night-time came;
When, worn and wearied out with the day's sorrow,
She might be still and senseless till the morrow;
And oh, the morrow, how it used to rise!
How would she open her despairing eyes,
And from the sense of the long-lingering day,
Rushing upon her, almost turn away,
Loathing the light, and groan to sleep again!
Then sighing, once for all, to meet the pain,
She would get up in haste, and try to pass
The time in patience, wretched as it was;
Till patience' self, in her distempered sight,
Would seem a charm to which she had no right;
And trembling at the lip, and pale with fears,
She shook her head, and burst into fresh tears.

Old comforts now were not at her command;
The falcon reached in vain from off his stand;
The flowers were not refreshed; the very light,
The sunshine, seemed as if it shone at night.
The least noise smote her like a sudden wound,
And did she hear but the remotest sound
Of song or instrument about the place,
She hid with both her hands her streaming face.
But worse to her than all (and oh! thought she,
That ever, ever such a worse could be!)
The sight of infant was, or child at play.
Then would she turn, and move her lips, and pray
That Heaven would take her, if it pleased, away."

Her death must close the extract:—

"Her favourite lady, then, with the old nurse
Returned, and, fearing she must now be worse,
Gently withdrew the curtains, and looked in:—
O! who that feels one godlike spark within,
Shall say that earthly suffering cancels not frail sin
There lay she, praying, upwardly intent,
Like a fair statue on a monument,
With her two trembling hands together prest,
Palm against palm, and pointing from her breast.
She ceased, and turning slowly towards the wall,
They saw her tremble sharply, feet and all,—
Then suddenly be still. Near and more near
They bent with pale inquiry and close ear:—
Her eyes were shut—no motion—not a breath—
The gentle sufferer was at peace in death."

We cannot say that we are quite converts to Mr. Hunt's doctrine of double rhymes, triplets, and Alexandrines. We still think that they are unsuited to the stately grandeur and measured harmony of heroic verse, and that their frequent recurrence altogether changes its character. Whether the change may not be better adapted to some subjects than a rigid adherence to the original couplet, is another question; but then it should assume its appropriate name, and not be confounded with that from which it differs in some essential particulars: what that name may be we are not prepared to state. Mr. Hunt, however, is quite right in observing, that "There is a consistency in manner as well as matter. The foliage of every species of tree does not suit every other, nor would be very safely displaced for any."

As Mr. Hunt announces the present as an edition of his poems which he has so carefully corrected that there are only two words retained to which he conceives there can be the slightest pretence for objection, we are surprised to observe so many proofs of bad taste, and so much evident carelessness in the construction of many of the lines. We have no wish to be fastidious; but we think that a rhyme which occurs perhaps a dozen times, and which has an air of affectation *about* it, might have been easily replaced by another and a better. In the first page we have—

"And there's a crystal clearness all *about*,
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look *out*."

Again, in page 5—

"For in this manner is the square set *out*,
The sides, path deep, are crowded round *about*."

Page 16—

"Up with a burst of thunder goes the *shout*,
And rolls the trembling walls and peopled roofs *about*."

In thirteen lines further we read—

"Then for another and a deafening *shout*,
And scarfs are waved, and flowers come fluttering *out*."

Again, in the next Canto—

"And with a bag of money issuing *out*,
Scattered the ready harvest round *about*."

In page 52—

"And franklier then than ever midst the *shout*,
And dancing trumpets ride uncovered round *about*."

Again, page 58—

"A land of trees, which, reaching round *about*,
In shady blessing stretched their old arms *out*."

In the next page—

"From under which, sent through a marble *spout*,
Betwixt the dark, wet green, a rill gushed *out*."

And a little before—

"And all *about* the birds kept leafy house,
And sung and warbled in and out the boughs,
And all *about* a lonely sky of blue."

In the 89th page the same thing occurs—

"Made signs and she guessed what grief he came about,
And so his arm squeezed gently, and went out."

"Looks of *courting*." Courting is a word too familiar, we had almost said vulgar, for the connexion in which it is introduced.

How coarse is the following line—

"She had *stout notions* on the marrying score."

"He was to be caught," page 50, is liable to the same censure.

What a halting line is the following:—

"Stern, constant watch, though all things else *go sleep*."

These are mere notes in the sun, which we should not have deemed it worth our while to notice, did we not wish that this "thing of beauty should be a joy for ever," and that every blemish that art can remove may be polished away.

THE GENTLE ARMOUR.—Our readers will scarcely credit us when we assure them that this "gentle armour" is neither more nor less than a lady's under garment that shall be nameless; and that the description of it in the poem, as first worn by the knight, and then by the bride, in open church, is altogether the most offensive to good taste that can well be imagined. An author must indeed have been driven to his "shifts" for a subject before he could venture on such a theme, and in such a strain as the following,—which, by the way, is written, not in burlesque, but in sober seriousness:—

"Arms and a vest I sing, which, meant in blame,
His glorious hauberk to a knight became;
And in the field such dire belabouring bore
As gentle *linen* never stood before."

This hauberk the hero receives in a packet, from the hand of a page whom he had sent on a tender message to his mistress, and who, as he delivers it—

"Speaks the while, 'My lady saw me not,
But sends this answer to the note *she got*.'
With trembling hands the string is cut, they lift
A lid of pasteboard, and behold—a shift!"

And it is of this strange thing Mr. Hunt thus writes in the preface:—"My great object in writing the poem was to vent my delight at the gallantry of a lover who could fight three armed people at once, with no other covering than a sentiment in the shape of a piece of linen."

"Hero and Leander" has its full share of the writer's characteristic faults and beauties. It reminds us, we are sorry to add, very much to the disadvantage

of the present performance, of the richly imaginative, and, we had almost said, perfect poem by Mr. Hood on the same subject. "The Feast of the Poets" is mutilated—sadly mutilated. We cannot reconcile ourselves to this old friend with so new, or rather so changed, a face. Fortunately, however, we possess the original edition, and it is worth preserving. Of the other poems in the collection we have not space to say anything. As the editor of Percy Bysshe Shelley's posthumous poem—the "Masque of Anarchy"—we are happy to express our obligations to Mr. Hunt, both for the poem and the preface; the one is worthy of the genius which produced it; the other is eminently creditable to the heart of friendship, which has paid a warm and just tribute to the memory of one who, eccentric in every thing else, was steady in his attachments.

Of Mr. Shelley's recorded negation of a Deity, the proofs are too strong to admit of doubt or palliation. We are glad, however, to find, from the testimony of one who knew him so intimately, that atheism was rather an insane vagary of his mind, than a principle operating upon his heart. Mr. Hunt says of him,—
"If ever there was a man upon earth of a more spiritual nature than ordinary, partaking of the errors and perturbations of his species, but seeing and working through them with a seraphical purpose of good, such an one was Percy Bysshe Shelley."

We have thus put upon record what we really believe to be a fair and just estimate of Mr. Leigh Hunt, as far as his character and works are known to the public; and we close our observations with an extract which will abundantly show how highly he was appreciated by those who were most in his confidence. Mr. Shelley, in dedicating to him the "Cenci," a tragedy of five acts, and one of the most elaborated of his works, thus addresses him:—

"I inscribe with your name, from a distant country, and after an absence where months have seemed years, this, the latest of my literary efforts. Had I known a person more highly endowed than yourself with all that it becomes a man to possess, I had solicited for this work the ornament of his name. One more gentle, honourable, innocent, and brave; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself more free from evil; one who knows better how to receive, and how to confer a benefit, though he must ever confer far more than he can receive; one of simpler, and, in the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners.—I never knew, and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list."

These mutual encomiums have, at least, the merit of being sincere and disinterested. They also prove that virtues of the rarest order, either real or imaginary, were the basis of the attachment which produced them; and we cheerfully award to the survivor the full benefit of the precious legacy thus bequeathed him by his departed friend.

LONDON.

PLAGUE.—During the dreadful plague of 1665, forty thousand servants were dismissed in London; no one would receive them into their houses, and the villagers near London drove them away with pitchforks and firearms. During this dreadful calamity there were instances of mothers carrying their own children to the public graves; and of people delirious, or in despair for the loss of their friends, who threw themselves into them alive! A pit forty feet long, sixteen wide, and about twenty deep, was dug in the Charterhouse; and in two weeks it received 1,114 bodies.

MORALS.—Divide the 1,500,000 inhabitants of London. What is their state? 12,000 children are always training in crime, graduating in vice, to reinforce and perpetuate the great system of iniquity;

3,000 persons are receivers of stolen property, speculators and dealers in human depravity; 4,000 are annually committed for criminal offences; 10,000 are addicted to gambling; above 20,000 to beggary; 30,000 are living by theft and fraud. That this dreadful energy of evil may not flag from exhaustion, it is plied and fed by £3,000,000 worth of spirituous liquors annually. 23,000 are annually found drunk in the streets; above 150,000 are habitual gin-drinkers; about the same number of both sexes have abandoned themselves to systematic debauchery and profligacy.—*Rev. J. Harris.*

CHARITIES.—Within the London bills of mortality there are 502 places of public worship; 4,050 seminaries of education, including 237 parish charity schools; eight societies for the express purpose of promoting

the learned, the useful, and polite arts; 122 asylums and almshouses for the helpless and indigent, including the Philanthropic Society; 30 hospitals and dispensaries for sick and lame, and for delivering poor pregnant women; 704 friendly or benefit societies, and institutions for charitable and humane purposes; which several institutions are supported at the almost incredible sum of £750,000 per annum.

TRAVELLING.—In 1742 the Oxford stage-coach left London at seven o'clock in the morning, and reached Uxbridge at mid-day. It arrived at High Wycombe at five in the evening, where it rested for the night; and proceeded, at the same rate, for the seat of learning on the morrow. Here, then, were ten hours consumed each day in travelling twenty-seven miles; and nearly two days in performing what is now done with the greatest ease under six hours. To go from London to York—200 miles—used to take six days; it now occupies twenty hours. From London to Exeter, eighty years ago, the proprietors of coaches promised "a safe and expeditious journey in a fortnight;" private carriages now accomplish the journey—175 miles—in twenty hours; and the mail (the Devonport) in seventeen, passing through Wincanton, a new route, within the last month. The Manchester "Telegraph," from the Bull and Mouth, performs her journey, with the greatest regularity, in eighteen hours.

"**THE FORTY FOOTSTEPS.**"—Many years ago, when all was flourishing around in its most rural verdure and peopled pleasantness, there existed one tract

in a lovely green of meadows, which usually appeared deserted; or, when visited, the human beings discerned there were few in number, or most frequently only some solitary persons in musing mood, moving slowly through its long grass. To this spot, so generally deserted, tradition had given the name of the "Field of Forty Footsteps."

As that field, like many others, has become lost under the daily extension of London, and, with it, every trace of the awful marks from which it takes its name, it may not be uninteresting to our readers, perhaps, to relate a word or two of the tale told, and give some description of the locality of the spot in which these footsteps laid. The footsteps were in the middle of the field, and forty in number, and not a blade of grass would grow upon them. They are said to have been imprinted by the approach and struggle of two combatants who had fought and perished there, in the dead lock of mutual hatred. In regard to its particular situation, this field was between the back of Gower-street and some other meadows more to the eastward, and that skirted the lane called the Duke of Bedford's road, at that time running northward from the top of Southampton-row, Bloomsbury. The first stone of the London University was laid at the north-western extremity of this field; and now this mysterious memorial is gone for ever; every blade of grass is effaced from the surface of the field, and the scathed marks lay buried under the feet of youths seeking honours from learning and wisdom.

GEMS.

THE COUNTRY AS IT WAS.—There is a sort of pleasing melancholy in comparing the habits of former times with those of the present day. The contrast is not much, I must confess, in favour of the latter. The poorer class were formerly in the habit of looking up to the old halls of our ancestors as places where their wants would be relieved, their misfortunes attended to, and their injuries redressed. There was then a tie existing between rich and poor, which poverty and distress only made the closer. If sickness visited a family, ready relief was to be obtained from the venerable mansion near the village. If a cottager, from misfortune, got behindhand with his rent, his kind landlord was always considerate, and in cases of death he was the first to console the widow and the orphan. If he came to the village church with his family, with some degree of state, having his footmen behind the carriage with their formal liveries and their bags and nosegays, an example of devotion and decorum was set, which could not fail to produce an influence on the neighbouring peasantry. Little or nothing of this is now to be seen. The old halls of our English gentry are fast falling to decay, or are occupied by farmers; and those whose ancestors were formerly venerated for their virtues and hospitality, are either living in crowded cities or imbibing foreign manners, drawing their resources from lands which they never visit, and from tenants whom they have never seen.—*Jesse's Angler's Rambles.*

PARTY SPIRIT.—Those who have the plague of party spirit are not only in a dangerous case themselves, but they carry about a mortal infection, which they frequently communicate to others.—*Mr. Fletcher.*

PHRENOLOGY.—In regard to the principles of phrenology, though I at one time believed them to be true, I have since seen reason to abandon them. In proportion as they took root in my mind, I found them to exercise a benumbing influence on my faculties; and so far as my observation of others went, the practical tendency of the study was any thing but be-

neficial. In regard to the young, especially, its tendency was to inflate the mind, rather than to instruct it. I have seen young people, who could not have had patience to read the works of Locke, or Boyle, or Brown, after skimming the pages of Combe, assume airs, at which better disciplined minds would have felt ashamed.—*Aldis's Lectures on Atheism.*

REFLECTION.—There is one sure way of giving freshness and importance to the most common-place maxims,—that of reflecting on them in direct reference to our own state and conduct, to our own past and future being. No object, of whatever value, but becomes foreign to us as soon as it is altogether unconnected with our intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. To be ours, it must be referred to the mind either as motive, or consequence, or symptom. He who teaches men the principles and precepts of spiritual wisdom, before their minds are called off from foreign objects, and turned inward upon themselves, might as well write his instructions, as the sibyl wrote her prophecies, on the loose leaves of trees, and commit them to the mercy of the inconstant winds. In order to learn, we must attend; in order to profit by what we learn, we must think, that is, reflect. He only thinks who reflects.—*Coleridge.*

DEW.—A single dewdrop, however small, furnishes in turn gems of all imaginable colours. In one light it is a sapphire; shifting the eye a little, it becomes an emerald; next a topaz; then a ruby; and lastly, when viewed so as to reflect the light without refracting it, it has all the splendour of a diamond. But to obtain this beautiful display of natural colours, it is necessary to take advantage of the morning, when the beams of the newly-risen sun are nearly level with the surface of the earth; and this is the time when the morning birds are in their finest song, and when the air and the earth are in their greatest freshness, and when all nature mingles in one common morning song of gratitude.—*Mudie's Spring.*

TRUTH.—The first creature of God, in the works of

the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First, he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect, that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well, "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth, (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene,) and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below:" so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.—*Bacon*.

CONTENTMENT.—It is the general misfortune not to

be content with what we have; not to see or cultivate the sources of comfort which, in our personal circumstances, may be realised: and not to value what we are enjoying, because we have it, and by the daily use of it become indifferent to it, till we learn its importance by its departing from us. If every one would but study to extract pleasure from their means of pleasure, however humble, and to be as happy as it is in their power to make themselves in their situation, without looking at other means of gratification which are not within their reach, all would experience a comfortable manhood, and learn, from their own experience, that every one may be in this agreeable condition. The Apostle presents to us the true and golden rule on this subject: "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." On this principle, we shall find that we may all sing with sincerity the sensible old song—

"My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find."

—*Turner*.

LIFE AND MANNERS.

CLAUDE DE L'ESPINE.—In noble and generous minds a breach of friendship induces no breach of confidence. L'Espine and an old friend, from whom he had the misfortune to be estranged for a time, were competitors for the same place. He thus addressed him on the occasion: "Sir, you are soliciting a certain great situation, as well as myself. I am well informed that yesterday, in an audience that you had with his majesty, you endeavoured to render me suspected by him. Should I put into his hands the inclosed letters and papers of yours, you would be most completely out of his favour, and I should get rid of a base and insidious enemy. I return them all to you. When you wrote me these letters, and when you sent me these papers, we were friends; I ought not, then, to make an improper use of that confidence with which your friendship for me at that time inspired you."

AN INTREPID SAILOR.—One glorious instance of intrepidity was given, I am happy to say, by an Englishman. The French have not published it, but they speak of it with due and high admiration. The captain of a British merchantman, whose name I am sorry I omitted to learn, though he was pointed out to me, had confidence enough in his own seamanship to weather the whole storm, and when a boat was sent out to bring him ashore, he calmly said, "that it was his duty to save the ship and cargo if he could, and that he would do his duty." His vessel, a puny-looking thing of some fifty tons, had a crew of five men, four of whom he sent ashore, and retained only one sailor, besides his own son, a boy only ten years old. "Why retain the poor child?" you will say. I tell you he was no poor child, but a noble boy; and he persisted in refusing to leave his father.—*Campbell's Letters from the South*.

LORD EXMOUTH.—At Portsmouth, some years ago, this gallant officer was sitting alone at dinner, when his servant announced to him that an Indianman had struck upon the beach, and was in imminent danger of going to pieces. Sir Edward hastened to the shore, and found the intelligence correct, and the surf running so high that no boat dared venture to board the vessel. Sir Edward, addressing himself to the crowd on the beach, asked if any of them had heart enough to swim off with him to the ship. A young man stepped forward to answer the challenge; and two lines having been procured, Sir Edward and the stranger each took one, gained the vessel, and after safely landing all on board, were the last to return on shore. On stepping

upon land the gallant admiral, addressing his comrade in danger, exclaimed, "Give me your hand. Who are you? You must sail with me in future." The young man replied that he was the mate of a collier, and that he should hesitate to quit a situation so comfortable for the chance of doubtful promotion. Sir Edward overcame his scruples, and this singular introduction added to the heroes of the British navy an officer almost unrivalled in heroic exploits—no less a character than Captain Jeremiah Coghlan.

THE OXONIANS.—In St. John's College, Oxford, there is a very curious portrait of Charles the First, drawn with a pen, in such a manner that the lines are formed by verses from the Psalms, and so contrived as to contain every psalm. When Charles the Second was once at Oxford he was greatly struck with this portrait, begged it of the college and provincial, promising, in return, to grant them whatever request they should make. This they consented to, gave his majesty the picture, with the request—that he would return it.

PARENTS OF THOMAS A BECKET.—The story of Thomas à Becket's mother is a very singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, who was afterwards a flourishing citizen, was, in his youth, a soldier in the crusades; and being taken prisoner, became slave to an emir, or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a personage who became more attached to him. This was the emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not does not appear, but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady, with her loving heart, followed him. She knew (they say) but two words of his language—London and Gilbert; and by repeating the former she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her way to the metropolis. She then resorted to her other talisman, and went from street to street pronouncing "Gilbert." A crowd collected about her wherever she went, asking, of course, a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—"Gilbert, Gilbert." She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance, or her determined perseverance, brought her at last to the street in which he who had won her heart in slavery, was now living in prosperous condition. The crowd drew the family to the window. Gilbert Becket recognised her, and took to his arms his far-come princess, and they were soon after married.

EASTERN ABOMINATIONS.—No. II.

THUGGEE.

ONE of the worst evils of false religions, and, we may add, of false views of the true religion, is, that they are not only compatible with the systematic perpetration of the most atrocious crimes, but that such perpetration—in a manner and to an extent which make one's blood run cold at the very thought—may be done at the command and for the gratification of the loathsome idols. There have been few systems of idolatry among rude nations, in which human sacrifices have not formed part of the ceremonial by which the benighted worshippers vainly hoped to expiate their sins. But, in general, these unholy rites have been performed with such horror of "pompe and circumstance," that they have not been general, or, at all events, universal incentives to the shedding of blood by the people, in domestic life; nor did they in Mexico, or in any other place where more terrible,—if greater terror could be found on earth than was displayed in the worship of the war-god of these people,—tend to systematic murder.

Still the abomination, in such cases, is open, and its horrors must have some repulsive effect on the spectators, in spite of the enchantment of the most debasing superstition. But let us suppose that murder is carried on as a trade, and not as a trade merely, but as the performance of a religious duty, by thousands of men, not only trained to it from their infancy, but following it by hereditary descent, through many generations, ramified over the whole extent of a country containing two hundred millions of inhabitants, and remaining not only unput down, but, in their general system, unknown by a succession of governments, for a number of generations, the first of which is beyond the record even of tradition; imagine this, and imagine, farther, that the wholesale murders which these bands commit are not done under the influence of any of the ordinary bad passions of human nature, not from revenge, from the desire of concealing robbery, or from the maddening influence of any tradition, but in the most perfect calmness and coolness of blood, as a trade regularly studied, and a duty the neglect of which would bring upon them the displeasure and vengeance of the divinity which they adore; and when you have imagined these, and magnified them as far as the utmost extent of your wonder can reach, you will have some faint idea of the monstrous depravity which can be perpetrated, not only without violating the statutes of a false religion, but which may be grafted upon it as part and parcel of its ordinances.

Yet again, imagine a party of travellers,—a prince and his retinue, a company of merchants, or any other travellers whatsoever,—imagine them to be joined on the road by other travellers of

the most sober deportment, and the most agreeable manners, who shall act with all the courtesy of brothers, and be foremost in supporting the weary, and in beguiling the tediousness of the road; imagine the strangers to proceed for hundreds of miles, and to become more kind and agreeable every day, till, on arriving at some lonely place, they should recommend a halt of the whole party for refreshment; while one or two of the strangers were amusing each of the travellers, a third one should come behind and strangle each his man, the others assisting, and all so thoroughly bred in the art of murdering, that strong and weak, armed and unarmed, are all alike—for none but the murderers themselves know the mode of proceeding, and so none can guard against them. Imagine this catastrophe to take place in less time than is required for reading the notice of it; that none is left to tell the tale, not so much as a dog to find the grave of its late master, and that not the slightest suspicion is excited,—and you will have some notion of the murderous practice of the Thugs of India, to which, as a regular and systematic trade, the name "Thuggee" is given.

It appears that Thuggee has been a regular trade, descending from father to son, as most trades do in India, and that there have been organized bands of Thugs, in communication with each other, established over the whole country, from the southern cape to the northern mountains, from time immemorial; and yet that the great body of the Indian population, as well as the various governments under which India has successively been, have known very little about them, and that none of the latter have taken any steps whatever for putting them down, until the year 1831, when Lord William Bentinck organised a plan for the clearing of the country of perhaps the most atrocious pest with which a country was ever infested.

Some idea of the great ignorance in which the British government in India was in respecting them, may be gathered from the fact that, in the second edition of Hamilton's "Indian Gazetteer," published in 1828, the following is all that is said of them:—"Thugs—a notorious class of public robbers in the upper provinces of Hindostan." Instead of this, the Thugs are not "public" in any sense of the word, but more secret in their operations than any other men whatsoever, for they never act but when they are sure of their victims, and when their scouts prevent the possibility of their being surprised; and they leave none to tell the tale, and no vestige of the murder. They are not "robbers," that is, though they do take the property of those whom they murder, they commit the murder whether the parties murdered have any property with them

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or not. They are not confined to the "upper provinces," for they are fully as numerous of higher or purer caste,—as themselves say,—and, in all probability, of longer standing in the Decan than in the north of India.

This ignorance of the numbers, the organisation, and the proceedings of the Thugs, appears to us perfectly astonishing; and yet it was only from themselves that any knowledge could be obtained; and it appears that none but the English government, after peace enabled that government to turn its attention to the welfare of the people of India, had energy and power enough to sift the matter to the bottom, and organise a system for the abolition of Thuggee. The measures which were taken by the government were most vigorous, and, from 1881 to October 1885, one thousand five hundred and sixty-two were accused of Thuggee, of whom three hundred and eighty-two were hanged, and nine hundred and eighty-six banished or imprisoned for life.

The first complete account of the Thugs was published at Calcutta in 1836, and the first general announcement of it to the British public was given in the "Edinburgh Review," for January 1837, from the article in which we have taken the greater part of our information, though the "Review" does not touch upon some points, which we consider as being of very deep and general interest.

If the Thugs were merely robbers, living by plunder, and murdering to conceal their doings from the law, we might find corresponding bands in other ill-regulated countries—in Spain, in Cisalpine Italy, and other places. But all these live as outcasts from society, and are obliged at all times to conceal themselves in the fastnesses of the rocks, or the forests; whereas the Thugs inhabit villages, and lead regular, and, according to the religion of their country, exemplary lives; and, excepting that murder which they follow as a trade and a religious performance jointly, they not only abstain from crimes, but hold the commission of them in abhorrence. A Thug is a systematic murderer, and yet he never by any chance commits what we call murder, that is, he never commits the crime for the gratification of revenge, or of any other of what we call the lawless passions.

It is this which constitutes the grand enormity of the system, and which pleads more strongly in favour of the Christian religion than the tongues of a thousand of the most earnest and eloquent preachers. Under its heavenly influence, a man cannot be a murderer without being at the same time an outcast from society. But a Hindû can; and so can a Mohamedan; though the religion of Mohamed is not an *idolatry*, but a *theism*, and a theism evidently taken at second-hand from the Bible. In Northern India, very many of the Thugs are Mohamedans, not in practice only, and as though they were

men outcast and estranged from all that is decent in society, but as men of orderly conduct in general matters, who would shrink from the perpetration of any ordinary crime, and look upon murder, committed in any other way than the practice of Thuggee, with horror and detestation. And they so far depart from the declaration of "there is one God" of the Koran, that they actually believe in the rival goddess, at whose command, and for the propitiation of whom, Thuggee is perpetrated. Thus, while Mohamedism is not an idolatry in any sense of the term, and while it is really a moral system, and its worshippers are conspicuous for their morality, it can be made to fall in with the very worst parts of the very worst system of idolatry, and yet the man in whose case it does this, can remain as good a Mohamedan as ever. Christianity cannot be so linked with iniquity, even in the most corrupt of its forms; and herein is one of the very strongest proofs of its Divine origin. An apostate from the faith of the Gospel may be a murderer, or the perpetrator of any crime of passion; but such a renegade never could be a Thug. Even if he has known the precepts of the Gospel, as merely human knowledge, without any of that more high and holy feeling which sanctifies the spirit, there is a barb of "the arrow of the Almighty within him,"—a fire which will not quench, that tortures him in the perpetration of the most concealed and profitable crime. How it may be in the case of a sort of moral Thuggee, in which the characters of men are murdered, professedly for the advancement even of this pure and holy religion, we pretend not to say; but we must admit that this is the besetting sin of not a few of the pretendedly zealous in the cause of Christianity, and we must follow the advice of the *profane* poet, at whose name they would writhe, and

"Leave them to Heaven, and to the thorns that lodge
In their own breasts, to prick and sting them."

According to this, the religious, and on many accounts the most important, view of the matter, we may, in the first place, mention the pretended Divine sanction which there is for this systematic murder. Now, any of our readers who are at all acquainted with Hindû mythology, must be aware that, among the countless muster of false, and not only false but ridiculous and abominable divinities, there is one which stands high in abomination over the rest, revolting and abominable as the majority are. We pass over the "Lingam," and others which are only revoltingly gross, without any thing or much of cruelty in them; and we also pass over Siva, or Mahadeo, the male destroyer, to the female, with the many names—Kalee Durga, Devee, (or Davey,) Bhuvanee, and various other titles—who is the fabled consort of Siva, and, as such, the goddess of destruction. Many of the rites in the worship

of this goddess are of the most revolting character; and her history, into the details of which we are not in the meantime called upon to enter, is a long and intricate one. At present we have, however, to consider her only as the divine patroness of the Thugs; and viewing her as such, the following is a brief outline of the fable:—

In an early age of the world—it must be understood that Production and Time are strangely blended together with Destruction, in the character of Deveen, and that the moral of the fable, absurd as the literal version seems, is one upon which wisdom might meditate, not unprofitably, for a month;—in a very early age of the world, Runkert Beej Danu, a gigantic demon, to whose middle the depths of the ocean scarcely reached, stalked all over the world, destroying the human race as soon as they were born or even created. This was robbing Siva and Deveen of “their lawful prey;” and so the goddess cut down the demon. But every drop of his blood instantly produced another demon; and though they were also cut down by the goddess, every drop of the blood of each of them still produced another. Thus the number of demons went on in a geometrical progression, the ratio of which was the number of drops of blood in a giant, whose waist the depths of the ocean hardly reached. This was an increase with which no flesh-and-blood (for all the gods

of the Hindûs are flesh and blood, except the mystic *Oon*) goddess could contend. Deveen, however, tugged at it till she was fairly worn out. When she could do no more by her own personal exertions, she brushed the perspiration off one of her arms, and formed two men of it. To each of these she gave a handkerchief, and commanded them to put all the demons to death therewith, taking care that one drop of blood should not be shed. The men obeyed, and the demons were speedily strangled, without any reproduction.

This great work being accomplished, to the satisfaction of the goddess, and the safety of mankind, the two men offered to return the handkerchiefs to Deveen; but she desired them to keep the handkerchiefs, as the instruments of a trade by which their posterity were to earn their inheritance, and to strangle men with those handkerchiefs, as they had strangled the demons, and live by the plunder they acquired; and, having been the means of enabling the world to get provided with men by the destruction of the demons, their posterity would be entitled to take a few for their own use.

Such is the foundation of Thuggee in the mythology; but there are some reflections arising out of it, as well as some other matters in the history of the Thugs, that will require a future notice.

TALES OF THE INN KITCHEN.—No. III.

WHEN the narrator had finished the story of the becalmed ship, it was evident that each was absorbed in the deep interest which had been excited. No one seemed willing to intrude himself on the company. At length, the fire having been replenished, unanimous wishes were expressed that a gentleman who had yet said little should unfold his tale. With some diffidence he proceeded with the following account of

THE DESERTER.

His mother was a widow. Sad and lonely is the state of the woman who has wept in the bitterness of her soul over the grave of the husband of her youth; who has gazed around her in her home, once so happy and cheerful when he was there, and, while every object that meets her gaze reminds her of the departed, feels that with the world she must struggle alone. Such was the situation of the mother of George Hayward when he had obtained his ninth year, and his sister Ellen her seventh. Early and late was that poor woman employed, in order to obtain a livelihood for herself and children; and, regardless of the expenditure of her own strength, seemed only desirous to live for their happiness.

Such instances are not rarely to be met with; and were the cottages of those in the humbler walks of life to be visited, the premature old age of many, worn out by incessant toil and continued care, would testify the self-devotion with which they had laboured for their offspring.

When George Hayward had arrived at the age of nineteen, his fine manly figure, his desperate boldness, and great strength, distinguished him from his companions; and no small emulation was manifested by the belles of the village green to share in his smiles and regards. His mother gazed on him with maternal pride, and nourished the hope that his presence would cheer her spirit as she descended to the grave, and that he, for whom she had toiled even beyond her strength, would minister to her wants when she herself was no longer able. Alas! how soon do our pleasant dreams vanish! How often is the cup of happiness, which seemed almost to touch our lips, dashed rudely to the ground! In an evil hour, at a distant town, whither he had gone to a fair which was annually held there, he enlisted; and there being at that time a demand for strong and able young men, and the sum required to purchase his discharge being greater than could be

met, he was obliged, after a short and agonising interview with his mother and sister, to accompany the recruiting party to the head-quarters of the regiment.

The grief of the widow was uncontrollable; the shock had been so unexpected, and the departure of her son so sudden, that it appeared like a dream. Alas! for the sorrowing mother, it was too true! George, in the novelty of the scenes through which he passed, and in the attention he was constrained to give to his duties, had not the opportunity afforded him for nursing that pining regret which the separation from his family, under circumstances so unexpected and painful, had awakened. But when that excitement, which the inflated language of the sergeant who enlisted him had created, and under which he had accepted the bounty money, had subsided, he began to find his situation less pleasant than he had expected, and the restraints under which he was put more irksome than he had anticipated.

Things went on thus for some months, and he found his dislike to the military life daily increasing. A refusal of leave of absence for a short period added to his discontent, and the daily expectation of embarking for Ireland, for three years' service, made him determine upon some expedient to effect his wish of visiting his native village. This he soon afterwards found means of accomplishing.

One evening the light of the setting sun was playing on the window of the widow Hayward's cottage, and she sat at the door watching her daughter as she tied up some roses that a passing shower had bent to the ground. The air was redolent of sweetness, and the soft breeze, as it played round the pale features of the mother, seemed to fan her into a momentary forgetfulness. Ellen, as she bent over her flowers to inhale their evening fragrance, started as she heard her name pronounced by a familiar voice, and turning her head in the direction whence the sound proceeded, saw a man walking up the little narrow path that led to the front of the cottage. At first the sun shone so brightly before her that she was unable to distinguish the features of the visitant, and it was not until he had come within two or three paces of her that she recognised her brother George. A joyful cry of welcome, as she ran to his arms, announced to her mother the unexpected arrival of her son. She pressed him to her heart and wept in silence. That night, as she looked on the fine manly form of her boy, seen to perfection in the regimental dress he wore, her blue eye sparkled with delight; she saw before her the living semblance of him whose death she had never ceased to mourn, and her mind reverted to the happy days of her youth, when she listened to his first professions of attachment, and to the plans he proposed for their future settlement in life.

Long did the mother and the daughter listen to the accounts which George gave of what he had seen; and the village clock had tolled the hour of midnight before the party in the cottage had retired to rest. As the widow, blest once more with the presence of her child, laid her head on her pillow, fervently did she pour forth her thanks to her God for having thus answered her daily requests.

The next morning George went not out of the house, and desired that his arrival might not be made known to his former companions and friends that day, as his journey on the previous one had been weary and long, and he felt unequal to any further excitement. Three days elapsed from the period of his return, and none but the inmates of the cottage as yet knew of his arrival. A continued indisposition was alleged as a reason for still keeping his visit a secret, and this satisfied the mother. But Ellen had noticed, on the evening he so unexpectedly appeared, that he started more than once as the wind howled through the trees, and shook the gate that led to the garden before the house; and that when footsteps were heard in the direction of the cottage he turned pale, and showed signs of evident agitation. More than once she asked him if he were ill, and received for answer, that he had not yet recovered from the effects of the exertions he had made to reach home that night; and this plausible reason, by which he endeavoured to account for the nervous feeling he had manifested, was admitted.

On the fourth morning, as he sat with his mother and Ellen at breakfast, the two former turned from the little window, and the latter seeing immediately opposite to it a bright glancing of steel, in the narrow lane before the cottage, called forth an exclamation of surprise from his sister. Her brother marked the direction in which she had looked—the cup which he held dropped from his hand, that trembled with excessive violence, and sinking on the chair, he faintly exclaimed, “Mother, I am lost.” At first she was unable to divine the meaning of his words, but supposed he had been seized by sudden illness, but, as she rose to go to him, the door suddenly opened, and three soldiers with muskets, and bayonets fixed, entered the house. The man who appeared the leader of the party, laying his hand on the shoulder of George, said, “Surrender, you are our prisoner.” His mother, trembling with surprise, and doubt, and dread, inquired, “What does all this mean?” “My good woman,” said the man, “we have come after our old comrade, who has left us after the French fashion.” The poor widow understood him not, and looked at him as unconscious of his meaning. He saw he was not understood, and immediately added “Your son is arrested as a ‘Deserter.’”

That one word entered into her soul, and for a time she lost a sense of her wretchedness and

misery in forgetfulness. Long did she lay in that state, too long for the impatience of the speaker of the party that had been sent in pursuit of George.

"You must leave her," said he; "we must be going; there is a long march before us to-day."

"Leave her thus!" said George, as he looked on his mother, pale and senseless; "Brute! though I may have been false to my king, I cannot be unnatural to her that bore me;" and again he looked, and as the sobs of his sister fell on his ear, the big tears chased each other down his cheeks. He thought not of himself—of the ignominy and shame that would be heaped upon him for his dereliction of duty—of the pain of a disgraceful punishment, or the labour and sorrows of a distant exile;—he thought not of these, but of his poor, broken-hearted, widowed mother, of his cherished and beloved sister, and of the intense and bitter anguish that would seize them when his fate was known. None would be near who could weep for him; for at most his unhappy state would awaken but a sigh in the bosom of a stranger; but they—the loved ones—would sorrow with a grief more consuming, and an agony more keen.

As his mother slowly opened her eyes, she gazed on her first-born, and with a piteous lamentation, turning to the soldiers, exclaimed, "O! do not take my poor boy from me, to lead him to those who will not think of a widowed mother's anguish—who will not spare him in their punishment. O! do not take him from me, or I shall see him no more."

"Our orders are strict," said the soldier, "we dare not disobey;" and when he looked on the woman, as she hung pale and weeping over her child, even his heart was touched, and he wiped away a tear.

Sad was the parting that then took place. The mother foreboded it would be the last; and as between his guard her son left that once happy cottage, to proceed to the town in which the regiment was located, she deemed that his long and affectionate farewell embrace was the last. A court-martial found him guilty, and, as a punishment, he was consigned to a company that was leaving England for one of the colonial stations in Africa.

This intelligence was communicated to the relatives of the unhappy man; and a faint gleam of hope was afforded, that good conduct and strict obedience might shorten the time of expatriation, and that yet again he might visit the land of his fathers, and the home of his youth. His mother bowed her head, and wept long and bitterly, but murmured not. When Ellen endeavoured to cheer her drooping spirits by reminding her of the hope which had been given them of yet once more beholding him, she shook her head incredulously, and her lips moved silently in prayer.

The next spring again brought life, and ver-

sure, and beauty to the earth. The trees, that had been stript of their foliage by the autumn winds and the winter frosts, put on afresh their green livery; and as the sunbeams glanced on the young bursting leaves, and the vernal music of the woods was heard, all was animation, and activity, and life. The wild roses were shedding their perfume, and the gay little parterre, which George had formed for his sister in their garden, was beginning to look beautiful with the rich colouring of some early flowers. But the reviving year brought not with it health and renovated strength for the bereft and widowed mother. Her increasing feebleness called forth all the attentions of Ellen, and cheerfully and affectionately were they manifested. Gradually the invalid grew worse, and drew rapidly near to her last hour.

It was on a bright evening in May, as, raised on pillows, she had been looking at the beautiful fairy clouds that hung round the sun as he sunk in the western sky. Her hand was placed on her Bible—that book which had been her companion and consolation in her first painful trial, and from which she had never failed to derive comfort and peace in her subsequent sorrows. Strengthened by the promises which a compassionate Saviour had given for the support of his servants in their earthly pilgrimage, she had been upborne under every dispensation, and had meekly bowed to the will of Him whom she knew to be "too wise to err, too good to be unkind." Her daughter—her only remaining child—had just been reading to her; and as she finished, left the book on the bed, and busied herself about some domestic concerns. When she returned to the bedside of her mother, she found her much weaker than she had expected. That weakness increased to an alarming degree, and an aged neighbour, who was then with Ellen, suggested the propriety of sending for the medical attendant, to whose care her mother had been committed. He came—but the hand of death was upon her, and at midnight her spirit passed away.

They laid her beside her husband, and a distant relative received the destitute orphan to his house, and watched over her with the affection of a parent. The unremitting attention she had bestowed upon her mother recommended her to the kindness and sympathy of her surviving friends.

Fifteen years rolled away, and Ellen had become the wife of a young man, living in the village where she had formerly resided. One afternoon, a stranger was seen, with slow and faltering step, taking his way to the village churchyard.

As he entered the little pathway that led to the church, he stopped for a moment to look around him, and the deep emotion that was visible on his countenance evinced he was not a passing traveller or an uninterested visitant. He

bent his steps towards a distant part of the hal-
lowed ground, and stood by a grave on which
two young children were playing, and laying
down a bundle he had held in his hand, sat on
the green mound of earth, around which some
young flowers were growing, and bent his head
and wept. The children, who had observed this
conduct, and were alarmed at the appearance of
a stranger there, ran to their mother, who, with
an infant, was sitting on a rustic seat that en-
circled a huge elm at the corner of the church-
yard, and told her a man was sitting on their
grandmother's grave and weeping bitterly. The
mother arose, and hastening to the spot, perceived
him bending over the place where the ashes of
one very dear to her were reposing; and wonder-
ing what could have awakened such an interest
in the bosom of a stranger, drew near to inquire
who he was. As she approached him he lifted
up his head, and, uttering an exclamation of
surprise, sprung forward to meet her. She looked
—she could not be mistaken—though the sun had
deeply shaded his brow, and he seemed tottering
with weakness,—it was her brother George.

He had at length returned to his home, and

his first steps were directed to the spot where
he knew his mother was buried,—near to the grave
of his father—and having arrived there, he gave
way to the passionate burst of grief which had
attracted the observation of the children.

Led home to the house of his sister, he re-
counted the various events that had befallen him
in a distant land; and told her that after years
of toil and labour, he was at length discharged
from the service through increasing debility.
The air of his native land had greatly revived
him, and he had found means to convey himself
to his native village. He arrived there but to
die. His once vigorous constitution had been
broken by incessant duties under a burning sun,
and a short time posterior to his return to the
village of his birth, George Hayward sunk into a
premature grave. The children of his sister still
plant wild flowers around the spot where he
sleeps, and Ellen often stands by, as they are
engaged in this affecting employment, and wakes
a sigh to the remembrance of former days, before
her brother had taken the rash and inconsiderate
step that hastened the death of his mother, and
accelerated his own.

THE COSMOGONY OF MOSES.

ARTICLE VII.

THE first object which reveals itself to our
astonished view, is light, the beginning of the
creation of God. During the reign of obscurity,
silence, and solitude, articulate sounds are heard
through every region of the vast profound. Je-
hovah speaks, "Let there be light," and instantly
the brightest image of himself starts into being,
and darkness, one of the properties of the chaotic
state, flies away. Thus the Creator manifested
himself in the light, which was in its turn to
make manifest every other creature of his power.
And what did this new-born light disclose? The
antecedent reign, till now invisible, of confusion
and discord. And what is this wonderful prim-
eval production of the Almighty, which, emitted
through the whole extent of creation, diffuses
universal and unspeakable joy. Too simple to
be described, too glorious to be embellished, too
mysterious to be explained, and, alas! too com-
mon to be prized. I must content myself with
suggesting a few of its more obvious qualities.
Its nature and essence, who is able to unfold?

The *first* and most striking quality of light is,
its power of communication. As the Uncreated
has communicated himself to created light, his
brightest image here below, so light again com-
municates a secondary image wheresoever it falls.
Some bodies are indeed more susceptible of the
impression of light than others. Such as are
pellucid, easily transmit the rays; such as are
polished, easily reflect them, and from one to
another, in similar direction, without end. But

even the most opaque and colourless substances
are, to a certain degree, enlivened, irradiated,
tinged by the rays of the sun falling upon them.
The gilded palace reflects, indeed, a brighter
lustre, but the dun cottage refuses not to yield
its sombre, dusky acknowledgment, that the
glorious orb of day has arisen upon it. The
gaudy butterfly and the drowsy beetle; the blue
violet, the yellow jonquil; the sapphire, the
emerald; the topaz, each in his degree, receives
and communicates the light. In the dark, all
are of one hue; nothing is received, and con-
sequently nothing can be given back.

Secondly. Another remarkable property of
light is, the inconceivable velocity of its motion.
Display but a glimmering taper from the summit
of a tower, at the dark hour of midnight, and
with the rapidity of thought it reaches the eye
stationed on a distant mountain, though valleys,
and rivers, and seas intervene. Behold, the sun
arises; and in less time than is requisite to
reduce his distance from the earth, in diameters
of our globe, to leagues, and from leagues to
miles, to write down and to recite the sum, I am
already cheered with his rays, and "feel his
sovereign vital lamp." What do you think is
the fact here,—a fact as demonstrably certain as
that two added to three amount to five? Light
travels down to us from the sun, in a space of
time somewhat less than eight minutes, say the
half of a quarter of an hour: of this portion of
time you have a distinct idea, but of the dis-

tance, and consequently the rapidity of light's progress, you can absolutely form no idea at all ; it is expressed to the eye indeed by colors, and to the ear by sounds, but thought is lost while it attempts the computation ; the distance is 71,780,000 miles.

Let me illustrate this by an example. From London to Bath is 108 miles. The speediest of our modes of conveyance requires more than 14 hours to perform that distance. The circumference of the globe is about 24,000 miles. Were it possible then to travel round the globe without the interruption of a single instant, at the rate of the speediest carriage it would require 130 days of 24 hours each, to perform a single round ; this multiplied by 3000, the distance of the sun being so many times the circumference of the globe, produces 1077 years, the time requisite to perform a distance equal to that of the sun, without a moment's interruption, and at the speediest rate of travelling. Now, light travels through that prodigious distance in little more than seven minutes ; its velocity therefore far exceeds all human comprehension : striking representation of that inconceivable, that awful rapidity, with which the Creator communicates himself to his creatures ! Even light requires time to run its race ; but before the fountain of light, distance is swallowed up and time is lost.

A third singular quality of this wonderful, this glorious creature of God, is, that notwithstanding its motion is thus inconceivably rapid, it is not only perfectly harmless, but highly grateful and salutary. The motion of every other body, when violently accelerated, carries death and destruction along with it. A globe of iron hurled from the engine by the force of gunpowder, pierces through ribs of solid oak, and shatters to atoms the flinty rock. The river, swelled by the torrent from the mountain, with resistless impetuosity sweeps before it the well-compacted bridge, the shepherd and his flock, the husbandman and his harvest, the mechanic and his forge. Let air, "thin air," be excited into more than ordinary speed, and it gradually rises from the pleasant breeze, to the brisk gale, to the stormy wind, to the roaring tempest, to the merciless hurricane ; the cedar of Lebanon is torn up by the roots, the ocean rages, and proud victorious navies are buried in the deep. But what is the rapidity of any, of all these, compared to that of light ? Yet God has tempered its rapidity so, that the most delicate of our organs, the eye, not only sustains no injury, but derives unspeakable benefit and delight, from this instantaneous transmission of its rays. But that same God can, when he will, arm it too with sudden and irresistible death. See, it bursts from yonder thundery cloud, and "the cloud-capt tower" is rent from the summit to the foundation ; it falls on hapless man, and the marrow, and the solid bone which contains

the marrow, are melted away before it. Pleasing, awful, view of the God of justice, of the God of love ! a consuming fire, a lambent flame ! Interesting and instructive view of the sovereign power which he possesses, which he exercises over every creature, to make it a well-spring of delight, or a minister of vengeance ! Glorious display of mercy overflowing, but judgment restrained ! Light, an universal, perennial, permanent source of life and joy, but only in a few rarer transient instances, the instrument of death.

Fourth. Another precious and important quality of light is, its furnishing man with an extensive and useful power of discriminating object from object ; and to this end Providence has graciously supplied him with an organ completely adapted to the exercise of this power. Let light be withdrawn, and this fair and well-ordered frame of nature reverts to chaos ; "ancient night" resumes her murky empire ; every thing is confounded : for what is beauty not seen ? what is order and harmony not understood ? And nothing can be seen without light, nothing understood or distinguished unless the medium be clear. The range of our other senses, how contracted it is ! The objects of taste and touch, in order to be discerned, must be closely applied to their respective organs ; those of smelling affect us only when brought very near ; sound grows fainter and fainter with distance, and a very few leagues remote fades and dies ; but the eye, aided by light, darts like lightning from pole to pole, measures the planets, discriminates the fixed stars, whose distance far transcends that of the sun ; it knows no boundary but the flaming boundaries of the world.

With equal facility and advantage it is enabled to contract its sphere : it descends from heaven to earth, from the distant mountain's summit to the adjacent plain ; it wanders over the enamelled mead, dwells with ever new delight on the "human face divine," traces the path of the crawling insect. The eye lends additional value to the objects of our other senses ; the fragrance of the rose is greatly enhanced by the display of its beautiful and varied tints ; the relish of what we eat and drink becomes more exquisite, or more insipid and disgusting, according as the eye is pleased, or offended ; the polish of the marble, the softness of the downy peach, are more grateful to the touch, from the concurring testimony of the other sense ; and even music, though more independent on vision than the rest, music, at all seasons delightful, gives still more delight when we behold the animated look, elegant form, the graceful air of the person who sings or plays. But the value and use of this precious organ wholly depend on the presence of light. To be in the dark is the same thing with being blind. We are reduced to the narrow, comfortless, uncertain, timid sphere of the prisoner in his dun-

geon, incapable of distinguishing friend from foe, "presented with an universal blank, and wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Fifth. Another property of light is its union with heat. Reflected light is not indeed possessed of this quality, or only in a very inferior degree; but light, issuing immediately from a luminous body, has a certain degree of warmth as well as of lustre; and every body, excited to a certain degree of heat, likewise emits rays of light. And what must be the mass of united light and heat, treasured up in yonder glorious orb, "of this great world the eye and soul," to admit of such an amazing and incessant expenditure in all directions, and to remain undiminished, unexhausted, by a constant efflux of almost six thousand years! Blessed arrangement of eternal Providence! The same luminary which irradiates my path, and directs me how to escape the snare, the precipice, the enemy, in unbounded profusion dispenses the vital fluid which cherishes and supports universal nature, maintains the current in the stream, multiplies and matures the golden harvest, feeds the lamp of life! Blessed union, the happiest image of Deity here below, vitality and direction in one; a quickening and an informing spirit; the principle that puts in motion, and which conducts that motion aright. Adorable, Divine skill, which has planted the habitation of man precisely at the point that terminates the extremes of hot and cold, of oppressive effulgence and glimmering obscurity; which has so completely adapted the distance, the position, the motion of our globe to the various nature, demands, and exertions of its various regions, and their various inhabitants, universally guarding against the *too little* and the *too much*! "Great and marvellous are thy works Lord God Almighty! Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of saints!"

That I may not multiply particulars to exhaust your patience, and distract your attention, I shall subjoin one more of the important properties of light, namely,

Sixth. The wonderful facility with which it may be propagated. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." A little spark elicited by the stroke of steel from the bosom of the flint, is sufficient to set on fire the course of nature. Though all material fire were exhausted, extinguished, with the assistance of one of those little bits of glass, by which weakness of sight is relieved, and a moment's sunshine, and furnished with a small portion of combustible matter, I can open to myself a new source of light, and, with it, of heat, which may be extended, and extended without limitation. Nay, the friction of one stick upon another will at length be excited into a flame, and supply materials of unbounded conflagration. Thus, heaven from above, and the surface, nay the bowels of the earth beneath, facilitate the production of this salutary, this destructive ele-

ment, which now animates, and ere long shall devour the world.

Having introduced these just, philosophical, and beautiful observations, to illustrate the properties of light, let us now avail ourselves of it, in order to trace the progress of creation, in which it was employed as a powerful agent. As we have intimated, its virgin beams first fell on chaos; and then the wondrous change began which gradually revealed beauty, magnificence, order, and fertility. We have already enumerated the works of the several days, without descanting upon any of them, with the exception of the first. That of the second principally regarded the arrangement and distribution of the great mass of matter, which constitutes the substance of the earth, into the various elements which were necessary to render it a scene of fertility and life; the determination of its form into that of a globe, distinguished by mountains and valleys, seas and rivers, continents and islands, of the diurnal motion round its own axis, and of whatever was requisite to establish its connexion with the planetary system of which it was henceforth to become a constituent part. How much of that planetary system was, during the same period, operated upon in a similar manner by the plastic energy of the Almighty, we are not informed; though it is not improbable that the sun and every planet underwent, at the same time, a transformation analogous to their peculiar characters and several relations to each other. On the third day, creation assumed its verdant livery; and the earth rolled in its orbit clothed in living green, while its oceans and rivers reflected a silvery light. Flowers and grass, trees and plants, herbs and fruits, of all kinds were produced in rich profusion.

On the fourth day, a most astonishing scene broke upon the view of those intelligent spectators, who are represented in Scripture as being present, and as watching the process of creation. The earth is now finished; the planets and the sun have arrived at their perfection. All is ready; and the spheres are waiting for the Divine command to peal their first notes, and sound the march of time. The material source of light is discovered; the sun bursts forth in his new-born splendour, and, by his glorious intervention, the orbs mysteriously linked with his destiny are revealed to each other; while, like their majestic Sovereign, he stands confessed the wonder of them all. The language in which this is conveyed by the inspired historian is simple and beautiful.

"And God said, Let there be luminaries in the expanse of the heavens, to illuminate the earth, and to distinguish the day from the night let them also be the signals of terms, times, and years; and so it was. For God having made the two great luminaries, (the greater luminary for the regulation of the day, and the smaller

luminary for the regulation of the night,)* and the stars: he displayed them in the expanse of the heavens to illuminate the earth, to regulate the day and the night, and to distinguish the light from the darkness."

It is thus, without description or parade, and in terms as brief as possible, the Almighty speaks of the most stupendous wonders of his power. The earth, one of the most insignificant planets in the system, contains in itself countless millions of creatures, any one of which, in the investigation of its nature and properties, would exhaust an angel's faculties, and at every step of his inquiry awe him into adoring admiration of its great Creator. Yet suns, stars, worlds, and systems of worlds, are thus introduced and dismissed, as if they were no more than floating atoms. There may be, and there certainly is, complacency in the Infinite mind, on a review of every display of its wisdom and omnipotence. But God cannot wonder; it is impossible for him to be conscious of any emotion of surprise; and therefore, in giving notice of the operations of his hands, he merely announces their existence. In a universe of miracles, He perceives only the results of his own volition; He pronounces the whole to be good; but he leaves it to his creatures, yes, to the loftiest and the best, humbly and reverently to exclaim, "Great and marvellous art thou in all thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

The fifth day was devoted to the formation of that infinite variety of animate creatures, that were to be the future inhabitants of the waters and the air. "Let the earth," said the prolific Source of being, "teem with living reptiles; and let flying creatures career over the earth through the wide expanse of heaven: and it was so." Oceans, rivers, and the whole atmosphere became the abode of inconceivable multitudes of beings endowed with life, more or less sensitive and active. The great sea-monsters, whether amphibious or the constant tenants of the deep; whales and crocodiles, and all the crawling, minute, or prodigious things with which the waters swarm; and every flying creature, from the majestic eagle to the insect that finds its residence and world in a single atom of light, all started into being; and when their Creator and Lord beheld them, he declared them to be good, and blessed them, saying, "Be fruitful and

multiply, and fill the waters of the seas:" and let the flying creatures, whether fowls or birds, or volatile particles instinctive with life, "multiply upon the earth."

The evening had come, and the morning had come, a fifth day, when God said, "Let the earth bring forth animals according to their kinds; cattle, wild beasts, and reptiles, according to their kinds; the wild beasts, according to their kinds; and every ground reptile, according to its kinds. This also God saw to be good." Thus are we made acquainted with the creation of the whole animal race, from the mighty behemoth to the smallest reptile that crawls upon the earth. Woods, hills, and valleys were peopled by an incredibly rapid process, with all their numerous and appropriate tribes;—an infinite diversity exhibiting the boundless resources of the Creator, and a wondrous harmony proclaiming the perfect order of his plans, and the unerring wisdom which linked together in mysterious bonds the multiform parts into one grand and comprehensive whole. The repetition is remarkable, which lays as much stress upon the formation of a worm as upon that of a world. We are told once and again, that the reptiles of the terraqueous globe were the product of the Almighty power, and the result of a previously wise determination of the Infinite mind. We cannot perceive the use of many of these, nor of those gigantic creatures which are the terror of the world; yet they are all the ministers of Providence, and the benefactors of mankind; in goodness they originated, and to the cause of universal happiness they are devoted.

The world, thus formed by the great Creator, displayed his perfections; but there was yet no rational being that inhabited it to contemplate these works, and trace in them, with adoring wonder, the wisdom, the goodness, and the power of him who made them. The sun, the moon, and the stars declared in their courses the glory of God; but they did not perceive this glory. The earth, with its productions, showed that its Maker was divine, but, unendowed with intelligence, it could not recognise the Divinity. Man, then, was formed to behold this glory, to see these traces of the Godhead, and on earth to respond to the anthems of celestial praise. In order to manifest his superior dignity at his creation, there was, as it were, a solemn consultation of the sacred Trinity; for the holy volume plainly intimates a concurrence in counsel of the three Persons for the formation, as well as redemption, of man. When other things were to be produced, God spake, and they appeared. He said, let them be, and they were: but at the creation of man, he said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." His body was formed of the dust of the earth, and lay, like it, inanimate, till a nobler and immortal principle was infused in him immediately by God; "The Lord

* Moses speaks of the sun and moon here, not according to their bulk or solid contents, but according to the proportion of light they shed on the earth. The expression has been cavilled at by some who are as devoid of mental capacity as of candour. "The moon," say they, "is not a great body; on the contrary, it is the very smallest in our system." Well; and has Moses said the contrary? He has said it is a great light; had he said otherwise he had not spoken the truth. It is, in reference to the earth, next to the sun, the greatest light in the solar system; and so true is it, that the moon is a great light, that it affords more light to the earth than all the planets in the solar system, and all the innumerable stars in the vault of heaven put together.—A. CLARKE.

breathed in his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul." Being formed in the image of God, he was called "Adam," from a Hebrew word signifying "likeness."

Springing immediately from the hands of his Creator, he was doubtless endued with a perfection of body and soul of which we can form but a feeble conception. In the plenitude of his powers, he came into being. When the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, appeared to repair the ruins of the fall, he, in compassion to us, and to encourage all of every age to apply to him with confidence, became the babe of Bethlehem, and the youth that dwelt at Nazareth; but our progenitor appeared at once in his maturity, and knew nothing of feebleness, of infancy and childhood, of the dangers and inexperience of youth. "He was made a little lower than the angels." His body was probably surrounded like that of Moses, when he descended from the Mount; like that of Jesus, when he was transfigured upon Tabor. The divine image which he bore, and in which, alas! the most eminent believers in this life are but very partially renewed, consisted, as we judge from some expressions of St. Paul, in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness. His mind, not yet darkened by sin, was free from error and prejudice, and inspired with all natural, and especially moral knowledge, necessary for his state; his soul had no vicious propensity; his will was conformed to the will of God. His heart, filled with love to God, flamed with the fervours of devotion and gratitude, by night and by day. Full dominion was given him over all the creatures; and he enjoyed an intimate communion with his Almighty Friend, and fellowship with the holy angels. It is this communion and intercourse with God which forms the felicity of heaven; must it not have given inexpressible delight to Adam upon earth? He was placed in the most beautiful part of a world, all of which was beautiful. This spot is called the garden of Eden, or of delight; its exact situation cannot, with precision, be ascertained; neither is it necessary that it should. "I do not," says good Bishop Hall, "seek where that Paradise is which we lost; I know where that Paradise is which we must study to seek, and hope to find. As man was the image of God, so was that earthly Paradise an image of heaven; both the images are lost; both the first patterns are eternal." In this favoured spot were collected all that was useful or pleasant; every variety of the animal or vegetable creation; all that could gratify the senses, the imagination, or the heart.

But there was still a void in the heart of Adam—he still needed some one of the same nature and powers with himself. Formed for social intercourse, he needed some heart that would unite with his in celebrating the Author of all good;

some being not, like the angels, elevated above him, but of the same rank with himself, with whom he might form the tenderest ties. He had looked through the inferior creation, and found no helpmeet for him, and he sighed for one with whom to share the happiness which he enjoyed. How long he remained solitary, we are not informed; long enough, however, to be taught a language by God, and to receive much instruction from him, and to survey every animal of the land and the air, and bestow upon them significant names. Feeling his wants disposed him to seek this blessing from God, and to receive it with gratitude, it was not long withheld from him. In order that his partner might be more endeared to him, God was pleased to make her not only "like him," but also "of his very substance," and then conduct her as his gift to man. Who can conceive the happiness of this blessed pair? Surrounded by every thing that they could desire, rich in the most cordial love to each other, and united in the warmest love to their God; ignorant of those vices and passions which embitter life, and of that misery which is the fruit and effect of sin; enjoying the visits of God and his angels, what more did they need? How sweet was the interchange of affection between them! how perfect the communion of thoughts, of sentiments, and good wishes! What new gratitude swelled the bosom of Adam, and with what transport, as one expresses it, "did he change the solitary, My Father and my God, into the social, Our Father and our God!" It is a state on which the imagination rests with delight; the mind, pained with the sins, the follies, and the woes which now infest the world, loves to wander back to the holy groves of Paradise, and to linger by the peaceful streams of Eden.

The institution of the Sabbath immediately followed the six days' work of creation; an institution wise and merciful, and appointed for the great purposes of devotion and happiness.

It is said, in condescension to our weak faculties, that "God rested on the seventh day from all his works which he had made;" that is, he ceased to create, he proceeded no further. Resting implies bodily fatigue and weariness; but the "Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary." He ceased from the work of creation but not of providence, to teach us to rest from our work on that day. "And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it"—set it apart as sacred, in memory of the creation of the world, as a day in which he is to be blessed and praised, and in which he communicates blessings to his pious worshippers. The first Sabbath was the first whole day of the life of our great progenitors, the first of their week. With what emotions would they gaze upon the glorious scenes around them! How would they together hymn their Creator's praise!

LIVINGSTON'S SYSTEM OF PENAL LAW IN THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

CHAPTER II.

II. THE "Code of Criminal Procedure" naturally succeeds that designating the acts that are a violation of the law; for it points out the mode in which they are to be prevented or repressed, and in which they are to be ascertained with the precision justice requires, if they have been actually committed. It is not enough that every citizen should know what actions he ought to avoid as crimes; he should also know what means he has of preventing or punishing such as injure him, and also of defending himself when unjustly charged with the commission of such as injure others.

This code is divided into three books. The first contains the means of preventing offences, and of putting an end to such as continue; designating particularly the cases where military force may be employed in aid of the civil power, and prescribing the rules by which it is to be governed in that service. The second directs the mode of bringing an offender to punishment; and the last gives the forms that are to be used, in all judicial proceedings, to attain these ends. An introductory title states conspicuously and explicitly the objects of the code—security to the innocent, not only from the danger of an unjust conviction, but the apprehension of it; the prevention of intended offences, by pointing out when and how an individual may require the aid of a magistrate and his fellow-citizens, or use his own physical powers, to resist aggression; the destruction of all hope of escape from merited punishment by resort to technical and formal objections—a species of false clemency which can arise only from the impropriety or severity of the law in its spirit and provisions, and which violates every principle, as it destroys every benefit, it was meant to secure; economy and dispatch, objects equally desirable for the prosecution of justice on one hand, and the defence of private rights on the other, since the want of them at once increases the difficulty of conviction, and lessens the force of beneficial example where there is guilt, while it inflicts unmerited punishment on the innocent; the abolition of all vexatious proceedings; and the establishment of simplicity in forms—an end society has a right to demand, since the obligations and restraints imposed by the most perfect laws are necessarily attended with an inconvenience that ought to be reduced to the lowest degree consistent with public safety. In pointing out these distinctly, as the objects of a code of procedure, Mr. Livingston remarks, that it is done that future legislatures may weigh their importance, examine how far practice shall prove the different provisions to be in conformity with them, observe in what points deviations come to be made, and intro-

duce, if requisite, such amendments as will retain them in full effect.

The first book contains the provisions of the code for preventing offences. Among them is one, for the most part, if not altogether, novel,—bestowing honorary and pecuniary rewards on him who brings an offender to justice.

This provision, which may, at first, strike us as fanciful, if not calculated to encourage delusion, is vindicated by Mr. Livingston in the introductory report to this code, with great eloquence and much force of argument. He thinks that good policy, as well as justice, requires that some external mark should be given of that esteem which all feel for a citizen who has performed a meritorious action for the general good. That additional rewards will strengthen the motive to action, there can be no doubt; and, if they do not counteract the more refined and disinterested impulses which have the same tendency, they may be safely employed. The rewards held out for diligence, bravery, and skill in preventing an offence or punishing an offender, are addressed solely to the love of that distinction which is founded on public gratitude; such rewards may be expected to raise the citizen in his own esteem, and give him, at least, a limited celebrity, which not only augments his own happiness, but, within a certain sphere, operates as an incentive to promote that of the public.

Stronger objections may be made to pecuniary rewards for denouncing the commission of certain crimes. Strong antipathies are universally attached to the name and office of an informer, even when the laws are neither oppressive nor unjust. If these antipathies originated in times and nations where the injustice and oppressive nature of the laws forced upon the people the conviction that their execution was adverse to their happiness and interest, and those who exerted themselves in promoting it were the enemies, not the friends, of society; then it may follow that the ministers employed in upholding the execution of just and mild laws, well understood by an intelligent community, will cease to be considered as engaged in a dishonourable duty; and the acceptance of a reward, sufficient merely to indemnify for loss of time, but not so great as to offer temptations for false accusation, will cease to attach any odium to its performance. If an officer, Mr. Livingston contends, receives a salary for the performance of his permanent functions, an individual ought, with equal propriety, to receive a compensation for his occasional service. In both cases there is a sacrifice of private convenience to produce a public good; in both cases it ought to be compensated. If public prejudice is against it, it

may be replied, that the same prejudice formerly existed against the functions of the regular officer, but that it has gradually given way to the force of truth and the progress of knowledge.

In framing the provisions which authorise the interference of magistrates to prevent offences, and to search for property illegally taken, the cases of interposition, and the evidence necessary, are pointed out with great precision; a circumstance peculiarly required where something must be left to the discretion of the officer, and where opportunities may exist for much oppression, extortion, and fraud. Under the title of "Suppressing Offences against Personal Liberty," are contained regulations for granting and enforcing the writ of *habeas corpus*, so complete as to give the fullest effect of that most simple and admirable of all contrivances for securing personal liberty. Strongly impressed with the utility of this great writ, Mr. Livingston seems desirous to increase every facility for procuring it, to enlarge the sphere of its relief, to give an adequate sanction to every provision respecting it, to impress upon the people the utility of preserving, and the danger of violating it, and to perfect, in every way, so invaluable a safeguard, bequeathed to us by the wisdom and patriotism of our fathers. In prescribing the highly interesting rules for military aid to the civil authority, such are adopted as may attain the end with the least violence. The militia are to be used—a force differing in nothing from that which is daily at the call of the civil officer, except in being organised and armed. It is, of course, only to be employed when the ordinary power has completely failed. Before it is brought up, a magistrate must display a white flag, and order the rioters to disperse. Unless to repel an attack endangering life, the order to disperse must be disobeyed for half an hour before offensive arms are resorted to. When these become necessary, those only (such as the sword and bayonet) which may be directed solely against the assailants are to be adopted; and the dangerous effect of fire-arms, which may injure the innocent as well as the guilty, is left to the last extremity.

Having prescribed the means of preventing inchoate offences, and arresting the course of such as are in operation, the second book of this code contains the mode of conducting prosecutions for those already consummated. Minute and careful regulations are laid down respecting arrest, detention, and bail, so as to make them clear to the most common understanding. In the whole course of procedure, there is no circumstance productive of so many vexatious, and even fatal effects, as that of arrests. Officers of justice, often extortionate and overbearing, pass the limits of just authority; accused men sometimes submit to this injustice, at others they resist where they should yield; and no incon-

siderable proportion of violent infractions of the law constantly arises from an ignorance of rights and duties in this respect—an ignorance inevitable where there is any obscurity or want of fullness and precision in regulating so important a branch of the conduct of every citizen.

The manner and effect of an examination of the accused by a magistrate, immediately after his arrest, have always been subjects of doubt and difficulty. On the one hand, it gives to the innocent the best opportunity of prompt explanation and self-defence; it obliges the guilty to give that account of his conduct which society has a right to demand from every one apparently infringing the laws. On the other, this explanation is not made before those who try the accused, and, of course, gives him little of its benefit; it may be attended with captious and insidious questions, which disguise rather than elucidate the truth; and it may unjustly increase suspicion against the thoughtless or the timid. To secure these advantages, and to obviate these dangers, several provisions are introduced into this code. The prisoner, as soon as arrested, is to have counsel. Before his own examination he is allowed to hear and read the evidence and depositions of the witnesses against him. The interrogatories which he is then required to answer are prescribed by law, and point only to such simple circumstances as can be detailed with great simplicity of language. The answers are voluntary, though he is admonished that his refusal or falsehood will operate—as they ought—unfavourably to the belief of his innocence, when he comes to be tried; and he is permitted to correct and alter, before he signs them, the answers which the magistrate takes from his lips.

Among the provisions that direct the mode of proceeding on the trial, is one giving the closing argument to the defendant. This was thought proper and just, because it is an advantage which, from necessity, one party may, and the other cannot, enjoy. There are disadvantages inseparable from the position of the accused; and to deprive him of what may, in some degree, counterbalance them, is thought by Mr. Livingston to be contrary to justice and humanity. The same may be said of a similar change which forbids a judge in his charge to recapitulate the testimony, unless expressly requested to do so by the jury, and obliges him to confine his statements exclusively to such matters of law as he shall think necessary for their information in giving their verdict.

The code concludes with a third book, containing forms for all the proceedings directed or authorised by its preceding parts. In framing them, which has been evidently done with much care, Mr. Livingston's object appears to have been to unite brevity with so much certainty and precision as will secure the party from any pos-

sibility of mistaking the precise fact of which he is accused. To attain this end is certainly to close the door against one of the greatest evils of criminal jurisprudence.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.—No. IV.

CAPTAIN BRADY AND THE INDIANS.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY was one of that band of brave men who lived in the trying days of the American Revolution, on the western borders, exposed to all the horrors and dangers of Indian warfare, and whose names should be perpetuated in history. He held a commission under the United States, and, for a part of the time, commanded a company of rangers, who traversed the forests for the protection of the frontiers. He was born in Sheppensburgh, in the year 1758, and removed, probably when a boy, into the valley of the Monono-gahela. At the period of this adventure, he lived on Chartier Creek, about twelve miles below Fort Pitt; a stream, better known, however, to the pilots and keel-boatmen of modern days, by the significant name of "Shirtee." He died in 1796, soon after the close of the Indian war. Samuel Brady, the hero of the following adventure, was about six feet in height, with light blue eyes, fair skin, and dark hair; he was remarkably straight; an athletic, bold, and vigorous backwoodsman, inured to all the toils and hardships of a frontier life, and had become very obnoxious to the Indians, from his numerous successful attacks on their war-parties, and from shooting them in his hunting excursions, whenever they crossed his path, or came within reach of his rifle; for he was personally engaged in more hazardous contests with the savages than any other man west of the mountains, excepting Daniel Boone. He was, in fact, "an Indian hater," as many of the early borderers were. This class of men appear to have been more numerous in this region than in any other portion of the frontiers; and this, doubtless, arose from the slaughter at Braddock's defeat, and the numerous murders and attacks on defenceless families that for many years followed that disaster. Brady was also a very successful trapper and hunter, and took more beavers than any of the Indians themselves. In one of his adventurous trapping excursions to the waters of the Beaver River, or Mahoning, which in early days so abounded with the animals of this species, that it took its name from this fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him in his camp, and took him prisoner. To have shot or tomahawked him on the spot would have been but a small gratification, to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire, in presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver River, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to

run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed, after being stripped naked, and with his arms unbound. Previously to tying him to the stake, a large circle was formed around him, consisting of Indian men, women, and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuse that their small knowledge of the English language could afford. The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes, with a firm countenance and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with a truly savage fortitude. In the midst of all their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him, with a child in her arms; quick as thought, and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her, and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror-struck at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire. In the midst of this confusion, Brady darted from the circle, outrunning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets, with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of the present hill amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles to the west of it. His knowledge of the country, and wonderful activity, enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south of the Ohio river, which he crossed by swimming. The hill, near whose base this adventure is said to have happened, still goes by his name; and the incident is often referred to by the traveller, as the coach is slowly dragged up its side.

Captain Brady seems to have been as much the Daniel Boone of the north-east part of the valley of the Ohio, as the other was of the south-west; and the country is equally full of traditional legends of his hardy adventures and hair-breadth escapes, although he has lacked a Flint to chronicle his fame, and to transmit it to posterity in the glowing and beautiful language of that distinguished annalist of the west. From undoubted authority, it seems the following incident actually transpired in this vicinity. Brady's residence was on Chartier's creek, on the south side of the Ohio, and being aman of herculean strength, activity, and courage, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers. In all their incursions into the Indian territory, north of the river. About the year 1780, on one occasion, a large party of warriors, from the falls of the Cuyahoga and the adjacent country, had made an inroad on the south side of the Ohio

river, in the lower part of what is now Washington county, but which was then known as the settlement of the "Catfish Camp," after an old Indian of that name, who lived there when the whites first came into the country, on the Monongahela River. This party had murdered several families, and, with the plunder, had re-crossed the Ohio, before effectual pursuit could be made. By Brady a party was quickly summoned of his chosen followers, who hastened on after them; but the Indians having one or two days the start, he could not overtake them in time to arrest their return to the villages. Near the spot where the town of Ravenna now stands, the Indians separated into two parties, one of which went to the north, and the other west, to the falls of the Cuyahoga. Brady's men also divided; a part pursued the northern trail, and a part went with their commander to the Indian village, lying on the river, in the present township of Northampton, in Portage county. Although Brady made his approaches with the utmost caution, the Indians, expecting a pursuit, were on the look-out, and ready to receive him, with numbers fourfold to those of Brady's party, whose only safety was in a hasty retreat, which, from the ardour of the pursuit, soon became a perfect flight. Brady directed his men to separate, and each one to take care of himself; but the Indians, knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone. The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula; within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested. The Indians, by extending their line to the right and left, forced him on to the bank of the stream. Having, in peaceable times, often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, Brady directed his course to the river, at a spot where the whole stream is compressed, by the rocky cliffs, into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in height more than twice that number of feet above the current.

Through this pass the water rushes like a race-horse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while, a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide. As he approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened that, on the opposite cliff, the leap was favoured by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes, he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in wonder and admiration; and, before they had recovered their recollection, he was half way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before; but, being bent on taking him alive, for torture, and to glut their long-delayed revenge, they forbore the use of the rifle; but now, seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him; one bullet wounded him severely in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress.

The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance a-head. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and, as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name, and plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the trunk of a large oak, which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing-place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all round the pond, but, finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree beneath which he was concealed, Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations; and, after they had gone, weary, lame, and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home. His followers, also, all returned in safety. The chasm across which he leaped is known in all that region by the name of "Brady's Leap."—*American Journal of Science and Art.*

MENTAL AND MORAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.*

FIRST ARTICLE.

A MOMENT'S reflection will suffice to convince us, that the infant is scarcely born when it commences a process of learning. Its senses first receive a knowledge of the agents which act specifically upon them; the eye becomes ac-

quainted with light, the ear with sound, &c., and, subsequently, the infant learns to compare the different sensations, and to derive inferences from this comparison. Thus, the mother's nipple is soon recognised by the sense of sight; but it is at a later period that the information conveyed by the eye is corrected by the touch, so far as to enable the mouth or hands to be directed with

* From "A Practical Treatise on the Management and Diseases of Children." By R. T. EVANSON, M.D., and HENRY MAUNSELL, M.D., Dublin.

certainty towards the object in question. After a short period, the power of perceiving external objects, and the memory, is so far educated, that the infant can determine the differences between persons, and becomes capable of recognising its mother or nurse. All this is really mental education, and that too of the most important kind; for what a small proportion does the learning of the schools bear to the knowledge of external agents, and of our own powers and relations, which we must require during the period of childhood, and without which we should be incapable of supporting our own existence. We cannot, however, materially aid in the communication of such knowledge; the demands of the senses for their proper excitements will force it upon the young being; and we refer to it here, only to show that the young child who is permitted to use its eyes and ears, is always busily employed in learning, and that the hours of play are not to be considered as periods of intellectual idleness. At what time the business of formally instructing the intellect should be commenced, becomes an interesting question, and one upon which much difference of opinion exists: if we begin too early, we shall certainly injure the health; and if we delay too long, we shall often experience much difficulty in restraining the habits of bodily activity (which in such cases will generally be acquired) within limits favourable to the necessary exertion of the mental powers. In this, as in most other matters, we shall probably find our best guide, if we carefully observe the plans of nature. She seldom fails to implant in the child a most restless and prying curiosity, which is, in reality, the appetite for knowledge, and should never be denied its gratification.

Books and pictures never fail to attract the attention of very young children; and allowing them to apply it, at their own pleasure, to these, and especially to the latter, is precisely doing for the mind what we do for the body when we place it in the garden or field—it is giving it an opportunity of taking wholesome exercise, which it will cease from doing upon the first approach of fatigue. In the one case, the child will, itself, learn to walk and run with firmness; and as its muscles and bones become stronger, it will usually desire to learn the more artificial exercises of riding and swimming. In the other case, an acquaintance will be imperceptibly acquired with the forms of letters, and of animals, and other external objects; and the uses of the one being gradually learned, and a curiosity respecting the others being excited, a growing desire for information will lead the child to devote more and more time to its acquirement, until at length we shall find it no difficult matter to include among our periodical arrangements, a daily allotment of a short portion of time for the purposes of instruction. The precise age for

adopting this latter arrangement cannot be exactly defined—it must differ a little, according to the strength of the child—but we conceive it should not be before the sixth year. The time to be allotted for instruction is also a matter of moment: it should never be long enough to produce fatigue, and we think should not exceed two hours daily during any part of the period of childhood. By adopting such a plan as we have recommended, we allow a child to learn to think, which in reality is superior to knowledge; and we also give it an opportunity of obtaining materials for thought, by making an acquaintance, at its leisure, with the sensible properties of many objects. “We do not,” however, to borrow the words of an ingenious writer, “attempt to force their intellectual growth. Do not feed them with meat until they have teeth to masticate it. There is a great deal which they ought to learn, can learn, and must learn, before they can or ought to understand it.”*

So much for intellectual education: during the period to which our consideration is restricted, namely, the first eight years of life, it should rather be laid by such playful exercise of the faculties as we have sketched. A more important subject, however, is what we have designated as moral education. This commences at the earliest period of infancy, and we almost believe is finished, for good or for evil, before the individual passes from the period of childhood. In moral qualities, the child is, indeed, father to the man; and the education of these requires the most anxious attention, even during the earliest periods of infancy. No one who is familiar with the habits of infants can avoid observing, that, from the moment of birth, they display obvious marks of being-endowed with active passions and affections, and that, too, in very varying proportions in different individuals. Anger is perhaps the first which is displayed to our notice; but shame and jealousy soon make their appearance, and also some of a more amiable character, as compassion and brotherly affection. Now, we must recollect that these, and all the other elements of our moral constitution, are originally implanted in us, and designed for good. “It is very true,” says Dr. Chalmers,† “that the anger, and the shame, and the emulation, and the parental affection, and the compassion, and the love of reputation, and the sense of propriety, and the conscience, or moral sense, are so many forces of a mechanism, which, if not thus furnished, and that too within certain proportions, would run into a disorder that might have proved destructive both of the individual and the species.” We shall give an example of our meaning, and again in the words of the excellent writer just quoted: “The more patent view of anger is, that it is an

* “The Doctor,” a work generally attributed to Southey.
† Bridgewater Treatise.

instrument of defence against the aggressions of violence or injustice, and by which they are kept in check from desolating, as they otherwise would, the face of society." In like manner, all the passions and affections are designed for good; and we conceive, therefore, that our object in morally educating a child should be, not to obliterate those forces of his moral mechanism, but to guide them into a system of harmonious operation with each other. Now, how is this most likely to be accomplished? Is it not by cultivating those affections which are obviously

good, and, by their influence, lessening the violence of others, whose unrestrained indulgence would certainly lead to evil? Thus, the anger even of a very young infant will be best restrained, not by a display of anger upon the part of its parent, but by a steady exhibition of parental affection, and by showing it a practical example of calmness. Causes likely to excite irritability should be carefully removed from the infant; as a habit of indulgence in danger will readily be acquired before the counteracting affections can be correspondingly excited.

WHAT IS HOPE?

WHAT is Hope? 'tis the joyous birth
Of a bright, impassioned, glowing feeling,
Clothing with beauty the things of earth,
And the darkening hues of life concealing.

What is Hope? 'tis a summer's morn,
Without a cloud of withering sorrow,
In the sunny vales of gladness born;
Bliss of to-day, bride of to-morrow.

What is Hope? 'tis a silvery ray
That shines thro' the darkened clouds of woe,
That lights up the gloom of Sorrow's day
When the streams of Affliction darkly flow.

What is Hope? 'tis the rapturous joy
That thrills thro' the lover's anxious breast,
As he marks the glance of his idol's eye,
When the thoughts of the heart are all expressed.

What is Hope? 'tis the Christian's stay,
A promise of nobler joys to come,
When the spirit shall burst from its "house of clay,"
And fly to its cloudless, heavenly home.

Hope's like the eagle, on high careering,
Earth cannot stay her aspiring flight,
Blossoms of bliss in her mantle bearing,
A sunbeam of joy! an angel of light!

Hope flings her beam when the waves are foaming,
And the trembler hails the welcome ray:
Hope cheers the heart of the wanderer roaming
O'er stranger lands, from his home away.

Oh! when the soul is oppressed with sadness,
Hope! let me feel thy enkindling power;
Shed forth the smile of joy and gladness,
Brighten the dark and the gloomy hour. T. W. A.

LIFE AND MANNERS.

BURNS.—"I well remember," says the Rev. Dr. Duncan, in his "Philosophy of the Seasons," "with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation which, while yet a schoolboy, I enjoyed an opportunity of hearing in my father's manse, between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation, the amiable Blacklock. The subject was the fidelity of the dog. Burns took up the question with all the ardour and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was so remarkably imbued. It was a subject well suited to call forth his powers; and, when handled by such a man, not less suited to interest the youthful fancy. The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have long escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns, with his own characteristic enthusiasm, which, as it threw a new light into my mind, I shall never forget. 'Man,' said he, 'is the god of the dog. He knows no other, he can understand no other; and see how he worships him! With what reverence he crouches at his feet! with what love he fawns upon him! with what dependence he looks up to him! and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him! His whole soul is wrapped up in his god; all the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service; and these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse. It ought just to be so with the Christian; but the dog puts the Christian to shame.'"

GOLDSMITH.—"A few months," writes Mr. Montagu, "before the death of Dr. Scott, author of 'Anti-Sejanns,' and other political tracts in support of Lord North's administration, I happened to dine with him in company with my friend Sir George Tuthill, who

was the doctor's physician. After dinner, Dr. Scott mentioned, as matter of astonishment, and a proof of the folly of men who are, according to common opinion, ignorant of the world,—that he was once sent with a *carte blanche* from the ministry to Oliver Goldsmith, to induce him to write in favour of the administration. 'I found him,' said the doctor, 'in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority; I told him I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions; and would you believe it, he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance, therefore, you offer is unnecessary to me;' and so I left him,' added Dr. Scott, 'in his garret.'"—*Prior's Life of Goldsmith.*

EARLY RISING.—There is something peculiarly arousing and strengthening, both to the body and the mind, in this early time of the morning; and were we always wise enough to avail ourselves of it, it is almost incredible with what ease and pleasure the labours of the most diligent life might be performed. There is an awakening of the mind in the morning which cannot be obtained at any other time of the day; and they who miss this go heavily about their employments, and an hour of their drawing day is not equal to half an hour of the energetic day of one who sees the sun rise. When, too, we take the day by the beginning, we can regulate the length of it according to our necessities; and whatever may be our professional avocations, we have time to perform them, to cultivate our minds, and to worship our Maker, without any one duty in the least interfering with the other.—*Mudie's Spring.*

A BAPTISM OF THE SCOTTISH KIRK.

THE rigid members of the Kirk of Scotland have decided objections to the word "christening," and therefore they do not admit it into their sacerdotal vocabulary. They have two reasons for excluding it: in the first place, they do not admit that a mere ceremony, be it performed with what solemnity it may, can be instrumental, that is, efficacious in itself, in bringing the party upon whom it is performed into the real Church of Christ, at what age soever it may be performed; and, in the second place, they consider that no ceremony can have any effect, good or evil, upon an infant of only a few days old, in which the first rudiments of observation and judgment are not yet developed. It is true that the father, or some one in the father's stead, if he is lost to the family, or absent, stands a sponsor, or "takes the vows upon him," as it is termed; but these vows, though understood to be solemn and binding in the highest degree, are taken for the sponsor himself and not for the child: they are a pledge, before the assembled congregation, or the family and friends, as the case may be, that the child shall be trained up in the paths of morality, and instructed in the principles, and, if possible, imbued with the spirit of genuine Christianity. Baptism, according to the observance of the Scotch kirk, is, therefore, though a solemn rite, an exceedingly simple one; and it is only when there are peculiar circumstances attending a particular case that that case can be made the subject of written description. While the clannish spirit existed so strongly among the Highlanders as to have considerable influence upon the conduct, the baptizing of a child, especially an heir to the feudal honours, was a season of great rejoicing. The child was borne by the most honourable retainers of the chief, upon a sort of couch, woven of fresh twigs and the leaves of the tree of the clan, with bagpipes playing, and banner displayed, and it was held upon this while the clergyman performed the ceremony. Then followed a great feast, which often lasted for a succession of days, and not unfrequently ended, as most clan gatherings used to do, in brawling and bloodshed. The writer of these lines remembers having seen the young heir of the late Macdonald, of Glengary, paraded in this way through the streets of Inverness, upon heather, the characteristic tree of the clan.

In the lowlands of Scotland, baptisms of the poorer classes are usually administered at the close of the afternoon sermon, preceded by an invocation, accompanied by an explanation of the nature of the rite, and an enforcement of the duties of Christian parents, and then the whole closes with an admonitory prayer. The entire service is oral, and by this means it can be adapted to the case of the individual parties, for admonition,

for reproof, or for encouragement, according as might be thought necessary. In this way, it is not only rendered effective to those immediately concerned, but it is impressive upon the entire congregation; and though it is no necessary part of the regular duties of the Sabbath, it is far from being uninstrusive in addition to it.

Among the more opulent, this baptizing in the church, before the assembled congregation, is not common; and there are no meetings at church, either public or private, for baptisms only. Accordingly, the children of the wealthy are baptized in their own houses. This is not, we believe, in strict accordance with the more rigid formulary of presbyterianism, but "danger to the child from exposure to the air," is easily pleaded, and readily admitted in any case where it might be necessary.

We must admit that there is something of use, in a family point of view, in these domestic baptisms. The whole household, including the servants, are present at the administration, and generally the relatives of the parents in considerable numbers. The invocation and the prayers are longer than in the church; and the minister adapts them to the parties, to the place, and to the season. Then follows the feast, at which, of course, the minister says grace, and contributes not a little both to the instruction and to the hilarity of all present; but, as this is a time of unbending the mind, the different classes of those who had assembled as one family during the sacrament, separate, in order that none may act as a restraint upon others, but that all may partake freely and fully in the general joy that another member has been added to the family, and while the hope is fresh that another human being shall be added to the family of the redeemed in heaven.

In towns and crowded places, this observance produces little external effect, unless there is something remarkable in the case; but in the country it is looked forward to with fond anticipation, and remembered with delight. This is especially the case among a certain class of farmers that are very abundant in at least one of the lowland counties of Scotland. These are, generally speaking, farmers upon a pretty large scale, proprietors of all that they cultivate, and living well and happily with every one around them. On some part of the farm, generally not far from the homestead, there is a little village, the inhabitants of which have been fixtures for generations. The able-bodied men are ploughmen and other servants; as many of the women as are required for the household and the dairy live "at the place," as it is called; the old men are useful for something; and the aged women and children are in requisition at those times when work

thickens. In the summer, the children lead cows by the hedge-sides and lanea, where there is usually good grass, but grass that would not repay formal collecting by the proprietor. Each family has, moreover, a little bit of garden, often very pretty with flowers, and not a few of them rent little portions of land for the year, repaying it in labour; and on this there are potatoes, flax, and other vegetables for family use. Where this is to any extent the case, pauperism is altogether unknown, crimes of any kind are rarely heard of; and there is only a little public-house here and there by the road-side, seldom frequented, except by wayfaring people, and always secondary to some other employment on the part of the inhabitant.

In such a district as this, the baptizing of a child, especially of a son and heir, and yet more especially if that son and heir is a child of delayed hope, is an event of some importance in the simple annals of the place.

Mungo Morton, of Morton Bank, (for he was only Mungo Morton, Esq., when the candidate applied for his vote at an election,) belonged to this class of proprietary farmers. His family had possessed the land time out of mind; but his father had been drawn into some speculations which, though they did not actually involve him in debt, brought him very near to it. Mungo had three sisters, and the father had willed to each of these a yearly allowance, to be paid out of the produce of the farm. The amount was not absolutely ruinous, but it placed Mr. Morton upon less advantageous terms than his neighbours around him.

Mr. Morton had just completed his thirtieth year when he was called upon to perform the mournful duty of accompanying an aged and excellent father to the family place of interment, in the parish churchyard, and seeing his body deposited in the same grave which had received the mortal remains of his mother, fifteen years before. He was left with very little ready money, and with the farm burdened, as has been stated; but the farm was excellent land, in the highest order, and completely stocked; he was also well acquainted with the management of it, as the active part of the business had devolved upon him for ten years, and the old man had passed the evening of life at his ease, and died in peace with God and man.

Mr. Morton was of rather staid deportment, a little too grave, perhaps, for a young man of thirty; but he had been better educated than most of his neighbours, and was looked up to as a person whose advice was very desirable, even to those who were his seniors. The sisters, whose dispositions were rather gayer than that of the brother, voluntarily took up their residence at a small seaport in the neighbourhood, well known as a retreat for ladies at their time of life, all of them being elder than their brother. The allow-

ance which their father had left them was regularly supplied, they lived comfortably, and though the intercourse between them and their brother was not very close or constant, they were on the best of terms, and never had a dispute or misunderstanding.

When Mungo Morton was left alone on his farm, his first object was to devise means of disencumbering it of the payments to his sisters, without diminishing their means of living. Only one way of doing this occurred to him, but it was to work the farm to the utmost and most profitable extent, and save as much as ever he could. His servants had had experience of him as a strict, but kind and upright master, and, therefore, they were one and all ready, willing, and able to second his exertions in the most effective manner. He was very successful; and, acre for acre, his farm was the most productive in the neighbourhood, and its produce the best in quality. Generally speaking, he was the earliest up; and he was here, there, and every where, instructing and encouraging every body, and reproving or quarrelling with none. It used to be said, that Morton of Morton Bank was always the first at market, and the first home; that the very weather seemed to smile upon his farm more than upon other farms; and that, in some instances, his work appeared to do itself.

A man in the prime of life and vigour, possessing such thriving habits, and thriving so well in the exercise of them, could not fail to draw various kinds of attention. The first proposition made to him came from the minister, to give the benefit of his discretion in the kirk-session as an elder, as his father had done, and continued to do until the decay of nature rendered him incapable. This office was accepted, and Mr. Morton was diligent in the performance of the few and light duties which it required; and as there were no regular poor, he endeavoured to turn the voluntary charity of the parish to the improvement of the parochial school, and the winter relief of the more necessitous part of the labourers. Doctor Drum, the minister, loved his parish, and was an honour and a blessing to it; and he did not hide the light of his new elder under a bushel.

Mr. Morton thus very soon became a man of note, not merely in his own parish, but in the district generally; and being a man of note and a bachelor are two possessions which it is not easy for the same individual to enjoy undisturbed. It was against the latter possession chiefly that the movement was made in the present case, and matrons who had marriageable daughters, when met together, unanimously resolved, "that Mr. Morton ought to have a wife." Many rumours were put afloat as to who ought to be Mrs. Morton, but they all speedily died away. His brother freehold farmers, and their wives,—they were not called ladies in these parts, for "lady," in their

vernacular tongue, means a useless female, or one who does nothing, and the dames in question, who were, generally speaking, notables, had many consultations as to the kind of hook wherewith Mungo Morton, Esquire, of Morton Bank, might be drawn out of the still waters of celibacy, and floated to the end of his days on the gentle ripple of the matrimonial tide. Wealth, personal attractions, mental accomplishments, connexions, and all the cords by which a man might be supposed to be drawn into honourable love, were brought forward, according as the speculating party had the means of commanding the one or the other.

It is even said, though we do not absolutely vouch for the fact, that a closer siege was laid to the stubborn fortalice of the heart of the prudent and prosperous yeoman. There is a silent and wary method, in that part of the country, of giving a hint that love may be made without any great offence to the object of it. This is locally termed "footie," and is held sacred to purely hymeneal purposes: it consists in getting seated on the opposite side of the table to the party to be hinted at, and giving that party, when otherwise unoccupied, a gentle pressure on the foot. If no notice is taken, the matter ends here; but if the pressure is returned, there is broken ice, and in the fullness of time a marriage. It was whispered—for on such matters they never speak out—that footie had been practised on Mr. Morton more than twenty times, but that he remained steady as the pole, and cold as the winter of its extremest latitudes. This cast a damp upon the speculations; and they were ultimately reduced to a single wonder—how strange it is that Mr. Morton does not pay his addresses to any body! In the meantime Mr. Morton had another object in rapid progress to its accomplishment, but, until that was reached, he firmly resolved not to make even the slightest tender of a matrimonial alliance, or to throw out a hint that could be so interpreted by the most willing mind. To free the estate from all encumbrance, and still to continue to his sisters their allowance, was his object, and he found, or fancied that he could accomplish it most speedily and most agreeably, if unencumbered by any other connexion. Nine abundant crops had been gathered in, carried to market, and profitably sold, under his management; and in the spring of the tenth year he found that he had saved enough, not only to purchase annuities for his sisters, but to buy stock, the dividends of which fully amounted to the payments required by the father's will. The stock was bought and transferred; the sisters were changed from annuitants to freeholders; and Mr. Morton rode home to the farm, all his own, and a surplus of money still remaining in his pocket. Had this been known, it would certainly have awakened the speculations, and might possibly have brought on footie again; but Mungo Mor-

ton did not blow a trumpet before him, and so tongues were mute and feet stationary.

There was, indeed, one little circumstance which caused a slight inquiry, not very long after this time. Mr. Morton's house was thoroughly repaired and painted; a good deal of new furniture was brought to it; and he gave a dinner party to about a dozen of his neighbours, including the minister. No lady was there, however, nor could the most willing to dispose among the assembled fathers trace the least tendency to matrimony in the conversation or the conduct of Mr. Morton.

Two or three Sundays after, there was a discovery, however, though what was discovered was no great matter. Miss Mary Hay, by far the best educated woman in the neighbourhood, though misfortune had overtaken her family, and she had no fortune except a small annuity from a brother in India, had resided with her mother, in a neat little cottage, situated in a very pleasant village, about midway between Mr. Morton's house and the parish church. In earlier life Miss Hay had been very beautiful, and though the mere bloom of youth was over, and she was now considerably turned of thirty, she was a female of prepossessing appearance, and understood to be of delightful manners, as far as these were known. She attended church very regularly, and carried her little Bible in her cambric handkerchief, sometimes in her hand and sometimes under her arm. On this particular Sunday, as she was walking from church, a little in advance of Mr. Morton, the Bible dropped on the ground. Mr. Morton took it up and delivered it to its owner, bowing at the same time; and Miss Hay bowed in return, as more than ten witnesses could certify: not only this, but they walked on together until their roads separated, Mr. Morton again touching his hat, and bowing at parting, and Miss Hay bowing in return, and, it was positively averred, waving her handkerchief. It was Sunday, and the people then and there were very strict in their religious observances; but this was too much to keep for a night, and, consequently, there were divers associatings and communings on the subject.

The week was one of wonderment, that all the youth and all the wealth of the neighbourhood should have been passed over for Mary Hay; and by Saturday evening the ultimate conclusion was arrived at, "that Mungo Morton, of Morton Bank, was out of his senses." The next day made matters worse; for no sooner had the congregation assembled, and the precentor taken his place in the desk, than he read with an audible voice the following momentous words: "There is a purpose of marriage between Mungo Morton, Esq., of Morton Bank, and Miss Mary Hay, both of this parish, proclaimed for the first, second, and third time; if any person can show cause why these parties should not be joined in lawful wedlock, let them

come forward and state the same, time and place convenient." Neither Mr. Morton nor Miss Hay appeared at the parish church that Sunday; the marriage was performed privately on the Monday morning; and Mr. and Mrs. Morton drove off for a jaunt of a few weeks, leaving their neighbours to excite each other's wonder. To the parties themselves there was of course no wondering: it was a betrothment of nearly ten years standing; but Mary agreed with her future husband, in the prudence of delaying their union until the farm was clear from encumbrance, and all in a fair train for substantial and prosperous enjoyment.

Upon their return, the usual entertainments were given and exchanged, and Morton and his Mary very soon became ornaments to the district, and a blessing to every one who required either their advice or assistance.

At this period the cup of human bliss appeared to be full to Mr. Morton. He was prospering more and more every day in his circumstances, he was married to the woman he had long loved, and he was not merely respected, but looked up to by all who knew him; but the cup of human bliss is seldom full in this life, or, if it be, there is always sure to be some bitter drop in it. This is no doubt wisely ordained, as leading the thoughts of man to another and a better world as the haven of his rest, and the home of his enjoyment. But notwithstanding this, the bitter drop is hard for the frailty of human nature, and not unfrequently the more difficult to be borne the smaller it is in proportion to the whole. There was every comfort, and every source of happiness within and about the dwelling of Mr. Morton; but three years passed away and he remained childless. His wealth was increasing every day, his sisters, now advancing into years, had become

confirmed in their celibacy; and, carefully as he husbanded the family property, it seemed as if he was to be the last of the Mortons, of Morton Bank, and the fruits of his industry and skill were to go to he knew not who; but—

The fourth year changed the aspect of things in this respect; and after a period of considerable anxiety a fine healthy boy was born. The fondest earthly wish of the parents was now realised, and the baptizing of young Morton was to be an especial festival in the family. It was delayed until the mother could be present, and take her place as the entertainer; and so much did Morton's neighbours esteem him, and sympathise with him in his joy, that it was a holiday in the parish; the bell was kept constantly tolling, and a bonfire was lighted up on the hill; labour was suspended, and those who could not find room in the premises of Mr. Morton feasted and made merry in other places.

Doctor Drum was not the least happy upon the occasion, and he gave expression to the first emotions of his happiness in grateful acknowledgment to that Being who had gratified the wishes of so deserving a pair. His addresses and prayers were longer and more fervent than is usual on ordinary occasions, and he contrived to frame them so as to convey wholesome instruction and sound advice to all persons.

After the religious rite came the feast, the table being surrounded by as many of Morton's neighbours, and the grown-up part of their families, as could find room; while the juvenile branches dined in another apartment, under the superintendence of the parish schoolmaster: the feast was abundant, the guests happy, and "all things done decently and in order."

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

CHAPTER III.

A BLACK slave entered, and, bowing himself before her with his forehead on the ground, and the hands over the head, addressed to her some words in Arabic. "Go," said she, "your dinner awaits you; return quickly. I shall think of you, and endeavour to see and distinguish more clearly, in the confusion of my ideas, somewhat more of yourself and your future fate. I eat with no one. I live very soberly, on bread and fruits, at the hour when want requires it; these are sufficient for me, but I must not put my guest on my regimen."

I was conducted into a summer-house overhung with jessamine flowers and laurel-roses, at the gate of the gardens. There were covers laid for myself and my friend. We dined quickly, but she waited not till our repast was ended before she sent Leonardi to say that she awaited me.

I found her smoking from a long oriental pipe, one of which she ordered for me. I had been already accustomed to see the most beautiful and elegant women of the East smoke, and I saw nothing to shock the senses in the attitude of the figure, so gracious and *nonchalant*, nor in the odorous vapour which, in slender columns, escaped from the lips of that lovely woman, interrupting without cooling the conversation. We thus conversed for a long time, and always on the favourite subject—on the only and mystic theme of this extraordinary woman, this modern magician; recalling the apt resemblance of the famous magicians of antiquity—the *Circé* of the deserts.

It appeared to me that the religious doctrines of Lady Hester consisted of a skilful though confused union of different religions, amidst which she has condemned herself to live as myste-

rously as the Druzes, of whose mystic secret she may be perhaps the sole depository; resigned as the Mussulman, and, like him too, a fatalist; awaiting, with the Jew, the advent of the Messiah; and, with the Christian, professing the worship of Christ, and following the practice of all charitable morality. Add to these, the fantastic colourings and the supernatural dreams of an imagination tinged with the East, and warmed by solitude and meditation—some revelations, perhaps, from the Arab astrologers—and you will be enabled to form some idea of that lofty and fantastic union of feeling which it may be more correct to denominate folly, than to analyse or comprehend. And yet there is nought of foolish or disordered feeling about her. Folly, which is written in such evident characters in the eyes, cannot be detected in her regard, so noble and so direct. Folly, which always betrays itself by some involuntary interruption of a chain of conversation, by rough, disordered, and eccentric digressions, never shows itself in the conversation or language of Lady Hester, which, though lofty, mysterious, and wavering, is yet sustained, and ever in union with its object. Were I to pronounce an opinion, I should rather say that her folly (if it deserve such a name) is both voluntary and studied, and is known to itself; and for the assumption and support of which, reasons and causes might be assigned. The powerful admiration that her genius has exercised, and still exercises, over the Arab population around the mountains, sufficiently proves that her apparent folly is but a medium, and not an end. Amongst the inhabitants of that wonderful land, amongst those tribes of the rocks and the deserts, whose imaginations are more darkly coloured than the horizon of their sands or their seas, it requires either the word of Mohammed or Lady Hester Stanhope. It requires, also, the communion with the stars, with prophecies, or with miracles—the second-sight of genius. Lady Stanhope has entered into and understood these mystic theories, first, by the lofty bearing of an intellect naturally of a superior order, as well as, in the second place, seducing, as it were, herself (the power only of high intellectual faculties) into the first neophytic belief of that symbolism which she had intended to create only for others.

Such is the effect which this woman has produced upon me. You cannot classify her, or judge her by one word; she may be considered as a statue of vast dimensions, only looked upon to advantage in one point of light. I should not be surprised if a future day were to fulfil the realisation of a portion of that prophetic fate which she designs for herself—an empire in Arabia, and a throne in Jerusalem. The slightest political commotion in the region of the East which she inhabits might lift her up to this height. On this subject I remarked to her, that

I had only one reproach to make to her genius, it was that of being too timid during the development of stirring events, and of not having pushed her fortune onwards where it would have conducted her.

"You speak," said she, "as a man who reposes too much reliance in the power of the human will, and not sufficiently on the alone and irresistible empire of destiny. My strength in myself relies on that. I await it, I do not summon it; I watch. I have diminished my fortune greatly. I am now alone and abandoned to myself on this desert rock, a prey for the first daring soul that forces my gates; surrounded by a band of faithless domestics and ungrateful slaves, who despoil me daily, and sometimes threaten my life. Even lately I only owed my safety to this poniard, which I was forced to use to defend myself against a black slave whom I have brought up. Yet, in the midst of all these tribulations, I am happy. I reply to all by that sacred word of the Mussulmans—*Allah kerim!* 'the will of God;' and I await with confidence the advent of that futurity of which I have spoken to you, and of which I was anxious to inspire you."

After having smoked several pipes, and drank several cups of coffee that were brought in by the negro slaves every quarter of an hour, "Come," said she, "I am going to conduct you into a sanctuary wherein I suffer none profane to enter; it is my garden."

We descended to it by several steps; and I wandered with her in perfect enchantment through one of the most beautiful Turkish gardens that I had ever seen in the East. There were shadowy arbours, whose vaulted verdure was lit by the shining clusters of the grapes of the promised land; kiosks, whose arabesque sculptures were interlaced by the jasmine and the clinging convolvulus of Asia; marble basins, where artificial waters, brought there from a league's distance, were murmuring and softly gushing; walks, along which were planted English and European fruit-trees, as well as those native to the soil; greenswards, sown with rich flowering shrubs; whilst marble compartments enclosed sheaves of flowers, whose rare beauty I had never before beheld. Such was this garden. We rested frequently in one or other of the ornamental kiosks, whilst the inexhaustible conversation of Lady Hester never left the mystic or elevated tone of subject on which she had conversed in the morning.

Before ending her conversation she more particularly addressed me.

"Since destiny has sent you here, and that a wondrous sympathy between our stars permits me to confide to you that which I would never confide to other profane minds, come with me, and you shall behold with your own eyes a prodigy of nature, whose ulterior destination is

known but to me and to those who are versed in the mysteries of the same science; the prophecies of the East had announced it for ages back, and you shall judge yourself whether these prophecies have been accomplished."

She opened a gate of the garden which led to a small interior court, where I saw two splendid Arabian mares, of the finest race and the most beautiful forms.

"Approach and view this bay mare, and see whether nature has not fulfilled in her all that is written of the one that is to bear the Messiah."

She was born ready saddled. I saw, in fact, in this fine animal, a diversion from the usual course of nature sufficiently rare to delude the vulgar credulity of a semi-barbarous people. This mare had, instead of a well-developed shoulder, a cavity so large and deep, and imitating so closely the form of a Turkish saddle, that it might be truly said that she was born ready saddled; and with stirrups she might easily have been mounted without requiring a saddle. This mare, noble as she was, seemed accustomed to the admiration and respect which Lady Stanhope and her slaves showed for her, and to presage all the dignity of her future mission. No person has ever mounted her, and two Arab grooms kept a constant watchful care over her, without losing sight of her for one instant.

Another white mare, in my opinion infinitely the finer of the two, partakes with the other of the respectful cares of Lady Stanhope; she has likewise never been mounted. Lady Hester did not inform me, but left me to understand, that although the destiny of the white mare was a less holy one, she had, nevertheless, a mysterious and important one to fulfil; and I was given to understand that Lady Stanhope reserved it to mount herself, on the day when she would enter the reconquered city of Jerusalem by the side of the Messiah.

After these animals had walked for some time on a greensward without the walls of her fortress-habitation, and we had remarked the softness and grace of their steps and motions, we re-entered, and I renewed to Lady Hester my requests that she would permit me to introduce to her my friend M. de Parseval, who had accompanied me in my journey, and had followed me, in spite of my remonstrances, to her abode, and had been awaiting since the morning for that favour of which Lady Hester was so sparing. Eventually she consented, and we all three entered to pass the evening, or rather the night, in the little room I have already described. Coffee and pipes were supplied again, with oriental profusion, and the room was soon filled with such a cloud of smoke that the form of Lady Stanhope was only seen through an atmosphere similar to the magical atmosphere of incantations. She spoke again with the same power, grace, and freedom, but with infinitely less of the super-

natural, on subjects which bore to her a less serious influence, than she had ever done to me previously.

"I hope," she said suddenly, "that you are an aristocrat, and, in looking at you, I do not doubt it."

"You are deceived, my lady," I replied, "I am neither an aristocrat nor a democrat; I have lived long enough to view the two sides of the medallion of humanity, and to find the one as hollow as the other. I would exclusively support and become a partisan of that class which could perfect and ameliorate the general mass of mankind, whether it be that portion which occupies the summit or the foot of the social ladder. I am neither for the mass of the people, nor for the exclusive great, but for the entire mass of humanity; and I believe that the virtue which will bring perfection into the world belongs neither to aristocratic nor democratic institutions, and that it is only to be found in a divine morality, the fruit of a perfect religion. The civilisation of a people is their faith."

"That is true," replied she, "but I am nevertheless an aristocrat in spite of myself. And you will agree," added she, "that if there are vices amongst the aristocracy, there are also lofty virtues beside them to retrieve and compensate for them; whilst, in a democracy, I see many of the basest and envied vices, but I look in vain for lofty virtues."

"My lady," I replied, "it is not precisely thus. In each of these divisions of society there are vices and virtues; but in the higher classes the very vices present a brilliant aspect; in the lower classes, on the contrary, those vices show themselves in all their nakedness, the very contemplation of which becomes injurious to the sentiments of morality. The difference is in the appearance alone, and not in the fact; but, in reality, the vice becomes more hideous and vicious when developed in the person of one who is rich, lofty, and instructed, than in one who is without bread to suffice him, or guiding light of any kind to direct him; for in the one, vice is the result of choice, in the other, the result of necessity. Despise it, therefore, wherever it is found, especially amongst the vicious aristocracy; and do not let us judge of humanity by the tribes of men, but by man himself. The great would possess the vices of the people if they were them; and the lower classes would possess the vices of the great if they were in their places. The balance is equal, let us not weigh it."

"Well," she replied, "let us pass on; but allow me to indulge in the belief that you are an aristocrat like myself; it would cost me too much to believe that you were of the number of those young Frenchmen who raise the popular violence against all the considerations which God, nature, or society have made to govern the world, and throw down the edifice but to build

up from its ruins a pedestal to their envious baseness."

"No," I said, "do not distress yourself, I am not one of them; I belong only to those who despise, not those who occupy an inferior position to themselves in the social state, respecting, at the same time, that which is above them, but whose desire or dream would be to lead all men—independent of the station they occupy in the arbitrary hierarchies of political government—to the same light, the same liberty, and the same moral perfection. And since you are of a religious disposition, and believe that God loves equally all his children, and that you await the advent of a second Messiah, who shall redress all things, you believe with them and with myself."

"Yes," replied she, "but I think no longer of human politics; I have seen too much of them during the ten years that I passed with my uncle Mr. Pitt, and whilst all the intrigues of Europe were around me. Whilst young I despised human nature. I wish to hear no more of it. All that man does for man is barren. The forms are to me perfectly indifferent."

"And to me also," I replied.

"The basis of all things is God and virtue."

"I think exactly as you do," I replied, "therefore let us dismiss the subject, as we agree in it."

Passing to lighter subjects, and jesting her on that species of divination which enabled her to know a man by his first aspect, and by the simple observation of his star, I put her wisdom to the proof, and I questioned her relative to several travellers whom I knew, and whom, within fifteen years, she had seen. I was struck with the justness of her observation on the *coup d'œil* of two of these. Amongst other things, she analysed, with great intellectual perspicuity, the character of one of these whom I well knew, and whose disposition was very difficult to detect at first sight; it was great, but hid beneath the simplest and most seductive appearances of good nature. And what completed my astonishment most, and rendered my admiration of her inflexible memory greater than it had ever been, was, that this traveller had only passed two hours with her, and that sixteen years had elapsed between his visit to her and the opinion that I

asked of the impression which she had received of him. Solitude strengthens and concentrates all the faculties of the soul. This has been marvellously well understood by the prophets, saints, the great men, and the poets, and their natures have taught them to seek for the desert or for isolation amongst mankind.

The name of Bonaparte fell, as it always does, into the thread of the conversation.

"I thought," I said, "that your enthusiasm for this man would have placed a barrier between us."

"I was an enthusiast only," she said, "on the subject of his misfortunes, and his pity for himself."

"Such were my feelings also," I replied, "and here we again agree."

I could not comprehend how a moral and religious woman could admire force alone, without either liberty, morality, or religion. Bonaparte, doubtless, repaired the social world, but he did not sufficiently regard the elements of which he re-composed it; he built up his statue with sand and personal interest, instead of mingling into its composition those divine and moral sentiments—virtue and liberty.

The night thus passed away, by wandering over freely, and without any affectation on the part of Lady Hester, all those subjects that words bring and carry away in a ceaseless conversation. I felt that no chord was wanting to perfect that firm and lofty intellect, that every key-note gave back a perfect, strong, and full sound, except, perhaps, the metaphysical chord, that tension and solitude had rendered hollow, or elevated to a diapason scale too lofty for mortal intelligence.

We separated with a sincere regret on my part, and with the same obliging sentiment from herself offered to me in return.

"No 'farewell,'" said she, "we shall see each other again often in this journey, and more frequently still in others which you have not even yet projected. Go and take your rest, and remember that you leave a friend behind you in the solitudes of Lebanon."

She gave me her hand, I put mine on my heart, after the manner of the Arabs, and we went out.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THIRD ARTICLE.

WEAR the effect produced on our minds by the perusal of the poetry of this gifted man other than it is, we should still feel some memory of past recorded pleasure spring up freshly within our thoughts at the mention of his name; but it has become to us as the presence of the fruit of the "Tree of Life." We feel when perusing his poetry the certain knowledge within

our minds, that the hours and days (and were we, according to Cocker custom, to count all these up, they would really amount to no insignificant span of time) which we have passed in the reverent study and contemplation of the poetry of this gifted man, have been numbered in "The Diary of a Lover of Poesy" as amongst the very happiest of our past lives. Past! the word is

"like a knell," tolling back the memories of departed hymns and songs once more to our ears, and filling the air with the solemn chorus of funeral bells and music. It reminds us that the hours of youth and hope are gone from us in this world for ever—that the quiet, green pathways of our earlier life are past, and that we have entered now upon the broad highway of life—that we are mingling with the crowded thousands who throng the busy streets and courts of the great city of the world, amid whom the din and traffic of business, "and success in life," are, alas! in too many instances, the only things thought of; and that the "one thing needful" is forgotten entirely, and blotted out from the mental page of remembrance.

Will you pardon us here, gentle reader, if, in our examination of the works before us, we diverge for a while, to bid you bear us company in the perusal of some thoughts on that subject which we have just paused to contemplate: we allude to "The Departure of Youth." On this subject, an elegant writer, and one whose powerful admiration of Wordsworth's works is great, thus writes:—

"It is the prime of our manhood which is the departure of our youth. To reflective and lofty minds, accustomed to survey, and fitted to comprehend the great aims of life, this is a period peculiarly solemn and important. It is a spot on which we ought to rest a while from our journey. It is the summit of the hill, from which we look down on two even divisions of our journey. We have left behind us a profusion of bright things: never again shall we traverse such fairy fields with such eager hopes; never again shall we find the same

"Glory in the grass, or splendour on the flower."

"The dews upon the herbage are dried up:
The morning is no more."

"We made a posy while the Time ran by;

* * * * *
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither in the hand."

We ought then to pause for a while—to review the past—to gather around us the memories and warnings of experience—to feel that the lighter part of our destinies is completed—that the graver has begun—that our follies and our errors have become to us the monitors of wisdom; for since these are the tributes which Fate exacts from Mortality, they are not to be idly regretted, but to be solemnly redeemed. And if we are penetrated with this thought, our past becomes the mightiest preacher to our future. Wisdom is an acquisition, purchased in proportion to the disappointments which our own frailties have entailed upon us.

"This is, above all, an age which calls upon us to ponder well, and thoughtfully, upon the articles of our moral and our religious creed.

Entering more than ever into the mighty warfare of the world, we should summon to our side whatever auxiliaries can aid us in the contest—to cheer, to comfort, to counsel, and to direct. It is a time seriously to analyse the confused elements of belief—to apply ourselves to such solution of our doubts as may be afforded us. Happy he who can shelter himself with confidence, under the assurance of immortality, and feel 'that the world is not an inn but a hospital—a place not to live, but to die in;' acknowledging 'that piece of divinity that is in us—that something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the sun.'

"Happy, thrice happy, he who relies on the eternity of the soul, who believes, as the loved fall one after one from his side, that they have returned 'to their native country;' that they await the divine re-union; who feels that each treasure of knowledge he attains he carries with him through illimitable being; who sees in Virtue, the essence and the element of the world he is to inherit, and to which he but accustoms himself betimes; who comforts his weariness amidst the storms of time, by seeing far across the melancholy seas the haven he will reach at last; who deems that every struggle has its assured reward, and every sorrow has its balm; who knows, however forsaken or bereaved below, that he never can be alone, and never be deserted; that above him is the Eternal Power, and the mercy of Eternal Love! Well said the dreamer of philosophy, 'How much he knew of the human heart who first called God *our Father!*'" * *

In our former articles we have made reference more particularly to that peculiar simplicity of mind, character, and thought, which form so prominent an index in the writings of Wordsworth; we have quoted those among his poems in which he speaks of the simple manners of mankind, and uses their own very simple words and language; yet over which he has thrown a colouring of rich and glorious imagination, beautifying and embellishing the whole with the vivid shining of a summer's sunrise.

But there are many beautiful odes in these volumes, which display a loftier manner; still the inherent gems of the poet's proud and fertile imagination, and the two following poems—odes we should more properly call them—will furnish full and abundant evidence of the corroborative truth of our remarks:—

VERNAL ODE.

"*Rerum natura tota est nusquam magis quam in minimis.*"

Plin. Nat. Hist.

I.

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,
When all the fields with freshest green were dight,
Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye,
That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,

* The Student. By E. L. Bulwer.

The form and rich habiliments of One
 Whose countenance bore resemblance to the sun,
 When it reveals, in evening majesty,
 Features half lost amid their own pure light :
 Poised, like a weary cloud, in middle air
 He hung ; then floated with angelic ease,
 (Softening that bright effulgence by degrees,)
 Till he had reached a summit sharp and bare,
 Where oft the venturous heifer drinks the noon-tide
 breeze.
 Upon the apex of that lofty cone
 Alighted ; there the Stranger stood alone,
 Fair as a gorgeous fabric of the east,
 Suddenly raised by some enchanter's power,
 Where nothing was ; and firm as some old tower
 Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest
 Waves high, embellished by a gleaming shower !

II.

Beneath the shadow of her purple wings
 Rested a golden harp ; he touched the strings ;
 And, after prelude of unearthly sound,
 Poured through the echoing hills around,
 He sung—

“ No wintery desolations,
 Scorching blight, or noxious dew,
 Affect my native habitations ;
 Buried in glory, far beyond the scope
 Of man's inquiring gaze ; but to his hope
 Imaged, though faintly in the hue
 Profound of night's ethereal blue ;
 And, in the aspect of each radiant orb,
 Some fixed, some wandering, with no timid curb ;
 But wandering star and fixed, to mortal eye,
 Blended in absolute serenity,
 And free from semblance of decline,
 Fresh as if evening brought their natal hour,
 Her darkness splendour gave, her silence power,
 To testify of love and grace divine.

III.

“ What if those bright fires
 Shine subject to decay ;
 Sons, haply, of extinguished sires,
 Themselves to lose their light, or pass away
 Like clouds before the wind,
 Be thanks poured out to Him whose hand bestows,
 Nightly, on human kind
 That image of endurance and repose.”
 — And though to every draught of vital breath,
 Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,
 The melancholy gates of Death
 Respond with sympathetic motion ;
 Through all that feeds on nether air,
 Howe'er magnificent or fair,
 Grows but to perish, and intrust
 Its ruins to their kindred dust ;
 Yet, by the Almighty's ever during care,
 Her preceant vigils Nature keeps
 Amid the unfathomable deeps ;
 And saves the peopled fields of earth
 From dread of emptiness or dearth.
 Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd the sky,
 The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
 The shadow-creating race of trees survived :
 Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive
 Sweet flowers ;—what living eye hath viewed
 Their myriads ?—endlessly renewed,
 Whenever strikes the sun's glad ray,
 Where'er the subtle waters stray ;
 Wherever sportive zephyrs bend
 Their course, or genial showers descend !
 Mortals, rejoice ! the very angels quit
 Their mansions, unsusceptible of change,
 Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
 And through your sweet vicissitudes to range.

There is not a finer ode than this in the
 English language ; by whatever name it may be
 called,—hymn, anthem, or poem, it is a most
 beautiful composition. Yet here is another,
 gentle reader, equally rich in all delightful images
 of thought and feeling.

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

“ Not to the earth confined,
 Ascend to heaven.”

WHERE will they stop, those breathing powers,
 The spirits of the new-born flowers ?
 They wander with the breeze, they wind
 Where'er the streams a passage find ;
 Up from their native ground they rise
 In mute aerial harmonies ;
 From humble violet—modest thyme—
 Exhaled, the essential odours climb,
 As if no space below the sky
 Their subtle flight could satisfy :
 Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride
 If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by the kindest of May-showers,
 The spirit-quickener of the flowers,
 That with moist virtue softly cleaves
 The buds, and freshens the young leaves ;
 The birds pour forth their souls in notes
 Of rapture, from a thousand throats—
 Here checked by too impetuous haste,
 While there the music runs to waste,
 With bounty more and more enlarged,
 Till the whole air is overcharged ;
 Give ear, O man ! to their appeal,
 And thirst for no inferior zeal,
 Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth ; aspire ! aspire !
 So pleads the town's cathedral choir,
 In strains that, from their solemn height,
 Sink, to attain a loftier flight ;
 While incense from the altar breathes
 Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths ;
 Or, flung from swinging censers, shrouds
 The taper-lights, and curls in clouds
 Around angelic form, the still
 Creation of the painter's skill,
 That on the service wait concealed
 One moment, and the next revealed.
 — Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
 And for no transient ecstasies !
 What else can mean the visual plea
 Of still or moving imagery ;
 The iterated summons, loud,
 Not wasted on the attendant crowd ;
 Nor wholly lost upon the throng
 Hurrying the busy streets along.
 Alas ! the sanctities combined
 By art to unsensualise the mind,
 Decay and languish ; or, as creeds
 And humours change, are spurned like weeds ;
 The priests are from their altars thrust ;
 Temples are levelled with the dust ;
 And solemn rites and awful forms
 Founder amidst fanatic storms.
 Yet evermore, through years renewed
 In undisturbed vicissitude
 Of seasons, balancing their flight
 On the swift wings of day and night,
 Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
 Wide open for the scattered poor.
 Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
 Is wafted in mute harmonies ;

And ground fresh-cleaved by the plough
 Is fragrant with a humbler vow :
 Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
 Chime forth unwearied canticles ;
 And vapours magnify and spread
 The glory of the sun's bright head—
 Still constant in her worship, still
 Conforming to the Eternal will ;
 Whether men sow or reap the fields
 Divine admonishment she yields,
 That not by bread alone we live,
 Or what a hand of flesh can give ;
 That every day should leave some part
 Free for the sabbath of the heart ;

So shall the seventh be truly blest,
 From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

Our present space will not permit us to extend the remarks which the perusal of these delightful poems have suggested to our minds. We shall reserve them for another paper, when we shall also offer a few remarks upon Wordsworth's "Theory of Poetic Diction," and on the subject of Imagination and Fancy, as connected with and allied to Poetry.

THE CHURCH OF ROME.

MR. RAE WILSON, who is known as the author of "Travels Through the Holy Land," in a recent work,—"Records of a Route through France and Italy, with Sketches of Romanism," which, as we understand, is a prohibited work in Italy, from maintaining the principles of *Protestantism* in opposition to *Papal* doctrines,—concludes in the following terms :—

"*Romanism* has so nailed itself down to its old and inveterate superstitions, as to render it utterly impossible to liberate itself from them, without abjuring the character it has wrought out of the elements of the Gospel, remoulding and transmuting them as has best suited its own views. Either the word of God is most obscure and defective, or the Roman Catholic church has most unwarrantably ingrafted upon it very gratuitous and extraneous doctrines. Neither are those doctrines regarded by it as of inferior moment, compared with the fundamental and more explicitly enounced truths of Christianity ; but full as much stress is laid upon the human invention of after ages as upon what incontestably belongs to our common religion as delivered to the world by its glorious Founder. So very far is Romanism from being consistent even with the spirit of the Gospel, in the numerous additions made to, and the complex system it has reared upon it, that it requires the utmost ingenuity, the most subtle interpretation on the part of its advocates, to make out even any tolerable show of consistency. They have recourse to obscure traditions, and all kinds of doubtful, not to say fraudulent, authorities for their purpose, instead of abiding by the very plain and express declarations of the Bible ; and while they thereby give a falsifying value to what can possess none except as it coincides with scriptural doctrines, they reduce the latter to the level of those inventions they thus seek to exalt.

"Neither does there seem to be the least disposition on the part of the Romish church to suffer its exceptionable tenets gradually to fall into desuetude or oblivion, and so work out a silent reform in its own bosom. What it *has* been, that it will *ever* continue to be, whenever and wherever it shall have the power of acting

uncontrolled by circumstances. Never has it abjured a single one of its mischievous errors spontaneously ; for to some of the most mischievous of all it still clings with a pertinacity hardly short of miraculous, after those powerful arguments that have been used against them. No : although the court of the Vatican is no longer what it formerly was, yet the spirit of papacy remains the same—scotched and wounded indeed, but not killed, nor even subjugated. Allow it but to recover itself and gain vantage ground, and its present seeming humility and moderation will be forthwith cast aside.

"However improbable it may appear that Romanism should ever regain that dominion it has lost—that any re-action should now take place in its favour, shaken, as it has been to its very foundations, it is nevertheless possible ; since, although it must find opposition from the increased intelligence of the present age, it is also likely to find no ineffective auxiliaries in the weaknesses and passions of mankind. Being altogether unlike that blessed religion of the Gospel, of purely Divine origin, it scruples not to effect its purposes by carnal weapons, and if most despotic, it can also stoop in order to become so. For the austere, it is most profuse of austerities, and to them it offers the most rigid ascetism. To the worldly and sensual, again, it holds out the most seductive bribes, promising them the fullest indulgence of their appetites in a present world, with full assurance of blessedness in the next, and that upon the easiest terms imaginable. The church which substitutes penance for repentance, and insists upon the efficacy of vicarious prayers and purchased righteousness, is wise in worldly wisdom, and knows well how to profit by the sinfulness of human nature.

"As a system of Church policy, Romanism may command admiration. In outward attractions it is most imposing and captivating ; it has been the patron of art, its munificence has been unquestionable, its charities have been large and expansive, its zeal almost without a parallel, its ambition magnificent, and enthusiasm elevated. But it has also been in its motives most worldly—in its means most corrupt. When, therefore,

we dispassionately examine and bring it to the test of actual comparison, we are fully justified in boldly proclaiming that its doctrines are not

the doctrines of the glorious Gospel—its religion is not the religion of Him who shed his precious blood on the cross of Calvary!"

SITTINGS FOR MY PORTRAIT.

SIXTH SITTING.

THE conversation of the last sitting being resumed, I inquired respecting the meaning of the term "school," as applied to painting.

"It designates a class," said the artist, "who exhibit in their productions the manner of a particular master under whom they may have studied, or whose works are more or less imitated by them."

"May I then ask—but I see that I am diverting you from the business in hand."

"Not at all; for the first business in hand is to bring you into a conversible mood, so as to clear away the clouds from your countenance."

"But my object, my good friend, is to make you converse, that I may obtain information from you; but I will willingly postpone the subject to another time, if it interfere with your present occupation."

"Quite, I assure you, the reverse. I am enthusiast enough to be very fond of talking of my art, and though I dare not promise you all the information you may desire, it will equally answer my present purpose to speak or hear, so that your ordinary vivacity of countenance can be maintained, and the features be unconstrained."

"I was about, then, to inquire further respecting the principal schools of painting, since the revival of the art in Europe."

"The first that took the lead was the Italian *School of Florence*; in which the two most distinguished names are those of Leonardo da Vinci and Michel Angelo. The former devoted himself to express the affections of the soul, and in this he surpassed all his predecessors; but the latter far excelled him in boldness of conception and the knowledge of design. He cared little for graceful attitudes or indications of tender sensibility; his pleasure was to represent vehement passions, and to strike by the great and the terrible. 'If any man,' says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'had a right to look down upon the lower accomplishments as beneath his attention, it was Michel Angelo;' nor can it be thought strange that such a mind should have slighted, or have been withheld from paying due attention to all those graces and embellishments of art which have diffused such lustre over the works of other painters."

"But I have always understood that it was Raffaele who surpassed so much in this department."

"True; but he belongs to the next school which I have to introduce, the *School of Rome*. Of this, Raffaele was the founder. At first, he

imitated Pietro Perugino, under whom he studied, but the sight of the performances of the great masters just named awakened his genius, and converse with some of the chief productions of antiquity gave it a sublime direction. He was always, however, a close imitator of nature, and seldom attempted to represent ideal figures. He was fond of what are termed 'masses' of light, by which his figures are very distinct at a distance; but his chief excellence lay in the *composition* of his pictures, in which he took care not only to be expressive, but to avoid diverting the attention from the principal object by his accessory figures. His peculiarities are found in the propriety, beauty, and majesty of his characters. He could paint philosophers and apostles.

"In another School, called the *Venetian*, we have copies of the forms of nature, and the beauty discernible in the mixture and variety of natural colours. Dominic was the second Italian artist who painted in oil. He educated Bellin, who taught his two sons, Gentil and Giorgion; with whom was afterwards associated Titian. This eminent man was taught to imitate nature in the most servile manner; but while he was induced to study the ideal in colouring by Giorgion, he soon excelled him. He was both a portrait and landscape painter. His colouring is exquisitely fine; and he is one of those historical painters who have succeeded also in landscape.

"The founder and chief ornament of the *Lombard School*, which is distinguished for its design, colouring, and mellowness of pencil, is Correggio. He was devoted to the graceful; and though an accurate imitator of nature, avoided acute angles, straight lines, and short turnings. His lights are too clear, but the character of his shade is peculiar and admirable; this he produced by a certain manner of glazing them. He excelled both in harmony and grace, being a perfect master of the art of uniting light to light, and shade to shade. A second Lombard school was formed by the Caracci, Lewis, Augustin, and Hannibal. The three latter often painted the same piece, and established an Academy at Bologna. Hannibal is esteemed a model for beauty and design. Sir Joshua Reynolds describes Lewis as the best model for *style*, that is, the faculty of disposing colours so as to express our sentiments and ideas.

The *French School* unites the different parts of the art, the Florentine, Lombard, Venetian, and Roman manner, without any great pretensions to surpassing excellence. Blanchard,

called the French Titian, and Poussin the French Raffaele, were distinguished as individuals; but formed no school. The productions of Poussin possess more of the air of antique painting than any other artist. His favourite subjects were ancient fables. Vouet, his declared enemy, founded the French school. He had some grandeur and wonderful facility of execution. Le Brun was his pupil, and very soon astonished his master by his progress. He had a fine conception and fertile fancy, but chiefly excelled in exact likenesses, and in costume. He delighted in allegorical painting. Eustace le Sueur was his contemporary and rival, and, had he lived longer, would probably have infused a better taste into the French school. The Count de Ceyles and M. Vien laid the foundation, however, of great improvements: but the political convulsions of France and of Europe have not much benefited their national art."

"Has not David been much celebrated?"

"Yes; but they want a Bonaparte to conquer bad taste as well as bad government."

"You have not referred to the Germans."

"In truth there is no German school, properly so called; as they are known only for their single artists, particularly Albert Durer and John Holbein. The former was an engraver as well as a painter. He had a brilliant genius, and his works are finished with great exactness; but he is stiff, and had little taste or grandeur in his expression.

"The first practice, if not the discovery of the art of oil painting, is attributable to the *Flemish School*. The celebrity of the invention, however, has been divided between John Van Eyck and the English artists, who are said to have known it long before his time. Peter Paul Rubens was the founder of the school in question; a man almost as remarkable for the numbers as for the excellence of his productions. His facility seems to have been equally great, both in inventing and executing, and he often produced a number of different sketches of the same subject. He too frequently, indeed, sacrificed correctness of design and beauty of form to colouring and splendour. He is, however, surpassed by Titian in colouring, but unrivalled in grandeur and effect. He appears pre-eminent in every department; in historical, landscape, portrait, animal, and flower painting. His school,

accordingly, is remarkable alike for the vastness of their conceptions and the brilliancy of their colours. Their figures have all a strong and natural expression.

"The *Dutch School* is inimitable in the representation of particular scenes, and in exact imitations of low life. The colours are powerful, and the method of throwing the most vivid light upon one spot is carried to great perfection. The perspective of the Dutch painters is accurate; and they greatly excel in miniature painting. Of this latter branch of the art, Cornelius Poleybourg was the head and chief promoter. Rembrandt Vanhryn, however, is the most distinguished of all the painters; but his subjects are characteristically vulgar. He is fond of strong oppositions of light and shade, and sometimes loaded his pictures with immense quantities of colour. His faults are great, but his works have much expression.

"The *English School* was founded by Sir Joshua Reynolds. His example, and his precepts, in the discourses delivered to the Academicians, have formed for him a wreath of immortal fame. His followers have distinguished themselves for the art of managing a multitude of figures, as well as for greatness of style and boldness of expression. The success of the English school has not been, however, very brilliant, though individual painters have attained to the highest eminence: particularly in the line of portrait painting, the productions of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence are invaluable and immortal.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds considered the Roman, Florentine, and the Bolognese, as the three great schools in the epic style, whilst the best French painters were a kind of colony from the three; but the Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch schools he ranked as inferior, because they aimed only at the ornamental and elegant. He remarks, that 'works of genius and of science, if founded upon the general truths of nature, will live for ever, while those which depend upon the localities of time and place, or partial views of nature, and on the fluctuations of fashion, must inevitably fade away with those circumstances which have raised them from obscurity.' Present time and future must be considered as rivals, and he who solicits the one must expect to be discountenanced by the other."

LIVINGSTON'S SYSTEM OF PENAL LAW IN THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

CHAPTER III.

THIS forms the third portion of Mr. Livingston's admirable "System of penal Law." Compare with this the law of evidence as laid down in our own courts.

III. The "Code of Evidence" begins, as do those that precede it, by an introductory title,

laying down rules and making explanations, to avoid circumlocution, and to give the perspicuity necessary to a full understanding of the subsequent provisions. Among these are two articles intended to secure the advantages to be derived from the wisdom of the judges in the suggestion

of defects proved by experience, without incurring the fault into which the same intention has repeatedly led, of transferring to the judiciary powers exclusively legislative. The first of these articles directs the court to make a report to the legislature whenever any provision of the code for the admission or exclusion of evidence is found to operate improperly, either to the prejudice of the accused, or to the ends of public justice. By these means, instead of judicial decisions of doubtful authority, interspersed through voluminous reports, a positive law, briefly expressed, may be introduced regularly into the code by the legislative power. The other article provides a similar remedy for omissions, instead of leaving them to be supplied by the discretion of the courts. These provisions, novel in themselves, establish principles highly important to be introduced into every written code; they counteract the most forcible objection that can be made to the system, without calling in the inappropriate exercise of legislative discretion by the judiciary; they offer the greatest facility for discovering imperfections, and bringing them to the notice of the legislature; and they check at once the injurious operation of any rule discovered by experience to be bad.

The two books into which this code is divided embrace, first, the nature and kinds of evidence; secondly, the rules to be applied when the different kinds are offered in proof.

In the first book, evidence is defined to be that which brings, or contributes to bring, the mind to a just conviction of the truth or falsehood of the fact asserted or denied. When applied to the determination of litigated rights, it is necessarily restricted to what is declared by the written law sufficient to produce that just conviction, in a greater or less degree. This necessarily divides evidence into two great classes—that which the power called on to judge has from its own knowledge, and that which it derives from extrinsic sources. The first class has no subdivision. The second is, of course, of various degrees, whether considered in regard to its source or its weight. Its source may be personal communication, written instruments, or natural objects, making it testimonial, scriptory, or substantive. Its weight ascends from mere induction to complete proof, and is presumptive, direct, or conclusive.

In prescribing the rules applicable to these several kinds of evidence, which is the object of the second book of the code, that embraced in the first subdivision, as derived from the knowledge of the judge himself, is properly confined within very narrow limits. He can never act merely on his own knowledge of a fact, except where expressly authorized to do so. Instances of this authority are found in his power to pronounce on the authenticity of a record, to commit for an offence in his presence, to remove for a

disturbance in court, and to employ the military in aid of the civil power. But where he knows a material fact not thus designated, he must be examined as any other witness; and if a juror is similarly situated, his testimony must be given to his fellows in the same judicial manner.

In establishing the rules of extraneous evidence, Mr. Livingston has introduced some new principles in regard to such as is testimonial, or derived from personal communication.

"The whole machinery of jurisprudence," he remarks, "in all its branches, is contrived for the purpose of enabling the judging power to determine on the truth or falsehood of every litigated proposition. This is to be done by hearing and examining evidence; that is to say, hearing and examining every thing that will contribute to bring the mind to the determination required. If we refuse to hear what will, in any degree, produce this effect, we must determine on imperfect evidence; and in proportion to the importance of the matter thus refused to be heard, must evidently be the chance of making an incorrect, rather than a just determination. But as in morals we are forbidden to do evil that good may come of it, so in legislation we should refrain from doing that kind of good which may produce more than its equivalent in evil. The desirable end to be attained by the admission of every species of evidence may be more than counterbalanced, in some instances, by the evil attending it: sometimes in the shape of inconvenience and expense inseparable from its procurement; sometimes from the danger of error arising from the deceptive nature of the evidence itself. The great art is to weigh these difficulties; and, in those cases where they are most likely to preponderate, but in no others, to exclude the evidence."

The circumstances which are generally understood to cause exclusion are interest, connexion in marriage, infamy, the relation of an attorney to his client, that of a catholic to his confessor, and disbelief in a future state of rewards and punishments. In the remarks on the code of procedure, the extent to which a criminal may be allowed to testify in his own case has been noticed; the basis of his admission and exclusion being simply the consideration of what is most likely to be effective in establishing his innocence or guilt. This consideration is applied in this code to the evidence of one who, although not a party, may have an interest in the result of the judicial proceeding—an eventual gain or loss that may be estimated by money; and it has led to the abolition of such disqualification, although the fact of interest in the witness is to be fully made known, that it may lessen, according to its degree, the credit to be given him. To exclude entirely an interested witness involves the double assumption that his interest will outweigh his conscience and fears of detection and punish-

ment, and that the judge or jury will believe the falsehood he asserts, although his interest is known. These assumptions are founded neither in probability nor reason, and, on that account alone, would authorise the rejection of the antiquated rule. But even if they were well founded, it would be certainly unwise, merely on account of them, to exclude the testimony of interested witnesses from whom the truth may fairly be expected. The only sound rule is the obvious one. The judges of the facts are the true judges of the credit of the witness, they know his interest and his bias; let them hear him; let them say whether his interest is such as to destroy his credit; let them form, with full knowledge of the particular case, that opinion which the positive rule of exclusion obliged legislators to form in advance, and entirely without such knowledge.

If the search for truth does not require that an interested person, nor even a party himself, should be excluded from giving testimony, neither does it make connexion in marriage a cause for rejecting a witness. If it be admitted, as it will be, that every one has a right to all the information necessary to the discovery of truth, unless deprived of it for reasons of great public or private convenience, then it must be proved that such inconvenience arises from a husband or wife being examined in regard to each other. To establish this is manifestly impossible; to say that there is danger of domestic dissension or of perjury, is to give a reason not more strong than might be offered for the exclusion of vast numbers of witnesses; while, on the other hand, such testimony often is undoubtedly the best which an accused person can offer in his own behalf. The feelings produced by such a tie are known to those to whom the evidence is submitted; they will be weighed in the credit which it receives; to say they are sufficient to close peremptorily such an avenue for truth is indeed strangely to distrust the intelligence and honesty of the judge.

Mr. Livingston considers that in the relations of attorney and client, and catholic and confessor, there are reasons sufficient to justify the exclusion of their testimony in regard to facts communicated or discovered by means of those relations. The circumstances under which the knowledge is obtained would make the disclosure an invasion of the rights of personal liberty and conscience. The law, besides, would be useless if it could be executed, because in that case, as it would destroy both confidence and confession, nothing would be disclosed.

Exclusion on the ground of infamy is not admitted in the code. Such a disqualification is less reasonable than that of interest: there, a motive may exist for stating a falsehood in preference to the truth; here, there is no such motive; the only reason is the depravity of the

witness. This may affect his credit; but to deprive a person accused of the entire benefit of his testimony when sufficient or necessary for an acquittal, to permit a heinous offence to pass unpunished when the facts are known only to him, are perversions of every principle that ought to regulate the admission of evidence.

The doctrine which makes a witness's belief in a future state of rewards and punishments, Mr. Livingston considers as improperly making the fidelity of statement to depend solely on religious belief. While he owns that such a belief is an additional motive and guarantee for the truth of a witness, he maintains that there are reproaches of conscience in this life, a moral sense disclosing the utility and beauty of truth, sentiments of manly honour, a disdain of falsehood, a dread of society, a fear of punishment, which are also motives, and strong motives; and that, although they might, and undoubtedly would be strengthened by the impressions of religion, they are yet in themselves sufficient to justify us in believing that they alone would induce a witness to prefer truth to falsehood. The want of that additional inducement might lessen the credit of a witness among the pious and good; but he conceives that it would not, of itself, among the thinking or the charitable, produce a total disbelief of all he might declare.

Allowing, therefore, no exceptions to the admission of testimonial evidence, except the two we have mentioned, together with insanity and immature infancy, the code proceeds to regulate the manner in which it is to be received. Here a boundless field of debatable ground is presented by a provision that, with the exception of such as suggest facts to the witness, all interrogatories pertinent to the case may be put, and must be answered; and a short section declares that, in written examinations, the rules for receiving oral declarations shall be followed.

Scriptory evidence, which includes all kinds of written proof except the examination of witnesses reduced to writing, is of two kinds—authenticated and unauthenticated. The former consists of public instruments duly attested in a prescribed form, such as legislative acts, those of public officers in executing their official duties, and records of courts or of government; the latter consists of private instruments, either attested by the signature of the party whose act it purports to be, or not attested, from accident or from its natural character.

Substantive evidence is so simple and limited in its nature, that it is only necessary to prescribe such rules as require additional proof to show its application to the principal case. Thus, a bloody dagger is substantive and striking evidence; but it fails of its weight unless it be proved that it was in the hand of the accused before or after the time a homicide was perpetrated.

From considering evidence in relation to its source, the code proceeds to ascertain the degree of weight it is entitled to when presumptive, direct, or conclusive. It may be objected, that the conviction of truth being an intellectual operation, the degree to which evidence is to operate cannot be prescribed; and that this division, however convenient in developing the nature and theory of evidence, is not necessary in fixing rules for its admission. It must be allowed, however, that uniformity in judicial decisions is a highly desirable object; and that, in similar circumstances, the same deductions ought to be made from the same facts. This can only be done by requiring the judicial decree to be rendered in conformity with the established rule, whenever the evidence considered by it to be sufficient is produced. To establish that rule by positive legal provisions, is, therefore, infinitely better than leaving it to usage or precedent.

Presumptive evidence may result from circumstances proved by the mere operation of the mind, or be drawn from them by express direction of law. Its effect, whether simple or legal, is to establish a proposition, until the contrary is directly shown, or it is rendered doubtful by other presumptions. The circumstances from which it arises must be proved by legal testimony, and the deductions must be such as are warranted by the usual propensities of mankind,

the habits or passions of the individual, or the ordinary course of business and human events.

Direct evidence, if true, indisputably establishes a proposition. The declaration of a witness that he saw the act in controversy done, is direct evidence; for if the declaration be true, nothing more is necessary to establish the commission of the criminal act; no deduction need be made from the fact that is proved, as in the case of presumptive evidence.

Conclusive evidence proceeds a step farther: it is that which the law declares to be absolutely sufficient, without requiring the judge to draw any inference from the fact, and the reality of the fact alleged is undoubted. The confession of the accused is not admitted to be conclusive, because its truth is not of necessity undoubted; insanity, promises, fear, hope of liberty or pardon, may produce a confession contrary to fact, and therefore, although it is direct evidence, it becomes not conclusive till its truth is absolutely established. Proof that an absentee was born one hundred years before, is only presumptive evidence of his death, because, though it be the general course of nature for men to die before that age, yet it is not invariable; but proof that he was born two hundred years ago is conclusive evidence, because no instance has been known of human life extended beyond that period.

GEMS.

OCCUPATION OF TIME.—If we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in these three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better, by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable, without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those different actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.—*Addison*.

CHRISTIANITY.—Of every other system, it may be said, that it only activates a part of our nature, leaving the rest like a palsied member of the body, unnoticed and unused; to Christianity alone belongs the high prerogative of calling every latent principle of our complex nature into action, giving appropriate exercise to every function, and proportion to every part; of animating, and maturing, and circulating, like an ethereal fluid, through the whole, and bringing it to the perfection of "a man in Christ Jesus." Wherever it comes it creates a capacity for true enjoyment, and puts all

the universe in motion to gratify that capacity. It makes us feel that we exist under an obligation to be happy. Perfect itself, it pants to behold perfection in every thing else; and since it finds it not already existing, it puts forth all its efforts to produce it. Perfect from the beginning, it has remained unchanged, while the arts and sciences, and systems of a dateless antiquity, have yielded to the demand for improvement. It has seen every thing human, contemporaneous with its origin, renovated and changed again; but like the Jewish legislator, when he had survived his generation, its eye is not dim, nor its natural force abated. It maintains its post in the van of improvement, and points the way to enterprise and hope, as the anointed leader of mankind. And however untried the paths, and high the distinctions which await them in their onward course, it will still be seen in exemplary advance, beckoning them on to the goal of perfection. No living springs of good shall gush from their hidden depths in human nature, which have not been smitten into existence by this rod of heaven; no forms of excellence shall arise to bless the world, of which it is not the parent and the perfect type. Only give the Gospel room to plant its moral apparatus, and let it obtain the necessary fulcrum for its powers, and it will employ a lever which shall move the world from the dark vicinity of hell, and lift it into the sunlight and neighbourhood of heaven.—*Harris*.

WISDOM.—The only wisdom which shall survive the grave is that which cometh down from heaven, and is to be found in the pages of revelation; and all who, neglecting that, are not wise towards God, are still children, under all the elements of the world. He who, with all his knowledge, does not know himself,

his own heart, and his own spiritual condition as a sinner before God; and he who, ignorant of the love of God in Christ Jesus, has not repented, not believed the Gospel, is, after all, only a child, and occupied

about childish things; things which will be as useless in eternity as the toys of infancy are now in manhood.
—Close.

LIFE AND MANNERS.

VOLNEY'S "RUINS OF EMPIRES."—"Conversing one day," says Mr. Maxwell, "with an eminent scholar, I mentioned Volney's 'Ruins of Empires,' and he replied, that he had visited the author of that book while in Paris. He took him into his library. He looked round, put his hand upon several books, and said, 'Here, Mr. Volney, are the sources of your novel opinions.' He acknowledged to the doctor that he was right, and said, 'I am not anxious about it.' 'Have you seen the reply of Dr. Priestley, and, more particularly, that of an English clergyman?' He said 'No,' and then spoke to this effect:—'I have no interest in defending the book; I do not pledge myself for the sentiments it contains. I was compelled to write, by the desire of Bonaparte. I was ordered to manufacture a revolutionary book upon the subject of religion. I consider myself as a private in the ranks, obeying the commands of his superior officer.' Such is the origin of a book full of astronomical fable, a book which may injure persons of light and superficial reading, but can make little or no impression upon the minds of those who have been rightly instructed, for it fails miserably in the only point of consequence. It does not bring a shadow of evidence to prove the superior antiquity of the false over the true religion, and leaves us at full liberty to suppose that the heathens begged, borrowed, or stole all their religious knowledge from the Bible, taking care to spoil it by inventions of their own. On the whole, it affords a fine commentary on Romans i. 20-25."

SCENE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.—Whilst on board this frigate, on my voyage from Africa to the West Indies, I had an opportunity of witnessing the discipline of the navy, as carried into effect by the commodore, who was a religious man. He himself performed the office of chaplain every Sabbath-day, by reading the prayers on deck, with the whole ship's company. Certain days in the week were assigned by him for the punishment of offences, which, although committed on preceding days, were kept in score against the day of quittance. The mariners being armed on the poop, and all hands on deck, an officer reported that every thing was ready. The commodore retired to his closet to pray; on his return he fixed a pair of pistols under his sword-belt, and proceeded to the scene of action. The name of the culprit being called, he came forward, and was charged with having done thus and thus, at such a time. The man would sometimes enter into explanation; and verbal evidence was admitted for and against him. The evidence rarely lasted more than three minutes, often less; after which came the authoritative order, "Take off your shirt, sir!" The poor fellow was assisted in this by the boatswain's mate, who lashed him to the gratings, which were tied in an upright position against the gangway; and then, with a muscular arm and heavy cat, administered as many lashes as were thought by the commodore sufficient for his brother who had been "overtaken in a fault." I had, however, yet to learn that a Christian, in full possession of the light of the Gospel, could, not without being thereby reprehended, expose himself to this gross inconsistency—following, for expediency, the usages of his profession.—*Pilgrington's Narrative.*

PRIVATE SECRETARIES OF MINISTERS.—During the reign of Napoleon the private secretaries of all his ministers dined together on the first of every month, at the Restaurateur Beauvilliers. At these dinners the secretaries made known to each other the places that were vacant, the competitors who solicited them, and the new establishments that were to take place; and they made the necessary arrangements for securing the vacant posts for their favourites. It is recorded that a gentleman of ancient family, who had presented a petition bearing the signature of a princess, and who was greatly astonished at receiving no answer, determined to have the mystery cleared up at the next secretaries' dinner. The company were attended, during their private banquet, by one of Beauvilliers's most dexterous waiters. The gentleman who had solicited the vacant place, having bribed the waiter by a double louis-d'or, put on his jacket and apron, and in his disguise attended on the dispensers of ministerial favours. The conversation happened to turn on their private affairs; and one of the company said, "I lately played an excellent trick upon a gentleman of ancient family, who was soliciting a vacant place. His request was backed by the signature of a princess; a recommendation which, of course, he deemed infallible. But I slipped the petition into the drawer of my desk, and obtained the place for myself. How disappointed the poor fellow will be! Waiter, fill me a glass of champagne, and I'll drink the fool's health." The man of ancient family, highly mortified obeyed the command; but when the dinner was ended, he changed his dress, called on the minister, and renewed his demand. The minister assured him that he had heard nothing of the affair; but the applicant asserted that he knew where the petition was, and described the drawer in the secretary's desk. The petition was accordingly found, and the solicitor obtained the place, to the great astonishment of the secretary.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—When people understand that they must live together, they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, the yoke which they know they cannot shake off. They become good husbands and good wives, from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives; for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duty which it imposes. If it were once understood that, upon mutual disgust, married persons might be legally separated, many couples who now pass through the world with mutual comfort, with attention to their common offspring, and to the moral order of civil society, might have been at this moment living in a state of mutual unkindness, in a state of estrangement from their common offspring, and in a state of unreserved immorality. To be sure, if people come together in marriage with the extravagant expectations that all are to be halcyon days—the husband conceiving that all is to be authority with him, and the wife that all is to be accommodation to her, every body sees how that must end; but if they come together with a prospect of happiness, they must come with the reflection that, not bringing perfection in themselves, they have no right to expect it on the other side; that, having respectively many infirmities of their own to be overlooked, they must overlook the infirmities of each other.—*Lord Stowell.*

MISSIONARY THOUGHTS.

"God be merciful to us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us: that thy way may be known upon earth, and thy saving health among all nations."

Taux piety lies at the foundation of all Christian usefulness, and the blessing of God is essential to success.

But wherever genuine piety exists, a concern will be felt for the salvation of others. This is the secret of all the religious activity and benevolent efforts of the present day. The men who are the mainspring of all this activity are not of the infidel class,—when did infidelity ever bless a family, or tranquillise a community, or lay itself out for the good of man? They are not of the worldly class,—they have no ear, no heart, no taste for any thing which does not relate to their worldly interest. Nor are they the irreligious of any class. But they are those who have imbibed a portion of the mind that was in Christ; of him who came from heaven to earth, and laid open all the resources of his nature for the happiness of man; they believe that it would not profit a man to gain the whole world if he lost his own soul—that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, saveth a soul from death, and hideth a multitude of sins—that they have in their possession the only remedy for a perishing world,—and believing this, they call upon each other, and combine, and labour, and pray, and send forth their honoured agents to the ends of the earth, to make known the way to happiness and to God.

Christian benevolence feels for the world. He who is actuated by it confines not his regard to himself, nor to the particular church or denomination to which he more especially belongs. The godlike spirit of the Gospel throws open the enclosure of the most selfish heart; breaks down the barriers of prejudice; turns indifference for the souls of men into tender concern; and a spirit of hard-hearted monopoly, which cares only for its own little party, into a spirit of open-handed and open-hearted philanthropy, which opens its arms to the world, and for which the world is not sufficiently large.

Nor does it leave us in doubt as to the means we should employ for the happiness of the world. The remedy which has healed our own souls is the remedy for all mankind. It has been efficaciously administered to us, expressly that we may be able to speak confidently of its virtues to others. When the psalmist designed the welfare of men, he proposed not to send them the world's philosophy, nor did he pray for the diffusion of wealth—this may be done without the slightest alleviation of human misery;—he prayed that the saving health of God might be known among all nations—that the healing influence of salvation might sweep over the spiritual

sickness of the world, like a heavenly current of vital air, imparting life, and health, and universal happiness.

Did we consult only the *temporal* welfare of men, the wisest and most effectual method of promoting even that would be to send them the Gospel. Nothing lifts them out of a state of barbarism into a state of civilization and comfort so speedily and so effectually as *that*. It gives them a Sabbath, and institutes marriage, and throws a shield over their property, and blesses them with liberty, and puts them under the protection of government and law; and thus it lays a foundation for all civil improvement and social happiness. But if we design to promote their *spiritual* welfare, the Gospel is the *only* means. Here, there is no competition, no rival, no question—the Gospel is the only remedy for a perishing world. Compared with its wisdom, every other system is foolishness—for it is the wisdom of God. Compared with its power to sway the heart, all other strength is weakness—for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Compared with its truth and purity, its majesty and grace, Mohammedanism is an imposture and a pollution, modern Judaism a childish ceremony and a fable, Paganism a falsehood and a debasement, Deism an unsubstantial shadow, and Atheism a darkness and a horror. "Lord, to whom shall we go but unto thee, for thou hast the words of eternal life?" Yes, "this is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." This alone can ease the conscience burdened with guilt, cleanse the heart defiled with sin, wipe the tear from the eye of the mourner, and sanctify and conduct the soul to the felicities of heaven. But the Gospel *can* do this; for it reveals an Almighty Saviour, and a sanctifying Spirit, and a God of all grace, and an eternal world of blessedness and life.

Wherever the Gospel has been carried, it has triumphed. The church of God is represented, in prophecy, as taking her stand on some lofty eminence, and inquiring, as she surveys the myriads which come flocking to her bosom, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" Could we take our stand on a similar elevation, and look down on the wide field of missionary labour, we should behold abundant reason for uttering, like her, expressions of exultation and surprise. Turn in whatever direction we might, we should witness the triumphs of Christian enterprise. Each of our great religious institutions can boast its own peculiar successes. Ask the British and Foreign Bible Society of its operations—and it will show you the people of a hundred and thirty languages reading in their own tongues the wonderful

works of God. Ask the Church Missionary Society—and it will point you to the reclaimed cannibals of New Zealand. Ask the Wesleyan Missionary Society—and it will direct you to its churches of converted negroes in the west. Ask the Baptist Missionary Society—and it will refer you to its triumphs both in the east and the west. Ask the London Missionary Society—and it will point you, among the many scenes of its Divine success, to the South Sea Islands. But where has the Gospel *not* triumphed? According to our efforts, has been our success. In proportion as we have laboured for God, in dependence on his blessing, he has blessed us. Had we laboured more abundantly, more abundantly would he have blessed us.

But distinguished as our success has already been, we are encouraged to look for yet "greater things than these." Glorious things are spoken of Messiah's reign. The very ends of the earth shall fear him. "The veil shall fall from the face of the Jews, and they shall look upon him whom they have pierced, and mourn. The hateful corruptions of the Romish system shall be cast off, and shall leave nothing but the pure form of its earliest church. The faith and worship of the Greek shall be purified. The fables of Bramah shall be forgotten in the knowledge of the One True God. The incarnations of Boodha shall give place to the glorious assurance of a higher incarnation. The grand Lama shall die, and be replaced by Him who only hath immortality. The mosques of the Impostor shall fall; and Christianity cleanse every temple of superstition. Then shall Ethiopia be seen stretching out her hands unto God: she shall arise and shake the ashes of misery from her sable locks, the slave-chain shall fall from her loins, and she shall exult in a double liberty. The painted tribes of Columbia—the aborigines of America, stately and thoughtful men—shall know who indeed is the Great Spirit, and shall find that in him they live, and move, and have their being. The race of Ishmael, traversing the desert tracts of Arabia; the castes of India, with their numbers infinite; the national Chinese; the Tartar hordes; the unknown and snow-concealed inhabitants of the north; the tribes of Europe, and all the islands of the sea—all, all shall pay homage to the Son of God, and earth keep jubilee a thousand years." "His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed."

These are prospects to quicken the activity and fire the zeal of all the sincere followers of Christ. The flame is kindled, and is daily extending. The protestants of France, of Holland, Prussia, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark—as well as the Christians of Britain and America—are all embarking in the evangelization of the

world. And shall we withhold any thing essential to its accomplishment? God withheld nothing; he so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son. Christ withheld nothing; he gave *himself* for us; and now offers to us his Holy Spirit. The Spirit withholds nothing; he is in the church, waiting to be implored, ready to accompany our efforts, to convince the world of sin, and to be known universally as the Spirit of grace. Only let him hear his church sending up the earnest, believing, and united cry, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live," and this valley of death shall be turned into a region of life. All things *divine* are ready.

What then is wanting on our part? Is it pecuniary resources? Christians, in surrendering yourselves to God, did you make an exception in favour of your property? If you have consecrated yourselves to his service, your dedication includes also all you have. Then economize for Christ. Bring forth of your substance, and lay it on his altar, as a free-will offering for the salvation of a world which he hath died to redeem.

Is it suitable agents? And is it possible that the question of finding such can be involved in uncertainty? Shall the Lord of the British churches ask for servants, and yet ask in vain? Viewed as a test of our devotedness to his cause, the question is certainly a momentous one. Should the number found be deficient, will the Head of the church look on unmoved. Will not the angel who was deputed to curse Meroz, receive a similar commission against us? Will not the hand that traced on the palace-wall the doom of Belshazzar in lightning words, write against us, *Ye are weighed in the balances, and found wanting*? "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth labourers into his harvest."

And is not the want of prayer our *chief* want? Did we possess this, would not every thing else follow? "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much,"—how much, the day of judgment alone can disclose. We are not yet alive to the efficacy of prayer; the church of Christ at large is not; for its full power has never yet been tried. But the day is hastening on when its efficacy shall be tried on a scale before unknown; and it shall then be found that to pray is to employ the mightiest instrument for the conversion and renovation of the world. With these impressions, we would pour forth our hearts in the prayer with which we commenced, "God be merciful to us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us: that thy way may be known upon earth, and thy saving health among all nations."

THE YOUNG KING OF ROME.

WHAT a beautiful child was the young king of Rome! How lovely he appeared as he rode through the gardens of the Tuileries in his shell-shaped calèche, drawn by two young deer, which had been trained by Franconi, and which were given him by his aunt, the queen of Naples! He resembled one of those figures of Cupid which have been discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum. One day I had been visiting the young king: the emperor was also there, and he was playing with the child—as he played always with those he loved—that is to say, by tormenting him. The emperor had been riding, and he had in his hand a whip which attracted the child's notice. He held out his little hand, and when he seized the whip, burst into a fit of laughter, at the same time embracing his father.

"Is he not a fine boy, Madame Junot?" said the emperor; "you must confess that he is."

I could say so without flattery, for he was certainly a lovely boy.

As soon as the king of Rome was born, the event was announced, by telegraph, to all the principal towns in the empire. At four o'clock the same afternoon, the marks of rejoicing in the provinces equalled those in Paris. The emperor's couriers, pages, and officers were dispatched to the different foreign courts with intelligence of the happy event. The senate of Italy, and the municipal body of Rome and Milan, had immediate notice of it. The different fortresses received orders to fire salutes, the seaports were enlivened by the display of colours from the vessels, and every where the people voluntarily illuminated their houses. Those who regard these popular demonstrations as expressions of the secret sentiment of a people, might have remarked that in all the faubourgs, as well as in the lowest and poorest neighbourhoods in Paris, the houses were illuminated to the very uppermost story.

A fête was got up on the occasion by the watermen of the Seine, which was prolonged until a late hour of the night. Nothing of all this was ordered: it came spontaneously from the hearts of the people. That same people, who for thirty-five years previously had experienced so many emotions, had wept over so many reverses, and had rejoiced for so many victories, still showed, by their enthusiasm on this occasion, that they retained affections as warm and vivid as in the morning of their greatness.

The king of Rome was baptised on the very day of his birth. The ceremony was performed at nine in the evening, in the chapel of the Tuileries. The whole of the imperial family attended, and the emperor witnessed the ceremony with the deepest emotion. Napoleon proceeded to the chapel, followed by the members of the household, those of the empress, of Madame Mère, the princesses, his sisters, and the kings, his

brothers. He took his station under a canopy in the centre of the chapel. A socle of granite had been placed on a carpet of white velvet embroidered in gold bees, and on the socle stood a gold vase, destined for the baptismal font. When the emperor approached the font, bearing the king of Rome in his arms, the most profound silence prevailed. It was a religious silence, unaccompanied by the parade which might have been expected on such an occasion. This stillness formed a striking contrast with the joyous acclamations of the people outside.

Maria Louisa suffered a difficult and protracted accouchement. She was for some time in considerable danger. Baron Dubois went to acquaint the emperor with this circumstance. Napoleon was in a bath, which he had been ordered to take to calm the feverish excitement under which he was suffering. On hearing that the empress was in danger, he threw on his *robe-de-chambre*, and ran down stairs, exclaiming to Dubois—"Save the mother! think only of the mother!"

As soon as she was delivered, the emperor, who was himself indisposed, entered the chamber and ran to embrace her, without at first bestowing a single look upon his son, who, indeed, might have passed for dead. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before he evinced any signs of life. Every method to produce animation was resorted to. Warm napkins were wrapped around him, and his body was rubbed with the hand; a few drops of brandy were then blown into his mouth, and the royal infant at length uttered a feeble cry.

An immense multitude besieged the doors of the palace, to obtain intelligence of the infant and of the empress. The emperor, on learning this, directed that a chamberlain should be constantly in one of the rooms to publish the bulletins of the empress's health as soon as they were delivered by the physicians.

I have already mentioned the emperor's fondness for his son. He used to take the king of Rome in his arms and toss him up in the air: the child would then laugh till the tears stood in his eyes. Sometimes the emperor would take him before a looking-glass, and work his face into all sorts of grimaces; and if the child was frightened and shed tears, Napoleon would say,—"What, sire, do you cry? a king, and cry! shame! shame!"

The hours at which the young king was taken to the emperor were not precisely fixed, nor could they be; but his visits were most frequently at the time of *déjeuner*. On these occasions the emperor would give the child a little claret, or rather would dip his finger in the glass, and make him suck it. Sometimes he would daub the young prince's face with it. The child would laugh heartily at seeing his father as much a child as he was himself, and only loved him the

more for it. Children invariably love those who play with them.

I recollect that once when Napoleon had daubed the young king's face, the child was highly amused, and asked the emperor to do the same to "Mamma Quiou," for so he called his governess, Madame de Montesquiou.

The emperor's selection of that lady for his son's governess, was a proof of his excellent judgment. It was the best choice which could have been made. Madame de Montesquiou was young enough to render herself agreeable to a child, whilst she had sufficient maturity of years to fit her for the high duty which the confidence of her sovereign had appointed her to fulfil. She was noble in heart as well as in name; and she possessed what the world frequently bestows only on fortune and favour—the esteem of all. She was indeed universally beloved and respected.

Madame de Montesquiou had been brought up rather differently from the young ladies of her time. Extreme care had been taken with her education, and she was pious, without being bigoted. She never failed going to mass on Sundays, but she did so without parade; for her piety was as enlightened as it was sincere. Her reputation was free from the slightest blemish. She was perhaps a little cold towards those with whom she was but slightly acquainted; but those who condemn any one for haughtiness should consider whether it is not dignity alone which strikes us as a blemish. For my part, I ever found Madame de Montesquiou, whether as the wife of the grand chamberlain, or as the governess of the king of Rome, perfectly engaging, polite, and prepossessing. Every one respected her, and wished to be numbered among her friends.

The attentions she bestowed on the king of Rome, during the period of his father's misfortunes, would in itself be sufficient to inspire love and respect. Not only had she, from the hour of his birth, lavished on him all the cares of a mother, and a tender mother; but from the day when the unfortunate child was cut off from all his family, and deprived at once of his father and mother, Madame de Montesquiou devoted herself to him, for she alone was left to protect him. To accompany him, she deserted country, friends, and family.

Madame de Montesquiou was not liked by the empress, and the cause has never been satisfactorily ascertained. It has been said that the duchess of Montebello, Maria Louisa's favourite, was jealous of her. This I do not believe. The duchess of Montebello is a very amiable woman; she was beloved by the empress to a degree that would have precluded all jealousy of another; and, besides, the feeling of envy is not in accordance with her character. She is too amiable a woman to have engaged in any intrigue to estrange Maria Louisa from the governess of her son.

The fact, however, is as I have stated. Maria Louisa did not like Madame de Montesquiou, a woman whom she ought to have loved as a sister, or as a mother, for the care she bestowed on her son. It has been said, by way of compliment to Maria Louisa, that she never did any one an injury; yet she possessed an apathy of soul, from the influence of which the governess of her child was not exempt. And what sort of love did she show for her own child? I have seen Maria Louisa, when she was mounting or alighting from her horse, nod her plumed head to him, which never failed to set him crying; for he was frightened by the undulation of her feathers. At other times, when she did not go out, she would repair at four o'clock to his apartment. On these occasions she would take with her a piece of tapestry, at which she would sit down and make a show of working, looking now and then at the little king, and saying, as she nodded her head,—"*Bonjour, bonjour.*"

Perhaps after the lapse of a quarter of an hour the *august mother* would be informed that Isabey or Paer were in attendance in her apartments; the one to give her lessons in drawing, the other in music. It would have been as well had she remained longer every day with her child, to take a lesson in maternal feeling from the woman who so admirably supplied her place. But it would have been of little use,—feeling is not to be taught.

Every morning at nine o'clock the young king was taken to the empress. She would sometimes hold him on her lap, caress him, and then commit him to the care of the nurse. And how did she employ herself afterwards? She read the papers, the *blütter*, as they call them, in Germany. When the child grew peevish, because he was not amused as his father used to amuse him, and cried at finding himself surrounded by serious and formal faces, his mother ordered him out of the room.

When I arrived in Paris, on my return from Spain, the emperor and empress had just completed a tour in the north of France, in the departments of Calvados and la Manche. The christening of the king of Rome took place on their return from this journey. There have already been so many descriptions of this ceremony, that it would be superfluous to enter into a fresh detail of it. I will merely mention that the young prince received names which show that the alliances formed by sovereigns, the vows made at the baptismal font, the adoption by every religious formality and the ties of blood, are mere fallacies. He was christened Napoleon François Charles Joseph! these are the names of his godfathers; they stand upon the register of his baptism, and they also appear on the tomb which closed over him at the early age of twenty-one.

One day, at Trianon, when the young king was but a year old, the emperor was playing

with him on the grass-plot before the pavilion. He took off his sword, girded it on the young prince, and completed his military costume by placing his hat on his head. He then went himself to some distance, knelt upon the grass, and extended his hands to the child, who walked towards him, stumbling all the way, because of the sword getting between his legs, and the hat falling over his face. Perceiving this, the emperor ran to him with all the nimbleness of a young man, and caught him in his arms to prevent his falling.

One of the ushers of the chamber, with whom I was lately conversing, wept like a child at his recollections of the young prince. This man told me that the king of Rome one morning ran to the state apartments, and reached the door of the emperor's cabinet alone, for Madame de Montesquiou was unable to follow him. The child raised his beautiful face to the usher, and said,—“Open the door for me; I wish to see papa.”

“Sire,” replied the man, “I cannot let your majesty in.”

“Why not? I am the little king.”

“But your majesty is alone.”

The emperor had given orders that his son should not be allowed to enter his cabinet unless accompanied by his governess. This order was issued for the purpose of giving the young prince, whose disposition was somewhat inclined to waywardness, a high idea of his governess's authority. On receiving this denial from the usher, the prince's eyes became suffused with tears, but he said not a word. He waited till Madame de Montesquiou came up, which was in less than a minute afterwards. Then he seized her hand, and, looking proudly at the door, he said,—“Open the door. The little king desires it.”

The usher then opened the door of the cabinet, and announced “His majesty, the king of Rome.”

A great deal has been said of the young king's violent temper. It is true he was self-willed and was easily excited to passion; but this was one of the distinctive characteristics of his cousins; they almost all partook of a similar hastiness of temper.

I have known Achille Murat so overcome by violent passion as to be thrown into convulsions, and this when he was of the same age as the king of Rome. Madame de Montesquiou once corrected the young king for these fits of passion. On one occasion, when he was very violent, she had all the shutters closed, though it was broad daylight. The child, astonished to find the light of day excluded, and the candles lighted up, inquired of his governess why the shutters were closed.

“In order that no one may hear you, sire,” replied she. “The French would never have you for their king, if they knew you to be so naughty.”

“Have I,” said he, “cried very loud?”

“You have.”

Then he fell to weeping, but these were tears of repentance. He threw his little arms round his governess's neck.

“I will never do so again, Mamma Quiou,” said he, “forgive me.”

It happened one day that the king of Rome entered the emperor's cabinet, just as the council had finished their deliberations. He ran up to his father without taking notice of any one in the room. Napoleon, though happy to observe these marks of affection, so natural and coming so directly from the heart, stopped him and said—

“You have not made your bow, sire! Come, make your obedience to these gentlemen.”

The child turned, and bowing his head gently, kissed his little hand to the ministers. The emperor then raised him in his arms, and addressing them said—

“I hope, gentlemen, it will not be said that I neglect my son's education. I trust he is well drilled in his *civilité puérile et honnête*.

Those who had much familiar intercourse with Napoleon, knew that the phrase *civilité puérile et honnête*, was a favourite with him when he was in a good humour.

Young Napoleon was an amiable child, and he became more so as he advanced in age. I know many affecting stories of him, which indicate the goodness of his heart.

When he was at St. Cloud, he liked to be placed at the window in order that he might see the people passing by. One day he perceived at some distance a young woman apparently in great grief, holding by the hand a little boy about the young king's age. Both were habited in mourning. The child held in his hands a paper, which he raised towards the window at which young Napoleon stood.

“Why is he dressed in black?” inquired the young king of his governess.

“Because, no doubt, he has lost his father. Do you wish to know what he wants?”

The emperor had given orders that his son should always be accessible to those in misfortune, who wished to make any application to him by petition. The petitioners were immediately introduced, and they proved to be a young widow and her son. Her husband had died, about three months previously, of some wounds he had received in Spain, and his widow solicited a pension.

Madame de Montesquiou, thinking that this conformity of age between the little orphan and the young king might move the feelings of the latter, placed the petition in his hands. She was not deceived in her expectations. His heart was touched at the sight of the young petitioner. The emperor was then on a hunting party, and the petition could not be presented to him until next morning at breakfast. Young Napoleon passed the whole of the day in thoughtfulness,

and when the appointed hour arrived, he left his apartment to pay his respects to his father. He took care to present the petition apart from all the rest he carried, and this of his own accord.

"Here is a petition, papa," said he, "from a little boy. He is dressed all in black.* His papa has been killed in your service, and his mamma wants a pension, because she is poor, and has much to vex her."

"Ah! ah!" said the emperor taking his son in his arms, "you already grant pensions, do you? Diable! you have begun betimes. Come let us see who this protégé of yours is."

The widow had sufficient grounds for her claim,

but in all probability they would not have been attended to for a year or two had it not been for the king of Rome's intercession.

The brevet of the pension was made out that very day, and a year's arrears added to the order.

Who can have forgotten that day when the emperor took his son to a review in the Champ de Mars? How his features brightened with pleasure on hearing the joyous acclamations raised by his veteran bands.

"Was he frightened?" inquired the empress.

"Frightened! no, surely," replied Napoleon; "he knew he was surrounded by his father's friends."—*Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes.*

LIVINGSTON'S SYSTEM OF PENAL LAW IN THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

CHAPTER IV.

THOMAS EDDY is a name well known in America; he was, indeed, the Howard of the new world, blessed, however, with a far larger portion of success than his predecessor in Europe. This was the man who prepared the way for Mr. Livingston's great work on "Reform and Prison Discipline;" and we promise ourselves the pleasure of shortly presenting to the public a brief memoir of his interesting life. In the meantime, to prove the high value attached to Mr. Livingston's labours in America, we quote part of the biographer's dedication to him:—

"If," says the writer, "your 'Code of Penal Law,' 'Code of Procedure,' and of 'State Prison Discipline,' are not wholly adopted by any one state or people at once, (for old habits are hard to be subdued,) its benevolent spirit will shortly pervade the civilized world; and, at the present time, traces of it are to be discovered in the reforms which wisdom and charity are carrying on in this continent and in Europe. No man more highly valued your labours than Thomas Eddy, whose life I have sketched. He rejoiced in every thing which ameliorated the condition of man; I have, therefore, by the licence of personal friendship, ventured to unite your names." With this introduction, we proceed to a review of the fourth grand division of Mr. Livingston's work—the "Code of Reform and Prison Discipline."

IV. The "Code of Reform and Prison Discipline contains those provisions without which the peculiar benefits anticipated from the whole system must be lost. Superseding, as we have seen it does, the use of penalties, on which reliance has heretofore been placed, its whole efficacy must depend on the manner in which confinement is made, to answer the ends of punishment. The place of confinement, therefore, its arrangements and interior regulation, and the

treatment and discipline to which prisoners are to be subjected when confined within it, form the natural divisions of this code.

The first book, accordingly, treats of places of confinement, their construction and officers. These places naturally divide themselves into the two great classes appropriated for the reception of persons charged with offences, and the punishment of convicted offenders. The former is called a "house of detention," the latter, a "penitentiary," or "school of reform," according to the age of the convict, and the character of his crime.

The house of detention is to be so constructed as to keep in four divisions, each division entirely separate from the others, the prisoners comprehended in the following classes: first, male persons detained as witnesses, those confined for misdemeanors, disturbance of a court, breach of recognizance and non-payment of a fine, and those sentenced to simple imprisonment; second, female prisoners of the same descriptions; third, male persons regularly committed on an accusation of crime; fourth, female prisoners of the same description. The confinement of those persons in the first and second classes who have been sentenced to imprisonment, and of every one embraced in the third and fourth classes, is to be solitary; but there are to be two enclosed yards, the one for the male, the other for the female prisoners, where they may take exercise, and pursue such employment as is permitted.

The penitentiary and school of reform are for the confinement of all those convicted of crime; the former containing such convicts as have attained the age of eighteen at the time of conviction, the latter such as are under that age, to whom may be added other youthful offenders and vagrants specially included by law. The penitentiary is to contain a cell with an enclosed court for every convict, a machine so disposed that a convenient number of prisoners may work

* It would seem that the mournful habiliments of the child had made a strong impression on the young prince's mind.

at it, separated from each other by a wall, school-rooms, an infirmary, and all buildings necessary for safely keeping and preserving the health of the prisoners. The house of detention has separate divisions for the sexes, a separate dormitory for each prisoner, courts and rooms for their employment, school-rooms, and an infirmary.

The officers of these places are not only the wardens and keepers necessarily employed, but there are also chaplains, teachers, matrons, and physicians, whose duties—strictly specified by the code—embrace the religious instruction and the constant education of those detained, the preservation of their health, and the enforcement of continual industry. To see that these duties are adequately performed, a board of five inspectors is appointed by the highest authority of the state, who, together with the governor, the presidents of both houses of the legislature, the judges of the supreme court, and other distinguished functionaries, are directed constantly to visit the different places of confinement, to prevent all oppression, peculation, and abuse in the management of them, and to make frequent periodical reports to the legislature. Their duties, in all these respects, are strictly prescribed by the code; they are allowed an adequate compensation; and their feelings, character, and honour are thus enlisted in the strict maintenance of the institution on the plan framed by the authority from whom they receive their trust.

The second book of this code contains the provisions for the treatment of prisoners in the several places of confinement. It has been already seen, from the plan of their construction, as well as from the penalties prescribed by the code of crimes and punishments, that a proper classification and separation in a few cases, and entire solitude in nearly all, are laid down as the fundamental principles of reform and prison discipline. Nothing, perhaps, is more universally admitted than the danger of vicious association; yet in no respect has the discipline of prisons been more defective than in confounding together all who are involved in the various different stages of criminal procedure. After condemnation, there can be no association but of the guilty with the guilty; in preliminary imprisonment guilt must be associated with innocence. He who is confined as a witness, for a misdemeanor, or on suspicion, leaves the den where he was imprisoned with tainted morals, depraved habits, and excited passions, which are certain to lead him back to the abode of infamy, where they were first acquired or infinitely augmented. The provisions of the code applicable to this subject are the more important, because, while there has been much legislation on the subject of solitary imprisonment as a punishment after conviction, few efficient steps have anywhere been taken to prevent the demoralising consequences attending

indiscriminate association before trial, and for offences which amount not to crime.

Persons whose liberty, for the good of society, must be restrained, are either those upon whom imprisonment is imposed merely to secure their appearance when the purposes of justice require it, or those upon whom it is inflicted as a punishment. The detention of those of the first description, to be just, must be accompanied with no unnecessary privation; it is therefore provided that they shall be, in all respects, comfortably attended to, allowed the visits of their families and friends, supplied with books, and receive the proceeds of such labour as they may choose to engage in. Persons who are accused of offences punishable, when proved, by a comparatively light penalty, ought not to be treated with that rigour of confinement which is necessary to secure those charged with crime. The degrees of this rigour are, therefore, distinctly laid down in the code; the danger of guilty associations is prevented; those comparatively innocent are separated from such as are probably guilty; those accused of offences implying no great moral turpitude, from the depraved in mind and manners; the young from the old offender. Classification and separation are provided for before trial with the same care as after conviction.

The rules which regulate the imprisonment of the convict, when it comes to be treated in a double capacity,—as a punishment and means of reform,—are made to refer to the various degrees of simple imprisonment, imprisonment at hard labour, and solitary confinement at certain intervals, which were the penalties designated in the "Code of Crimes and Punishments." Precise provisions are prescribed, to prevent oppression on the one hand, and, on the other, strictly to enforce the execution of the sentence; nothing is left to the discretion of turnkeys or keepers, to be varied according to their caprice or the means a criminal may have of purchasing their favour. The qualifications required of these officers are pointed out, as a guide to the selecting power, and a lesson to him who is chosen, so that the one may not commit the fatal error of underrating the talents necessary for the employment, and the other may feel its dignity and responsibility. The punishment once ordered, can neither be aggravated nor alleviated by a ministerial officer. When labour is added to confinement, the convict is made to rise at the dawn of day, and to continue at work until half an hour before sunset, except during the intervals of meals and attendance on a teacher. Perseverance accompanied with obedience, moral conduct, and a desire to reform, bring to the prisoner proportionate and increasing advantages of a better diet, permission to read books of instruction, the privilege of visits from relations and friends, and, ultimately, a part of the proceeds

of his industry. Solitary confinement, without labour and in entire seclusion, varies as to duration, according to the enormity of the crime. Those convicted of murder, without any aggravating circumstances, are deprived of labour for two consecutive months every year; while, in the case of the infanticide and the assassin, this is extended to three and to six months; none of them have any communication with persons out of the prison except the inspectors, and they are considered dead to the rest of the world.

It seems to be equally consistent with humanity and sound reason, that the severity of these punishments should be tempered, or, at least, the mode of applying them should be varied in the instance of a youthful criminal. When a child of tender age commits an offence, he probably acts under the influence of those passions which nature has given him, while she has not yet conferred that discretion which teaches him to control them. He is, perhaps, without parental or friendly advisers, and knows neither the duties nor penalties of the law. In such a case, if crime has been committed, it is but just to seek to remove its cause, by the milder method of instruction and useful employment. Instead, therefore, of being consigned to a penitentiary, the criminal under eighteen is sentenced to the school of reform, the details for the government of which are minutely laid down. Occasional solitude, constant instruction, labour in the different mechanic arts, with mild but certain punishment for the bad, and marks of distinction for those who improve, form the outlines of this excellent branch of prison discipline, and contribute all that can be devised to rescue the young from a headlong course leading them to ruin and aggravated crime.

To these two books, which, properly speaking, embrace all the branches of a code of reform and prison discipline, Mr. Livingston has added a third, for the purpose of establishing an institution connected with it in its general features, and certainly of great importance in a complete system of police. This he denominates a "House of Refuge and Industry." Its object is not the punishment of crime, it is intended to afford the means of employment, voluntary for those able and willing to labour, and coercive on those who, although able, prefer a life of idleness, mendicity, or vice. Implements and necessary materials are provided for the poor, habits of economy and industry are taught, good but plain food is supplied, the vicious not yet convicted of crime are reclaimed, and the unfortunate are protected and relieved. To one unhappy class who are expressly entitled to admission, (that of discharged convicts,) such a refuge is invaluable.

"Here," in the language of Mr. Livingston, "he may find employment and subsistence, and receive such wages as will enable him to remove from the scenes of his past crimes, place him

above temptation, confirm him in his newly-acquired habits of industry, and cause him safely to pass the dangerous and trying period between the acquisition of his liberty and restoration to the confidence of society. The cause, the temptation, or the excuse for relapse being thus removed, it is hoped that instances of return to vicious pursuits will become more rare, and that many will become useful members of society who, under the present system, either burden it by their poverty, or prey upon it by their crimes. The house of refuge is rendered the more necessary, because a man of prudence will no more receive or employ a convict discharged from one of our present penitentiaries, than he would shut up with his flock a wild beast escaped from its keepers; but the reformatory plan once fairly in operation, its principles studied, developed, steadily adhered to, improved by the light of experience, and its beneficial effects upon morals perceived, the man who has undergone its purifying operation will, in time, be no longer regarded with fear or contempt, and society, by confiding in his reformation, will permit him to be honest."

V. There only remains what may be considered rather as an appendix than a portion of the system of penal law—the "Book of Definitions."

This is added in order to render the system both explicit and concise. The employment of technical terms, though never used where common expressions sufficiently definite are to be found, is, in many instances, unavoidable. In all such cases, and whenever words or phrases are either ambiguous or employed in any other sense than that given in common parlance, they are defined and explained in this supplementary book.

These remarks complete the analysis of the "System of Penal Law" prepared by Mr. Livingston for the state of Louisiana. It has been less the object of them to offer a criticism upon its various provisions, than to condense and present them in a complete and single point of view. It would have been a task comparatively easy to examine particular portions more in detail; some of the views which we have passed hastily over might, perhaps, have been partially controverted, others were susceptible of far more illustration and praise than has been bestowed. But the work is one every way worthy of the deep consideration of all communities, not partially, but as a whole; not merely for the provisions it establishes in regard to one offence or another, but for the wise, the liberal, the charitable manner in which it travels over and embraces those rights and duties, the most sacred that belong to and devolve upon each member of the human family. Taken as a single and complete work, it is the production of a mind at once prepared, by long practice in the study and profession of the law, to treat it with all the lights and aids

of science, and imbued with that humane and comprehensive spirit which is necessary to reform what is rooted in general habit and prejudice, and to systematise and reduce what has been diffused by circumstances and time. It has

already fixed upon Mr. Livingston the attention of the most intelligent statesmen and purest philanthropists in other countries, and enrolled his name in those high places which are assigned to general benefactors of mankind.

BALLAD POETRY.

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE.

For of our readers, we should presume, need be informed of the beautiful ballad poetry in the composition of which the genius of the late Sir Walter Scott so much delighted. The following ballad-tale we have taken from Lockhart's Life of his eminent literary friend and relation,—a work which fully realises the high idea we have ever entertained of the intellectual author of "Valerius." Mr. Lockhart remarks of this ballad, that, "though long and very unfinished, it contains many touches of his (Sir Walter's) best manner."

* * * *

"And ne'er but once, my son," he says,
"Was yon sad cavern trod
In persecution's iron days,
When the land was left by God.

"From Bewlie bog, with slaughter red,
A wanderer hither drew,
And oft he stopped and turned his head,
As by fits the night-wind blew.

"For trampling round by Cheviot edge
Were heard the troopers keen,
And frequent, from the Whitelaw ridge,
The death-shot flashed between.

"The moonbeams through the misty shower
On yon dark cavern fell;
Through the cloudy night the snow gleam'd white,
Which sunbeam ne'er could quell.

"Yon cavern dark is rough and rude,
And cold its jaws of snow;
But more rough and rude are the men of blood
That haunt my life below.

"Yon spell-bound den, as the aged tell,
Was hewn by demons' hands;
But I had lowed melle * with the fiends of hell
Than with Clavers and his band."

He heard the deep-mouthed bloodhound bark,
He heard the horses neigh,
He plunged him in the cavern dark,
And downward sped his way.

Now faintly down the winding path
Came the cry of the faulting hound,
And the mutter'd oath of balked wrath
Was lost in hollow sound.

He threw him on the flinted floor,
And held his breath for fear;
He rose, and bitter cursed his foes,
As the sounds died on his ear.

* "Rather meet."

"O, bare thine arm, thou battling Lord,
For Scotland's wandering band;
Dash from th' oppressor's grasp the sword,
And sweep him from the land.

"Forget not thou thy people's groans
From dark Dunnottar's tower,
Mixed with the sea-fowl's shrilly moans,
And ocean's bursting roar.

"O, in fell Clavers' hour of pride,
Even in his mightiest day,
As bold he strides through conquest's tide,
O stretch him on the clay!

"His widow and his little ones,
O may their tower of trust
Remove its strong foundation-stone
And crush them in the dust!"—

"Sweet prayers to me," a voice replied,
"Thrice welcome, guest of mine!"
And, glimmering on the cavern side,
A light was seen to shine.

An aged man, in amice brown,
Stood by the wanderer's side,
By powerful charm, a dead man's arm
The torch's light supplied.

From each stiff finger, stretch'd upright,
Arose a ghastly flame,
That waned not in the blast of night
Which through the cavern came.

Of deadly blue was that taper's hue,
That flamed the cavern o'er,
But more deadly blue was the ghastly hue
Of his eyes who the taper bore.

He laid on his head a hand like lead,
As heavy, pale, and cold—

"Vengeance be thine, thou guest of mine,
If thy heart be firm and bold.

"But if faint thy heart, and caitiff fear
Thy recreant sinews know,
The mountain-erne thy heart shall tear,
Thy nerves the hooded crow."

The wanderer raised him undismay'd—
"My soul, by dangers steel'd,
Is stubborn as my border-blade,
Which never knew to yield."

"And if thy power can speed the hour
Of vengeance on my foes,
Thine be the fate, from bridge and gate,
To feed the hooded crows."

The Brownie looked him in the face,
And his colour fled with speed,—

"I fear me," quoth he, "uneath it will be.
To match thy word and deed.

"In ancient days, when English bands
Sore ravaged Scotland fair,
The sword and shield of Scottish land
Was valiant Halbert Kerr.

"A warlock loved the warrior well,
Sir Michael Scott by name,
And he sought for his sake a spell to make
Should the Southern foeman tame.

"Look thou, he said, from Cessford head,
As the July sun sinks low,
And when glimmering white on Cheviot's height,
Thou shalt spy a wreath of snow,

"The spell is complete which shall bring to thy feet
The haughty Saxon foe.
For many a year wrought the wizard here,
In Cheviot's bosom low,

"Till the spell was complete, and in July's heat
Appeared December's snow;
But Cessford's Halbert never came
The wondrous cause to know.

"For years before, in Bowden isle,
The warrior's bones had lain,
And after short while, by female guile,
Sir Michael Scott was slain.

"But me and my brethren in this cell
His mighty chains retain;
And he that can quell the powerful spell
Shall o'er broad Scotland reign."

He led him through an iron door,
And up a winding stair,
And in wild amaze did the wanderer gaze
On the sight which opened there.

Through the gloomy night flashed ruddy light,
A thousand torches' glow,
The cave rose high, like the vaulted sky,
O'er stalls in double row:

In every stall of that endless hall
Stood a steed in barbing bright;
At the foot of each steed, all armed, save the head,
Lay stretched a stalwart knight.

In each mailed hand was a naked brand,
As they lay on the black bull's hide;
Each visage stern did upward turn,
With eyeballs fixed and wide.

A lancegay strong, full twelve ells long,
By every warrior hung;
At each pommel there, for battle yare,
A Ledwood axe was slung.

The casque hung near each cavalier,
The plumes waved mournfully
At every tread which the wanderer made
Through the hall of Grammarye.

The ruddy beam of the torches' gleam
That glared the warriors on,
Reflected light from armour bright,
In noontide splendour shone.

And onward seen, in lustre sheen,
Still lengthening on the sight,
Through the boundless hall stood steeds in stall,
And by each lay a sable knight.

Still as the dead lay each horseman dread,
And moved nor limb nor tongue;
Each steed stood stiff as an earth-fast cliff,
Nor hoof nor bridle rung.

No sounds through all that spacious hall
The deadly still divide,
Save where echoes aloof from the vaulted roof
To the wanderer's step replied.

At length before his wondering eyes,
On an iron column borne,
Of antique shape and giant size
Appear'd a sword and horn.

"Now choose thee here," quoth his leader,
Thy venturous fortune try;
Thy wo and weal, thy boot and bale,
In yon brand and bugle lie."

To the fatal brand he mounted his hand,
But his soul did quiver and quail,
The life-blood did start to his shuddering heart,
And left him wan and pale.

The brand he forsook, and the horn he took,
To 'say a gentle sound;
But so wild a blast from the bugle brast,
That the Cheviot rocked around.

From Forth to Tees, from seas to seas,
The awful bugle rung;
On Carlisle wall, and Berwick withal,
To arms the warders sprung.

With clank and clang the cavern rang,
The steeds did stamp and neigh,
And loud was the yell as each warrior fell
Sterte up with hoop and cry:

"Wo, wo," they cried, "thou caitiff coward,
That ever thou wert born!
Why drew ye not the knightly sword
Before ye blew the horn?"

The morning on the mountain shone,
And on the bloody ground,
Hurl'd from the cave, with shiver'd bone,
The mangled wretch was found.

And still beneath the cavern dread
Among the gladders gray,
A shapeless stone, with lichens spread,
Marks where the wanderer lay.

* * * * *

It will be remarked, that in this ballad there are two familiar legends blended together; and it may be interesting to compare the latter of these with the prose version of it, as given in one of the last works of the author's pen. He says, in the "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, 1830,"—"Thomas of Ercildowne, during his retirement, has been supposed, from time to time, to be levying forces to take the field in some crisis of his country's fate. The story has often been told of a daring horse-jockey having sold a black horse to a man of venerable and antique appearance, who appointed the remarkable hillock upon Eildon hills, called the Sucken-hare, as the place where, at twelve o'clock at night, he should receive the price. He came, his money was paid in ancient coin, and he was invited by his customer to view his residence. The trader in horses followed his guide, in the deepest astonishment, through several long ranges of stalls, in each of which a horse stood motion-

less, while an armed warrior lay equally still at the charger's feet. 'All these men,' said the wizard in a whisper, 'will awaken at the battle of Sherifmuir.' At the extremity of this extraordinary *depôt* hung a sword and a horn, which the prophet pointed out to the horse-dealer as containing the means of dissolving the spell. The man, in confusion, took the horn, and attempted to wind it. The horses instantly started in their stalls, stamped, and shook their bridles; the men arose and clashed their armour, and the mortal, terrified at the tumult he had excited,

dropped the horn from his hand. A voice like that of a giant, louder even than the tumult around, pronounced these words:—

'Wo to the coward that ever he was born,
That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn.'

A whirlwind expelled the horse-dealer from the cavern, the entrance to which he could never again find. A moral might be, perhaps, extracted from the legend, namely, that it is best to be armed against danger before bidding it defiance."

THE INFIDEL.

ONE day as I was seriously meditating upon the inconsistency and unreasonableness of atheism, suddenly my mind took a visionary flight; and in my vision I could see an infidel walking by the edge of the water, over which the barren rocks hung; near by was a small boat within his reach; he gave a step into it, and rowed into the deep to enjoy the pleasures of a more extensive view of the glory of nature. Being extremely delighted with the prospect, he did not observe that the boat floated toward the vortex of the sea; his arms were folded, and the sun shone on the deep. Unknown to him, the stream was gently gliding him toward the cataract, the sounds of which were occasionally conveyed in a weak manner upon the silent gale, so that he heard them not. His thoughts had gone far,—so far as the years of his infancy; visions of the things that were past, floated before his eyes; it was not his hand that threw back the dark curtain of oblivion, pointing to that which had gone by; it was not he that called up the forms that rushed before him: no, if the "pride of infidelity" had not blinded him, he would have perceived that it was the Spirit of God that was making an additional effort to save his soul from irrecoverable ruin; operating for the last time upon his best and purest feelings—the feelings which had hitherto flowed through the dark and tempestuous sea of his raging thoughts, like a small, pure, unmingled, and unpolluted rill, by their raging billows, even when the storms of the passions had driven them to the precipice of madness. But he saw this not.

He looked back upon the time of his infancy, and his mind went gently—gentle as the delusive stream that hastened him to eternity. He appeared as if he had been enchanted by his childish affections anew; and the earth, its glory and beauty, were forgotten, and even the magnificence of nature was absorbed by their presence. He saw the home of his youthful years—the mother that nursed him upon her tender bosom, who taught his infant lips to sound the language of gratitude. He knelt upon her footstool, repeating *lispingly*, in half-formed words, his evening

prayer: he rose, and her embrace, with a cheerful smile, were his reward; her tender arms carried him to his couch, and her kiss and blessing were his fancied protection through the dark hours of night. The dawn of the morning awoke him, and he leaped through the flowery gardens, and skipped over the green clover fields, while his little heart overflowed with innocent pleasure and happiness. * * * *

He lost sight of many years, but he did not lose sight of his mother—for a moment she was there; and he went onward in his dream. He was now about to part with her, and to take a voyage to the continent; and the hour came. She gave him her parting admonitions and the Book of God—the book upon which he now looks with contempt; that book, to complete his ruin, he rent in pieces, and sacrificed it an offering to the flames. Her arms encircled him, and her tears fell in a stream upon his face; he felt them *then*,—he felt them *now* going into his soul. Her tranquil, heavenly voice breathed a prayer for his safety; and his bosom swelled, as if his heart would burst; but these pains passed, and the ocean conveyed him away upon its bosom, and the atmosphere of Italy received him. There he drank deeply of the vials of corruption—he drank to intoxication: then the monster atheism grappled him, extracting from his soul every solid comfort—stealed his nature's best and purest feelings—threw the curtain of despair between his soul and eternity, and buried his hope for life and immortality in the dense blackness of eternal annihilation. * * * *

The vision went on progressively, and he looked once more: again, for the last time, he saw the face of his mother; she was on her death-bed: he would have asked her for the cause of her indisposition, but his conscience gave him a full answer before he moved his lips. He sat down, taking hold of her hand, which, unknown to him, rested upon the Bible; he saw it, and his countenance changed to strangeness. His mother saw him, and the tears floated in her eyes—they fell upon his hand.

"Yes, here! here! here!" said he, *now* stammering, while his eyes are as if they would suddenly

leap out of his head to look upon the place. His mother exerted herself to speak to him once—twice, but she failed: however, she made another effort. "My son," said she, with maternal affection, "O my son, who art dear to my soul, I am about to appear before God, yet I do not fear and tremble, because I have an Intercessor: this book,"—and she pressed the Bible to her bosom,—"this book was a guide to me in life, it is now my hope in death, and my assurance of immortality. Promise"—and her voice lowered to the sound of one that felt that she should not speak again upon earth—"promise to thy dying, broken-hearted mother, that it shall be so with thee, that my God shall be a God to thee; promise me this, and I shall die happy."

While she spoke his eyebrows lowered, his whole system trembled, and his soul was in a manner enshrouded with horror; but with an energy of mind almost superhuman, he silenced the voice of his awakened conscience, which cost him bitterly dear: his mother turned her dying eyes upon him for a moment—and slept in death. He saw her aspect *then*, while she looked upon him in the agonies of death—she is *now* before his eyes; and he hides his face with his hands, as if he would shut her out from his presence; but in vain: the eye of his mind sees her, let him do his worst. * * * *

The boat now hurried on with a furiously wild and frightful velocity: a monstrous stump of a tree, when floating by, struck against the prow, and the furious blow shivered it in pieces: he was roused from his deadly slumbers: he saw his danger—yes, he saw that safety was altogether unattainable, and his face became pale; he could see the mist ascending over his head, high as the heaven; and then he began to look about; to what purpose he did not know! he felt that he was alone—that there was none to save—and *no hope*. He attempted to quiet his agitated spirit, and to look upon death face to face. "A moment," said he, "and I shall cease to exist—a moment, and I shall be as if I had never been—nothing." But instantaneously that thought withered within him: he could not hold the eyes of his mind unmoved upon the incomprehensible abyss of annihilation, the dense thick darkness of non-existence; and his mind, without any place to rest, returned upon himself, cleaving to him, and in its hold upon him he *felt* that there was *another world* to be found.

The deafening roar of the assembled waters, the dashing of the foam against the boat, the dreadful fierceness of its velocity, the awful assurance of destruction, and the instinctive dread

of annihilation overcame him; he sunk down, and in that extreme and ineffable hour of his incomprehensible anguish, when every thing gathered blackness about him, his carelessness and philosophy forsook him. He reclined for some moments, and then lifted up his head: the black rocks frowned upon him terrifically, giving a most perfect and constant echo to the dashing of the waters which foamed outrageously against their foundations. "O God," said he, lifting his cold hands upward, "this is awful." But he had scarcely stopped, before he broke forth into a heartrending cry—"but why should I take His name in my lips? I have said, there is no God!—there is no God! O that I could be satisfied of this now! that I could convince myself that this was true! But the noise of the waters, and a voice within my bosom, ten thousand times stronger than the noise of the waters, tell me that HE IS,—this view testifies that he is, and I am hastening into his presence."

At this moment he saw the boat within a few yards of the centre of an immense half-circle of prodigious rocks, over which the flood descended in one immense and perpendicular sheet, with a noise higher than the roar of all the thunder that ever rolled since the ages of time through the expansive heavens. The boat whirled about, his brains became perplexed, his face deformed, and he exclaimed in broken and imperfect expressions, "I see the wrath of an avenging God, I see the vehement flames of his indignation—there—there—above the mist he is, whom I have denied. I hear the voice of an accusing spirit higher than the furious waters!" As the boat drew nearer the precipice over which the flood swept, he cried out "O, immense chasm—the pit—and hell is deeper! The Deity—the dying form of my murdered mother—the Saviour—all—all will rise up against me in this hour. Demons—demons will snatch me away." Before these predictions had escaped from his lips, they were fulfilled. The boat reached the precipice; the foam, the mist, and the thundering noise of the descending waters encompassed him; it broke like a thunderbolt over the rocks, which appeared rising like an eternal embankment against the floods; he was enveloped in the raging deluge that rushed precipitately, with a velocity that made the rocks themselves to tremble to their extreme depths—to the depths that no line can reach their unattainable bottoms, nor mortal eye dare penetrate into them. The gates of the eternal world opened; the irresistible arm of Omnipotence hurled him away, while he dare not look back with guilt, nor onward with despair.

SITTINGS FOR MY PORTRAIT.

SEVENTH SITTING.

As I passed through the drawing-room, this morning, Caroline was seated at the piano, play-

ing one of Mozart's most splendid compositions. I afterwards requested Handel's Occasional Over-

ture, and must confess myself to have been greatly delighted, not only with the music, but with the progress of the performer in that fine accomplishment.

Then, looking into the parlour, behold the round table was occupied by a pretty group, each at some chosen employment, reading, writing, working; and there was my precocious Jonathan, wielding his poetic pen; for you must know, kind reader, that he has a wonderful notion of rhyme, as well as reason.

"Well, my boy, I must own, whatever your taste, I should be better pleased to see this morning season devoted to some more solid and useful pursuit. I think Latin, or Greek, or history, would be a more suitable employment just now, than poetry; or it would not be amiss to devote an hour or two each day, in the vacation, to the revision of your school exercises. But come, let me see what you are about."

Jonathan is really a modest lad, and looked a little reluctant; he is also, let my juvenile readers observe, very obedient, and, therefore, handed me at once his paper. It was but a beginning; and ran thus:—

"Sweet is the hour, the vernal hour,
And sweet the zephyr's breath,
When Spring resumes her long lost power,
New risen from wintry death,
The flowery shrubs, the flowing streams,
Awake a glad surprise;
The sun his still increasing beams
Pours o'er the brightening skies."

"There, now, papa, I think it is quite fair you should finish this for me. I have often heard you say that you had a poetic turn in your youth, and I have some notion that I have caught it. At all events, I was rather at a standstill as you entered, and pray do help me."

"But, my dear, my painter is waiting in the library."

"Never mind, papa, you can give me a line or two in a minute, just to go on."

"Let me see. I'll try. Just step to Mr. Painter, and tell him I will attend him in five minutes, by the time he has prepared his palette and pencils."

Jonathan returns. "Well, my boy, like most young poets, you have plenty of vernal and zephyr, and flowery and flowing, and so forth; but give me the pen. There, now, I have added something:—"

"But sweeter far than flowers or fruits,
In Nature's ample space,
The cultivated mind that gives
To every thing its place.
I love to see your skill, and thirst
For eminence hereafter;
But then, my boy, be scholar first,
And pretty poet after."

"And now, Jonathan, leaving you to cogitate over this impromptu, I must hasten to Mr. Painter."

Thus were three rooms occupied with the

three sister arts; and methought I might surely find a subject of reflection; and what should it be? Nothing better surely than a brief comparison of this beautiful sisterhood. Instead of the muses, therefore, I invoked the powers of a just discrimination.

Music appeals to the ear, painting to the eye, and poetry more immediately to the mind. In the curious workmanship and nice adaptations of the instrument of sound, the naturalist and the moralist might alike find an inexhaustible subject of admiration; but the question at present respects an estimate of the comparative value of the effect produced by the "concord of sweet sounds." The sensitiveness of the organ which is formed to catch the aerial undulations, appears to be great in most individuals, and in innumerable instances rouses the mind to an absolute enthusiasm. If we analyse the feeling, however, it will be found to be purely sensual; that is, its sphere of operation is the senses, or, at best, the passions, to which the former are subsidiary. The effect of the finest combinations of music is to impart sensations or emotions, not ideas; it does not, therefore, hold a relation to the intellectual and moral nature of man, so much as to his physical constitution, or to the merely instinctive susceptibilities of his spirit. It furnishes a fine stimulus to thought or meditation, to the inventive faculty, and the devotional bias or power, but seems incapable of originating sentiment, enlarging the boundaries of knowledge, or illustrating truth. Simply viewed as a medium of pleasure or relaxation, it must be allowed to rank high, and is worthy of many of the elaborate encomiums that have been pronounced upon it. At once soothing and elevating, it has been employed in every age to alleviate care, to promote hilarity, and to pacify turbulent emotions. It merits indeed a more exalted encomium; for in its application to the purposes of religion, it is undoubtedly adapted to give a tone to the mind which is eminently favourable to devotion. It is not, indeed, religion, but may be the concomitant and adjunct of it. It is the instrument of praise; and thus becomes the medium of intercourse with heaven, and is an appropriate mode of the creature's expression of his reverence and admiration of the Creator. But still it is only the instrument and the mode. Indifferent in itself, it may thus become a valuable auxiliary to good, as by a misapplication of its powers, it may, and often does, prove a means of moral detriment and social evil. As to its moral value, therefore, it is comparatively nothing in itself, since it depends upon the moral condition of the individual who is under its influence. It is simply exhilarating or soothing; but it may inspire deeds of unholy daring, or soothe into luxurious and vicious inaction. This may be no reason for its disuse, but should check an excessive indulgence.

As the liability to misapplication and the frequent tendency to improper associations have been brought as grounds of objection against music, so the demoralising effects of improper paintings have been adduced as deteriorating to the character of that attractive art: and doubtless, in both instances, the perversion of that which in itself is good, or simply indifferent, is to be greatly censured. Painting, however, must be allowed a higher station than music in the grade of excellence, and surpasses it on several accounts. So far as mere taste is concerned, the gratification may be nearly equal, and doubtless is, in either case, exquisite to the genuine devotee; but it is evident that the range of the imitative art is more extensive, and the impressions it is calculated to produce are more important and more permanent. Painting brings us into immediate contact with nature, and, in a degree, forces upon the least inquisitive mind a variety of otherwise undiscovered beauties. By its magical power of bringing into concentrated view, upon a small space, the chief objects of the wide-spread landscape, the least observant individual is constrained to compare and comprehend the whole, and to derive gratification from the curious resemblance; besides that, scenes the most distant, and combinations the most beautiful, that may have been familiar in other years, and partly faded from the memory, are presented again and again in all their freshness, and with all their past associations. He who climbed the Alps, or visited the remotest lands, or oceans, or seas, in the days of his youth, may thus in age, without peril or adventure, ascend the mountains, penetrate the wilderness, or circumnavigate the globe again. The drawing of a hill, a building, a city, connects the mind with large portions of knowledge which we may have acquired on important spheres of action in which we may have moved—nay, with all history and all time itself. On the vivid canvass, cities, men, and empires reappear. Thebes rises from the desert; Herculeaneum springs from its ashes; Cesar reassumes his throne. The eye reads, it may be, the perished page of history, or the whole volume of fact is unravelled at once, as by a glance. While, perhaps, it is just to concede the palm of superiority to that department which is denominated historical painting, yet enough of the moral value of portrait painting has not been understood or realised. It is at once delightful and profitable to be introduced to the great and the good of past ages, by entering a room adorned with their pictures, and the impression becomes at once more intense and useful still when we find ourselves encircled by our own ancestry. To see the vivid resemblance of the mighty dead, of whose deeds we have so often read or heard, and to trace the very features of those whose names and whose virtues have filled many a winter's tale, and cheered many a summer's ramble; and

to detect still the reflection of countenance or form in the yet unobliterated marks of family likeness and descent, cannot but excite emotions of no ordinary kind. We seem at once, in an hour, to live through centuries, to hold converse with bygone generations, and to take part in long transacted events. Through these images we see the busy crowd alive again, mingle with their thoughts, and convert past into present time. The gay and the grave, the witty and the wise, the ignorant or the learned, the great and the little, the bad and the good, encompass us; and though, as it were, in the bustle and amidst the business of a revived generation, we are at leisure to study and profit by the known peculiarities of every character. Thus does the pencil assert a kind of triumph over the tomb, and invest the departed with the prerogatives of life, and the glory of a terrestrial immortality.

The moral effect of a large picture, in which many individuals are seen in groups, or engaged in one great action, possesses certain advantages which do not belong even to a real event. In the latter case, every moment changes the aspect of the scene; different positions are assumed, and different emotions arise. The *crisis* of the scene lasts but a moment, and, if we are personally interested, does not admit of being distinctly examined, or even wholly seen. But we soon return again and again to the painting, study every part of it, renew the full impression of every object and every countenance, and weep or rejoice, love or hate the good or the evil a thousand times. Still it must be admitted that the application of the art is comparatively limited, and the moral effect restricted by circumstances. It ranks higher than music, but only next to poetry.

This elegant accomplishment, or rather this intellectual power, is in immediate association with sentiment. The senses here become tributary to genius, and taste is the vehicle of thought. Those bold flights of the imagination in which poetry revels cannot fail of exerting a seductive influence upon the heart, and producing an evident moral result of the strongest character. On the use or abuse of the art every thing depends; every thing to the poet, and every thing to the admiring reader. It is from a golden goblet he drinks—a goblet that sweetens either nectar or poison. Poetry has both the harmony of music, and the imagery of painting. She can sing as sweetly as the one sister, and describe as powerfully as the other. Holding one in either hand, she leads their movements, commands their aid, and towers above their height. Her influence is potent upon the mind itself, debasing or purifying its principles, exalting to heaven, or casting down to hell. Who can calculate the moral effects, in either case, upon generations past, present, or to come, that have been produced, or may yet arise from the

sublimities of a Milton, the devotion of a Watts, or the libertinism of a Byron?

The comparison, therefore, drawn by a sensible writer, in a publication which has been for some years extinct, is worthy of remembrance: "Music appears to awaken feeling only; painting presents more materials for speculation than for the excitement of sensibility; but poetry combines and harmonises the acuteness of intellect and the tenderness of emotion. It is a proper and

natural *vehicle of sentiment*; and sentiment is the test of moral character, the life and soul of moral principle, the end and aim of moral study. Correct sentiment is the spring of every virtuous action; to instil it is the only legitimate object of Christian education, and to attain to it is the perpetual desire, the constant aim, and the humble prayer of every consistent and sincere believer in revealed truth."

THE ABYSSINIAN DISEASE.

There is a holy water at the church Onn Arvel, which is greatly esteemed for the cure of persons afflicted with evil spirits. This is a very wonderful disorder, which I cannot pass over in silence, though the reader may think it fabulous and ridiculous; yet we have accounts of something of the same kind in the New Testament, which the priests and learned men of Abyssinia believe to be the same complaint. This complaint is called "*tigretier*;" it is more common among the women than among the men. The *tigretier* seizes the body as if with a violent fever, and, from that, turns to a lingering sickness, which reduces the patients to skeletons, and often kills them, if the relations cannot procure the proper remedy. During this sickness their speech is changed to a kind of stuttering, which no one can understand but those afflicted with the same disorder. When the relations find the malady to be the real *tigretier*, they join together to defray the expenses of curing it. The first remedy they in general attempt, is to procure the assistance of a learned Doctor, who reads the Gospel of St. John, and drenches the patient with cold water daily, for the space of seven days—an application that very often proves fatal. The most effectual cure, though far more expensive than the former, is as follows:—The relations hire, for a certain sum of money, a band of trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, and buy a quantity of liquor; then all the young men and women of the place assemble at the patient's house, to perform the following most extraordinary ceremony.—I once was called in by a neighbour to see his wife—a very young woman, and of whom he was very fond—who had the misfortune to be afflicted with this disorder; and the man being an old acquaintance of mine, and always a close comrade in the camp, I went every day, when at home, to see her; but I could not be of any service to her, though she never refused my medicines. At this time I could not understand a word she said, although she talked very freely, nor could any of her relations understand her. She could not bear the sight of a book or a priest, for at the sight of either she struggled, and was apparently seized with acute agony, and a flood of tears, like blood

mingled with water, would pour down her face from her eyes. She had lain three months in this lingering state, living upon so little that it seemed not enough to keep a human body alive. At last her husband agreed to employ the usual remedy, and after preparing for the maintenance of the band during the time it would take to effect the cure, he borrowed from all his neighbours their silver ornaments, and loaded her legs, arms, and neck with them.

The evening that the band began to play, I seated myself close by her side, as she lay upon the couch; and about two minutes after the trumpets had begun to sound, I observed her shoulders begin to move, and soon afterwards her head and breast, and in less than a quarter of an hour she sat upon her couch. The wild look she had, though sometimes she smiled, made me draw off to a greater distance, being almost alarmed to see one nearly a skeleton move with such strength—her head, neck, shoulders, hands, and feet, all made a strong motion to the sound of the music; and in this manner she went on by degrees, until she stood up on her legs upon the floor. Afterwards she began to dance, and, at times, to jump about, and at last, as the music and noise of the singers increased, she often sprang three feet from the ground. When the music slackened, she would appear quite out of temper, but when it became louder, she would smile and be delighted. During this exercise, she never showed the least symptom of being tired, though the musicians were thoroughly exhausted; and when they stopped to refresh themselves by drinking and resting a little, she would discover signs of discontent.

Next day, according to the custom in the cure of this disorder, she was taken into the marketplace, where several jars of *maize*, or *tsug*, were set in order by the relations, to give drink to the musicians and dancers. When the crowd had assembled, and the music was ready, she was brought forth, and began to dance, and throw herself into the maddest postures imaginable; and in this manner she kept on the whole day. Towards evening she began to let fall her silver ornaments from her neck, arms, and legs,

one at a time, so that, in the course of three hours, she was stripped of every article. A relation continually kept going after her as she danced, to pick up the ornaments, and afterwards delivered them to the owners from whom they were borrowed. As the sun went down, she made a start with such swiftness, that the fastest runner could not come up with her; and when at the distance of about two hundred yards, she dropped, on a sudden, as if shot. Soon afterwards a young man, on coming up with her, fired a matchlock over her body, and struck her upon the back with the broadside of his large knife, and asked her name, to which she answered, as when in her common senses—a sure proof of her being cured, for, during the time of this malady,

these afflicted with it never answer to their Christian name. She was now taken up in a very weak condition, and carried home; and a priest came and baptized her again, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which ceremony concluded her cure.

Some are taken in this manner to the marketplace for many days before they can be cured, and it sometimes happens that they cannot be cured at all. I have seen them in these fits dance with a *bruly*, or bottle of maize, upon their heads, without spilling the liquor or letting the bottle fall, although they have put themselves into the most extravagant postures.—*Pearce's Life and Adventures in Abyssinia.*

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

MINE be the hour of death, as evening shades
Silently close around the parting day,
As the tired sun in radiance sinks away,
And night-birds sing from darkened forest-glades.

Then, as the choral vesper-hymn, ascending
On the still air in soothing melody,
Charms the enraptured soul—O let me fly
To yon bright world, with seraph-bands attending!

Let evening gales my parting requiem sing,
While white-robed spirits, on the winds careering,
Me to the realms of endless glory bearing,
Chant to celestial harps, "Death has no sting."

Gently, most gently, may I sink in death,
As infants, pillowed on the mother's breast,
Calmly and softly yield to slumbers blest,—
So to my God may I resign my breath.

Or, as the pearly dew on flowerets falling,
Silently, unseen, when evening dies,

And fades away the hue of golden skies,—
So may I sink when God my soul is calling.

And as the radiant sun, at evening's close,
Sinks but to rise with new-fed beams of light,
To chase the clouds that gird the gloomy night,
And wake the glittering flowers from night's repose,—

So, when I fall in death, this hope my soul
Shall cheer—that I from my sepulchral bed
Shall rise, when through the regions of the dead
The archangel's wakening trumpet-blast shall roll.

My hopes shall rest on Him who died for me,
Who shed his blood for man's rebellious race,
And sealed the covenant of redeeming grace,
When his meek spirit sighed on Calvary.

O may I reach the place where now he reigns,
And near his sapphire throne, with spirits blest,
In glittering robes of stainless beauty dress,
Join in the loud and everlasting strains!

T. W. A.

MANNERS.

MANNERS are of more importance than laws; upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in; they give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.—*Burke.*

If you should happen to meet with an accident at table, endeavour to preserve your composure, and do not add to the discomfort you have created by making an unnecessary fuss about it; the easier such things are passed over, the better. I remember hearing it told of a very accomplished gentleman, that, when carving a tough goose, he had the misfortune to send it entirely out of the dish, and into the lap of the lady next to him; on which he very coolly looked her full in the face, and, with admirable gravity and calmness, said, "Ma'am, I will thank you for that goose." In a case like this, a person must necessarily suffer so much, and be such an object of compassion to the

company, that the kindest thing he could do, was to appear as unmoved as possible. This manner of bearing such a mortifying accident gained him more credit than he lost by his awkward carving.—*Young Lady's Friend.*

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse; whoever makes the fewest people uneasy is the best bred man in company.—*Swift.*

The three sources of good manners are good nature, humility, and good sense. Good sense and integrity, if we are sure we possess them, will not make good manners unnecessary, the former being but seldom called out to action, but the latter continually.

"Without good breeding truth is disapproved,
That only makes superior sense beloved."

The only way to be a gentleman is to have the feelings of one—to be gentle in its proper acceptation, to be elevated above others in sentiment rather than situation, and to let the benevolence of the heart be manifested in the general courtesy and affability of the demeanour.—*Horace Smith.*

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

THE earliest rays of the morning sun were striking the highest parts of the lofty mountain of Penmaen Mawr, when a small band of warriors, the unconquered descendants of the aborigines of Britain, were seen crowding together round an aged man, whose long white beard and coarse mantle that hung down to his knees, together with a harp which a youth held before him, betokened him to be one of the Welsh minstrels, whose stirring strains had so roused and animated the spirits of their countrymen against their blood-thirsty Saxon oppressors, that all the mighty and concentrated power of Edward had been unable to subdue their indomitable courage. The spot where they were assembled was a natural hollow in the side of the mountain, so surrounded on all sides that, from below, no one could perceive them; and to this place they had been driven by the myrmidons of their invader. They were the remnant of a band which had escaped from the battle in which Llewellyn lost his country and his life, and had now assembled in that well-known spot to meet the old man to whom they looked up with a superstitious kind of reverence. He was the bard of Glendall, and the last of his race. The harp which he took in his hand had been handed down from father to son for many generations, and its prophetic notes were often listened to with breathless attention, by those who had been accustomed to attach a sacred character to the office which the bards assumed.

As he swept the strings with a tremulous hand, every voice was hushed; and the men, leaning on their swords, retained their breathing, and gazed fixedly upon him. A few wild notes preluded the burden of his song, and sad and mournful were they as the voice of the autumn winds. The spirit of sadness shook her darkened wing over the old man's soul, as he sung of the desolations of the land, of the burning home of the captive, and of the oppression of the enslaved. The hearts of the men were faint within them as the harp breathed forth its melancholy musings; and their anguished souls endeavoured to restrain the emotions that arose, and to hide from each other's observation the feelings that struggled for expression. Yet might an aged warrior be seen who had beheld his sons fall beside him in the field, like noble trees beneath the woodman's stroke, down whose cheek the big tear rolled in silence. The scions of his house, one by one, had departed, and he stood like an oak of the forest deprived of its branches—naked and alone. Some had seen the friends of their bosom, the brothers of their home, overwhelmed by numbers, sink in death; and of that gallant band which surrounded Llewellyn on the ill-fated morning of battle, few saw the descending sun fling his last beams on the field of carnage, and light up,

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with a fearful gleam, the broken armour of the slain.

The bard raised his head from his breast, on which he had suffered it to fall after he had sung of his bleeding country, and, with fixed attention, appeared as if listening to a distant sound. All were mute as death; every eye was turned towards him, watching his movements; some gazed upon him with awe, as if he were holding communion with unseen spirits, who were revealing to him the secrets of the future. Again he took the harp; his hand ran swiftly across the chords, and he struck into the wild and enthusiastic war-song of the Welsh. As he played, his eye seemed riveted upon a distant part of the mountain; and as he gazed long and fixedly in that direction, the eyes of his auditors involuntarily turned towards the spot he was contemplating. They looked not long before an object appeared that called forth a cry from every lip, while, in a moment, their swords glittered in the beams of the risen sun. The well-known standard of Edward was seen waving on an eminence at no great distance, nearly on a level with the spot where the bard and the warriors were assembled. Their place of retreat had been discovered, and a party of the enemy had been despatched to dislodge them. It was the sound of their footsteps, as they wound up the side of the hill, that had struck on the ear of the old man, when the last notes of his song had died away among the caves of the mountain.

By a circuitous route, the diminished band of Llewellyn arrived to within a short distance of the spot where the English soldiers stood. It was a small plain on the side of the hill, that afforded sufficient room for the combatants to meet on pretty equal terms; at one end, the ground rose abruptly towards the higher part of the mountain, and on a ledge near this stood the bard, his white beard waving in the wind, his tall majestic form appearing in outline against the sky, and his gestures indicating the high-born purposes of his soul. Before him was the small plain where the rival warriors stood meditating death; behind him a fearful precipice, whose awful depth was unbroken, save by jutting pieces of rock, and the decayed stumps of trees that had once waved over the frowning gulf below. Any one unaccustomed to such scenes, and unused to the daring exploits of mountaineers, would have shuddered only to look over that natural wall; but the bard remained firm and fearless, evincing no more emotion than if he had been standing in the midst of one of his beautiful vales.

He struck the harp, and, with a loud shout, his little party rushed on their invaders. Twice did the aged chief of Morven contest with the

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leader of the enemy, and twice were they separated in the tumult. Eight of the English lay extended on the ground, when another detachment of twenty appeared, whose presence greatly inspirited their comrades who had been engaged in the fight. The Welsh warriors, repulsed by the fresh assailants, lost the advantage they had at first obtained, and the sudden appearance of more of the enemy caused them for a moment to waver. Glendall, who, from his elevated situation, saw all that was passing, perceived the panic that had seized them, and the notes of the war-song again rose on the air, and were heard clear and distinct, even amidst the shouts of the combatants and the groans of the dying. But the band of the Britons, overwhelmed by numbers, was gradually diminished. They fought long and desperately: yet, nerved as they were to the conflict by a recollection of their undeserved calamities, and by their deadly hatred of their Saxon oppressors; proud and indomitable as were their spirits, and high-souled and lofty as was their courage, they could not resist a force so unequal; and, one by one, these heroic defenders of their country sunk beneath the swords of their victorious invaders.

As the bard saw the warriors fall, covered with wounds, he raised the death-song of the brave, and chanted, to the funereal music of his harp, the requiem for the departed spirits, and when he had finished the mournful strain, remained motionless on the spot where he stood. He had not failed to attract the eye of the leader of the English party, who, well knowing the power which his race possessed over the minds of the people, and to what a pitch of lofty and daring enthusiasm they were capable of elevating the souls of those who came within the sphere of their influence, and acting upon the orders of his master, commanded some of his men to advance and seize him. The cruel severity of Edward to the bards of Wales, when he completed the conquest of that country, cannot be justified. Such men as they deserved, at the hands of a proud and valiant enemy, a far different fate; the lofty courage and heroic constancy they displayed, ought to have claimed the respect and admiration of their fortunate victor; nor should he have been wanting in the exhibition of clemency even towards an enemy whose patriotic conduct evinced the true nobility of soul. But we forget we are writing in the nineteenth century, when correcter and more generous ideas are entertained of those who, by the fortune of war, are delivered into the hands of their enemies.

The soldiers, in obedience to the command of their captain, began to advance towards the old man. To accomplish his capture, however, it was necessary that they should approach him from above the place where he then stood; and this they lost no time in attempting to do. Glendall

perceived their object, and determined to prevent them from making him their captive. Another stern purpose seized his soul, and his dark eye flashed with terrible lustre as he gazed on his approaching enemies, one of whom, at least, he resolved should perish with him.

The bard, although far advanced in years, was yet a man of powerful strength; and his gigantic stature, and strong muscular powers, made the soldiers watch with wary eye his every movement, as they drew near to seize him. He took the harp that had rested before him, and which had so long been the companion of his wanderings, and lightly touched one string; and as it woke with a soft and melancholy sound, lifting it high above his head, he whirled it into the deep abyss below. This done, he again relapsed into apparent unconsciousness.

The foremost of the party to whom was committed the dangerous charge of possessing themselves of the person of the old man, advanced to within three paces of the place where he stood. Still their victim seemed unmoved, betraying neither signs of fear, nor of consciousness that any one was nigh. His white beard waved in the wind, and his tall proud figure stood erect and motionless as a statue. For a moment the advancing soldiers stopped to regard the singular being that presented himself before them; and as they cast their eyes over the ledge of the rock, and beheld the dark and tremendous gulf below, their hearts sickened with terror at the dizzy sight. Recovering from their momentary stupor, they drew nearer, and the foremost soldier stretched out his hand to seize the arm of the bard. It was his last act. Starting from his temporary trance, Glendall, with the swiftness of thought, seized his enemy by the belt, and tightening his arms by his own giant pressure, lifted him up to the place on which he stood, and held him, as if he had been an infant of a day, over the awful chasm. One simultaneous shriek of horror rose from the lips of all his comrades as they saw him, for a moment, suspended over the unknown depth, and then, as the harper loosed his grasp from the doomed and ill-fated man, pass with fearful velocity down into the abyss below. One wild cry alone was heard from the unfortunate victim, as he felt the strong hand of the bard shake him off, and the depth into which he had fallen gave forth no other voice or sound.

The men who had thus beheld the sudden destruction of their companion, started back with terror and alarm; there were four of them, yet none dared to approach the lone old man. That shriek which had arisen from the lips of the devoted soldier still rung in their ears, and their spirits quailed at grappling with such a destructive enemy. A spell seemed cast around, and a deep-breathing shudder passed through all their frames as they looked upon the sternly-triumphant features of the bard, who stood in the same appa-

rently listless attitude as if subtly waiting for the approach of the other victims.

The officer who had commanded the party during the late assault, had watched the movements of his men as they marched to execute his orders, and had seen, with dismay, the terrible revenge which had been inflicted on one of them by their bold and vindictive enemy. He perceived their hesitation to advance, lest the same end should await them; for the ledge of the rock of which Glendall had possessed himself was so narrow, that more than two were not able to stand; and, as on the side opposite to that on which he must be approached was the tremendous precipice, it would be a fearful contest of personal strength between the assailant and the assaulted; and from this all the men shrank with the utmost dread. The officer remembered the strict injunctions which had been laid upon him, that he should not suffer any of the bards to escape from his hands, or elude his pursuit; and as one was almost in his grasp, he well knew the frown of anger would darken the haughty brow of Edward, should he fail in accomplishing his mission. He joined his men, and commanded them to follow him closely, as he advanced towards Glendall to make him prisoner. The bard withdrew his glance from the rock on which it had rested, and surveyed the approaching party with a keen and flashing eye; he planted his foot firmly on his resting-place, stood with the resolute air of a man who had determined to contest for victory, and then awaited in calmness the nearer advance of his foes. They came, treading closely in the footsteps of their leader, and eyeing carefully the singular being before them, as he stood on the very edge of the precipice, cool and undaunted. The officer first drew nigh; and as, for a moment, his eye glanced from the giddy and unprotected height into the deep and yawning abyss, his brain reeled at the sight; but, quickly recovering himself, he pointed his sword at the heart of the old man, and, in the language of the ancient Britons, ordered him to surrender. It was but

the work of a moment for Glendall—as he regarded his enemy with a proud and scornful look—to wrap a part of his long dark cloak around one of his hands, and turn aside the glittering weapon, and with the other to grasp the throat of his hated adversary. The sword sprung from the hand that held it, and fell flashing in the sunlight down the precipice; and the harper, disengaging his arm from his cloak, entwined it round the waist of his victim, and, for a moment, they struggled together on that fearful brink. The soldiers looked on as men paralysed with fear; they moved not, they spake not, until they saw the bard, with a sudden burst of strength, move their leader—who was himself a tall and powerful man—from his balance, and throw himself over the edge of the rock, dragging with him to destruction his ill-fated enemy. Then a wild and dreadful cry of horror burst from every lip, which the echoes of the mountain prolonged, and which scared the eagle that towered above them in his airy flight.

The soldiers descended by a circuitous route to the foot of the rock, from the summit of which Glendall had precipitated himself with his victim, and, arriving there, found the bodies of the three men, mangled and lifeless. On the features of the bard sat the same proud and contemptuous expression they exhibited when he watched the approach of his last victim. Not a muscle betrayed any signs of pain; his lips were compressed, but more in determined resolution than in agony, for his stern and destructive purpose seemed to have banished all consideration of self from his mind. Very near him lay the shattered remains of his harp: its strings, which his fingers had so often waked into music and life, were all broken; he who had borne it would no more raise the song in the halls of the mighty; and it was fitting that its sweet voice should be silent, when sunk in death its high-souled possessor,—the only descendant of an honoured house, and the last of an ancient and powerful race.

THE ALLIGATOR.

THIS animal, which is called *cayman* by the Indians, is by no means so active as it has generally been described. Even in the water, where, from its conformation, it must be more particularly capable of exertion, its movements are far from being rapid or sudden; and it appears chiefly to trust, at all times, to surprise for taking its prey. On land it is remarkably awkward and heavy in its motions, and is evidently incapable of pursuing any animal with a chance of success. It is scarcely ever found at any great distance from the river or lagoon which it haunts; and in general, when the swamps are dried up by the excessive tropical heat, it prefers remaining in

the mud in a torpid state to wandering farther in search of water. The exertion necessary for the *cayman* to use in dragging itself up the bank, when it leaves the water for the purpose of laying eggs or basking in the sun, appears very great. Its legs, indeed, appear but ill-adapted, both in size and position, to the weight they have to support; so that it has nothing whatever of the activity that distinguishes all the rest of the lizard genus. Although it is amphibious, water appears to be the element most natural to it, for it passes the greater part of its time in it, and retreats thither on any alarm. It is frequently to be seen sleeping afloat on the water; at which time

it is enabled to continue respiration, in consequence of the concave curve of its head, by which its nostrils and eyes can remain above water, while every other part of the body is below. It is a mistake to suppose that they are always obliged to go on shore for the purpose of devouring their prey; they can manage this by raising their heads out of the water, in the same manner in which the seal is seen to eat fish, when too far out at sea to admit of his carrying it on shore; and few objects appear so truly *farouche* as a group of large alligators feasting on a horse while floating down the stream. The violence with which they tear off whole limbs, and the noise their tusks make when they close their vast jaws in the act of chewing, are indescribable. If disturbed when on the land, they appear to be in the most awkward state of alarm, and flounder down to the water in the clumsiest manner possible. They have, at that time, no leisure for offensive or defensive warfare; and may be attacked and killed with a lance, without attempting to offer any resistance. It is dangerous, however, to intrude between them and the water, as the mere weight of the animal would render it impossible to stop its progress; and the violent motion of its tail, in its exertions to retreat, would endanger the limbs of an assailant.

It lays about thirty or forty eggs in the sand, of an oval shape, six inches long, and covered with a tough membrane, which differs from that enclosing the turtle's eggs, in having a small quantity of brittle shell on the outside. These are constantly eaten by the river Indians, notwithstanding the disagreeable smell of musk that distinguishes the *caymàn*, and is so strong as to infect the air in the places frequented by it. The young alligators, immediately on breaking their shell, show symptoms of their innate ferocity, by biting at every thing presented to them. They will, even then, allow themselves to be lifted from the ground by a stick, which they seize in their mouth, and cling to obstinately. They are frequently seen, when very young, resting on the back of the full-grown *caymàn*, when in the water; but we are not authorised to suppose that they attach themselves to their parents for protection, as is sometimes asserted. They merely climb up unnoticed, in search of a resting-place, as they also do on floating logs of wood, and roots of trees under the banks. Neither is there any foundation whatever for the story so often repeated, of the *caymàn* bringing

her newly-hatched young down to the river on her back; in fact, no animal that deposits its eggs in the sand takes any further notice of or interest in them. When there is much noise or agitation in the water,—as, for instance, if a drove of horses are swimming across a river, or a number of men are bathing or wading in the same place,—there is little danger to be apprehended from the alligators, although hundreds of them may be near. They lie in wait, however, for the colts and weak horses that are left behind, and seldom fail to intercept one or two of them.

The *caymàn* is greatly to be dreaded after it has once tasted man's flesh, for, like all beasts of prey, it will then brave every danger to obtain this aliment, which it prefers to any other. It is then said to be *cebado*, for it will lie in wait for bathers, who may be carelessly sitting on the banks of the rivers, and for washerwomen, who are all day employed there; and will allow itself to float gently towards them with the stream, raising its eyes and nostrils, at intervals, above the water, to ascertain if it be near enough for an attack. Should it succeed in approaching them unobserved,—which often happens,—it strikes the victim whom it has selected a sudden and violent blow with the tail. This seldom fails of throwing it into the water, where it falls an easy prey to the voracious animal. There are, however, instances of persons freeing themselves from the *caymàn's* jaws, by having the presence of mind to stab it in the eyes, which invariably compels it to lose its hold. It is, perhaps, needless to add, that this operation must be performed with some sharp and hard instrument, and that it would be the height of imprudence to trust to the fingers for *gouging* the animal, even though it be asserted that an Indian girl once saved herself in this manner.

When an Indian has occasion to swim across any pass of a river known to be the haunt of a dangerous alligator, he provides himself with a stout stick, of about eighteen inches in length, sharpened at both ends. Should he be attacked by one while in the water, he presents the stick to his expanded jaws, and as the *caymàn* endeavours ravenously to seize him, the sharp points of the stick pierce the roof of the mouth and under-jaw, in such a manner as to render it incapable of extricating itself. The Indian may then with safety kill it, or leave it to drown, which, as it is unable to close its jaws, quickly ensues.—*Scenes in Venezuela.*

THE PHANTOM PORTRAIT.

W^e fell upon ghosts, and he exposed many of the stories, physically and metaphysically. He seemed to think it impossible that you should really see with the bodily eye what was impalpable,

unless it were a shadow; and if what you fancied you saw with the bodily eye was in fact only an impression on the imagination, then you were seeing something *out of your senses*, and your

testimony was full of uncertainty. He observed how uniformly, in all the best attested stories of spectres, the appearance might be accounted for from the disturbed state of the mind, or body, of the seer; as in the instances of Dion and Brutus. Upon ——'s saying that he *wished* to believe these stories true, thinking that they constituted a useful subsidiary testimony of another state of existence, Mr. C. differed, and said, he thought it a dangerous testimony, and one not wanted: it was Saul, with the Scriptures, and the prophet before him, calling upon the witch of Endor, to certify him of the truth! He explained very ingeniously, yet very naturally, what has often startled people in ghost stories—such as Lord Lyttelton's—namely, that when a real person has appeared, habited like the phantom, the ghost-seer has immediately seen two, the real man and the phantom. He said that such *must* be the case. The man under the morbid delusion sees with the eye of the imagination, and sees with the bodily eye too; if no one were really present, he would see the spectre with one, and the bed-curtains with the other. When, therefore, a real person comes, he sees the real man as he would have seen any one else in the same place, and he sees the spectre not a whit the less: being perceptible by different powers of vision, so to say, the appearances do not interfere with each other.

He told us the following story of the "Phantom Portrait."

"A stranger came recommended to a merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received; but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture, which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly, in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact, he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him. In the morning, his host saw by his looks that he had slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed, that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was, indeed, terrible to every one; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with

it, or to destroy it. The story of it was this:—'My father,' said he, 'was at Hamburgh, on business, and, whilst dining at a coffee-house, he observed a young man of remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he turned his head quickly round, as if he heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal, after an effort as before. My father saw this same man at the same place for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him, that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort in the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well informed, poor but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a painter. Their intimacy increased; and at length the Italian, seeing my father's involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudderings, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and had been much patronised by, a young nobleman; but upon some slight occasion they had fallen out, and his patron, besides using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman, on account of his rank; he therefore watched for an opportunity, and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached Hamburgh. He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before, one day, in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him: he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him with a fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace: at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companies, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round; and, whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face, staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him; and *this* was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could now no longer bear; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown to him.'—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

SCENERY OF THE ORINOCO.

THE scenery of this river is strikingly beautiful, and when viewed from a ship's deck, as she glides slowly along the smooth water, presents a magnificent moving panorama. The banks, on each side, are covered with impervious forests of majestic trees, chained, as it were, to each other, by the *begiceo*, or gigantic creeping-plant, of South America, which grows to the thickness of an ordinary cable. These ancient trees, when decayed through length of years, (for the axe of the woodman has never yet resounded in these wilds,) are supported upright by these enormous plants, which bear a striking resemblance to the huge water-snakes that lurk in the swamps beneath. There are many other parasitical plants, which bear flowers of various brilliant colours, forming festoons on the trees to which they cling. Among the branches, monkeys of every description gambol, springing from tree to tree by means of the *begiceo*, which has obtained from this circumstance, its Indian name of "monkey's ladder." The most conspicuous among this mischievous tribe, is the *araguato*, a large red monkey, always seen in herds, the young ones clinging to their mother's shoulders. These are very destructive among the plantations, where they pull up and destroy more roots and fruit than they eat or carry away. Their howling, during the night, is much louder than could be supposed possible, considering the size of the

animal. The noise they make may be easily supposed to proceed from panthers or other beasts of prey. This is so much the case, that after leaving Angostura with the army, three English soldiers who had deserted when the troops landed in the evening for the purpose of cooking, and who proposed returning by land to the city, were so terrified by the noises made by these animals in the middle of the night, that they hailed the boats which had anchored out in the stream, and begged to be taken on board again, declaring that they were surrounded by tigers.

Parrots and macaws, with *tucans* and other birds of beautiful plumage, complete this splendid picture, and fill the air with their discordant screams, to which the metallic note of the *dazza*, or bell-bird, responds at measured intervals; at one moment sounding close to the ear, and at the next dying away in the distance. Up the small creeks—which are completely embowered by magnificent evergreens—are seen pelicans, spoonbills, and *garçons*, or gigantic cranes, all busily employed in fishing. When to this is added the occasional appearance of that tyrant of the stream—the alligator, floating in conscious superiority among the bulky *manatis*, and the more agile *toninos*, which are incessantly rising and blowing in shoals, the scene altogether may be imagined, but cannot be adequately described. —*Scenes in Venezuela.*

PASSAGES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

FIRST SERIES.

I.

THERE is perhaps no spot on this wide earth, however bleak, cold, desolate, or barren it may be, that does not bear beneath its soil the hidden germs and seeds of a resurrection of fruitful fields and flowers, or the larvæ of myriads of light-winged insects, that only wait for the sunbeam and the warm summer to penetrate into their darkness, and awaken them up "from death unto life."

II.

Who is there that has not in some one moment or other of his existence, felt within him the sentient thrillings of an Almighty Oracle, whispering strange words and thoughts—foretelling glories and phantoms yet unrevealed, and bringing before the amazed mental sight the awful and majestic forms of a supernatural and seraphic existence—before which all human ideas and imaginations sink into utter contempt and nonentity? Who is there that has not been visited with strange embryotic dreams of future greatness or misery—heaping up visions of im-

mortal grandeur, like Pelion upon Ossa—or delving down to the lowest depths of degradation or despair? Are not these dim prophesyings and prophetic forewarnings of future days to come?

III.

We may well imagine that those elements on which the mind of man was wont, in former and happier times, to dwell with gratification or delight—may even now equally afford to him the same blissful sensations of felicity and enjoyment. Music and Poetry are twin-born immaterial spirits of Heaven. They were blissful inhabitants of Eden; and, in the green and youthful hours of the undeluged world, they gave their sweetest songs to the stars, the sunbeams, and the waters—the creatures of Nature's own element. But their rejoicings were turned to sorrow, and their mirthful music to lamentation, when the darkness of sin and sorrow became spread over the garden, and the cherubim's flaming sword blazed like lightning over the solitude and ruin of Paradise. But these unhappy exiles

from Eden still wander over the lovely and shadowy earth ; and, in the hush and silence of night, the soul may listen for their mysterious harpings in the solemn pauses of the night winds.

IV.

How much, during the years of our mortal life, do the sympathies of the human heart vary in the pleasure which we experience from the creations of fiction. Alas ! how beautiful and green are those scenes of our early years, when, in the contemplations and dreams of our fairy childhood, we lose sight of all the barren landscapes which truth displays to us. But if from the imagination come the delicious pleasures of that golden age, so from the same fountain do we even then first taste of the marsh waters of sorrow and disappointment. Consolation and woe spring within us, even then, from the same source. But these waters become soon dried up amid the hot and arid heat which impregnates the very atmosphere of manhood's existence around us. The enchantments and spells which wove such delicious lights around our earlier years, have all faded then beneath the scorching sunbeam which the restless toil and unquiet fever of this world's life for ever feeds. The midnight lamp has lost its light and fragrance, and the vestal has ceased her watch over the holy fires of the temple. The chain and the yoke bind us more closely to the galling disquietudes and restless anxieties of the polluted and unholy earth. In the pausing of the noisy surge around us, we listen no longer to the dove's note pining in the woods—nor think of the musing, moonlit melancholy of the past years of our youth. We tell them no more to the breathing winds of eve, or to the watchful silence of the midnight stars. The homes of Romance and Imagination are crumbled—deserted and forlorn—and their voices, soft and lowly, are not heard in the rough storm around. The iron enters deep into the soul, and the garlands we wear are but of the wild fern and the ivy. Anxieties and sorrows cling like clods around us ; the customs and reasonings of the world cloud the intellect, and darken the sunshine of the golden heavens. The extent of our wanderings shows us but the length of our chain ; and the height of our soaring but the low roof of our dungeon-cell. Vain—vain is the hope that, in our after years, we can ever regain the elastic freshness, and the sunny joyousness of our earlier youth. When we leave the shores of youth, we hang on through shoals and quicksands towards the dark and misty prospect which surrounds the viewless and unknown future.

V.

How awfully mysterious is the influence over us of that power which we call "mind !" It is born, and cherished, and nourished from a

thousand invisible fountains ; and as we increase its flow, its richness, its energy, and its depth, so do we enrich the vast shores and plains which surround it. The mind neither acknowledges nor holds claim with birth, rank, or fortune ; and by increasing its riches we increase our own. Beyond the reach of human power, even the most despotic, it can neither be given nor taken away by man. Such is that beautiful and wondrous creation of the Eternal—the mind. Formed for the reception and culture of thought, fancy, feeling, and imagination, it brings before us gifts of the spirit which make us kings and conquerors in the shadowy land of dreams. It is ours from birth to death, and is our seraph guide from the darkened valleys of earth to the sunny hills of eternity.

VI.

Time, custom, and the quiescent state of everyday life unfits the mind for penetrating through the clod and vapour which surrounds us. Could these be removed, and our eyes unveiled of the moral blindness which now covers them, we should then discern the sublimity of that visible presence which every where surrounds us. We should behold angels and spirits, by whose breath and word the beauty of this world is nourished—who shed life abroad over all that to us appears dead—who attend, guide, and direct us wherever we go, and who are to us what the cloud and the fiery pillar were to the Israelites of old. They live in, and are part of, the beautiful atmosphere that surrounds us, and gives birth within us to every sensation of the heart, soul, and spirit. They seat the poet on Parnassus, the hermit in his cell, the captive in his dungeon, and the monarch on his throne.

VII.

The high and the low form but the pinnacle and the basement of society. On the one, there shineth the rich sheen of gold, but the hard and flinty heart of stone is beneath. Over the other there is the mud and the clay—you must dig deeply down, but you will have your labour rewarded—you will surely meet with the vein and the richness of pure and refined gold.

VIII.

Ambition casts its baleful and poisoned shadow over every class and race of mankind. The rich, with their golden names and haughty deeds, will stoop and throw the die for the inglorious honour of a day or an hour ; but if that should be lost, how will the revel pass neglected and the dance uncared for ? Mirth will then become changed into mournfulness ; the banquet be deserted ; the garlands fall drooping and faded ; and the golden chalice of love itself become a poisoned bowl. But the poor feel alike the sting and the venom, and amid the slough and dis-

ease of human nature in which they dwell, their throats become parched and husky from thirsting after sordid fame; and from the abyss of crime, and the loathsome degeneracy of civilisation, they lift up their hoarse aspirations of avarice. Ambition there either hugs the fiend or the felon, or scowls in horrid defiance on the despairing or the doomed.

IX.

What a solemn and magnificent legend is that which states that the first-born star of creation shone in the visible outline of the heavens only until that creation was finished and accomplished. It was then withdrawn into ethereal depths of space, until its light awoke the Chaldean shepherds from their night-watches, and, star-like, led them to where the infant Saviour lay. Again, it was seen over Calvary, in the hour of crucifixion, and thence descended into the realms of death, where the accursed and the doomed beheld it shining, the only bright spot, amid the darkness of their abode. The firmament that covers that region is black and sullen, and its stars glow with a fierce and malignant aspect upon the tortured and agonised myriads beneath. But this one single star shines like an angel of peace; and, through a rifted chasm in that hell-sky, the captives look up to it from their dim abodes of despair. It keeps watch over them like a guardian angel—it reminds them that there are regions above of eternal happiness and felicity, but where they can never dwell. That star shall burn there until the trumpet shall awake the dead, and when the earth and the sea shall be rolled like whirlwinds into space, and the legions of unjudged dead shall be hurried into the presence of their Creator, and their final doom pronounced—then shall that star re-ascend again into the splendours of heaven, and burn at the right hand of the Messiah for ever and for ever.

X.

A cathedral is a fine and noble object to look upon. The pinnacles, towers, and light airy spires, point upwards to the dwelling-place of that Godhead to whose adoration and worship it is consecrated. The architectural display of rich gothic work assists in the fine effect given to the interior, and imposes upon the whole a serene and solemn magnificence. Under every variety of light and shade, from the external atmosphere, the interior of a cathedral is very grand and solemn. The long drawn aisle—the lengthened vista of arch upon arch—gold and silver—marble and stone—cross, canopy, censer, and crucifix. I have looked through the noontide dimness upon the shining face of some martyr or angel, in the pictured window, till I have fancied that it expanded into a lustre of surpassing glory, flooding the whole building with the light, and making it voiceful with the sound of rushing wings.

XI.

Oh, Earth! Earth!—beautiful and bounteous mother of all—over whose lovely bosom brood the wings of that incarnate and mysterious Spirit, that shed over thee the power to bring forth the living millions from the dead—so that the very atoms of our present existence are wove from the ashes of our sires, who were before us—so that we and all human creation sprung forth from the same source and fountain of decay. Oh, eldest and most solemn-born, what awe and terror blend even with thine aspects of loveliness and joy! Thy sunshine is girdled with clouds; thy lightning is heralded with the thunder and the trumpet; and thy stars are overshadowed with the darkness of the night—day cometh out of darkness, and unto darkness doth it return. The flower that blooms in the valley, the stream that murmurs through the forest, the air, and the circumambient regions of space, are all teeming with the atoms of corruptible decay and death. But mortal man may not probe too deeply into the mysteries of natural existence. The flower sheds the same fragrance if it blooms in Eden or on a grave, and the same song which awoke the lark at morn may lull the dying at evening to repose.

But when I lifted up mine eyes from the earth unto the heavens, when the starry records of space told me of a *future* home of repose beyond the grave, how was the veil unrolled, how were the bright intelligences revealed to me, how did I tremble when, in thought, I trod the vast vestibule that led to the morning-gates of heaven! The night passed on with the rich solemnity of starlight; the pale white moon lay like a slumbering ghost over the west, and the day arose. But the gold had been purified—light and immortality had been revealed. The vision was spread over me, as sunshine is spread over the heavens. Youth, poetry, life, and love, were to me, from henceforth, the dreams of a holier and a purer nature than they had ever been before.

XII.

There are in the world minds and spirits cast in a more lofty and generous mould than the rest, as there are stars set and shined in regions of richer and brighter light than their surrounding sisters of the sky. Hearts and natures such as these beautify the world around them; they are the purer shrines, before which love may be sanctified—the brighter and loftier spirits, that seek communion with the fairer and happier excellences of the earth and skies. For them does nature unfold her secret sources of Divine and mysterious lore. The solemn mountains and the summer woods have whispering voices, which are heard by them alone; the worlds of foliage and flowing streams claim kindred communion with their spirits; and the oracular mysteries of

the eternal stars are unfolded to them alone. The brooding quiet of the evening sky is to their gifted vision like the unfolded page of a golden scroll of prophecy, and the dim and moonlit hours of night are to them the times and seasons of a shadowy and gifted inspiration, when thought wakens from its slumber within the veiled sanctuary of the soul, and hope, and desire, and love keep gently fanning that mysterious light

"That every soft and solemn spirit worships."

XIII.

Hope and sorrow form the Eros and Anteros of existence in the worlds of mind and thought. Genius, that "winged child," claims a fonder kindred with them than with the more worldly brethren of mankind. The maxim that would ally genius with diffidence would rob love of its wings—it would exalt the exception, and debase the rule. What can ever bear up the child of genius amid the stormy and impetuous struggles after fame, or support the untrembling and unshaken soul amid its lofty aspirations after immortality, which, like the prophet's vision, may burst the narrow bounds of time and space, and see, far away into the distant land of promise. Give to genius its diffidence, and it shrinks from its natural proportions; its loftiness becomes fallen, and its grandeur stunted; its hopes become wasted, and its lamp burns no more; draw the veil over its visions and enchantments; remove from it

"—— the wings it used to wear,
When the heart was like a bird,"

and you chain it down like a prisoner in its cell of solitary confinement; it becomes feverish and wasted; the heart feeds then but upon blighted hopes and scattered sacrifices, and it pines, sickens, becomes dejected, and dies. Such, alas! is the fate of many a one over whose burning hopes the dust and ashes of disappointment have been scattered—who have shrunk by unseen, and unnoticed by the world, and have covered their shoulders with the sackcloth of the grave, but to appear in whiter and brighter robes, and stand before the presence of the Eternal!

XIV.

The independent philosophy of the schools is the honesty of the world, and if by the aid of this principle we gather up the seeds of true knowledge and wisdom, and deposit them safely in the storehouses of the mind, we shall then, most assuredly, heap up a plentiful and abundant harvest of fruitful thought in the autumn-time of life.

XV.

Eulalie!—Oh, how softly—how brightly does the memory of thine early love flash back again each hour, like sunshine upon me! Yet, amidst all this festival of the heart, which is thus re-

created within me, there is a restless uneasiness of spirit and a delusive anxiety of hope over which that thought throws its brightest richness. I muse of dwelling with thee amidst the green and silent depths of holy forests, where every autumn, since the deluge, has scattered myriad heaps of unstirred and untrodden leaves over the dark greensward. I dream of looking out with thee from the dark shadow of some vast antediluvian cave over a gorgeous and brightening expanse of ocean, that never yet bore galley or gondola to its goal; or of dwelling with thee in a mighty palace of art—an oasis of beauty in the desert—whence thou and I should watch the sun rise and set upon our love through unnumbered ages of delight and holy happiness. But the cloud and the chaos come back again, and, like the Arabian astronomer of old, I ask—Where am I? and the night-wind echoes back—Where am I?

XVI.

Sometimes, in moments of depression, I have imagined that, even as when in the days of creation, "the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," so now that same spirit vexes and agitates the bosom of the ocean, lashing its very darkness and depth into stormy passion, or waving it with gentle breezes into a peaceful and slumberous rest. Or may not the original formation of nature have been water, which, ever since the period of creation, even until this day, has encroached upon "the dry land," and bears away every grain of sand and every sea-shell back unto itself? Thus every shape of individual existence, from the atoms in the air and the leaves on the tree, even unto man, "vanisheth away into dust to return no more." One day rejoicing on the sand in the golden sunshine, the next day engulfed, drowned, and dead for ever!

XVII.

Reason is appointed at our birth to be our friend and guide, but not our ruler. Our hopes, our joys, our fears, and our sorrows, what are they but guides, appointed to lead us to the fountain, and bid us drink of the waters of an unseen and imperious destiny? From the earliest ages have they rolled forth, yet the angel seldom comes down to stir them, nor does a bough break forth to cleanse the bitterness of their thorax. We cannot tell of the mysteries of the morrow, nor of the occult changes which one day may bring forth. We cannot predict from the cloud that the thunder will soon burst forth; nor tell from the scent of the clay that death will dim the eye, and stiffen the palsied limb, and give unto the worm the feast of corruption. Yet the presages and "sweet influences" of the future will give gladness at times to the wildest heart, and throw sweet chequered gleams of sunshine over the darkest and the bleakest prospects. Hope may dawn forth, like the morning-star of the

morrow, and serenity may sleep down again in a heart where all is peace.

XVIII.

Death may quench the torch of life in the desert or in the dungeon, distanced from those voices for whose whispers we have pined the most; we may linger out the latter days of a worn and wearied existence, and die on that shore which our hearts have panted so long to tread. We may die in the halls of a city where genius has thrown a consecrating glory over the matchless creations of the painter or the sculptor—beneath a sky radiant with an eternal sunshine, where we may respire poesy and inspiration from the breathing winds—there the long-lingering spirit may find rest at last, and the broken and fluttering wings of hope close gently and softly over that bosom where heart and pulse have ceased to beat for ever.

XIX.

Oh! how much of the prophet's hope and inspiration is there in the very divinity of love! We bring all our thoughts from the world, and lay them like holy offerings before the altar of the affections. There is peace and calm—deep bliss and heartfelt joy—in that sanctuary of the heart. What wonder then if, when that offering is accepted, we leave that shadowy temple for the ruder glare of the outer world, that the wild storm and tempest should bruise and wound us,

and cast the very hopes on which we fed, like stricken and scattered wrecks, around us.

XX.

How very calm and peaceful is it to turn from the hardened sympathies, and the friendless feelings of man's heart, to the gentle and hooding recesses of woman's more sweet affections? Within her musing dreams of thought what a rich world of haunted and fairy sympathies lies concealed, wherein are no revelations from the darker world without! What to her subdued and happy spirit are the rise and fall of states and kingdoms, the setting up or the subjugation of empires? There is within her the soft inspiration of a tender philosophy, teaching her to regard the beings around her as creatures of the affections, destined to share the shadow and the sunshine of life under the subdued and tender emotion of the heart's best feelings. Her imaginations are peopled with the golden creations of a delicious poesy, softened and spiritual, and steeped in the dim and fairy moonlight of the night, weaving their little life from the shadowy hours of sleep. The poetry of the heart surrounds her with its delicious atmosphere of dreams. She gathers her thoughts from the mystic and meditative romance of nature. The richly peopled earth and the resounding sea—the sunshine and the solemn moon—the gathering stars and the clouds of night—these shed a heaven over that repose from whence she draws her faith and her inspiration! ERHON.

ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE INTELLECT IN CHILDHOOD.*

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE brain not only increases much in size in the child, but also alters sensibly in structure, advancing towards more complete organisation, and this remarkably, at the time when signs of intelligence begin to be displayed. From about the period when the first teeth appear, this advance in structure is striking, that in size having before been more remarkable.

The brain now becomes firmer, more consistent, and less vascular; the difference between the internal and external portions is greater also. About the age of seven years the brain assumes a considerable volume, and its structure apparently resembles that of adult life; but even after this period, advance in structure, and increase of size may still be remarkable.

The character begins now to be defined, and some indications of the mental endowments of the future man are afforded; the features form, and the physiognomy begins to exhibit traces of a marked disposition. But in regarding the

countenance, we must take into account the development of the bones and muscles connected with the head and face, which forms about this age! yet the general enlargement of the head is not so much connected with the expansion of the skull and the integuments as some insist. The head varies with the progress of growth, not only in size, but shape; the different regions of the brain being found to bear a different relative proportion at different ages, particularly during youth, while at all periods there exists a certain degree of individual peculiarity. Not less remarkably do we observe a certain order or relation in the successive development of the several moral and intellectual powers; which is thoroughly investigated by M. Quetelet. According to him, the average weight of the male infant at birth is about half a pound more than that of the female, and the length about an inch more; and the annual growth of the female infant is less than that of the male, but her development is more early completed.

The growth of the stature is most rapid during the first year, when it amounts to nearly eight

* From "A Practical Treatise on the Management and Diseases of Children. By R. T. Evanson, M.D., and W. Maunsell, M.D. Dublin. 1836."

inches; it is less rapid as the child approaches the fourth or fifth year, but afterwards increases with a tolerably regular progression.

A remarkable difference is often to be observed in the degree of development or proportional growth of one organ or system of organs more than another. In some children, the head is very large, and great liveliness and intelligence are early displayed.

In other children, great muscular power is early displayed, the chest is large, the body well nourished, and the complexion florid. Such a child is strong and active, but not particularly intelligent.

Other varieties of temperament exist; and in some individuals, no temperament is strongly marked, or more than one are mixed together.

These varieties of constitution may be born with the child, and looked upon as hereditary; but they will be much influenced by the manner in which the individual is managed, according as one system of organs or another is neglected or

cherished. Every organ should have its proper or appropriate share of exercise or occupation, so as to strengthen the weak or ill-developed organs; while we repress those that are disproportionately developed or over active, by consigning them to quiescence.

Thus have we, in a brief and summary manner, sketched those peculiarities of infancy, a knowledge of which must serve as our guide in understanding aught of the management of children, in health or disease.

We have seen the infant presented to us, in the first instance, as a mere vegetative being, with the organs of nutritive life preponderating in development and activity. As growth proceeds, however, the little being asserts its claim to a higher order of existence; the organs of organic life diminish relatively in importance, while those of animal life advance, and ultimately preponderate—the infant becomes a rational being.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN HUNKER AND THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

[In our eleventh number we presented an extract from Dr. Walsh's admirable work on Constantinople. We now accompany our ambassador and his suite to the sultan, to whom we are introduced by the same author.]

We now arrived at a large mulberry tree, where two ways branch off—one to the right, leading up to the Porte; the other on the left, proceeding to the Seraglio. Here our cavalcade halted, and waited a reasonable, or unreasonable time under the tree, till the Vizier and his cortège thought fit to descend from the Porte to go before us. At length one came, and then another, and then scattered parties of three and four in different costumes, and finally the Vizier himself with his attendants. The courtesies of life among these people are very extraordinary. It was certainly intended to pay the British Ambassador particular respect through the whole of this ceremony, as we afterwards found; yet the Vizier saw him, the representative of a great sovereign, with all his suite in full dress, kept waiting under a tree in a dirty street, for nearly an hour; and though he courteously bowed to the Bostangee Bashî and other Turkish officers, he did not condescend to take the slightest notice of us, no more than if we had been part of the crowd of hummalls, or porters with packs on their backs, who were gathered with us to see the great man pass by. When he went on we had leave to proceed. We followed him at a humble distance up a steep street. The way led along the side of a battlemented wall, which had been the boundary of Old Byzantium, cutting off the apex of the triangle from the rest of the peninsula. All within was now the sultan's residence, which exactly occupied the site of the ancient city.

At the top of the street was the Babi Hummayoun, or Sublime Porte, the first entrance to the Seraglio. Here was a characteristic sight. The piles of human faces which I had seen a short time before were all trampled to the level of the ground. A few of the largest, however, seemed as if reserved for this occasion. On each side of the gate were niches in the wall, and in one of these some boys were amusing themselves. I had the curiosity to look, as usual, for some trait of national manners, which is seen even in the sports of children, and I found it. They had got half a dozen of these mutilated heads, which they were balancing on their toes, and knocking one off with another. They were absorbed in their game, and no one took any notice of them. Having entered the gate, we found ourselves in a large, oblong, irregular area, like Smithfield, with mean houses on each side. One of them was the Taraphannay, or Royal Mint, which I wished to see. I stood a moment at the door, when an Armenian superintendent, who sat upon a cushion in a corner close beside, got up, and taking me kindly by the hand, as he would a child, he led me through the establishment, which did not differ much from a similar one in Europe, except that the workmen sat cross-legged on the ground at their several presses. We stopped at every press where there was a change of die; and my conductor, with great urbanity, first pointed out to me the process, and presented to me a specimen of every coin. There were about thirty men employed, exceedingly busy making up piasters for an exhibition which was afterwards presented to us.

Beside the mint is a platanus, which rivals

that at Boyukderé, and whose age is less probable. The Turks plant a tree of this kind to commemorate a birth, as they do a cypress to record a death in their family. Mahomet II., when his son Bajazet was born, followed this usage, and tradition says that this tree in the first court of the seraglio was the one he planted on that occasion. It is blasted at the top, and greatly decayed in the branches, but the trunk yet remains alive. I measured it a few feet from the ground, and I found its circumference fifty feet. If this be Mahomet's tree, planted after the taking of Constantinople, it must now be about three hundred and sixty years old, a much more probable period than that assigned for the duration of others. It has all the appearance of extreme old age, and that it had attained the utmost limits of vegetable life.

We advanced through the first court, among a crowd of people, to the second gate, where we dismounted and left our horses. Having passed this we found ourselves in a kind of chamber, called Kapi-arasi, because it lies between two gates, which form the entrance to it from each court. Here the implements of punishment are hung up: on one side is the apartment of the chief executioner; and, in effect, two public functionaries of that class were pointed out to me among the company we found waiting to receive us. If the legate be only a *chargé d'affaires*, he is kept standing here; but as his excellency was ambassador extraordinary, we were not left in the common passage, but brought into a cell like a turnkey's lodge, at one side of the gate, where we were again treated with coffee and pipes. Having been kept here about half an hour, we were told to advance, and proceeded up the second court of the seraglio. This is nearly as large, and of the same shape as the first, but is distinguished by rows of trees, and is therefore called the "garden." On one side are ranges of kitchens; on the other is the divan, with its appendages, and at the upper end is the grand entrance to the harem.

As it is the ridiculous and ostentatious policy of this people to display all the most imposing details of government to foreign ministers, that they may be impressed with the power and resources of the Porte, they generally fix an audience on a day when the janissaries or other troops receive their pay. This was the day for the janissaries, and they were all assembled in the court for that purpose, exhibiting a motley group of boys and old men, without any settled uniform, except the large, greasy, very awkward felt hat, or bonnet, which I described before. It is so ungainly that it is continually falling off. The colonels are also distinguished by most extraordinary helmets, which are so tall and top-heavy, that they are sometimes obliged to keep them on their heads with both hands: indeed, every covering for the head among the

Turks seems remarkably ill-adapted to convenience. The turban, in its best state, is unmanageable, and some resemble woollacks, constantly balanced on the head like milk-pails. The first thing displayed was the ceremony of running for pilaff, porringers of rice and milk were laid down in different parts of the court, and at the signal the janissaries started for them; whoever seized them first kept them, so sometimes they scrambled, and daubed, and smeared each other with great gravity.

Through the confusion of this childish absurdity, we were marshalled into the divan. This celebrated place, where all the affairs of state are transacted, as in our cabinets, is called a *diran*, from the cushion-seats which run in continuity all round it. It consists of two apartments, formed by domes, and separated by a partition richly carved and gilt, which is only breast-high. The apartment on the left is the place where the great officers of state hold their discussions; that on the right, which communicates with it by a door, is appointed for inferior officers, and is like a guard-room, but finer. There is no great appearance of mysterious secrecy here, as the door of entrance opens directly on a piazza, which forms part of the common court-yard of the seraglio, and on the left hand is also a door which leads into a coffee-house, which appears to be open to every person. In the middle, and opposite the door of entrance, sat the grand vizier, dressed in robes of white satin, with a conical turban of snow-white muslin, marked with a broad band of gold. Immediately over his head was a semicircular little gallery, about the size of half a hogshead, projecting from the wall, formed of very close gilded bars, through which a person might hear and see, but could not himself be seen. Here the sultan sometimes places himself while the divan is sitting, or on other occasions; and it gave to this enclosure of despotism the appearance of the ear of Dionysius. I looked up with a furtive glance more than once, and at length caught the gleam of an eye through the small aperture in the lattice-work, which no doubt was that of the sultan.

On the right hand of the vizier sat, at an humble distance, the Capitan Pasha, dressed in green satin robes, with a turban similar to that of the vizier. The vizier was an old and feeble man, with dark eyes, and a mild, but stupid countenance. The pasha was much the same, but not so genteel looking—the one was commander of the armies, and the other of the fleets of the Turkish empire, and both looked but little qualified for their offices at this critical moment. The pasha's name is Delhi Abdalla. Delhi means mad, and was given to him from his extraordinary manners. He had been a boatman on the Bosphorus, and attracted the notice of the sultan, while rowing in his barge on an aquatic excursion, by a certain rude humour, and a habit of shouting when he speaks, and swearing strange

oaths, to which he is much addicted. For these qualities, though so illiterate that he knows not how to write, he was raised to command the fleet, and to the personal favour of his master. On the other hand of the vizier sat two judges of the empire, one for Roumelia, the European, and the other for Natolia, the Asiatic portion of the empire. They were dressed in dingy green robes, and were very emaciated and feeble, particularly one of them, who, I think, was the most imbecile-looking man I ever saw. On the adjoining side sat two officers of the treasury, dressed in red robes. These six men were remarkably old; and the first impression they made was that of surprise how they could have possibly kept on their heads in such a place for so many years!

The ambassador and his suite were all crammed into a kind of recess at one side of the room, and no more notice taken of them than of any crowd of people in a public court: and yet a mark of distinction was shown which, it is said, never was permitted to any ambassador before. Sometimes when a minister is tired standing here, a joint-stool is brought for him alone to sit down and rest himself. This was not done on the present occasion, so he sat down on the divan, and by special favour was not made to rise up again. I assure you this fact was one of public notice, as an extraordinary occurrence in Turkish courtesy, and a mark of singular and distinguished favour to the British ambassador; for the rest, *nos turba fuimus*, we were the mob, and we dared not sit if we were fainting.

It is on this occasion that the Turks delight to show what they think will strike Europeans, and to do it as if it were an ordinary thing, and at which they did not know we were present. The first display was a law-suit before the vizier. A number of persons entered in different coloured robes, holding in their hands papers like lawyer's briefs. These ranged themselves on each side the vizier, so as to make a lane from the door to his seat. One of them stated something from his paper, which was answered by one of the other party. The vizier made his decree, and the law-suit was decided in fifteen minutes. Another of the same kind followed, which lasted about as long, and neither of the judges, though just beside, seemed to be concerned or consulted on the occasion. It was certainly a very simple and very summary process, and I wish it was adopted in other places.

After this followed the payment of the troops. Men began to bring in leather purses of money, and pile them on the floor, till they made two large heaps of four feet high, and ten long, exactly the shape and size of clumps made over potatoes buried for winter, and two smaller ones; each purse contained four hundred and sixty piastres, and the heaps altogether six millions and a half, or about two hundred thousand pounds, in thirty purses, for six months' pay for all the janissaries in

Constantinople. When the piles were finished, which took more than an hour, the vizier sent a sealed paper, wrapped in muslin, by a messenger, to the sultan, stating that the money was there, and desiring to know what was his pleasure to do with it. This letter also contained, I was informed, by way of postscript, that some infidel ambassador had come there, and was waiting to know his commands. It is part of that absurd assumption of superiority which these people arrogate, to pretend ignorance or indifference on these occasions. Though this audience had been carefully arranged beforehand, and was the subject of public notoriety, every thing in our reception seemed to indicate that the grand vizier and his master knew nothing about us, and we were treated as casual visitors, brought there by curiosity, which the courtesy of the Turks allowed us to gratify, by looking on at what was going forward. In sealing this letter, with red wax, he used no candle, or any other process that I could see, to dissolve it, so as to make it susceptible of an impression, though he impressed a seal on it.

After about another hour's tedious delay, the return of the messenger was announced by the attendants striking an iron-shod pole against the pavement, as they advanced to the divan. The vizir immediately rose, and proceeded to the door to meet the sacred packet, which was as large as a volume of maps, and enveloped in a muslin case. Having received it, he retired to his place; he applied it first to his forehead, then to his lips, and then opened it with great form. The seals, which were appended by red tape, and seemed of red wax, he carefully took off, kissed, and put in his bosom. Having announced the contents, several persons came in and took the bags by tens, laying them in heaps at the door, and from thence they were distributed by the colonels of different regiments, who formed a lane at the entrance with their high caps. When each of these received the last bag due to him, he wiped up the dust with the sleeve of his robe, and, bending on one knee towards the divan, as the sacred throne of the omnipotent sultan, he humbly applied the dusty robe to his forehead. The bags were then laid separately on the flags in front of the divan. At a considerable distance stood a large detachment from each regiment, with one leg before the other, waiting for "One, two, three, and away!" like boys playing prison-bars. The word was given, when they all rushed forward to seize the purses, as they did the pilaff, tumbling one over another in great confusion, and equally amused. Whoever could catch a purse in this way, was entitled to a few paras in his pay more than his comrades. After this most tedious and childish ceremony had lasted three hours, we were at length given to understand, as you have often heard it said, that after being fed, clothed, and washed, and made fit to be seen, we should be admitted into

the presence of his sublimity. In fact, such an intimation was conveyed, though not precisely in the words usually reported, and we went through the ceremony accordingly.

When the order was given for food to be brought, we were all crowded together—vizir, ambassador, secretaries, dragomans, merchants, and janissaries—in the divan; and with some difficulty four attendants made their way with four tripod stands, which they set in different parts of the room. On them were placed four large round metal trays, like circular tea-trays, but not japanned. One of these was placed before the vizir, who invited the ambassador to eat; another before the capitan pasha, who invited the principal secretary and the Prussian envoy. At one side was placed the third, before the bostangee bashi, I think, who invited the oriental secretary, with some members of the Levant company; at the other a fourth was placed before the chouash bashi, who invited the chaplain of the embassy with the other officers. The chouash bashi is the head of the corps of couriers, and the bostangee bashi is the head of the corps of gardeners, both officers of high rank in the seraglio. Round these tables we all stood, two or three deep, and helped ourselves by thrusting our hands over the shoulders of those before us, and scrambling on the table for what we could feel. It was my misfortune to be in front, next the chouash bashi, and I received the dripping of all the sauces that passed over me on my lustre gown. Our entertainment consisted of eleven large dishes, served up in succession; and those at all the tables were the same. First, a cauldron of peas-soup; second, broiled fish; third, a kind of mutton-haricot; fourth, sweet-balls; fifth, roast fowl; sixth, large sweet pudding, covered with paste; seventh, mutton roasted to rags; eighth, boiled fowl, almost raw; ninth forced-meat, in a mass; tenth, stewed apples, floating in sauce, with cups of youart, or sour milk, placed round the dish; eleventh, pilaff of rice, with which all entertainments end in Turkey, and a large bowl of sherbet, extremely mawkish, to wash it down.

To eat all this we had large wooden spoons, the bowls of which were circular, and almost the size of a saucer. What we could not eat with a spoon we tore with our fingers. When a man wanted a bit of fowl, he took it up by the leg, and holding it out, his neighbour took the other leg or wing, and so tugged it asunder. In every dish which came on the table, the chouash bashi thought it necessary to make the first hole with his dirty hands. His example was followed by every one of the crowd within reach of the table; and you may conceive how inviting an entertainment must be where roast and boiled, sweet and sour, hard and soft, were all clawed together by fifty dirty hands, without knife, fork, cloth, or napkin. At the ambassador's table some little

distinction was made. Spoons were laid, which were supposed to be horn; they were, however, of jasper, and said to be part of the costly table-service of the Greek emperors, preserved since the taking of Constantinople. The tray, also, was of silver, of the same era, but so tarnished that it was not easy to distinguish the metal. After this scramble, the ambassador alone was washed; a vase with a long spout was brought to him, out of which water was poured on his hands; and then we all proceeded to a large tree, at the entrance of the harem.

Under the tree our names were called, and a second set of pelisses were here distributed to us. Bits of paper stuck on them marked for whom they were intended. Mine was labelled "Doahervatch," the nearest approximation a Turk could make to my name. There were present, besides the members of the embassy and Levant company, several English gentlemen on their travels. Those who had seen the sultan before, lent their pelisses to those who had not, as no person could be admitted to the presence without one. In this way eighteen of us were dressed up, and waited under the tree for orders. By and by the approach of the vizir was announced, proceeding from the divan to the presence, with the capitan pasha, reis effendi, and other officers; a lane of attendants was made for them across the garden; and in their way they passed close by us, but took no more notice of us than if we were jugglers dressed up and waiting to exhibit before their master. In about half an hour it was notified to us that we should come forward; and we advanced to the gate of the seraglio, or rather, the harem.

This gate was decorated with the most gorgeous display of Turkish sculpture. It was covered by a large semicircular projecting canopy, supported on pillars richly carved, gilt, and embossed, in a style of architecture perfectly oriental; round the entrance were several officers in their richest dresses, some in stuffs shot with gold, which, as they moved, were quite dazzling; but those which struck us most were the unfortunate eunuchs. Some of these creatures were boys, or young men from sixteen to twenty. They were tall, bloated, and disproportioned; their countenances were of a sickly, sallow hue, with a delicate, hectic-looking flush, and an expression of extreme anguish and anxiety, as if they suffered pain, and laboured under a deep sense of degradation. One old man was wrinkled and pallid, his face perfectly smooth, and resembling that of an aged woman, except only that it had an expression very strange and unnatural. They were all dressed in green satin robes. Among them were many blacks, who did not look so disfigured as the whites, probably because the change of their features was not so conspicuous.

While I stood gazing on these things in a kind of absorption of mind, I was roused by being

suddenly seized by the collar by two men, one at each side of me. I now saw that each of the party was caught in the same manner; and in this way we were hurried, or rather dragged, down a broad descending passage, between rows of guards, to the interior of the harem. Here we found ourselves in a narrow, gloomy courtyard; and suddenly turning to the right, we entered a dark, dismal little chamber, lighted only by one grated window, which opened into the yard. At first I could not clearly discern objects, but in a little time my eyes were accommodated to the dim light. Our party filled one half of the apartment, the other was occupied by a large throne, exactly resembling, in size and shape, an old-fashioned four-post bed without curtains. This was covered with something very like a gay-coloured cotton quilt; but it was a rich stuff, embroidered with dull gold and pearls. On the side of this, with his feet hanging down, sat the sultan, exactly in the attitude of a man getting out of bed in the morning. I mention this because the Turks, on state occasions, always sit with their legs hanging, but on others cross-legged. Next to him, standing stiff, with his back to the wall, was the vizir, and next to him the capitan pasha; they were both motionless as statues, with their eyes riveted on the ground. Our party formed a kind of irregular semicircle across the room, and half round the bed; in our front stood the ambassador with his dragoman and that of the Porte.

The sultan appeared a tall, ill-made, mean-looking man, about forty. His countenance is as dark as mahogany; his beard very full, and as black and glossy as jet; it is said he uses artificial means to colour it. He is remarkable for the smallness of his hands, and the length of his body, the latter being that of a man exceeding six feet in stature, though his is not more than five feet seven or eight inches. He looks always to most advantage sitting or riding; and, in fact, he is seldom seen by strangers in any other position. His dress was a dark, dingy red robe, and we thought there appeared nothing brilliant about him. He never turned his head, which he kept straightforward, as immovable as if it was fixed in a vice; but his eye was continually rolling, and the white of it—something like the colour of white glass—gleaming now and then under his mahogany forehead, as he glanced sideways at us, gave him, I thought, a most demon-like expression, according well with the cruel character I had heard of the man, the melancholy state of the country, and the gloomy cell in which he received us. The speech of the ambassador—expressing a desire on the part of his Britannic majesty to continue the ties of amity and good will between the two powers—was translated to the Sultan by his trembling dragoman; and after a short pause he replied, in a low, but firm, haughty tone, addressing himself apparently to

the vizir, who repeated the speech very badly and hesitatingly to the dragoman, who stammered it out in French to the ambassador. This unfortunate dragoman's name was Stavrak Oglou, not a Greek of the Fanal, but a native of Caramania. He was a tall, cadaverous-looking person, and could not conceal the extraordinary impression of terror under which he laboured. He stood next me, and trembled so exceedingly, as quite to shake me as well as himself; and his nerves were so agitated that he could scarcely see to read the paper he held, which was blotted with large drops of perspiration dropping from his forehead, and more than once nearly fell from his hand. The man had some reason: his predecessor had just been executed, and he had no hope he should escape the same fate. In a very short time he was deposed and banished to Natioia, and a few days after his arrival was found assassinated at his own door.

Our interview did not take up ten minutes, and the moment the last word was out of his mouth, we were all, without the slightest previous notice, dragged suddenly back by our conductors, whose gripe never left our necks a moment. In stumbling backwards I trod on the tail of my gown, and was well nigh prostrating myself, without intending it. The purpose of this rudeness was to prevent our turning our backs on the sultan as we retired from his presence. When we reached the door of the chamber, however, we were twirled about, hurried up the passage with the same precipitation as we were hurried down, and, when arrived at the outside, flung off by our conductors like things by whose touch they felt contaminated. The origin of this practice is a subject of controversy. The French writers assert that an attempt was made on the life of Amurath II., at an audience, by a Croat, in revenge for the death of Mark, the despot of Servia; and ever since, all persons admitted are held fast by the arms while they remain in the presence; and this is the account, also, of Busbequius, who was himself so treated.* Others deny this origin, and say that it is merely a token of respect shown by a great man, that you are supported in his presence by his attendants. You will form your own conclusion; it is certain no possible disrespect was intended at our interview; but, on the contrary, it was meant to show us every mark of attention and good will, and it was evinced by many little circumstances. The persons who conducted us were men of rank, and dressed in pelisses of honour; yet those who had hold of me and others gripped us sometimes very hard; and when we were able to speak, each of us might truly say in the words

* "Singuli ut ingrossi sumus, ad eum a cubiculariis ejus deducti sumus, brachia nostra tenentibus. Ita enim fert consuetudo ab eo tempore quo Croata quidam, in vindictam domini sui interfecti Marci, despote Servie, petito colloquio Amuratum occidit."—*Busbeq. Epist. l., p. 98.*

of Hamlet, "I pray thee take thy fingers from my throat." The janissaries were disposed to be very insolent, thrusting their sticks between the legs of the gentlemen to throw them down, and showing other marks of contempt and ill will.

This was far, however, from being generally the case; on the contrary, the name "Inglesi" seemed to procure for us attention and good will.

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis night's most calm, most melancholy hour,
And silence broods o'er all the sleeping vale,
Save when a voice from yonder ivied tower
Proclaims to sighing winds Time's passing tale.
The stars are out in all their loveliness;
And gently breathes the violet-scented gale;
While from the hawthorn shade is heard the wail
Of the lone night-bird. Now, with sable dress,
The silent heavens are robed, and dark clouds press
Around the silvery moon, and now she flings
Her chastened light to earth, while zephyrs' wings
Scatter a thousand sweets the flowers to bless,
And tiny elves, that shun the garish day,
In forest haunts their fairy music play.

T. W. A.

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

SWEET isles of beauty! where fair nature throws
The loveliest robes this tainted earth may wear,
Where every flower in wild luxuriance glows,
And verdant hills that rise to heaven appear;
All, all around is beautiful and bright—
Blue skies, green earth, and hoary mountains, where
The soft clouds sleep. The palm-trees' shadows there
Yield sweet repose, while balmy airs invite,
When suns are pouring down their noontide light.
The dashing cataract falls from rock to rock,
And lordly pines the howling tempests mock,
While o'er their heads they sweep with giant might.
And round thy shores the crested waters play,
While rainbow hues are seen 'mid falling spray.

T. W. A.

DUELLING.

THE brave Dutch admiral Van Tromp, who was a large heavy man, was challenged by a thin active French officer. "We are not on equal terms with rapiers," said Van Tromp; "but call on me to-morrow morning, and we will adjust the affair better." When the Frenchman called, he found the Dutch admiral bestriding a barrel of gunpowder. "There is room enough for you," said Van Tromp, "at the other end of the barrel; sit down; there is a match, and as you were the challenger, give fire." The Frenchman was a little thunderstruck at this terrible mode of fighting; but as the Dutch admiral told him he would fight in no other way, terms of accommodation ensued.

I have heard a story of a general officer in our service which pleased me much. On receiving a chal-

lenge he went to the challenger and told him, he supposed they were to fight on equal terms; "but as things now stand," said he, "the terms are very unequal: I have a wife and five children, who have nothing to subsist on but my appointments; you have a considerable fortune, and no family. To place us, therefore, on an equality, I desire that you will go with me to a conveyancer, and settle upon my wife and children, if I should fall, the value of my appointments. When you have signed such a conveyance, if you insist upon it, I will then fight you." The deliberate manner in which the general said this, and the apparent justice of the requisition, made his antagonist reflect a little on the idea of leaving a wife and five children to beggary; and as the affair could not well stand reflection, it went off.—*Gilpin*.

WALKING.

WALKING.—Walking is the best possible exercise; habituate yourself to walk very far. The Europeans value themselves on having subdued the horse to the uses of man; but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of this animal. No one has occasioned so much the degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day, for a long day, as an enfeebled white does on his horse; and he will tire the best horses. A little walk of half an hour in the morning when you rise, is advisable; it shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy.—*Jefferson's Memoirs*.

I may urge upon all, and especially upon those whose habits are sedentary, to contrive some motive for daily and regular walking, even should they not appear at present inconvenienced by their confinement; the cloud will be insensibly collecting that shall, sooner or later, darken their spirits, or break upon them in the fulness of the apoplectic stertor. A physician with whom I was well acquainted, and who scarcely ever was upon his legs, used to say to me that he found no inconvenience in sitting day after day in his carriage and in his study. Nor did he, so far as his immediate feelings were concerned; but he died suddenly and prematurely, from an apoplectic stroke, which I verily believe might have been averted, had he made less use of his carriage and books, and more

of his limbs. In contrast with his case, I will just state, that last week I conversed with a veteran in literature and years, whose powers of mind no one can question, however they may differ from him in speculative points. This gentleman has preserved the health of his body and the soundness of his mind through a long course of multifarious and often depressing circumstances, by a steady perseverance in the practice of walking every day. It is curious that he has survived, for a very long period, almost all the literary characters that were his friends and contemporaries at the period in which his own writings excited so much public attention; almost all of those who have dropped into the grave one after the other, while he has continued on in an uninterrupted course, were men of far less regular habits, and, I am obliged to add also, of much less equanimity of mind; but the preservation of this equanimity has, I verily believe, been mainly ensured by the unvaried practice to which I have referred, and which to others would prove equally available, if steadily and perseveringly pursued. "Were I a gentleman, Dr. Uwins," my neighbour Mr. Abernethy used to say to me, "I would never get into my carriage." And certain it is, that many disorders of the most troublesome kind, beside unsoundness of mind, may be traced to the idle habit of carriage gestation.—*Uwins on Mental Diseases*.

PHYSICAL AND PECUNIARY DRAINAGES.

A PARALLEL.

THOUGH the fact of "never meeting, though they are continued ever so far," appears to be an essential property of all parallels, yet I confess that I am fond of them; and certainly not less so on account of their being disliked by certain angular gentlemen of the critic breed. I wish to tell the reason of this, and to "raise use" therefrom, if I can, and I know no better vehicle for my purpose than *Ward's Miscellany*, which every one who has seen it admits to have *no parallel*, and, I may add, that the intellectual privation of all who have not seen it has no parallel either.

To dwell a little on the value of parallels, before I introduce the reader to my own "unparalleled parallel," I may mention that parallels never can possibly jostle or cross each other; and, therefore, if the whole world would only move on in parallels, they would never get into each others' way. The advantage of this would be incalculable; for more than half the time, and fully nine (almost ten) tenths of the tempers of many people, are spent in their crossings and jostlings, merely because one, or both, is off the parallel. It would be a most salutary lesson to various *sharp* eyes, if the purlieus of Palace-yard, and many other places, were all marked over with parallel lines. It is matter of every day remark, that they who "keep the rut," whether in the ways of mire or of men, are seldom or never overturned; and the reason is obvious—the ruts are parallels. The — (what-d'ye-call-'ems?) of a railroad,—for to say the "rails of a railroad," makes as unseemly a gash in the grammar, as their "strange ways" make in the ground, are parallels; and this is the reason why the trains are either overturned, or sent spinning over, if the wheel gets off the "what-d'ye-call-it." Indeed, we can hardly move a step without getting a new proof of the value of parallels. For instance, when the late illustrious Watt—one of the few men, by the way, that, like the "*Miscellany*," had no parallel—improved the steam engine, he found there was no keeping it in order. The piston-rod worked outwards and inwards, and soon let out the steam. What did Watt, upon this trying point? Why, he invented a "parallel motion," which converted the arc described by the end of the beam, into a line *parallel* to the tangent; and the engine has worked ever since without a jolt. O, that some moral Watt would arise, and a piece of mechanism capable of converting all the "crooked motions" of men into "straight lines parallel to the tangent!" for then they would, by another property of parallels, be all parallel to each other, and society would thenceforth work well, and without any jolt.

I might thus run on with the subject, quite parallel, and so never touching it for any length;

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but this I leave to the reader, and shall mention only one or two steps more, which will, I trust, bring me to the parallel I have in view. First, then, if a third one goes, fair and straight forward, to two parallels, it gets exactly the same reception from both. But if it goes shuffling and wriggling by a crooked path, the reception which it meets with from the one throws no light whatever on that which it may meet with from the other. There is far from an uninformative moral parallel here: if all the folks of any one locality moved through life in parallels, which, as we have shown, would be of vast advantage to themselves; and if a *straight forward* stranger came to visit them, for pleasure, business, or any thing else, he would meet with the same reception from the whole; whereas if he were curving and shuffling, their very parallelism would detect him, and he would be soon turned out of their company. There are some real cases which approximate this, although there is always less or more reason to have a doubt about them. This is owing to the difficulty of proving the parallelism; for if they of the locality do not go parallel, they cannot possibly all give the same reception to the straight forward, though they may do so to one who bends and shuffles. Thus, if we study them well, there is really more moral instruction—and reproof—in parallels than in some sermons.

Again—and it is "finally and to conclude," in so far as the *morale* of the parallels is concerned, there is this advantage in parallels, that if you know correctly in what relation they stand to each other in any one instance, you are sure that the relation will be the same in every other instance. This is the grand advantage of parallels, in all matters of instruction in which they can be applied; and whether the form of their application be allegory, fable, metaphor, simile, simple comparison, or any thing else, it is the fault of the user, if it does not penetrate deeper and stick faster than any other mode of instruction.

Now for my own parallel, as the application of all this profound philosophy, which has, of course, cost me *moons of mystification*, whether the reader shall be sufficiently grateful or not. The vicar of Wakefield complained that "the world said nothing at all about *his* paradoxes; and it will be a most crooked shame if the said world shall treat "*my* parallels" with the same neglect.

Well, then, here follows my *thesis*, or *hypothesis*, which, however, I hope to prove to be *mathesis* before I am done of it. *The drainage of bogs and the drainage of bogs are parallel operations of improvement; the one as applied to the soil of a country, and the other as applied to the inhabitants.*

2 B

Both parts of the demonstration here must be partly drawn from historical induction, though any intelligent reader may verify them, or overturn them, (if he can,) by his own personal observation. I shall first examine them singly, and then lay them together, in order to see how they tally as to parallelism; and I would advise the reader to do the same in all comparisons he may have to make; for some wise men look more like fools than any thing else, when they compare objects or subjects, of one or of both of which they are ignorant.

First, then, as to the *bogs*, under which short appellation I include all puddles, ponds, quagmires, morasses, swamps, fens, lakes—no, *not* lakes, and other receptacles whatsoever, high-lying or low-lying, which catch and keep the rain of heaven until it is evaporated by the mutual action of the air and the water in the process of evaporation; and more especially if, in the receptacles aforesaid, the said “caught and kept” rain of heaven is mixed with mud, or promotes a copious growth of mosses, flags, reeds, rushes, or any other rank aquatic vegetation whatsoever.

There was a time when England was sadly infested with places of this kind; and, as happens in the cases of many natural annoyances, the small ones, in consequence of their greater abundance, and more general distribution, were really more injurious than the rich ones. It is true that the large ones shook the people with agues, or that life was a burden, in many districts, where it is now a pleasure. But the small ones were on most farms, and in every field in some places; and even although they were seasonal in their appearance, they always did mischief. They stagnated on the fields in spring, so that the labours of the husbandman could not be carried on; they formed again with the midsummer rains, and spread cold and vapoury fogs, which blighted the ear while yet green, and nursed their parasitical fungi, which waste the crops with rust and smut, or poison them with ergot. There the autumnal rains overtake the late crops in the field, and they were “sprung,” rusted, or otherwise injured, both on the culm and in the shock. In consequence of this there was a much smaller breadth of land under crop than there is now; acre for acre the yield was much less, and the quality was vastly inferior. Green crop, for summer feed, there was little or none; and the soil in most places was too wet and sodden for the healthy growth of such roots as the turnip and potato. Where the rains of autumn and early winter pelted the bare earth and ran off, they carried the richer part of the soil with them; and where they stagnated, they fostered the growth of mosses and other unkindly vegetables. In proof of this last, there may be seen, in many of the batteries in the south of England, kindly meadows, from under which

the people dig the fruit of the olden time for fuel.

The pastures also suffered severely. The water stagnated and nourished mosses, which made it stagnate still more; the autumnal rains sent up numbers of unwholesome fungi, which injured the constitutions of the sheep, while the cold damp of the surface afflicted them with the foul rot. But while the rain was held in these pestilential places, the brooks often run dry in the seasons of drought; so that though the country was really suffering from an excess of water, there was a deficiency where it was most required. It would be too long, however, to enumerate the whole list of evils; but what have been mentioned are a pretty fair example of them.

To compensate these evils, there was comparatively little. Frogs, and newts, and water beetles, were certainly far more numerous; and water flies were more plentiful. There were also some water birds in abundance, which are now rare, such as storks, and herons, and bitterns, and other birds, with long legs and bills, and comparatively small bodies; and these afforded sport—such sport as it was, and they were served up at the feasts of the great, along with porpoises and other small *cetacea*, which not the fisherman certainly, and hardly the more delicate of the gulls of the present day will eat. There was probably also more natural wood in these days; but it was swamp-grown, and of little value as timber, and the swamps in which it grew contributed to the unwholesomeness of the climate.

Drainage has altered many of these matters, and has by so doing contributed much to the healthiness, the productiveness, and the beauty of the country. But man must not take credit for the whole, or even the greater part of this; for, partly by filling up the bottoms, partly by cutting through banks and making deposits, the waters have in no small measure worked their own correction. Direct drainage by man has, however, done much, more especially since it began to be conducted on scientific principles. The mode at first was to make the drain where there appeared to be the most obvious surface need, namely, through the middle of the quagmire or marsh. The effect of this was in many instances the producing of a ditch full of water, and nothing more. The peat or other earth of such bogs is generally so retentive, that they cannot be drained in this way, and this led to the improvement.

It is not the rain which falls on the surface of such a place, or that which flows to it from the neighbouring slopes, which causes it to form and continue, so much as that which finds its way underground through the porous strata, and which comes to the surface when a retentive soil is arrived at; and this is the place where the drain is placed to proper advantage. Hundreds of places could be pointed out, where an

ancient bog, penetrated by such drains, has been converted into a fine and productive field; and the water, dislodged from those trap-reservoirs, in which it only spoiled the land, has been sent into its proper channels; and the brooks and rivers have gotten that from which the land has been delivered. If the underground supply comes from the bottom of the bog, drainage cannot be so well applied; and the removal of the peat down to the hard soil is the cure, which is not practicable under all circumstances. I have, however, seen such an effect produced to some

extent; and the cleared surface spotted with beautiful springs of water, the discharge of which flowed perennially in a clear rivulet, though the channel had always been dry in summer as long as the bog was there. We shall only add, on this parallel, that among the results have been the doubling the weight of the oxen, and tripling that of the sheep, when they are fit for the market.

The reader will have the kindness to wait a little for the other parallel, and the comparison.

MEDICAL THEORIES.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THIS error, which brings all their theories into utter contempt and ruin, is one which raises their hands against every man. All who differ from them are treated as empirics and nostrum venders, of the very worst class and grade; and this universality of censure diminishes its value and roughens its sharpness and pungency. In sober seriousness, we ever and anon (when hearing one of our Gallic neighbours thus stoutly defending his faith, and inviting to mortal cudgel-combat all who presume to talk or think differently from him,) lift our spectacles from the bridge of our nose, and ask ourselves, whether, according to the best rules of mental and arithmetical calculation, it is probable that the French doctors should be alone right, and that all others of a similar class and order in creation should be wrong, and have been so for so many centuries—a fact which they credibly inform us they have made out by one chance and fortuitous discovery—one lucky idea, germinating and sprouting from childhood to youth, and from youth to full manhood, with the swiftness and rapidity of a mushroom. Were the truth of their theories put up to the vote or ballot, we shrewdly suspect that they would find themselves shrunk to a small and miserable minority. It will most assuredly be their future fate, in the days to come, to retract many of their wild and delusive reasonings, and, we shrewdly prophecy, that they will be then made fully aware of the task being much easier had they promised less of their own positive and exclusive authority, and had been more considerate towards men who, assuredly with no less talent, education, and experience than themselves, have exerted their powers through long lives and successive periods in pursuit of the same mystery, art, and science.

It will scarcely be credited by our readers, into what lengths the dangerous tendency of theorising upon disease will lead a man. In our early days we were in correspondence with a very celebrated physician of the French metropolis, who was then considered to be one of the most acute and clever medical theorists of the day. This person would argue, and with the most truthful

reasoning and simplicity, upon what he denominated the certitude of physic. He would dwell upon the theory and calculations of that old author Cabanis. He conceived that not only morals and philosophy, but that government, diplomacy, jurisprudence, military tactics, and commercial speculations; in short, that every science that was not founded upon the pure and simple calculation and observation that were afforded by the external attributes of the body, offered less certainty in all details than did medicine. He marvelled much that this idea had not been then more considered by the great men of his day, and accounted for it by supposing that the majority of those by whom it had been taken up had considered its character as more problematical than true. In this reasoning he entirely forgot the comparison that he was so unjustly instituting between physics and morals, that great and extensive branch of human science which must, from its very nature, ever remain unsusceptible of demonstration or "certitude," with that which does not, in its very essence, exclude all proof and certainty, notwithstanding that it may still do so in many of its ramifications. The idea of Cabanis, to a professed medical theorist, is one partaking neither of novelty nor wonder. The mass of the world will always be misled by the authority of a great name; and though Moliere, Rousseau, or Le Sage, or any other satirical writer, might cast severe ridicule and scorn upon it, yet we may safely state, that if physicians could once prove their art to be a certain one, they might remain perfectly satisfied that all the united voices of the world would soon be on their side. It is a subject in which every one has a direct individual interest. The world at large may differ, and probably will differ, for ever, upon the subjects of necessity, of liberty, and of forms of government; many may reap a very excellent and profitable interest from the glorious uncertainty of the law, or from diplomacy, whose very essence and nature is to be found in its uncertainty. But every man possesses within himself a most powerful will and desire to be well, and to remain as free from, and

as unfettered by, illness and disease as possible : let any man be once persuaded that he need have neither the gout nor the toothach, and we should very soon hear no more from the mob of the uncertainty of physic.

It is not our purpose to conclude this article by passing under review the various causes which have led to the degenerated and unsettled state of the art or science of medicine wherever the theorists have abounded, or the chimerical ideas in which they have indulged have become spread abroad in any populous neighbourhood or district; we could wish that the remedy were as easily discovered as the disease. The subject is a wide and fruitful one, but time and space prevent our going into it very far.

Education and talents are the same inheritors of that success in the onward struggle through the paths of medicine; they are the requisites which all should possess. Law may ordain the routine of education, but whence are the acquirements to come, when an ukase or act of parliament ordain it. Examination will go but little way towards the attainment of it, as all experience has shown. Admitting, however, all this as possible—admitting it to be all attained, medicine must still remain a trade, as all human knowledge is—war and diplomacy, or war and shoemaking, it is all one. There is existing around us an enormous mass of people that never can be expected by any possibility to remunerate this class for talent and information. These can dispense with law, or at least they must, if it be too dear; but no man in pain or sickness or illness will dispense with physic, more than he will with food, and he will, if driven to the necessity, take the worst, because he can get no better. Among the civilised nations of the world, at least, physic is considered as one of the necessities of life. Old women and barbers will carry it on if village apothecaries do not; and we need scarcely say that in such a state of things as this the gain to the people will not be very great. The man who shall propose an effectual corrective to the present state of things deserves to be handed down in honoured renown to the remotest posterity. Our own present impression is, that the case, as it now stands, is hopeless. Paracelsus attributed all the mischief in the profession to a personage whose blackness forbids our mentioning his name more particularly,

We cannot, however, look back to the days of our youth, and look around us now in the extreme days of old age, without being at once made fully aware that in the medium time between these two great epochs of our existence much has been done, if partially, and is still doing even now. It is possible that there may not be a better physician alive in London than Hippocrates or Sydenham, but there is a comparatively wide difference in the attainments of medical knowledge now, to what there was even half a

century ago. The general and universal diffusion of knowledge in every branch of education, which is so great and striking a characteristic of the present age, has done, and is even doing now, much for medicine; the gradations onward may be imperceptible, perhaps, if viewed from day to day, but the final sum is a large one. Were we to get into more close and particular details, we could point out much good, that a set of positive regulations, whether from the general legislature, or the subordinate legislature of medicine, might yet effect, and without the counterbalancing power of any collateral evil. Still we repeat, viewing the present position as it now stands, the subject is one which is very far from being neglected. Every thing is liable, in a greater or less degree, to abuse and neglect: but we may say with the most perfect truth, that in our day medical schools and corporations have, in our own country, assuredly shown a most perfect good will towards reform and improvement; and, we may add, that their efforts have been attended with much success, and with very valuable results to the medical world, and by reflection to the aggregate array of the community at large. Were we to venture, in closing this article, to hazard an opinion upon the subject of medical education in those schools of this metropolis, where, as in the University College, for instance, it is intended and attempted to make it perfect, we should be inclined to premise that it was too technical in its outline and details. Now, a technical education may teach an art, but it never yet taught a science. To what purpose, may we ask, is it to accumulate loads of facts and theories, when the faculties of thought, reason, reflection, and judgment are utterly neglected, and suffered to run wildly to waste? We may be told, perhaps, that botany and chemistry are to be considered as enlightened additions to a mere course of medical education; yet we must confess that, to our views of thinking, these are, after all, but inferior technical branches of medical science: they may teach the name of a plant, or its analogies, wherever they are to be met with in the wide and universal kingdom of nature: they will perhaps teach us to compound our drugs, or to write our prescriptions; and chemistry may introduce itself into our medical theories, and lay the foundation for much of that future mischief which we have endeavoured to develop in this paper; yet, most assuredly, these cannot be looked upon as the studies which will either cultivate or improve the nascent powers of the medical student's mind. We would require more generally enlightened views—a mind disciplined in logic—not the logic of technicalities, but the logic of the sciences. We are convinced, and the increased experience which ushers in the purpling dawn of every day tends to confirm it, that without this all the mere medical learning in the universe, and all the practice of either a Sydenham or a Baillie, will

never raise the medical practitioner, in whatever grade of the profession he may be, (and there are three of these,) above the mean and despised rank of the quack or empiric. Under such sad auspices as we have before described medicine must ever remain an art, and that an uncertain one; for if there be a collection of facts and of phenomena, of daily occurrence, in any one branch of natural history, peculiarly difficult to generalise, it is in this, where the most assiduous and attentive student must ever be prepared to meet with a thousand varied and collateral circumstances and appearances, which only serve to render the principal ones more confused and obscure. For our own parts, if it be requisite or necessary that we give up something, before we are

permitted to offer any new suggestion for adoption, we would most willingly surrender those branches of medical education which are comprised in *materia medica*, botany, chemistry, and, perhaps, something more, if we were permitted that full reform on which, even in these days, we dare not dwell. In our humble opinion we care not how wide or how general the subjects of medical education may be; and we should have a better opinion of a physician, and would fain trust the short remnant of our decaying life with more safety in the hands of him, who, like La Fleur, might have added to the rest of his acquirements the arts of drum-beating and spatterdash-making.

EPHON.

THE DEAD CHILD.

"Al pena si può dir questa fu rosa."—Italian Epitaph.

"Sweet flower 'twas scarcely blown!"

I WAS sitting the other evening pondering over the fire, when the servant entered the room and delivered to me a note.

The sable hue of the signet bespoke the mournful import of the communication, and I recognised in the handwriting that of one of the earliest and most endeared of my friends. I hastily broke the seal and perused its distressing contents.

"Come to me," it said, "we have lost our babe; Mary and myself are in deep affliction; and you will not, I am persuaded, refuse us that consolation which your sympathy and your presence will afford."

I lost no time in obeying the summons, and repaired to the dwelling of my friends, whom I found overwhelmed with grief. They were sitting by the fire, totally absorbed in their sorrows. My friend, indeed, seemed to bear his loss with the feelings of a father, yet with the firmness of a man; but the mother's softer nature yielded to the pressure of her calamity, and, after faintly endeavouring to bid me welcome, she sank back in her chair, and gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. A little cherub girl was playing round the room; and with her innocent expressions of regret, and her artless, yet often poignant remarks, alternately soothed and increased the anguish of her parents.

A short interval ensued, during which I took occasion to inquire into the particulars of the lost child's decease. Its dissolution had taken place very suddenly, after an illness of only a few hours duration; and the pain of the calamity was thus increased by the suddenness with which it had occurred. My friends, after this explanation, relapsed into their previous silence, and a pause ensued which I was both unable and unwilling to interrupt.

Our mutual silence was at length broken by the fond feelings of the bereaved mother, who desired me to view the dear object of her love, her departed infant. "You knew my boy when living," she said, "and you will not, I am sure, be unwilling to behold him now he is dead;" and she led the way into an adjoining room in which the infant lay.

The care of the anxious parent was evident in all that surrounded her departed child, and the infant seemed as much, if not more, the object of solicitude now that it was about to be consigned to the tomb, than when it clung in life and beauty to the maternal bosom. The little sleeper was placed in a kind of basket, which had been its resting-place while living, and was attired in the night-dress which it usually wore. A rose, which the care of maternal affection had placed in its little hand, afforded, methought, a fit emblem of the lovely infant,—alike beauteous and alike mortal!

It had been a sweet and lovely boy when alive, and seemed rather to have gained than lost in attraction by the change which had gradually and almost imperceptibly passed over it. The small and rosy mouth, the fair and innocent cheek, the pure and marble brow, were as bright and beautiful as they had been before; and the eye, which was partially unclosed, wore an expression, which, though dim and languid, was so nearly allied to animation and to life, that it seemed as if a word, nay, a whisper, would have sufficed to wake the little slumberer again and call it back to existence. Alas! its sleep was the sleep eternal! and not even all the fondness of a mother's sorrow, nor the mother's frequent kiss imprinted on its forehead, could awaken its deep repose or recal the seraph spirit that had fled.

We stood for some moments mutely gazing on the lovely but unconscious object of our attention, till our silence was painfully broken by

the intrusion of the elder child, who had followed us from the drawing room and mingled her artless expressions of regret with her parents' sorrows. "Billy's asleep," said the prattler, and touching the hand of the deceased, she tremblingly exclaimed, "and he is so cold. Mamma, wake him for me!"

The agonised parent, recalled from her momentary abstraction, raised the surprised infant in her arms, and eagerly and almost convulsively clasped it to her heart, as if anxious to secure her remaining treasures from the grasp of the spoiler—Death!

I followed in silence to the drawing room, where a fresh burst of sorrow relieved the sufferings of my friends. There are emotions which we could no more wish or attempt to repress than we would restrain the whirlwind in its rage or the ocean in its fury. This impetuous gust of sorrow exhausted, while it soothed, the feelings; and after some interval I found the mourners sufficiently recovered to listen to suggestions which would previously have seemed intrusive and vain. I then endeavoured to urge those consolations which it is, alas! so much more easy to recommend than to adopt, and which poor human nature is so much less prone to practise than to preach.

Imperceptibly my observations were first listened to, then acquiesced in, till at length they evidently afforded solace and relief. The mother, who still retained her surviving treasure on her knee, retired to consign it to its pillow, and the little cherub, as she extended her cheek to kiss me a farewell, thanked me for "telling mamma not to cry."

Left with my friend, I urged still more strongly the duty and the advantages of fortitude. His own manly mind proved my best auxiliary, and I found in his breast an echo to every sentiment that was dignified, exalted, or resigned. By degrees, I engaged him in speculations on the subject which we were so painfully called on to contemplate. We endeavoured to consider death

rather as a friend than a foe; and we hazarded the conjecture, that the disembodied spirit, exalted and refined above the apprehensions of earth, may possibly regard the fears of mortality with surprise and regret. With this view we assumed that the philosophic mind may look on the King of Terrors as a friendly messenger, commissioned to call it to a higher existence and a better world; and may welcome his approach with the same delight with which the prophet may be supposed to have hailed the chariot of fire that was sent to bear him to the skies. We reviewed the various systems of philosophy and religion which have prevailed in different ages of mankind, and contemplated their various opinions as to a change of being and a future state. We noticed the firm belief entertained by the most enlightened heathens of another world, and the fondness with which they clung to the hope of a blissful eternity. We remarked on the glimmering of light which was permitted to the Hebrews, and concurred that, though no definite revelation of a future existence was held out to them, yet it formed too frequent and too palpable a subject of allusion to admit a doubt of its having been hoped and aspired after by the most enlightened and holiest of their seers. And, lastly, rising to the contemplation of the Christian philosophy, and adverting to the subject of our mutual regret, I begged my friend not to weep, but rather to rejoice in an exchange which transferred his lost child from a scene of suffering, of error, and of guilt, to a state of pure, eternal, and uninterrupted felicity; the certainty of which, I reminded him, was assured by One who can neither err nor deceive, and who, in reference to little children, has pronounced that his kingdom is of such as these.

As my friend grasped my hand in acknowledgment, and tendered his thanks for my sympathy, I rose and bade him farewell, happy in the reflection that my exhortation had not been wholly fruitless, nor my visit altogether in vain.—*Richardson's Sketches in Prose and Verse.*

A SIGH FOR THE FIELDS.

TO —

Thou spring at length is in the sky,
And all around is gay;
But, ah! my heart is sad—I sigh
For green fields far away:
Would that I might, through yon blue space,
From this brick prison flee,
To gaze with thee on Nature's face—
Oh, would I were with thee!

Oh, would I were with thee! thy feet
Pressing the verdant mead;
Around thee flowers, the bright, the sweet,
And breezes sweet indeed,
Laden with fragrance from the flower,
And carols, loud and free,
Of birds, who hail the sunny hour—
Oh, would I were with thee!

I covet not the rich man's gold,
Nor prize the warrior's meed:
For one must health and peace be sold;
For one must nations bleed:
Proud titles, and the pomp that dwells
With rank, can charm not me;
But thou, amid the cowslip-bells,
Oh, how I envy thee!

Alas! in years more bright than these
I plucked their golden store;
And filled, 'mid hum of envious bees,
Basket and pinafore;
But now a cloud is in mine eye,
Wishing what may not be;
I breathe the town's thick air, and sigh,
Yes, sigh to roam with thee.

May, 1836.

N.

ANCIENT BOOKSELLING.

THE trade of bookselling seems to have been established at Paris and at Bologna in the twelfth century: the lawyers and universities called it into life. It is very improbable that it existed in what we properly call the dark ages. Peter of Blois mentions a book which he had bought of a public dealer (*a quodam publico mangone librorum*). But we do not find, I believe, many distinct accounts of them till the next age. These dealers were denominated, "*stationarii*," perhaps from the open stalls at which they carried on their business; though *statio* is a general word for a shop in low Latin. They appear, by the old statutes of the University of Paris, and by those of Bologna, to have sold books upon commission; and are sometimes, though not uniformly, distinguished from the *librarii*—a word which, having originally been confined to the copyists of books, was afterwards applied to those who traded in them. They sold parchment and other materials of writing, (which, with us,—though, as far as I know, nowhere else,—have retained the name of stationery,) and naturally exercised the kindred occupations of binding and decorating. They probably employed transcribers; we find, at least, that there was a profession of copyists in the universities and in large cities; and by means of these, before the invention of printing, the necessary books of grammar, law, and theology, were multiplied to a great extent, for the use of students; but with much incorrectness, and far more expense than afterwards. That invention put a sudden stop to their honest occupation. But, whatever hatred they might feel towards the new art, it was in vain to oppose its reception; no party could be raised in the public against so manifest and unalloyed a benefit; and the copyists, grown by habit fond of books, frequently employed themselves in the somewhat kindred labour of pressmen.

The first printers were always booksellers, and sold their own impressions. These occupations were not divided till the early part of the sixteenth century. But the risks of sale, at a time when learning was by no means general, combined with the great cost of production, (paper

and other materials being very dear,) rendered this a hazardous trade. We have a curious petition of Sweynheim and Pannartz, to Sixtus IV., in 1472, wherein they complain of their poverty, brought on by printing so many works which they had not been able to sell. They state the number of impressions of each edition. Of the classical authors, they had, generally, printed two hundred and seventy-five; of Virgil, and the philosophical works of Cicero, twice that number. In theological publications, the usual number of copies had also been five hundred and fifty. The whole number of copies printed was twelve thousand four hundred and seventy-five. It is possible that experience made other printers more discreet in their estimation of the public demand. Notwithstanding the casualties of three centuries, it seems, from the great scarcity of these early editions which has long existed, that the original circulation must have been much below the number of copies printed; as, indeed, the complaint of Sweynheim and Pannartz shows. The price of books was diminished by four-fifths after the invention of printing. Chevillier gives some instances of a fall in this proportion. But not content with such a reduction, the University of Paris proceeded to establish a tariff, according to which every edition was to be sold, and seems to have set the prices very low. This was by virtue of the prerogatives they exerted, as we shall soon find, over the book-trade of the capital. The priced catalogues of Colinaeus and Robert Stephens are extant, relating, of course, to a later period than the present (the fourteenth century); but we shall not return to the subject. The Greek Testament of Colinaeus was sold for twelve sous, the Latin for six. The folio Latin Bible, printed by Stephens, in 1532, might be had for one hundred sous; a copy of the Pandects for forty sous; a Virgil for two sous and six deniers; a Greek Grammar, of Cleonardus, for two sous; Demosthenes and Æschines (I know not what edition) for five sous. It would, of course, be necessary, before we can make any use of these prices, to compare them with that of corn.—Hallam's *Literature of Europe*.

SITTINGS FOR MY PORTRAIT.

EIGHTH SITTING.

My little boy, of three years and a half old, came running into my bed-room this morning, with the following exclamation, "O papa, come and see yourself!"

Then it is a likeness, thought I, and a good one.

"Ah, my charming fellow, I wish I could see myself, truly and impartially!"

"Yes, papa, it is yourself."

This testimony was corroborated by every other person in the family, and of course afforded to all much gratification. But, after all, neither the mimic canvass, nor the mimic glass, can do more than exhibit the shadow, the fleshless, speechless, lifeless shadow of oneself. Where, and how, can we find a moral portrait—an image, that shall

indeed be the very image of the mind, with its passions and affections, and whatever may conduce to form the moral character—a resemblance so vivid and just that may display and impress the truth without the exaggerations of fancy, or the false colourings of self-adulation—a reflection, as in a glass, of the breathing, reasoning, and acting man, by which to dress one's thoughts? The pencil cannot embody the conceptions of the soul, or reveal the motives of the heart; and yet these are the important objects of the highest knowledge and the grounds of a profitable self-examination.

Probably there are few persons capable of affording the expense, or occupying any station of importance in society, who have not at some period of their life indulged the wish to have their portrait taken; but there is a step beyond this, to which most public men at least have often, it is likely, wished to proceed, namely, that of seeing some genuine mimicry or imitation of themselves in the acts or attitudes of their own particular profession, by which they might be placed in a position to judge of themselves as though they were other persons, and yet with the consciousness they were in a sense both the judges and actors. Where is the pleader at the bar, the debater in parliament, or the preacher in the pulpit, who has not desired to see himself represented in his own proper character? Who has not felt an anxiety, or would not be gratified or instructed, to hear the actual modulations of his own voice, to see the effect of his own manner, or to trace the methods of his own oratory in the discussion of a subject, through the reflecting glass of another's acknowledged accuracy of imitation? This is doubtless an exercise of art, in many respects demonstrably superior even to the noble art of painting, were it restricted within proper bounds and applied to its legitimate purpose. It has been, indeed, generally employed for ridicule and caricature, and in the absence of the parties especially concerned; but this is only the abuse of a power which is manifestly capable of a beneficial application. Let but the successful imitator practice in the presence of the individual, and for the avowed object, at his own solicitation, of affording the materials of useful inquiry and observation, and it is not difficult to perceive what advantages might accrue. When the beam is in the eye, we overlook it from its immediate contact with ourselves; but let it be extracted, and placed at a distance for our inspection, and it would instantly become apparent and conspicuous. And thus the man who cannot perceive an awkward attitude, an ungraceful movement, a faulty pronunciation, an ineffective or inconclusive mode of propounding or pursuing a subject, might at once become conscious of either or of all these deficiencies, when thus personated and presented to view; and hence would spring the benefit of inducing an aim at the correction of

faults, which otherwise were not seen or imagined to exist. Here, too, is an advantage above the mimicry of painting; because in the practice of that art the design is merely to imitate, and there, in the perfection of the copy, it ends, for we cannot make one hair white or black, or add one cubit to our stature; whereas in the present case, the direct and moral intention of this self-reduplication, or *living portrait*, as I may call it, is to furnish the means and suggest the methods of self-improvement. The natural figure is fixed irrespectively of ourselves and unalterably, and the sole end of the painter is to transmit and perpetuate it as it is; but the accidents of profession, as they may be termed, or the methods of oratory, are susceptible of continual change, and may thus be studied for the purpose of correction. It may be difficult to persuade the mimic to employ his art for this express object, and sometimes it may be difficult to persuade ourselves to sit for this kind of living portrait; it might, nevertheless, be a very useful employment, and it may be presumed is not unfrequently, at least as a matter of curiosity, desired.

It may be deemed a quaint conception, but nevertheless is one with which there will probably be an extensive sympathy, if another kind of portrait were supposed, the practical utility of which could scarcely be questioned. Let us then imagine a sort of shadowing forth, in living reality, of the intellectual powers and moral feelings, so that not the corporeal image, but the true and proper man, were exhibited to himself. Conceive that, apart from the mere bodily or external form, the inward character were shown, in the spiritual semblance of its faculties, passions, and principles—that another, and yet not another, self could be made to appear to one's own view—to the view, if not to the sight, yet of the inward consciousness—so that the mechanism of thought, the operation of motives, the workings of the mind, the moral apart from the material man, could be as distinctly seen as the portrait of the latter is made visible on the canvass. Thus should we become capacitated to see the very soul, and to contemplate, in undeniable fact, our inward, mental, and identical selves; and were it possible to imagine that we could, as it were, stand by, in pure and impartial observation of the truth of character, to look at this inward portrait, and trace at once its accuracy and its painful developments, it cannot be doubted that the examination of this second self might be attended with manifold and manifest advantages.

This, however, is not a mere fiction or play of fancy. If such a visioned or pictured image of oneself be not literally possible, or but just conceivable as one of the wild imaginings of the mind, there are some obvious approaches to it which the Author of our being has unfolded for wise and beneficial purposes. In that part of the mechanism of our minds which we denominate

consciousness, the soul becomes the spectator of itself, and views a reflected identity in the very glass of truth. So perfect and so powerful is this exhibition, by the very law of our nature, that in defiance of all attempts to deceive others, and to induce them to believe that we are other and better than we are, which attempts may be very successful, and in defiance too of all the artifices of the mind itself to perplex its own consciousness, the very image is there, and the right or wrong of the motive or the passion is vividly and irresistibly impressed. This inward mirror is so placed by the Creator, that no sentiment can exist without being reflected by it upon our own

minds, and no thought or feeling can arise without, in its egress into action, passing, so to speak, this reflecting medium. There is, moreover, an outward glass which corresponds entirely with that within, and throws back the imaged consciousness upon the heart: it is the Scriptures. Here human nature is seen in its genuine characteristics, and every nature or individual for himself may discern the most secret workings of his own spirit; and surely the correctness and the correspondence of these two reflected images, or, if you please, the accuracy of these two moral testimonies, are adapted to impart profitable and varied instruction. X.

LETTER-WRITING.

"THE Polite Letter-writer," and "Every Man his own Correspondent," I have never read. They are doubtless two bewitching books, able to transform any stick of a gentlemen into at least a three-penny post. I am the more particular in disclaiming all knowledge of these *letterary* authors, as I would not my reading public should imagine me guilty of plagiarism. Believe me, I am quite virtuous.

Something I have to say touching most sorts of letters—not all. For instance, I have nothing to say of lawyers' letters, those peremptory "how dunt you do's," Charons of Fleet-ditch, purveyors of bread and water, whose words run through the heart corkscrew-wise, outraging a tidbit at the table, and mixing aloes in our wine:—they cannot reach me,—I am off, away from the land of credit—no dun can knock at my door,—we deal for ready money only. For the same reason I am silent about tailors' cross-legged scrawls, coming like a needle at the wind-up of one's Christmas merriment, telling us, modest, hurrying rogues, they have "a small bill to make up by Saturday next," and "hoping for future favours." I wear my own coat! A man, out of Britain, may live as happy as Job; for recollect Job had no debts. Nor will I speak of the letters of great men deceased, golden authors, or tinselled authorities: they speak for themselves. Nor of mercantile letters—yes, they must have their due; for they uphold our commerce, and commerce upholds our brave old England, and all her old incumbrances—Alas! poor England! By the head of Hermes, though most interesting compositions to pury exchangers and young ledger-students, they are unworthy of his votaries! His other votaries, thieves and pickpockets, can surely write better—though not to my knowledge: fortunately for society at large, and perhaps for myself, I have no correspondence with these "gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon." But look at their every day, or rather their every night language: is it not fanciful? While they decorate their theft of linen from a hedge with

the cant expression of "nimming the snow," with many other similar snatches at poetry, I cannot forbear, in an imaginative point of view, placing them far above Mercury's humbler servants. To make short work, I divide merchants into two classes—the laconic and the flummery. Here is a specimen of the first:—

"Gentlemen. Your's ninth received. Contents noted. Arrived, *Jenny*, Saunders. She cleared the Custom-house yesterday. Her hams not yet landed. Hope they are in good condition. Enclosed last price-current. Since which a spirit in the rum market. Wines, best, run off quickly. Lead heavy. Copper very dull. Tin plates look lively. Much done in tallow. Wax sticks on hand. Feathers, goose, are down. Skins do not get off. Great demand for hemp by the Government. Coffee, very good, this morning, with sundry parcels of sugar, eagerly sought after. Our Exchange, one half, has fallen. Money scarce, and therefore great difficulty with bills. Bristles rising. We are, Gentlemen, &c."

The other style is "tedious as a king," and I cannot "find in my heart to bestow it all on your worships." It generally contains advice of a bill being drawn, and rings a bob-major, as thus:—"Honour to acknowledge your esteemed favour—have the honour to transmit—valued on your respected house in favour of our esteemed and valuable friend—not doubting but your respected house will favour us by duly honouring—and, with the most perfect esteem and respect, we have the honour to be," &c.

What a relief to turn from such perpetrations! Come let us talk of servant-maids. Their letters are always worth something to themselves or others, as they have neither time nor postage to throw away. They write only when a passion becomes too restless to stay within doors. I take great interest in their unskilful attempts to throw a veil over their impatience. Bad grammar, and worse spelling, a clumsy folding up, eccentric splashings of thimble-sealing, and an upside down direction, are, to many persons, their chief re-

commendations; though, to my mind, these are no more than the scenery and dresses to a good comedy; they "hold, as 't were, a mirror up to nature,"—a crooked one, I grant. Here I see many follies, mixed with their share of goodness, and sometimes without, making odd faces as they peep through our language in rags. The purchase of a new bonnet, with Mrs. Mansby's assurance "it is the prettiest thing she ever made, and besides that, she has not a bit more of the stuff," is followed by challenging, per post, her former fellow-servant to make holiday some day next week; and thus, at a trifling expense, vent is given to the exuberance of that vanity without a becoming share of which neither a scullion nor a princess would look half so charming. In an affair of jealousy, when she writes to the crony friend of a rival, that she intends for evermore to have done with Mr. Jemmy, because she knows he keeps low and disagreeable acquaintances,—how innocent is her revenge compared to the cruel and ignorant Roxana's! When I read Molly's wrathful story of some vail or perquisite being unjustly withheld from her share of the kitchen spoils, and observe her anger exhausting itself as her fingers become weary of the pen, I cannot but lament that Thetis did not teach her son to read and write, and thus have saved a whole Iliad of fury and slaughter, though it were pity to lose the poem. What a blessed invention is the post, whether twopenny, general, or foreign! It carries off, by a thousand invisible channels, like the system of underground draining, half the disorders of the human heart. Let every one write down his worst, instead of putting it into practice. A spiteful scrawl cannot well do much harm in the world; while, on the other hand, a sheet of paper full of kindness does infinite good to all parties. One of this last description lately fell into my hands, from a cook at Canterbury to her old uncle. She enclosed—kind soul!—a two pound note, saved from her quarter's wages; said a thousand affectionate things, and, after wishing him many happy days, she—what think you?—she quoted Shakspeare!—"May gudness and you feel up one monument." Thomson's Season's laying in the window-seat of a cottage has been pronounced sufficient evidence of the poet's fame; but what is that compared to being quoted by a Canterbury cook? There is another species of kind-hearted letter-writing, where servant-maids almost equal their too susceptible mistresses; but this falls into the next division of my subject, and, indeed, I am ashamed of having neglected it so long.

Love-letters—here's a theme! In the first place, let every one beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad. Few genuine ones are to be had for love, and none for money. Finely wrought compliments, an epigrammatic style, or any thing that looks like great care and study, is a sure proof of heresy—that rogue is thinking

of the girl's money. Raptures and complaints, sprinkled with something stolen from Ovid or Moore, and crow-quilled on the best gilt-edge, are enough to startle the virtue of any considerate young lady. Folks cannot be too cautious. There is another sort of love writing, much in vogue in this our philosophic age, downright profanation, taking upon itself to prove that Cupid has found out a new cut to the heart,—namely, by sending his arrows first through the brain: it makes me wince to think of it. Such letters are treatises on preternatural history. These sedate persons, who generally wear flannel nightcaps, because the head should be kept warm, and Angola socks for winter wear, because the damp is so bad for the feet—these mock heroic gentry, I say, absolutely assert there can be no true love, except what is founded on the qualities of the mind. At first, as they argue, it must be no more than simple esteem, till, ripened into a softer feeling by a similarity of taste, and a congeniality of sentiment in matters of religion and morality, it haply attains to something the value of—a plain gold ring and the parson's blessing. A very comfortable doctrine for those with whom it is impossible to fall in love. Just as if Romeo and Juliet ever thought of more than one sentiment in each other's breast; and their love was truer than metaphysics. I must quit such a subject—flesh and blood can't bear it. Now for a hint at what is more to the purpose. It is no such difficult matter to distinguish between truth and hypocrisy in these affairs, as some old people imagine. For the benefit of the rising generation, here are a few infallible signs of an unfeigned passion. Let them always bear in mind that obscurity is the grand point. There ought to be so restless a confusion in the lover, that, far from its being necessary his mistress should find his letter intelligible, he should be, after an hour's respite, incapable of explaining his own meaning: it is quite sufficient if he thought he understood himself at the time. If thou art guilty of a pretence to the drowsiness of reason, "there is no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune." This is a general rule, and as the style is inimitable, there can be no fear of deception. Any attempt, though a flurried one, at sense or connexion of sentences, is fatal. Again, a constant interchange of the sublime and the bathos is indispensable; together with certain usual epithets of endearment, in endless repetition; and, here and there, a lively idea of dying. To uninterested persons such effusions may appear insipid, and probably silly, but their opinion is of no importance. In fact, to the parties themselves, if they ever happen to fall out of love, they will certainly be as little amusing as a physician's prescriptions to his patient just happily recovered from a fever. Let not my readers, fair ones I mean, imagine I entertain any disrespectful notions of love, or that my temper is soured by a parcel of billets-doux

returned on my hands. All my intention is, to show that the young blooming god ought not to expose himself in black and white.

Hate-letters ought not to come next, yet, for the sake of variety, they are welcome. These, whether expressed in reproaches or threats, contempt or indignation, are wonderfully energetic. Of all passions, anger is the most eloquent. It is easier to say a cruel thing than a kind one. Milton's devils talk better than his angels. It is more difficult for love to express itself in words, because it has so much to say; while hatred can utter its heart full in a breath, and afterwards expatiate on the strength of its own inspiration. An angry man, and a good one at the same time, always writes more bitterly than he would have spoken; this, at first sight, seems unaccountable, as the comparatively slow motions of the pen must give him the more time for reflection; but I am convinced the cause of this excess arises from having a blank piece of paper before him instead of a human countenance, which latter must be very bad indeed not to awaken some remorse. The greatest provocation to write a hate-letter is in answer to a treacherous friend, who still addresses you throughout in the kindest manner, with a "my dear sir," at the beginning, and ends with a "yours, most sincerely." In this case it may be excusable to dip your pen in gall; but will that do any good? On the contrary, it is more noble, more manly, to pay respect even to the ashes of friendship.

Now are a swarm of notes, like gnats, buzzing about me, all claiming attention to their several merits. One without a seal, yet pretending to the title of a letter, boasts of introducing strange gentlemen to one another. A second makes wary inquiries about the "cleanliness, sobriety, and honesty" of a housemaid, footman, or cook. Then a crowd of borrowers perplex me, by requesting the loan of a fish-kettle, or the last canto of "Don Juan," or a trifle to be repaid in a fortnight. And, lastly, a very agreeable one offers to bribe me with an invitation to dinner. I cannot possibly accept it.

At length I arrive at what my fingers have been aching to come at—letters from a friend; or, if the world will allow it, from many friends. In my opinion, friendship can best express itself by the pen; from which alone, the closest friendships have sometimes originated. "The pleasure of society among friends," La Bruyere tells us, "is cultivated by a resemblance of opinions on points of morality, and by some difference of taste in the sciences." Yet this pleasure may exist in parties who can separate for ever without much regret; while that honest, glowing sentiment, of all others the least selfish, never so thrills in our hearts as when our friend writes to us; and it must be often, and in all his moods, in his hopes and fears, in his joys and sorrows;

not the careless correspondence between two worthy gentlemen in adjoining counties, when a day's ride, or haply a walk, can bring them face to face. No; the letter must have been long on the road, must be stamped with a foreign post-mark, to make it precious; or with an English stamp, to him who is called "the foreigner," wherever he travels away from his endeared associates. It is enough to make sweet the pain of actual banishment. Let those who live out of their own country describe, if they can, the emotion they feel as they burst the seal of such a letter.

It is a frequent complaint with those at home, that the one abroad does not write so often as he ought. I suspect there is little justice in it. The one abroad will hardly fail, until wearied out by neglect; he will be wise enough to bait his hook. The fact is, (and why conceal it?) there is manual labour, time occupied, and no small resolution requisite, to fill a sheet of paper in a minute character, which, every one knows, is expected between friends; and these are the sole reasons of their deferring it from day to day, with an evil worrying conscience, till at last they are often ashamed of writing. I never have put faith in the phrase of "the pleasure of writing to you," as I invariably find it used by the worst correspondents; it is a lying bit of civility. Nothing, indeed, can be more delightful than to stroll about the fields, filling up an imaginary letter; but when we sit at our desks to turn it into reality, it becomes downright work, and is cheerfully performed, solely because it is the means of getting another in return. Besides, an absentee, if he happens to be remiss, should be treated with charity; he requires evidently more attention than those left behind. They have their ordinary occupations and associations; they miss but a single link in the chain; a traveller has torn himself from all. Again, this feeling must not be omitted in the balance:—he who is at a distance has better grounds for the suspicion of being forgotten, while his friends have an assurance that he cannot possibly forget his home.

Some there are whose labours might be spared; I have long ceased to encourage them. They fill the first page with apologies for not having answered me earlier; this is worse than their silence. The next thing is, to echo every circumstance I have related for their amusement; and their sentences, one after the other, set out with "your account of"—"how delighted you must have been when"—"I envy the journey you had from"—"as, you observe, the climate must be"—and so on to the end of the chapter; and this they call answering me. Then follow loving remembrances from all the family, severally and collectively; and they finish with another apology, far more reasonable than the first, for having "troubled me with so much non-

sense." There are others who fly off into the opposite extreme. To execute something worthy of being sent across the channel, and of the postage, is to them a serious matter—quite an undertaking. They tease their brains for a fit subject, ponder on the best things that may be said upon it, and send you, not a letter, but an intolerable essay. A few general rules may be of use: the principal one is, as in conversation, to keep in mind the taste and character of the person to whom you are writing. It is always folly to assert you have "really nothing to say," unless it is your belief you would remain dumb in his company. Never touch on politics to one who cares not for a newspaper; indeed, it is well to omit them on every occasion, as they read better in print. With a matter-of-fact man, you must imagine yourself in a witness-box; no exaggeration, nothing figurative, I would not trust a metaphor; he may be confused, or misled, or, what is worse, suspect you intend to impose upon him. You have no small advantage in addressing a literary man: with him every thing is interesting that is worth telling; however, news of new books, or of a very old one, ought to occupy a considerable space. To a lady, young or old, a story is acceptable; and let it be spiced with love. By-the-bye, I have to beg pardon of the ladies for not having yet said a word about them. Perhaps, as they have so constantly been praised for their skill in letter-writing, it appeared to me a work of supererogation. I assure them that, were the world entirely composed of ladies, a gentleman—and then he must be the man in the moon—would know better than to drop any instructions on this point. It is said the reason of their excelling is, that they write as they talk. I insist upon it, their writing is superior; at

least, that their pens run on like their tongues in their pleasantest and happiest moods. Then—a great recommendation to a traveller—they have the art of bringing to one's mind home, more than can any master of a house; every word breathes of their own atmosphere, till it is difficult to believe you can be at so great a distance.—Surely I am only next door! After what I have thus said publicly, I trust I shall be rewarded—secretly, if they prefer it; and no doubt this will increase the number of my fair-handed correspondents. Men's letters are, for the most part, of too stubborn a nature; they will not bend to petty circumstances; or, if they do, it is but a kind of Dutch painting—they either omit them altogether, or paint them with an awkward minuteness, leaving nothing to the imagination. "In your next describe your present sitting-room"—were the few words which made me feel the force of the writer's friendship, and the interest he took in all that concerned me, far more than a very long sentence which preceded it, where he expressed his regret at our being separated. Of all letters, the most magical in their effect are those written in a state of pure enjoyment, full of high animal spirits. Sorrows will have their way, and it is fit they should; but if we are happy, why not make it appear? The gravest philosopher can, if he chooses, clap on his wig with the hind part before; and his profoundest thoughts will lose nothing in being uttered with a laugh. So great an epicure in this science as I am, could give as many receipts as that kitchen-favourite, Dr. Kitchener. But at this moment I am all impatience: the post arrived an hour ago, and the treasures of the leathern bag must by this time be sorted.

THE SABBATH IN SWEDEN.

(*From Rae Wilson's Travels in Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Denmark.*)

It is deeply to be lamented, that in a country released from the darkness and superstition of Catholicism, and where the principles of Protestantism and Lutheranism form a fundamental article of the constitution, so little attention should be paid to what I humbly conceive the proper observance of the Sabbath; and that the inhabitants are so little aware how widely this is at variance with the rules of that faith which they profess, and the practice of their brethren in England, Scotland, Germany, and other parts where the blessed light of the Reformation is allowed to shine forth with such unrivalled lustre. It is true that divine service is performed in the different churches on that day; yet the shops are allowed to remain open, carts and carriages passing along during divine service, tradespeople going after their callings, and strolling about as

on any other day. In the afternoon I could discover no difference between the capital of Sweden and that of France in this respect, excepting, perhaps, that in the former the amusements and exhibitions were more calculated for the lower orders than on other days. The public-houses are crowded, pleasure-boats full of people swarm on the waters, and fishing parties are seen along the banks; in short, there is a complete "turn out," or general stir among the inhabitants, who are all in search of amusement. On the Admiralty Island, opposite the palace, where are public walks, are found houses of entertainment, and bands of music, nay, discharges of artillery. The theatre is also thrown open, where I observed just as great a pressure for admittance as in Catholic countries. It is impossible to reconcile such a flagrant disregard

for the Sabbath with Protestant principles, and a due respect for the ordinances of revelation itself, in which the great God, who allowed his dependent creatures six days for the arrangement of their worldly concerns, claimed the seventh as peculiarly his own, calling upon them to keep this day, not in part, but the whole of it, and that in a holy and devout manner. In the words of an apostle, "he that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it." Such a violation of the seventh day of the week most unquestionably calls aloud for correction, and for the strenuous exertions of those ministers of religion on whom so high a responsibility for the care of souls devolves. Let not, I entreat, my testimony alone be taken as an authority for the fact: the reader is only solicited to question any one person who has travelled in this country, whether that respect due to the Sabbath-day is paid to it as in Britain, or in that solemn manner in which the Almighty himself has commanded, in the imperishable page of revelation; and I am perfectly convinced he will find the fact confirmed. At the same time, I do admit it is laid down, that a different mode of calculation has been adopted in Sweden, and the Sabbath is considered to begin on Saturday night, at six o'clock, and to end at the same hour on Sunday.

Now, on this I would remark, that if the seventh day is to be admitted by Christians as "the Sabbath of the Lord their God," it ought to be guarded against invasion; and it necessarily follows, that any part of the preceding has not the least connexion with this day, or *vice versa*; but the Sabbath must be understood to commence after the expiration of the sixth day. On the other hand, if Sunday is to commence from six o'clock, or any other hour, on the last day of the week, and to be finished at the same

hour on the first, when the Sabbath is totally at an end, and the remaining six hours of that day to pertain to Monday,—by this calculation three days are confounded that are totally distinct. Such a principle, I apprehend, can be considered in no other light than an arrangement adapted for the accommodation of man himself, or, in other words, to afford him time for pleasure the moment public service in church is finished; in fine, it must be evident that the whole of the seventh day must be considered as the Christian Sabbath, and, consequently, a period of time that ought not to be diverted from its true purpose, and so disposed of in order to meet the taste of the creature, but to be exclusively set apart as a day of rest and devout contemplation, and altogether distinct from those allowed for business or pleasure by the Almighty. He claims the whole of the seventh as exclusively his own, and requires it to be sanctified, not only in commemoration of his having accomplished the glorious work of creation, during six, and resting on the seventh, which he hallowed, but to keep alive in the mind of men the glorious resurrection and ascension of the great Redeemer of our world. Admitting, however, the Swedish plan to be proper in itself, I can in truth aver, that I took particular pains to discover whether any part of the evening of Saturday was marked by peculiar solemnities; but I could not perceive this in any one respect whatever, either by the sound of church-bells, the shops being shut up, or any degree of tranquillity in the streets. On the whole, if we admit the full force of the language of the word of God, that its righteousness "exalteth a nation," so, on the other hand, indulgence and frivolity, amusement and dissipation, on this most sacred of all days, must be considered in no other light than that of degrading it.*

REVIEW.

THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN DRS. PRICE AND PRIESTLEY ON THE MATERIALITY OF MIND.

THE names of Priestley and Price are intimately associated with ideas of riots and revolutions. The yells of the Birmingham mob, and the thunder of Burke's anathemas, still sound in our ears with appalling violence. But amid these humiliating recollections we are soothed and thrilled, by seeing our two philosophers retiring from the boisterous contentions of

politics, to "beat together the ample field of science," and to seek that truth, which, in the language of a writer too little read, (1 Esdras iv. 38,) is "the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages." Waiving, however, all further remarks on the circumstantialities of this well-known controversy, and the amiable spirit in which it was conducted, perhaps our

* In no country that I have visited, is there, perhaps, a more strict regard paid to the Sabbath than in Scotland. A succession of Acts were made by the parliaments, 1503, 1579, 1593, 1661, 1663, 1696, to enforce a proper observance of it. Such was the anxiety to prevent persons from even travelling on that day, that there is an Act of the General Assembly of the church—the highest ecclesiastical court in the kingdom—19th July, 1649, expressly declaring that persons who have occasion to make journeys should be obliged to produce "testimonials from the place where they rested on that day, when they were from home, &c., to their ministers." Farther, by an act of parliament

16th of June, 1646, it is enacted that "skippers or sailors who begin any voyage, or loose ships, barks, or boats on the Sabbath, are to be censured." Even abstaining wilfully from divine service on Sabbath was punished by a fine of twenty shillings being imposed; and if the person was unable to pay, he was to be exposed in the public stocks.

In the seventh century, St. Theodore, archbishop of Canterbury, laid down several regulations to the Church for a rigorous observance in England of this day. Among others, he commanded that "persons were not to put to sea, ride, or travel in any manner, unless to church."

readers will allow us to offer a few general observations on this much-litigated question, relating to the materiality, or immateriality, of the human mind.

Even Dr. Priestly, we believe, admits that, notwithstanding the ceaseless changes that take place in our bodies, there is still a something within us that retains a feeling of identity, through all the vicissitudes of infancy, manhood, and old age; and, likewise, that there is in the machinery of our constitution, a convergence of sensations, ideas, and emotions, as to a common focus, so as that it is the *same something* which sees, hears, understands, believes, doubts, loves, hates, admires, despises, &c. The product of these admissions may be thus expressed: Man possesses a permanent, sensitive, and living something, which, though it resides in the body, is as distinct from it, "as is the swimmer from the flood." Let us then, for argument's sake, call that something "spirit," and the tenement it occupies "matter." We must have some names, (and no matter what they are,) otherwise we could not speak about them.

Let not the reader be startled, when we thus affirm, at the outset, that the *essences* of matter and of spirit may be admitted to be *identical*, without at all affecting the question before us. The term "*essentia*," is said to have been coined by Cicero, but it never obtained general currency till the schoolmen introduced it into their vocabulary, and gave it a prominence in all their metaphysical writings. Locke speaks of two kinds of *essences*, the *nominal*, and the *real*. By the former is meant the idiosyncrasies of an object, or those peculiar and distinguishing qualities which characterise it as a separate existence; or, in short, those very circumstances in which it differs from every thing else, and by which it obtains an independent individuality. The term "*real essence*" is employed to denote the radical elements or principal attributes of a thing; or that which belongs to every such thing, at all times and under all circumstances, in such a way that the mind cannot conceive any thing prior thereto: it is that which, with reference to its subject, presupposes nothing, but yet is itself presupposed in all its qualities; or, in short, it is that intangible, indiscernible, and indescribable something which constitutes the ultimate basis, or substratum, of every essential and accidental, or of every primary and secondary attribute.

But, leaving this for a moment, there is another remark we wish to bring in apposition with it: it is this,—matter and spirit are known unto us *only* as the permanent subjects of certain phenomena, and those phenomena are known only by their resultants on our own consciousness. We cannot, therefore, define either matter or spirit, otherwise than by describing the properties of the one, and the functions of the other; or, rather, we cannot even describe such properties or functions, but fix words or arbitrary marks for their effects upon our own minds. In fact, our absolute knowledge is limited to the phenomena of our individual consciousness. If, therefore, we are asked—what is matter? we can only say—it is that which (to us) necessarily associates in itself certain ideas, designated solidity, extension, &c. And if we are asked—What is spirit? We can only answer, in the same way,—it is that which (to us) necessarily associates in itself certain ideas which we call thought, feeling, &c. The former is merely an arbitrary name, given to a certain aggregation of ideas of certain qualities; and the latter is an equally arbitrary name, given to a certain other aggregation of other qualities or properties.

Here, however, it is important to observe, an elementary principle of our nature renders it impossible for us to believe that qualities can exist in isolated independence. We *know* that matter is not mere extension or colour, &c.; we *know* that mind is not mere thought or feeling, &c.; the conclusion, therefore, is

inevitable, that there exist somehow, and somewhere, certain substrata, to which such properties are annexed, or in which they inhere. Of these substrata, in themselves, we can form no idea whatever, unless indeed it be the simple one of *existence*; on which supposition, the essences of all things would be identical; so that, as far as our *actual apprehension* extends, the substratum of spirit is virtually the same as the substratum of matter; because, in fact, each amounts only to a certain indefinite ultimate conception, to which separate classes of subordinate conception are attached. In the one case, this ultimate conception receives a series of certain adjuncts; and in the other case, it receives another series of certain other adjuncts; and these adjuncts give to the respective agglomerates a generic difference of nature and of character. Even granting, then, the basis or ultimate conception to be the same in *both*, still as it is to the modification of that, combined with various subordinate ideas, that we give the names "*matter*" and "*spirit*," the names have meanings perfectly distinct; indeed, so distinct, that considering them as representatives of complex ideas, they have no element in common, excepting the simple idea of the attribute of *being*. Admitting, therefore, that mud, sunbeams, and souls, are but different combinations of properties, attached to the same *parent substratum*, it is obviously quite as proper to say that a sunbeam is but a refined species of mud, as that spirit is but a refined species of matter; or, to put it in a more mathematical form, let a certain combination of qualities be called A, and another combination of different qualities B; then, whatever the foundation of these separate combinations, A is no more B, than B is A, or X Y Z, &c.

Perhaps, however, our meaning will be more clearly understood if we place it in a different light. This, therefore, we shall attempt, as far as possible, to prevent misapprehension. Words are nothing more than arbitrary signs or representations of our own conceptions, having no direct relation to things as they are in themselves. Let matter and spirit be thought of as you please, the words stand for nothing more than agglomerates of our own ideas, so that the difference or identity of their meaning must correspond with the difference or identity of the conceptions they are employed to express. He whose mind is so formed that in the complex idea denoted by "*matter*," he finds the same governing elements as in the equally complex idea denoted by "*spirit*," has, in reality, but one idea for the two representatives; so that, to him, spirit is strictly material, and matter is strictly spiritual.

In consequence of the language of philosophers, that we know nothing of objects, *except their properties*, we are apt to impose upon ourselves, by fancying that we understand all about the said properties; whereas, in reality, we know nothing more of the properties *immediately*, than of the substrata to which they are annexed. To us, the term "*property*" is nothing more than the symbol of a certain idea: there is, doubtless, an efficient cause *ab extra* to suggest the idea; but what that cause is, human sagacity can never discover. We can take cognizance of it only as a phenomenon of consciousness. Take divisibility as an instance: there is of course an extrinsic cause,—our constitution, as rational beings, compels us to believe this; at the same time, it is evident to us, "*divisibility*" is but a conception of our own coining. Now, here the question is, can this conception of divisibility be involved in the more complicated conception of spirit? If not, as all will allow to be the case, there comes the inquiry,—is that fact a sufficient reason for placing the aggregation of ideas, involving divisibility, called "*matter*," and the other aggregation of ideas, *not* involving divisibility, called "*spirit*," under different divisions among the objects of knowledge? After

all, then, it is simply a question of classification—a classification of our own combinations of our own conceptions.

But let us illustrate this by a few examples: We find ourselves surrounded by myriads of objects, which have many and obvious features of agreement and disagreement; and, according to our perception (or, as Dr. Brown calls it, *feeling*) of their agreement or disagreement, we arrange them under separate classes. *e. g.* There are many objects which have four legs: all these, however they may differ in other respects, we group together under the term "quadrupeds;" but there are many others which have only two legs: and these, however they may differ among one another, we designate "bipeds." Now, although quadrupeds and bipeds confessedly have many properties in common, (that is, they excite similar ideas in us,) *e. g.* existence, colour, &c.; still as long as our principle of classification is recognised, it is of no consequence whether the principle be a good one or otherwise, no one will say that a biped is a quadruped, or yet that a quadruped is but a refined species of biped. Again, we see a certain object, which contains a certain degree of heat, exhibits a certain colour, and will ignite combustibles, &c.; this we call "fire;" we likewise see another object, which possesses a certain other degree of heat, exhibits a certain other colour, and will even extinguish fire, &c.; this we call "water." Yet although fire and water have many elements in common, *e. g.*, existence, extension, &c., no one will say that water is fire, or that fire is but a refined species of water. Once more: there are many objects around us which exhibit the properties of extension, &c., without thought; all these, however various, we call "matter." There are others which exhibit the properties of thought and feeling, &c., without extension; and these, however they may differ among themselves, we call "spirit." Now then, be it remembered, the aggregation of ideas, denoted by "matter," has but one *known* feature in common with the aggregation denoted by "spirit," namely, simple

entity. And as it is with the *known* properties alone we have to do, otherwise the words would symbolise *unknown*, that is to say, *no* ideas, whatever principle of classification be adopted, it is absurd to say that *spirit* or *mind* is material.

It appears to us, therefore, that by a proper analysis, this long-agitated controversy may be shown to be mere logomachy. Let the materialists point out but one definite quality which they would ascribe to mind, and then we shall have a legitimate question to debate, as to whether or not that be appropriable. If they predicate extension, or figure, or colour, &c., we shall know how to cope with them; but while they adhere to alternated generalities, they are placed beyond the reach of argument.

After all that Dr. Priestley has said about matter, as consisting of nothing but attractions and repulsions, it must still be admitted that matter and spirit are different species of attractions and repulsions; or at least *radically different modifications* of such attractions and repulsions. Let it be granted that in all their properties they differ *in toto*, except *being*, (if *being* can be called a *property*), and we care little by what names they may be called. If any one thinks these appellations should be transferred, let him do so: let that which is extended be called "spirit," and that which thinks be called "matter;" yet even then, the terms should not be used indiscriminately; or, if he pleases, let him assume that *entity* is the essence of both matter and mind, (an assumption, by the bye, perfectly gratuitous,) still, as matter is *one* modification of that entity, and mind *another*, and as these modified totalities are generally different, or rather in most respects are diametrically opposite, we repeat, that to say the human *mind* is *material*, is a glaring contradiction in terms.

We have been led to these remarks by glancing over a recent publication, whose object is to show "the materialism of the mind;" that work, however, is so impregnated with the lowest scurrility, that we shall not stoop to mention its name,—for it is beneath the dignity of refutation. F. F.

MORNING.

THROWN on a radiant cloud of golden light,

The rosy-fingered morn rides up the sky,

Glittering with gems insufferably bright,

'Mid the pale glory of her forehead high.

Over her shining car the fairy hours,

With silver wings, in airy circles fly,

Bidding the fragrant winds go forth and sigh

Their waking music to the sleeping flowers.

Perched in the coverts of their leafy bowers,

The shrill-voiced minstrels sing their matin lay,

And dewdrops, coloured by the sun's pure ray,

Fall from the waving boughs in pearly showers.

The streamlet wakes anew his mellow song,

As 'mid the daisied banks he glides along.

WILD summer roses to the blushing morn

Their fragrant incense from the hedgerows fling;

And violets, purpling 'neath the shadowy thorn,

Breathe their rich odours; and the musky wing

Of the low-whispering breeze is scattering round

A thousand sweets at day's awakening.

The valleys lift their voice, the meadows sing,

The everlasting hills, with verdure crowned,

Fling back the echoes of the joyous sound.

The ocean glitters in the deepening glow,

While silver waves with softest music flow

On shingled beach, or kiss their rocky bound.

And men from pleasant dreams of sleep arise,

As morning journeys o'er the azure skies. T. W. A.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE American physician, Dr. Rush, thus speaks of the utility of singing, not only as an accomplishment, but as a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonary complaints. Vocal music, says this celebrated writer, should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life; and the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom may all be relieved by singing, when sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact which has been suggested to me by my profession; and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes

expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions, nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquired by exercising them in their vocal music; for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me, that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing. The best foreign singers have been remarkable for longevity, many reaching the age of ninety years and upwards.

PRESS WARRANT FOR SINGING BOYS.—The only

impressment remembered in the present age is that cruel expedient which was once resorted to for procuring a sufficient number of able men to serve in the navy; but in former times it was frequently resorted to for obtaining workmen for the service of the king, and, according to the Sloane MS. in the British Museum, No. 2035, a species of the same tyranny was practised even in the time of Elizabeth for the purpose of getting choristers for the different royal chapels. The following is a copy of the royal mandate, which bears her majesty's autograph:—

“By the Queene, Elizabeth R.

“Whereas we have authorised our servaunte Thomas Gyles, Mr. of the children of the cathedrall church of St. Paule, within our cittie of London, to take upp suche apte and meete children as are most fitt to be instructed and framed in the arte and science of musicke and singinge as maye be had and found out within anie place of this our realme of England or Wales, to be by his education and bringinge up made meete and liable to serve us in that behalf, when our pleasure is to call for them.

“Wee therefore by the tenor of these presents will and require you that you permit and suffer from henceforth our saide servaunte Thomas Gyles and his deputie or deputies, and every of them to take up in anye cathedrall or collegiate church or churches, and in everye other place or places of this our realme of England and Wales suche childe or children as he or they or anye of them shall finde and like of, and the same childe and children by vertue hereof for the use and service aforesaide with them or any of them, to bring awaye withoute anye lettes, contradicions, staye, or interruptions to the contrarie, charginge and commandinge you and everie of you to be aydinge, helpinge, and assistinge to the above named Thomas Gyles and his deputie and deputies in and aboute the due execution of the premises for the more spedie, effectuell, and better accomplishing therof from tyme to tyme, as you and everie of you doe tendar our will and pleasure, and will answer for doinge the contrarie at yor perilles.

“Given under our signet at our Manor of Greenwich, the xxvith daye of Aprill, in the xxviii yere of our reign.

“To all and singular Deanes, Prouostes, Maisters, and wardens of Collegies, and all ecclesiasticall psons and mynisters, and to all other our officers, mynisters, and subjects to whome in this case it shall apperteyne, and to everye of them greetinge.”

MALIBRAN.—A young English singer in the chorus of the Italian Opera in Paris, not having the means to follow the company to London, resolved upon taking a benefit concert, Malibran having promised to sing for her. By chance, on the evening fixed for her concert, Madame Malibran was summoned to the Duke of Orleans' party. The bénéficiaire, uneasy and alarmed, requested the audience to be patient. 11 o'clock had struck, and Malibran came. After singing several romances, she took the lady aside, and said, “I promised you my evening, you know: well I have contrived to make a double harvest of it. Before I came here I sang for you at the Duke of Orleans', and here are the hundred crowns he has sent you.”—*Musical World*.

SHEEP CHARMED.—In my early youth, I went with some other young people, one day during the extreme heat of summer, to seek for coolness and fresh air on one of the lofty mountains which surrounded the Lago Maggiore, in Lombardy. Having reached by day-break the middle of the ascent, we stopped to contemplate the Borromean isles, which were displayed under our feet, in the middle of the lake, when we were surrounded by a large flock of sheep, which were leaving the fold to go to their pasture. One of our party, who was no bad performer on the flute, and who

always carried his instrument along with him, took it out of his pocket. “I am going,” said he, “to turn Corydon; let us see whether Virgil's sheep will recognise their pastor.” He began to play. The sheep and goats, which were following one another to the mountain, with their heads hanging down, raised them at the first sound of the flute, and all, with a general and hasty movement, turned to the side from whence the agreeable noise proceeded. Gradually they flocked round the musician, and listened with motionless attention. He ceased playing; still the sheep did not stir. The shepherd with his staff obliged those nearest to him to move on. They obeyed; but no sooner did the flute begin again to play, than his innocent auditors again returned to him. The shepherd, out of patience, pelted them with clods of earth; but not one would move. The flute played with additional skill; the shepherd fell into a passion, whistled, scolded, and pelted the poor fleecy amateurs with stones. Such as were hit by them began to march, but the others still refused to stir. At last, the shepherd was obliged to entreat our Orpheus to stop his magic sounds; the sheep then moved off, but continued to stop at a distance, as often as our friend resumed the agreeable instrument. The tune he played was nothing more than the favorite air of the opera at that time performing at Milan. As music was our continual employment, we were delighted with our adventure; we reasoned upon it the whole day, and concluded that physical pleasure is the basis of all music.—*Life of Haydn*.

HAYDN used to relate, with much pleasure, a dispute which he had with a music-seller in London. Amusing himself one morning, after the English fashion, in shopping, he inquired of a music-seller if he had any select and beautiful music? “Certainly,” replied the shopman, “I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's.” “Oh,” returned Haydn, “I'll have nothing to do with that.” “How, sir, you will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! And pray what fault have you to find with it?” “Oh, plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me: show me some other.” The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied, “No, sir, I have music, it is true, but not for such as you;” and turned his back upon him. As Haydn was going away, smiling, a gentleman of his acquaintance entered, and accosted him by name. The music-seller, still out of humour, turned round at the name, and said to the person who had just entered the shop: “Haydn!—aye, here's a fellow who says he does not like that great man's music.” The Englishman laughed; an explanation took place, and the music-seller was made acquainted with the man who found fault with Haydn's music.—*Life of Haydn*.

JOHN BULL.—Dr. John Bull was the first Gresham professor of music, and organist and composer to Queen Elizabeth. John, like a true Englishman, travelled for improvement, and having heard of a famous musician at St. Omer's, he placed himself under him as a novice; but a circumstance very soon convinced the master that he was inferior to the scholar. The musician showed John a song, which he had composed in *forty parts*!—telling him at the same time, that he defied all the world to produce a person capable of adding *another* part to his composition. Bull desired to be left alone, and to be indulged for a short time with pen and ink. In less than three hours, he added *forty parts* more to the song. Upon which the Frenchman was so surprised, that he swore in great ecstasy, he must be either the *Devil* or *John Bull*; which has ever since become proverbial in England.

REFUSAL.—A skillful musician, who had acquired a large fortune by marriage, was asked to sing in company. “Allow me,” said he, “to imitate the nightingale, which does not sing after it has made its nest.”

THE TRUE KINDRED OF CHRIST.

To have seen a place or a person of eminence is a circumstance on which we are accustomed to reflect with pleasure, and which we relate to others who have not enjoyed the gratification, with a feeling of superiority. Had we seen the Son of God—had we traced the features of his heavenly countenance—had we listened to the kind and encouraging tones of his voice—had we heard him addressing the astonished and delighted multitude—seen him healing the sick, comforting the distressed, and raising the dead—had we gazed on his sacred person after his own resurrection from the dead—how often should we have been heard reverting to the fact—reverting to it as the most interesting part of our history—and perhaps claiming to ourselves a degree of credit and authority on account of it. Thus, when the apostle Peter was exhorting the elders of the Christian church, he claimed to be heard, not only because he himself was an elder, but also because he had been “a witness of the sufferings of Christ.” And our Lord himself declares that, in the last day, many will claim admission into heaven, partly because they have eaten and drunk in his presence, and had seen him teach in their streets.

Had we not only seen him, but had we been also on terms of friendship with him—had he taken us with him when he left the multitude, and explained to us his public discourses, and admitted us to familiar intercourse, and even permitted us to recline on his bosom, how distinguished would have been the honour, and how many would have envied us its possession.

But still more—had we been related to Christ according to the flesh, how much greater the distinction still. Many employ their time and their wealth in tracing back their pedigree to the great and mighty of the earth; they value an exalted ancestry even more than an honourable character; and if they can but establish a remote and doubtful alliance to it, they make it their boast and their glory. But if it be an honour to be allied to any earthly dignity—to any one to whom man has given a title—then who can estimate the distinction of being related to Him who is the great fountain of all the honour and authority in the universe? If it be an honour to be related to the wise—in him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; every sentence he uttered was a revelation; and he has given to us the key of the knowledge which opens heaven and leads to eternal life. If it be an honour to be allied to the rich—he is the heir of all things:—or to be related to the conquerors of the earth—he is the conqueror of sin, and death, and hell. And hence the apostle Paul, when enumerating the peculiar distinctions of the Jewish nation, describes it as one, that

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Christ was born of it: “Whose are the fathers; and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever.”

But, on a certain occasion, the Saviour declared that there is an honour greater than that of having seen him—of having been admitted to occasional intercourse with him—or of even having been related to him by the ties of human consanguinity—namely, the honour of a spiritual relationship. The union to him which originates in faith, is cemented by love, and which leads to a life of holy obedience, is an honour which swallows up every other distinction, and which puts the believer into the possession of all he can desire or enjoy. “Jesus stretched forth his hand towards his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father, who is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.”

Here, our Lord describes the *man who is most nearly related to him*. When a person of property dies intestate, it is considered a point of great importance to determine who is the nearest of kin—who has the first and the strongest claim to the property of the deceased. But the question here pending is,—who is the most nearly related to Christ? because to him devolves spiritual wealth and honours beyond all computation. Guided by the language we have just quoted, the question admits of an easy solution. The happy individual may be found in a palace, or in a hovel—pining in poverty, or rolling in affluence—lying in the depths of obscurity, or standing on the pinnacle of fame—destitute of learning, or sitting in the chair of philosophy and wisdom; his ancestry, age, and external circumstances, are altogether unimportant;—but, wherever he is to be found, he is distinguished by *doing the will of God*. This is his *proprium*—his distinctive badge. He avails himself of every opportunity which he enjoys of learning that will. As far as he understands it, he loves it; and loves the Saviour for having revealed it. He is conscientiously earnest in obeying it, however humbling the doctrines which it requires him to believe, and however difficult the duties which it calls him to perform; he counts it his meat to do the will of his Father who is in heaven. He knows no other rule to walk by than the word of God—no other end to aim at than the glory of God. And, this being his character, he is related to Christ. He is moving in a line with Christ; and tending, though not with equal steps, to the same celestial goal. He has been born into the same family—partakes of the same spiritual nature—and, as an heir of God, he is said to be a joint-heir with Christ. However obscure, therefore, the station he may occupy—whatever the country which gave him birth—and whatever the circum-

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stances which may combine to depress him—all such considerations are merged and lost sight of in that greatest of all distinctions, that *he does the will of God*;—while the Saviour extends his hands towards him, and says, *Behold my mother, and sister, and brother.*

Here, too, we learn *the superiority of this relationship to Christ to every other.* It is more *vital*;—by which we mean, that it is more essential to our spiritual life than our natural ties are to our natural life. The rupture of the latter we may survive; but Christ is our life, and were it possible for the ties which bind us to him to be broken asunder—though we might live on as men, as Christians we should perish.

It is more *dignified* than any earthly relationship. It allies us to the throne of God—to the royalty of heaven—to dignities which will survive the wreck of all things earthly, and live on when time shall be no more. By our kindred to him, our weakness becomes linked to Almighty strength, and our exigence to Divine all-sufficiency. We become entitled to share in all his possessions and glories.

This union is more *tender* than any earthly connexion. The language of Christ on this point is remarkable; he does not say, “the same is my brother, or sister, or mother;” but, “the same is my brother, *and* sister, *and* mother. He is bound to me by a tie so tender and intimate, that it includes all relations in one. I feel for my obedient followers all the tenderness due to a mother—all the kindness and generous regard a man would feel towards his own sister—and all the faithful friendship due to an affectionate brother.” Whatever there is peculiar in the affection or regard of the different endeared relations of life, all centres in the love of Jesus to his sincere disciples.

And this union is more *enduring* than any earthly connexion. Mere human relationships are daily breaking up. Whole families, with every branch belonging to them, have entirely disappeared. How probable is it that the family from which our Lord himself descended, in his human nature, is now entirely extinct. But the relation which subsisted between him and his primitive disciples is not extinct: he can now point them out in the ranks of the blessed above, and say, *Behold my mother and my brethren.* And when every earthly tie shall be dissolved—when he shall come to receive his people to himself—he declares that he will recognise and acknowledge them all as his brethren, his true and only kindred: for he will say to such as have cherished a benevolent and fraternal spirit towards his followers, “inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of *these my brethren*, ye did it unto me.” He will look around on the

assembled world, as he once did on his assembled hearers, and, extending his hand toward them, will draw on them the admiring regards of the universe, by saying, *Behold my mother and my brethren.* And, Oh, who would not in that day gladly disclaim relationship to the noble and mighty of the earth, rather than be destitute of relationship to Christ! Who among the proudest and the loftiest will not then wish that he had claimed kindred with the dust which he almost disdained to tread—that he had said “to corruption, ‘Thou art my mother,’ and to the worm, ‘Thou art my sister’”—rather than be destitute of relationship to Christ? Who among the despisers and persecutors of the saints will not deplore their folly, and envy the faithful the relationship which binds them to Christ! Every other connexion will then have melted away before the fires of the last day—the golden chain which binds his people to himself will be the only remaining bond—and that shall remain for ever; for, saith he, “because I live, ye shall live also.”

How utterly insufficient is every other relationship to Christ than that which arises from faith, and love, and holy obedience! How little has it availed the Jews that they are related to Christ by the ties of country: and as little will it avail them in the last day, when the nations shall be seen coming from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, to sit down with the patriarchs in the kingdom of God, and they themselves shall be cast out. How little will it avail those who enjoyed the personal ministry of Christ—or those who performed miracles in his name—to plead their peculiar privileges, when he shall say to them, “Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you.” And as useless will it be for one nominal Christian to plead that he occupied a high station in the church—and another that he maintained a profession of religion—and a third that he was born of a pious ancestry—and a fourth that he gave even his body to be burned as a martyr to religion. If they were not his humble and sincere followers, he would say to each of them, as the Almighty is represented saying of one of old, “Though this man were the signet on my right hand, I would pluck him off and cast him away.” The salvation of our Lord’s brethren—the salvation of the virgin mother herself—arose not from the alliance of blood, but from sincerely believing in his name. Nothing, nothing short of a Divine and scriptural relationship to Christ will ever entitle us to the joys of heaven. But, possessed of this, let the Christian rejoice in the assurance that the hand which unties every other bond, shall only draw the principle which binds him to Christ closer than ever, and render it indissoluble.

MATRIMONY.

A LETTER TO THE GENTLEMEN OF NEW-YORK. BY A LADY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I HAVE been long solicited to write a letter to the young gentlemen on the subject of "Matrimony." I have declined heretofore, thinking some one more capable of the task would write something upon this important subject. But as I have not seen any such work, and feeling a deep solicitude for the happiness of mankind in general, and believing, as I do, after a careful investigation, that most, if not all, the misery and unhappiness which exists among many who have joined in the sacred bonds of wedlock, arises from the wrong choice of a wife, I am induced to comply with the request; but must beg the patience and forbearance of those who may peruse this letter, it being my first attempt to throw before a criticising world the scribblings of my pen.

I know of no way that I can express my own views, on this subject, in a more vivid manner, than by relating to you the history of two gentlemen, which I had from a source that cannot admit a doubt of its truth.

William Meed and Henry Cross were sent to school at the age of twelve years, in the village of C—, a few miles distant from their native home. Their parents were neither of them rich, but were what was called, forty years since, good livers. They had, each of them, neat little farms, well stocked, and situated in one of the flourishing towns in the land of steady habits. The two eldest sons were selected, from among their ten children, to receive a college education. They were designed in future, by their fond parents, for the ministry; for in those days, in the land of steady habits, every parent thought one of his sons, at least, must be a clergyman.

William and Henry were of the same age. They had been playmates from their infancy, and had become very much attached to each other; their dispositions were as near alike as two dispositions could be, both amiable, unassuming, and affectionate; they had never been among strangers before; they now clung to each other with more ardour, and pledged themselves never to forsake each other; they soon laid aside all feelings of home sickness, and devoted their whole time to their books. A few weeks only passed before the two youngsters had gained the confidence of their teacher, and the love and respect of all the school. When other boys were seen sporting about the play-ground, William and Henry were diligently studying; consequently, they made rapid progress. In three years they were prepared to enter college. After spending a few months with their friends, they entered at Yale. Never did two youths enter that institution with higher hopes, and more determined purpose to be great men, than William Meed and Henry Cross.

At the close of their college term, they left with high applause. They were now to seek a profession: their parents wished them to enter on the study of divinity; but they were too conscientious to attempt to fill that station, without being called by a higher power than man. Although they were strictly moral, and entertained a high regard for religion, they had no reason to believe they had been regenerated by the blood of Christ. And without that regeneration they were sensible they could not perform the duties devolving on a minister of Jesus Christ. Their parents, finding their sons were determined not to comply with their wishes, gave them the liberty of choosing a profession for themselves. The young men consulted together, and concluded they could best realise their early ambition of being great men, by reading law. They lost no time in procuring a situation with one of the most celebrated of that profession; and with the same eagerness and diligence they pursued the study of law, until they were admitted to the bar.

Now a new scene opened before our two heroes. All their wants had hitherto been supplied by their affectionate parents; but now they were to be cast on their own exertions for support. This circumstance, however, did not in the least discourage them; it gave them new energy. About this time there was great emigration to Ohio, then the "far west." William and Henry determined to seek their fortunes in that new country. But few days elapsed after they came to that determination, before they bade adieu to their home, parents, brothers, sisters, friends; and taking their packs on their backs, and staff in hand, set out on foot to seek a home, and fame, in a strange land. After several weeks' travel, and enduring great fatigue, and escaping many dangers to which they were exposed, from encountering Indians and wild beasts, they arrived at a little village, (now a great city,) on one of the banks of the Ohio river. As there was at that time no lawyer in the place, they thought that both might find employ. They had been companions so long, that neither could endure the thought of a separation; they therefore hired a small room together. Very soon they had as much business as they could attend to, and in a few years they had each acquired a small fortune, and were designated by their neighbours as the rich lawyers. They were now twenty-eight years old; and, strange as it may appear, had never been in love. All their time—all their energy, had been devoted to the pursuit of fame and money. They had secluded themselves from female society almost entirely; and the reason for this we give in their own words, when they first went to school: "If we go among the girls

they will steal our hearts, and then we may hang up our fiddles, about being great or rich men: we will first get the cage, and there will be birds enough who will gladly fly to it." They had now got their cages, and they thought (and rightly too) that nothing now was wanting to complete their earthly happiness, but birds, or, in other words, amiable wives. But to get these was not so easy as they had anticipated. In that new country there were but few unmarried ladies: but William and Henry had determined to get married; they therefore attended church more frequently than before, visited their neighbours oftener; but it was all in vain for the two lawyers to look any longer among the fair maidens of Ohio. William and Henry at last concluded to make a visit to the land of steady habits once more, and take to themselves wives from among the honest farmers' daughters of their own native village.

This being settled, they set out on their journey in the month of August, 18—. On their arrival, they made it their first business, after spending a few days with their aged parents, to make a visit to all their old friends. By the old people they were received as their own children; but they were forgotten by the young people; those that were of their own age had long since married, and, like themselves, sought homes in the new country. They very soon, however, became acquainted with all the young ladies.

Some weeks had passed, and as yet they had not made the object of their visit known. But the young ladies had not been silent observers of the rich lawyers; they had, as the saying is in New England, all set their caps to catch them, except Helen Wilson: she was the daughter of a poor farmer, and an only child. Mr. Wilson having once been in good circumstances, had given his daughter every advantage of education; but now he was, through sickness and misfortune, very poor. Helen had been her parents' only support for four years; she had been able, thus far, by teaching the village school, to supply their every want; but this was no task to Helen; she assisted her mother in the domestic affairs, and there was not a happier family than Mr. Wilson's in the whole village. Helen was a child when our two heroes first left their native village; she was now in her twenty-second year. In her were united the most unaffected modesty, and the highest ease and elegance of manners. Her dress was plain and simple, arranged with perfect taste, and in such a way as to set off her elegant form with the greatest effect. Intelligence beamed in her soft blue eye; and when she spoke, her words conveyed a charm that went to the soul. Her voice was music, and every movement was the perfection of grace. Yet she seemed wholly unconscious of the effect she produced upon the beholder; and this circumstance threw an irresistible loveliness over every other

charm. Her mother was devoutly pious, and had instilled into the mind of Helen all the pure principles of religion. This instruction had produced its legitimate effect. It had not only given to her life and character an almost angel purity, but had so chastened and beautified her whole behaviour and conversation, as to attract the love and admiration of every heart. Old Mr. Wilson had known William when a boy; he had often dandled him on his knee, and told him he must be a good boy if he would be a great man. William thus became very much attached to Mr. Wilson, and though he had not seen him for many years, he still loved him; and although he had become poor, and thought but little of among the wealthy villagers, William made his first visit to him. The old man was rejoiced to see him; and after a hearty shake of the hand, seated him by his side, asking questions three times as fast as William could find words to answer. Helen's entrance to the room, however, afforded William a moment's rest. "Come here, my daughter," said the old man, "I suppose you do not know this young man," pointing to William. "I do not." "He is the son of Mr. Meed; you have heard his sister speak often of him." "Yes." Helen seated herself for a few moments, and then rose to assist her mother in the same room. William, although to appearance in deep conversation with the old man, watched every motion of Helen; and when he left the house, he felt emotions that he had never before experienced. He hastened to find Henry, to tell him of his feelings. Henry could sympathise with him in every feeling; he had the same morning been smitten with the beauty of Susan Green, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. Susan was tall and graceful, her skin of alabaster whiteness; the profuse tresses of her auburn hair hung carelessly over her shoulders, and half concealed her swan-like neck; her eyes black and piercing; and on her lip played a bewitching smile. She had just returned from a fashionable boarding-school, where great attention was paid to the outward adorning of its pupils, while the mind was left a barren wilderness. Susan was an only daughter, and had been the idol of her parents. No inclination had been crossed—no wish ungratified. Her dresses were splendid, and seemed to have been selected with a view more of extravagance than of propriety. She knew nothing of domestic concerns; her time was spent in walking, riding, and visiting; religion was never thought of; her parents thought religion to be the work of more advanced years; and as they knew but little about it themselves, they had not troubled their daughter with it; they undoubtedly meant well; but the error which they committed was fatal to the temporal, and, it is to be feared, the eternal welfare of their child.

Henry, in the heat of his passion, was blinded to all these imperfections in Susan. Without

delay, he solicited her hand: it was granted, and the day appointed for their marriage; it was Susan's eighteenth birthday that was selected. She had been accustomed, from her infancy, to keep this as a holiday. The day arrived; all the villagers were invited; musicians were hired from the city, and a splendid supper prepared. After the knot was tied, the remainder of the night was spent in dancing, as was the fashion with some in those days. Henry would have preferred to follow the example of William, who had the same evening taken his lovely bride, dressed in a plain white muslin, to the village parson's, without any attendants but her parents; yet he would not openly disapprove of the wishes of his intended bride.

The next morning they set out on their journey to Ohio, accompanied by the parents of the two young ladies. William had persuaded the parents of his beloved Helen to go with him to his home, and there spend the remainder of their days, free from cares. The party soon arrived at their place of destination. Helen was delighted with the new country, and commenced the duties of her family with cheerfulness and delight. She was ardently devoted to her husband; it was her only aim to make him happy. When he returned from his day's labour, she met him with a smile; and in her storehouse of knowledge she never failed of finding something to talk of—to interest and please. She soon became acquainted with many of her neighbours, and by them she was beloved and esteemed, as she had been in her own native village. Year after year passed away, and nothing marred the pleasure and happiness of this amiable couple.

Through the instrumentality of Helen, William, soon after their marriage, was brought to feel that he was a sinner, and destitute of the grace of God in his heart. He sought the Saviour, and was renewed by his Spirit. They now engaged in all the benevolent operations of the day; and no two have ever done more to disseminate the pure principles of religion through the western country, than Mr. and Mrs. Meed. Helen is now the mother of seven children. William has amassed a large fortune, and retired from practice, one of the most respectable and most beloved gentlemen that the western country affords.

But it is not so with Henry. He was enamoured with the beauty of Susan's face and figure, and never thought, until too late, that the beauty of a wife should consist in a well-cultivated mind, and industrious habits, to insure happiness. Susan knew nothing of governing a family. Totally ignorant of domestic affairs, and, like too many young ladies of the present day, she had imbibed the false idea, that it was a disgrace to be seen in her kitchen, giving orders to her servants; and, as every thing was trusted to their management, consequently much was

wasted. Her house was constantly in an uproar. When Henry sought for happiness and pleasure by his fireside, he was continually harassed with complaints from his wife, about the bad conduct of the servants. Henry, thinking all his wife said must be right, scolded the servants, turned them away, got more, but all to no purpose. Every day things grew worse and worse. His wife was unpleasant; his children neglected; and so it went on until his fortune was far spent, and he had to labour night and day to support his wife and two children. After repeated efforts to remedy the evil, and finding no change, he became discouraged; his once mild and amiable disposition became soured, and discord arose between him and his wife. His home had become a place of misery to him, and he dreaded to enter it. Happiness is the object after which all mankind are seeking; and when it cannot be found in one place, the pursuer turns to another. So it was with Henry. Fatal mistake! He deserted his home, and made the tavern his place of resort, to spend his leisure hours; there he mixed with the vicious, and took the intoxicating cup to drown his troubles! Ah! how many thousands have done the same! His business was neglected, and poverty stared him in the face. His wife became more turbulent, and often angry words passed between them, and the neighbours were obliged to interpose to quell their disturbances. So they lived, until they became the by-word of the place, and were despised by all who knew them. Susan at last returned to her father, leaving her children to the mercy of a drunken husband. These poor little children—one ten, the other but eight years of age—were now turned into the street, ignorant and dirty, to beg a living. This great change in the once pleasing prospects of Henry Cross, was a painful thing to Mr. and Mrs. Meed. William had never forsaken Henry, but used every means in his power to reclaim him. But when the seeds of vice have become deep-rooted in the heart of man, it is impossible to destroy them. So it was with poor Henry. His once high hopes of fame were blasted; his ambition and pride of character had been annihilated by deeds of evil. From his children he was weaned; and the world, in his sober moments, appeared to him now nought but a dreary waste. With these feelings, and but little money, (which William had given him,) he bade adieu to the once happy, but now deserted home, not knowing or caring which course he took.

Helen, whose heart was open to every noble deed of charity, proposed to her husband to take under their protection the poor despised children of his early friend. This William had long wished to do; but, unwilling to bring any additional cares upon his wife, he had kept his feelings concealed from her. But when Helen made the proposition, he was rejoiced, and immediately gave orders to have the two children, a boy and

girl, brought to his house, where they have, under the instruction of Mrs. Meed, and the example of her well-disciplined family, become respectable and beloved.

Susan reached her father's house just as her mother was breathing her last. She had been attacked a few days before with a fever, which proved fatal. Mr. Green had previously been made acquainted with the unhappy situation of his daughter; but he did not once think that she was the cause of all her unhappiness, and that on him, and his wife, who now was a lifeless corpse before him, rested much blame. Had they governed and subdued her temper, taught her to be industrious, instilled into her mind the pure principles of religion; in short, if they had "trained her up in the ways she should have gone," she would have been as bright a star as ever shone. She was committed to their charge in perfect form of body and mind; but they, like many other parents, permitted the tender plant to grow up without cultivation. She now became mistress of her father's house; and, as it had been in her own, so it was there—all confusion and discord. She disagreed with all her neighbours; and the once happy little village of P— was constantly in a broil. The death of Mrs. Green, and the bad conduct of Susan, weighed so heavily on the mind of Mr. Green, that he died, two years after the return of his daughter, with a broken heart.

Susan was now left sole heir of twenty thousand dollars. She was yet young and good looking. To spend the remainder of her life in a little country village, she could not think of. Six months after the death of Mr. Green, Susan

located herself in the city of B—. She had cast aside her habiliments of mourning, and arrayed herself in the most costly apparel. About this time a young Englishman, just emigrated from his native land, was seen promenading Mainestreet; and as Susan made this her chief resorting place, the young Englishman saw her, and, as she says, fell in love with her; but as it turned out, it was the money, that some one told him she possessed, that he was in love with. He sought an interview, and in three days they were married. He soon worked the card so as to get into his hands all her money, and, bidding adieu to Susan, turned his heel on America, and embarked once more for his native land. Susan was now in a strange city, without money—without friends. Where could she flee? Wherever she was known, she was despised. To work she knew not how; and she had led such an indolent life that she had no desire to learn.

She is now an inmate of a house of ill fame, one of the most degraded kind, where the writer saw her a few months since—the most miserable, degraded being in the world. A tract was presented to her by the writer, which she promised to read, and also to quit her course of life. But, alas! I fear she will never fulfil her promise.

The last account of Henry was, that he had joined the Texian army, and fallen a victim to the sword of the enemy.

You see, my young friends, I have written a long and tedious letter, but if it produce its desired effect with those to whom it is addressed, my object will be gained, and I shall never regret the time I have spent in writing it.

W. M

SITTINGS FOR MY PORTRAIT.

NINTH AND LAST SITTING.

THE painter is advancing rapidly towards the completion of his work; to which, after continual sittings of three hours, I can have no powerful objection. It is no useless lesson to learn and to practise, that whereas much may be achieved with patience and perseverance, nothing can be accomplished to any purpose without them. There is no royal road, I perceive, either to science or art; on the contrary, labour is universally essential to attainment. We can neither bound up by a leap to the summit of skill, nor reach the top of the hill where "fame's proud temple shines afar" by flying. I have been at once amused and astonished at the artists' quickness and dexterity in the management, or, as I should say, the play of his pencil, and at the numberless touches and retouches that have been given to this canvass, to produce the almost breathing shadow, for shadow it is, and only shadow after all, while, nevertheless, it is all but life!

I see an irremediable disadvantage attaching to this beautiful art, in its incapacity to exhibit more than one point of human existence. It is only possible to catch the outlines of an ever varying form in a single crisis of existence, on one day, or in one week of the predestined three score years and ten. If the painter knew what had been, or could ascertain what would be, the vicissitudes of our corporeal frame, he would be unable to condense into one view the past and the future; or, indeed, would be thanked for it, were it possible: the effect must be grotesque and heterogeneous. He must seize and fix the reality of our fugitive season of life only, which may, nevertheless, convey a sufficiently vivid impression of a general character which previous and slow working elements may have formed, and which subsequent processes of a physical or intellectual decay cannot wholly exterminate.

This, then, is the representation, so far as ap-

pearance goes, of my maturity, the manhood and the middle age of my present being. And what are the indications? These may furnish materials for self-reflection, but perhaps not properly for disclosure. *What am I?* is a question of grave importance, to be pursued calmly, closely, and impartially; and a valuable picture will this be if its striking semblance to the living reality should often prompt the investigation. Let me, while even now taking the frequent and permitted glances at the yet unfinished production, repeat secretly the profitable inquiry, and trace some of its moral bearings, and hereafter often return to it. Whether it be of any consequence to the world at large or not, it is to myself of incalculable moment, even to others, however, it may not be utterly insignificant. O, tell me in truth, and in the subtle but powerful language of a physiognomical reflection—tell me, if thou canst, thou self-imagining shade, what am I? What am I as a man, a social man, an immortal man? What am I as a creature of Omnipotent Power?—"I am fearfully and wonderfully made." What am I as a being preserved and sustained by a succession of providential ministrations? Do I employ my powers and my time for any great or good purpose? or am I only living "to eat and drink," and forgetful or disdainful of the fact that "to-morrow I die?" What am I in the family, in the intercourse of social life, amidst the claims of business or profession, in the church, in the world? What am I in temper, motive, and character? Am I a curse or a benefactor to my race, in the wrong or right use of property, talents, and influence? or am I simply neutral, a kind of border inhabitant, on the verge of either, and a dreamer away of a life which must bear with it, unto another, all its awful responsibilities? Are the suggestions of that portrait painful or pleasing? What is there to be cherished—what to be corrected—what to be expunged in the moral portrait, of which this contains a shadowy indication? for here are enstamped by the vivid mockery of the pencil the beamings of love and hatred, good and evil. What do those eyes express? what do those lips intimate? what does that brow describe? I will look at it as if it were another's. I will forget for a time whose image it is, and strive to read only, so to speak, the moral superscription. These are surely tokens of *natural* qualities or passions, and of *acquired* dispositions. There is anger, or envy, or pride, or ambition, or avarice; let me aim to crush the vipers with their hideous brood: or there is kindness, or humility, or good temper; let me cultivate and not boast of what may be merely constitutional, but be grateful for what is superinduced by the mighty operations of a Superior Power through the media of copious instructions, providential monitions, and all the means of high improvement. If the mental or moral workings within are to produce, or have produced, or essen-

tially modified the physiognomical structure, then is it such as it ought to have been, or as I should wish it to be, as a subject of reflection or continued observation in years to come? Would I be really what that very picture seems to indicate? Would I, myself presumed for a moment to be the observer only of some other shade—would I take that man for my companion, my friend, or my example? Is there worth or worthlessness, greatness or meanness, virtue or vice, the earthly or the heavenly, there?—But I pause—

What have I been? When the traveller attains the highest elevation of some mountain whither he had for many a day bent his weary steps, he sits down to review his journey, and to contemplate the circumambient prospects. There is a certain set of feature and a certain fixation of character which, with allowances for probable modifications for both in future days, may be considered the real man about the middle of life; and, therefore, the age from forty-five to fifty-five is probably the best, the most true to nature, and the least deceiving to future times, for the exertion of the painter's art. It is then, I think, and rarely before or after, the portrait should be taken; that is the true and useful portrait, except for mere curiosity, or the gratification of intimate friends, or under the varying circumstances of contemplated absence and danger. For a man's own reflections, moreover, it is the advantageous period. And, as has been said, the traveller looks back from his attained elevation on the traversed region; so may one in frequent retrospections retrace, for moral purposes, whether of humiliation, gratitude, or impulse, the journey of existence. By the experience acquired, we may teach others as well as ourselves. From analogy we may calculate on the future by the past, and become the counsellors of our juvenile successors. To roll back departed time we cannot, to retrace and re-order our steps we cannot; but to receive and communicate instruction are both in our power; and he has surely lived to little purpose who at fifty has no lessons of wisdom to impart, and no self-corrections to adopt or resolve.

Personal identity, as spread over a large space of time, is a curious subject of contemplation. There I am assuredly, in the shadowed representation of this fugitive hour; but can that be, and can I be the very being that in the littleness of infancy slept in the arms of maternal tenderness—in advancing juvenility trundelled the hoop, and on the Saturday's holiday loved to fly my kite, to run, and leap, and swim, in eager competition with my gay companions, or at "old, old Christmas" speak my speeches to laudatory grand-mamas, and exhibit, in the rejoicing greetings of the family and friendly circle, the prizes of an ambition that rivalled according to its capability the heroes of Greece and Rome—and in riper, but still early age, trod so many weary ways, formed so many pleasing associations with men

and things, and devised so many romantic schemes that have all vanished away like the dreamy phantoms of twilight?—Yes, says the spirit of conscious identity, "Tis he, but O how changed!"

It is curious, however, to see myself, in the rapid tracings and conceptions of my own mind, at once an infant, a youth, and a man. It is a strange perspective, and gives birth to strange paradoxes. I am he who was, but is not, and I am he who is, but was not; and yet the past and the present, yea and the future too, are here in reality one!

At twelve years of age my portrait was painted by an eminent artist. It is now suspended over the parlour fireplace in my father's house, and whenever I pay my filial visits, the sight of it rouses into action a thousand indescribable emo-

tions. It brings to my mind school, playmates, competitions—innumerable things. There is the curly hair hanging down in its auburn coloured ringlets which are now no more! There is the careless look of childhood, with hat in hand, after a walk or a foot-race of the young Olympics; but all these, or nearly so, have disappeared! There is the red coat and the plaited frill, and the yet unhidden bosom—yes, the identical coat, of brilliant hue and envied smartness, in which I walked, and talked, and strutted on the stage of Christmas theatricals; but coat, stage, profession, are changed; and the *pride* too of that season, nourished by praise, and then twining about all the fibres of feeling and thought—is that too—would that it were—"buried in the tomb of all the Capulets!" X.

TALES OF THE INN-KITCHEN.—No. IV.

THE affecting incidents of the last tale, delivered, as they were, with much feeling and pathos, had excited no small interest in the minds of the travellers, especially when assured that the principal circumstances narrated were strictly true; the gentleman who had told it having been the school-fellow of the captain from whose lips he had received the account.

A third person in the party, of youthful appearance, was next required to contribute to the amusement of his companions. He drew from his pocket a manuscript, and, with ingenuousness and modesty, said that he had employed some leisure hours in the composition of a poetical tale, which, if it met with the approval of the company present, he would with pleasure recite for their gratification. His proposal being received with delight, he began the story of

THE EMIGRANT.

I.

IN that fair province of Britannia's isle
Where Avon pours his limpid tide along,
Through vales that bask in nature's gentlest smile,
Where first drew breath the bard supreme in song,
Where yet, defying time, the hoary pile
Of stout Earl Guy attracts the gaping throng;
A maiden, pure as the transparent dew
She trod at morn, to woman's stature grew.

II.

No scion she of an ancestral race,
Ages had lent no halo to her name,
Yet she had that from nature which might grace.
The pedigree most rich in rank and fame:
Nobility of soul is not of place
Nor station; none by earthly patent claim
That which ennobles peasants, and which sheds
New honours upon coroneted heads.

III.

Simple were Mary's pleasures: o'er her flowers
To bend, and bathe their roots with mimic rain,
When summer skies withheld the needed showers;
To trail the climbing woodbine round the pane,

To watch the bees, forth issuing from their bowers,
Or homeward speeding, laden from the plain;
Or her loved bird to tend, that all day long
Repaid her care with oft-repeated song;

IV.

Such were her recreations. Labours meet
In turn were hers, and both alike could please:
To bread was metamorphosed home-grown wheat;
The snowy curd became a massy cheese;
Pure wine was press'd from berries ripe and sweet,
Which left unwished-for that from o'er the seas;
And she, with temper meek and mind serene,
Flourished, the fairy of the rustic scene.

V.

Hers was a frame from nature's finest mould,
A cheek with pure blood tinged, a step as light
As the wild deer's, when hunters' clarion bold
Startles him into half-contemptuous flight;
Sweet smiles would oft her coral mouth unfold,
Displaying teeth as new-carved ivory white;
Her voice was music's echo, and her words
Flowed free and artless as the notes of birds.

VI.

She had a large eye of the palest blue,
Or it might rather be a lustrous grey,
An orb o'erfilled with light, that, while it drew
Observance, turn'd the keenest gaze away,
Dazzling and baffling the beholder's view,
Like the unclouded sun at noon of day;
And round a forehead nobly arch'd and fair,
Loose natural ringlets flowed, of auburn hair.

VII.

Her home a small farm-house within a vale,
Border'd with gentle hills and spreading trees,
That smiled in beauty the new sun to hail,
Whose rays brought merry birds, and troops of bees
To pilfer from the blossom on the pale
Woodbine, or mossy rose, or fragrant peas;
A green and tangled wood uprose behind,
A barrier 'gainst the surly northern wind.

VIII.

The ample garden's wicket oped before,
On a small common clothed with stunted green,
By many a noisy brood besprinkled o'er;
In sooth, that pleasant site had lonely been,

But that gray smoke around was seen to soar,
 'Mid winter's stormy rack or summer's sheen,
 In many a slender wreath, from many a roof,
 And held all sense of loneliness aloof.

IX.

And there she grew, in innocence and joy,
 To graceful womanhood ; her pleasures those
 Which satisfy the mind they cannot cloy :
 Useful employment, undisturbed repose,
 Were hers ; but there is ever some alloy
 Of earthly happiness, and bitter throes
 Will heave the heart that seemed but now to glide—
 A summer skiff on life's unruffled tide.

X.

The daisied turf, through many a bygone year,
 Had lain upon her father's lowly grave ;
 Though early lost to her, he had been dear ;
 And when in evening's breeze the yews would wave
 Their mournful branches, oft a secret tear
 To his yet cherished memory she gave :
 And now again the grave must gape, and close
 Upon her other parent's last repose.

XI.

Deeply she mourn'd. Meanwhile the seasons four
 Their circle ran ; and if they failed to chase
 Her grief, some pangs upon their wings they bore,
 And to her sorrow-worn and pallid face
 The rose's delicate tinting 'gan restore,
 And lent her step once more its wonted grace ;
 Again the tribes of field, and wood, and air,
 Could win her notice—earth again seemed fair.

XII.

It chanced that one—in years of infancy
 Her playmate—left the city's smoke and din,
 To breathe once more beneath a clearer sky,
 And from his native air the tint to win
 That mantled on his cheek when he would hie,
 What time glad larks to greet the sun begin,
 With Mary, o'er the fields, and through the wood,
 And seize, despite her tears, the callow brood.

XIII.

Nature he loved, nor wrong'd her as of old,
 But mark'd with joy the footsteps of the spring,
 And loved to see the early flowers unfold
 Their petals ;—tribes of insects on the wing,
 With instincts wondrous, all yet half untold ;—
 To hear the birds their natural anthems sing,
 Piping their shrilly notes at eventide,
 Or when the ruddy morn the welkin dyed.

XIV.

Playmates they had been, lovers they became,
 And ranged, with feelings new, each favourite spot ;
 On Mary's heart had none beside a claim,
 All whom she loved, who loved her, now were not ;
 Youth's atmosphere was round them, and the flame
 Of love thence brightness and full vigour caught ;
 Theirs seemed a new existence, a charm'd life,
 And earth an orb with sudden glories rife.

XV.

Young Love is fond of solitude, and straying
 By moonlit river, when upon its tide
 The ripples with the evening breeze are playing ;
 Love joys adown its silvery course to glide,
 Or in some smooth, expansive bay delaying,
 Where arboury trees bend down on every side,
 To spend the hours in dalliance, on which day
 Shall rise—and rise with an unwelcome ray.

XVI.

Love roams in twilight paths when all is still,
 Save the night bird, with his 'lorn plaintive note ;
 The rustling leaves, and the unquiet rill ;
 The coo of wild doves, and the beetles' drone ;
 The homeward peasant's whoop, that hill to hill
 Repeats ; the call of owls that ponder lone ;
 And that low whisper heard, we know not whence,
 Amid the lull of silence most intense.

XVII.

Music is love's own language ; not a bird
 That sings but lends him some resistless note,
 The one loved being's every eloquent word,
 The mingled lays that through the ether float,
 Eolian harpings in the midnight heard,
 The cause of all mysterious Love promote ;
 The brook's low murmur as it devious roves,
 The torrent's crash, the thunder's roar, are Love's.

XVIII.

Thus fed, Love in their hearts in stature grew,
 And, specious tyrant, soon became supreme,
 And tinted all around with his own hue,
 Till this cold world a fairy land did seem !
 Hope o'er their path his arc of promise threw,
 Whose vista's brighter than a poet's dream ;
 Ere young hearts realise their hopes, alas !
 Travellers the horizon's line shall overpass.

XIX.

One favourite walk they had—through the still wood,
 Across the meadow, by the winding brook,
 Past the old oak, which centuries had stood,
 And still its leafy boughs in sunshine shook,
 By tempests, as by time, all unsubdued,—
 Until they reached a little peaceful nook,
 The home of one who Mary's childhood nursed,
 And led her footsteps in that pathway first,—

XX.

A cottage where clematis flusher grew,
 And roses blushed with a more conscious red,
 And the rife violets caught a sweeter hue
 From the more heavenly azure overhead ;
 Where heavier and more silvery clung the dew,
 And merrier bees with richer fare were fed
 (It seemed so) than elsewhere, and through the night
 The tremulous stars shed down a keener light.

XXI.

And they would wander o'er that pathway lone,
 In the sweet season of declining day,
 When silence marks the landscape for her own,
 And in the pallid sky the filmy gray
 Is darkening into night, and from her throne
 The earliest star emits a timid ray ;
 Or when the morning's first and freshest breeze
 Crept with a gentle whisper through the trees.

XXII.

Hither one noon they stray'd, when all was bright
 And fervent, even as their fondest dream :
 Flowers spread their bosoms to the glowing light,
 And silvery fish leap'd from the glassy stream
 In the warm air, then plunged from human sight ;
 Sudden the sun's light grew a lurid gleam,
 Masses of cloud weigh'd on the distant hill,
 And every twig and leaf grew deathly still.

XXIII.

The lightning now its jagged lances threw,
 And now its ample banner of pale fire
 Waved athwart heaven a moment, then withdrew ;
 On rushed the bellowing thunder—louder—nigher—

Through gaps of the rent air, that tremulous grew,
As nature would in that wild throes expire !
Then chorusing the peal's retiring crash,
Of the big leaden rain was heard the plash.

XXIV.

Mary with serious, not with timid gaze,
Marked, from the cottage window, the wild strife
Of elements—the deep "boom" and the blaze ;
Then spoke, her voice with deepest meaning rife :—
" Henry, is this an emblem of our days ?
Such as this morn was *is* our mutual life ;
Shall future clouds its sunny calm deform,
And peace and gladness yield to gloom and storm ? "

XXV.

'Twas a prophetic strain : they saw moons grow,
And wane, and vanish ; and ere yet the sun
Had lost his clear and chasten'd autumn glow,
Or the harsh wind to strip the trees begun,
And lay the last flowers of the season low,
The village pastor made the lovers one.
The town received them ; strangers trod the floor
By gold made theirs, which she should tread no more.

XXVI.

The village maiden, in the city's maze,
Like a fair lily from its green retreat
Transplanted into arid dusty ways,
Seemed then a flower not less supremely sweet
Than in her rustic and her maiden days :
Yet was she an exotic, to her feet
The stones were hard, the endless walls awoke
Thoughts of a prison canopied with smoke.

XXVII.

Yet, loving, she was happy : the months flew
On rapid wings, till their amount was years,
And she the fondness of a mother knew—
A mother's anxiousness, a mother's fears ;
A meek fair girl was hers, the tender blue
Of whose young eyes betoken'd frequent tears ;
And a frank boy, her elder, o'er whose sleep
The mother oft would pensive vigil keep.

XXVIII.

A mother's joy is sadness half, and smiles
Through warm tears glisten ; cares will blend with
shade
Love's sunshine, which thus tempered more beguiles !
Alas for Mary ! on the sea of trade
Their all was launched—and lost ! a villain's wiles
Wreck, havoc, of the luckless venture made ;
And left what but a little space might hold,
The gaunt wolf, hunger, from their tender fold.

XXIX.

Their dwindling substance every hour grew less,
Their comforts hourly fewer and more few ;
Plainer their fare was, coarser was their dress,
And poverty more close and closer drew ;
Soon debt o'erbrimm'd the cup of their distress,
Then famine, prisons, opened on their view ;
A chilly hearth, a bed of thorny cares,
A gloomy and a zestless board were theirs !

XXX.

Exertion thwarted, on inaction grew
Accumulated woe. Beyond the main,
Where late the barb of the stark Indian flew,
Ere Britain peopled many a spacious plain,
Roved Henry's fancy ; for that fancy drew
That kindred land a paradise of gain,
A natural granary.—A few days o'er,
Henry will speed toward that distant shore !

XXXI.

Alas for Mary ! when afresh the thought
Came, and the fever mantled on her cheek,
She leaned her head on Henry's breast, and sought
The consolation which he could not speak,
And raised her eyes, with love and beauty fraught,
A ray of comfort in his eyes to seek ;
But nought was there, save the hot tears that clung
To the drenched lashes,—tears her grief had wrung.

XXXII.

They sought the chalky coast ; Mary to wait
Till he had won, he said, in that far place
A home, since that they had was desolate,
And means whereby across the liquid space
She, like a cage-freed dove to join her mate,
Might with her children flee. In Mary's face
His words found no reply : a faint smile there
Did but betray the depth of her despair.

XXXIII.

The eve of parting came : the wind was fair,
The crescent moon was up in the pale sky,
Canvass and streamers fluttered in the air,
And oft was heard the sailor's cheery cry ;
Sorrow, profaneness, merriment, were there,
Oaths, laughter, passionate sob, and stifled sigh ;
From the coarse throng the sad group stood apart,
With livid lips, and each a throbbing heart.

XXXIV.

She raised her eyes to the unclouded moon,
From their long lashes the big tears were streaming,
Like drops that fall from the warm sky of June,
When from the misty east the sun is beaming ;
Henry, when rose the signal sound—too soon !
Started as one who has been wildly dreaming,
Pressed his white lips to lips as white as they,
Grasped her cold trembling hand, and rush'd away !

XXXV.

Mary left not that coast, but waited there
Her fate ; and by her needle, deftly plied,
Earned, from the hardy cotters, humble fare,
What nature needed, and scarce aught beside ;
But few her wants were, if her meals were spare ;
Lofty of soul, she felt no pangs from pride,
And knew no cause for shame ; repining not,
She bore the lonely burden of her lot.

XXXVI.

Yet had she pleasures. When at close of day
Her merry-hearted boy and daughter fair,
Their ever-busy limbs fatigued with play,
For their untroubled pillow 'gan prepare,
And little Mary, yet untaught to pray,
Would kneel and lisp her brother's simple prayer
In the grave tone she heard, unconscious why ;
Then tears would steal into the mother's eye—

XXXVII.

Tears that were not of grief, yet pensive too,
The overbrimming of a gentle heart,
To which affliction only closer drew
Objects from which it could not beat apart,
By love's o'erwarmth urged from their fountains blue,
As drops from summer's surcharged ether start ;
The pathos of enjoyment, sweet but brief,
For soon those founts were sealed again by grief !

XXXVIII.

One eve she at her chamber window sat,
Moulding the pliant twilight into forms
Of living things and things inanimate,
No more, far off, or scathed by the rude storms

That sweep o'er all in this sublunar state—
Of many beings to the hungry worms,
From the pure air and cheerful light, descended,
And with the cold clod of the valley blended !

XXXIX.

Her native valley, to her mental gaze,
Outspread itself in all the summer glow
It used to wear in her young happy days,
Days that sped onward like the rivulet's flow,
So calm, so peaceful ; and even now some rays
Of the heart's sunshine flicker'd o'er the snow
Of present grief, as through her memory passed
Scene after scene, each lovelier than the last.

XL.

Lilac, and sweetbriar, and cuckoo flower,
Cowslips, and harebells, and a thousand more
Flowers of all months, from field and garden bower,
Seemed in succession on her sense to pour
Commingle sweets ; or in a snowy shower
The wind-swept trees shook down their blossomy
store
Around her, while on every side was heard
The mellow pipings of some happy bird.

XLI.

Then in reaped cornfields once again she strayed,
A little gleaner darkening in the sun ;
Or marked, beneath the wood's o'erarching shade,
How Autumn's tints on summer's greenness won ;
Or in the fragrant hay a couch she made,
And idly nestled till the day was done ;
Or hailed the teeming spring, and from the spray
Severed sweet burdens of the rosy may.

XLII.

Then rose a farm-house to her fancy's view,
With slated roof, and eke with paven floor ;
And burnished oak that from its surface threw
Reflections of the wide hall's motley store,
And mirror'd crackling flames, that monstrous grew
'Mid Christmas mirth ; and hearth that glowed no
more,
Or gladdened others with that cheery light
Which makes a summer of the dreariest night !

XLIII.

Again she roved through field, and wood, and grove,
A happy maiden by her Henry's side,
Feeling it gladness to be loved and love :
Then her thoughts wandered over ocean wide,
And with their gloomy bent in vain she strove ;
Sad feelings flowed like a resistless tide ;
Tears from her eyes a moment gushed like rain,
Then ceased, while thus she poured the simple strain :

He told me we should meet again
Upon that distant shore ;
But my heart whispers hope is vain,
And we shall meet no more !

He said that land should be to us
As England was of yore ;
But, ah ! I feel 'twill not be thus,
For we shall meet no more !

There is a prescience of the soul,
Untaught by human lore ;
I feel it, and cannot control ;
Yes, we shall meet no more !

XLIV.

She paused—the open door a stranger's form
Admitted ; one whose honest, open brow
And manly cheek of many a raging storm
And stiff gale told, when scarce his bark might
plough
The battling billows, lash'd to fury warm,
That hurl'd their giant foam-crests o'er her prow.
Dear, Britain, are thy ocean sons to thee,
Bold as the winds, resistless as the sea !

XLV.

The stranger from his vest a packet drew,
And from his eyes the while the large tear stole,
For well the purport of that sheet he knew,
And his, though rude, was yet a gentle soul ;
His words of greeting honest were and few,
And skillless were his efforts to condole.
When to the wounded heart gave words relief ?
Strange tongues profane the sanctuary of grief !

XLVI.

In transatlantic earth was Henry laid !
Save that drear bourn no other " home " he found ;
He saw his last hope like the twilight fade,
And night more dark and dreary gather round ;
Upon his jaded heart misfortune preyed,
And like a noxious snake about it wound,
Crushing the life within it. Thus he fell !
Far, far away from those who loved him well.

XLVII.

One who had with him left his native shore,
And knew his story, tended his last bed,
And from the hand that ne'er should trace one more,
Received a letter, o'er which Mary shed,
Thereafter, many tears. When all was o'er,
And the freed spirit from its prison fled,
He wept a generous tear into his grave,
And sent the sad, sad tidings o'er the wave.

XLVIII.

No sigh heaved Mary's heart that night, and day
Saw her a breathing statue, stony pale ;
Inflamed her eyes were, but no tears had they ;
No sob convulsed her, and she made no wail ;
Her children's earnest eyes and harmless play
Over her apathy could nought prevail ;
Life's tide seemed in her veins to ice congealed,
And feeling's source within her bosom sealed.

XLIX.

But storm to calm succeeds, and thaw to frost ;
And soon in Mary's bosom passionate grief
Displaced that torpor wherein life seemed lost ;
Few were her intervals from tears, and brief ;
But even tears at length their founts exhaust,
And yield to the worn heart a short relief ;
Short, for those founts again and oft reflow,
Ere fails the reservoir of human woe.

L.

The seal of death was on her : day by day
His chilling footsteps left their ghastly trace ;
Hourly the flesh shrunk from her frame away ;
Transparent grew her skin ; a wider space
Seemed claimed by her lit eyes, whose fearful ray
Spoke not of earth, but of that better place
Whither she tended ; awful scene is this—
A spirit struggling from its chrysalis !—

LI.

A beauteous spirit, whose approach we see
To that eternal realm which never cloud
Of mortal life may shadow ! It may be
She shrunk sometimes from thoughts of the dank
shroud,

Yet hers had been calm joy to be set free,
But for her little ones—her pensive-browed,
Who felt reflected grief; for these she sighed:
But wherefore dally with the tale?—she died!

LII.

And where are they, the orphans? On the green,
Lowly and cheerless looking buildings spread,
Where penury's hapless victims aye are seen,
The infant visage and the hoary head—
The parish poorhouse! There those babes have been
Since death assailed the humble cottage shed,
Where, 'mid their sport, oft from their mother's eye
They caught a moment's gloom, and marvell'd why!

As the young poet ended his narrative, with
flushed countenance and sparkling eye, many
and loud were the expressions of pleasure and
approbation which he received. The ladies in

the company were affected by the detail of a
wife and a mother's sorrows, and the sympathy
they felt for the unfortunate Mary was indicated
by the eloquent tear that trembled in the eye.
When all had expressed their thanks for the
entertainment which had been afforded, being
reminded of the lapse of time, they retired to
rest. The following day, facilities for proceed-
ing on their several routes presenting themselves,
the company separated; well-pleased that the
obstructions occasioned by the severity of the
weather had thrown into contact so many agree-
able and conversant companions, some of whom
had enlivened the rest by the interesting com-
munications which were made, and which had
pleasantly wiled away the tediousness and gloom
of a wintry night.

THE MAGICIAN OF CAIRO.

"A few days after my arrival in this country,"
says Mr. Lane, "my curiosity was excited on
the subject of magic, by a circumstance related
to me by Mr. Salt, our consul-general. Having
had reason to believe that one of his servants
was a thief, from the fact of several articles of
property having been stolen from his house, he
sent for a celebrated Mughreebe magician, with
the view of intimidating them, and causing the
guilty one (if any of them were guilty) to con-
fess his crime. The magician came, and said
that he would cause the exact image of the per-
son who had committed the thefts to appear to
any youth not arrived at the age of puberty;
and desired the master of the house to call in
any boy whom he might choose. As several
boys were then employed in a garden adjacent
to the house, one of them was called for this
purpose. In the palm of this boy's right hand
the magician drew, with a pen, a certain diagram,
in the centre of which he poured a little ink.
Into this ink he desired the boy stedfastly to
look. He then burned some incense; and several
bits of paper inscribed with charms; and, at the
same time, called for various objects to appear in
the ink. The boy declared that he saw all
these objects, and, last of all, the image of the
guilty person: he described his stature, counte-
nance, and dress; said that he knew him; and
directly ran down into the garden, and appre-
hended one of the labourers, who, when brought
before the master, immediately confessed that he
was the thief."

The relation of this made Mr. Lane desirous
of witnessing a similar performance; he hunted
out the magician accordingly, and appointed an
interview, for the purpose of proving his skill.
He was called the Sheykh Abd El-Ckadir El-
Mughreebdee, and has been mentioned, we be-
lieve, by many English travellers, though never

so elaborately examined and tested as by Mr.
Lane:—

"He came at the time appointed, about two
hours before noon; but seemed uneasy, fre-
quently looked up at the sky, through the
window, and remarked that the weather was
unpropitious: it was dull and cloudy, and the
wind was boisterous. The experiment was per-
formed with three boys, one after another. With
the first it was partly successful; but with the
others it completely failed. The magician said
that he could do nothing more that day: and
that he would come in the evening of a sub-
sequent day. He kept his appointment, and
admitted that the time was favourable."

Sundry preparations of charms and forms of in-
vocation, written on various small strips of paper,
are then fully described.

"I had prepared, by the magician's direction,
some frankincense and coriander seed;* and a
chafing-dish with some live charcoal in it. These
were now brought into the room, together with
the boy who was to be employed: he had been
called in, by my desire, from among some boys in
the street, returning from a manufactory, and was
about eight or nine years of age. In reply to my
inquiry respecting the description of persons who
could see in the magic mirror of ink, the magi-
cian said that they were a boy not arrived at
puberty, a virgin, a black female slave, and a
pregnant woman. The chafing-dish was placed
before him and the boy; and the latter was
placed on a seat."

A magic diagram was now drawn on the boy's
right hand, which the magician held, while ink
was poured upon it, into which the boy was in-
structed to look intently.

"He then took one of the little strips of
paper inscribed with the forms of invocation, and
* He generally requires some benzoin to be added to these.

dropped it into the chafing-dish, upon the burning coals and perfumes, which had already filled the room with their smoke ; and as he did this, he commenced an indistinct muttering of words, which he continued during the whole process, excepting when he had to ask the boy a question, or to tell him what he was to say. The piece of paper containing the words from the Koor-an he placed inside the fore part of the boy's tackee-ye, or scull-cap. He then asked him if he saw any thing in the ink ; and was answered ' No ; ' but about a minute after, the boy, trembling and seeming much frightened, said, ' I see a man sweeping the ground. ' ' When he has done sweeping, ' said the magician, ' tell me. ' Presently the boy said, ' He has done. '

Several very curious and elaborate ceremonies were then ordered to pass over the mirror of the ink, and were all responded to by the boy, while the various strips of invocations were finally lodged in the chafing-dish :—

" He now addressed himself to me ; and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson, of whom the boy had evidently never heard, for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name, after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the Sooltan—' My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson ; bring him before my eyes, that I may see him speedily. ' The boy then said so, and almost immediately added, ' A messenger is gone, and has returned, and brought a man, dressed in a black suit of European clothes : the man has lost his left arm. ' He then paused for a moment or two ; and, looking more intently and more closely into the ink, said, ' No, he has not lost his left arm ; but it is placed to his breast. ' This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it ; since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat : but it was the *right* arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This rendered the boy's description faultless."

Further performances are described, which are still more curious :—

" On one of these occasions, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father, of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name for the person alluded to, de-

scribed a man in a Frank dress, of course, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect: the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant headache ; and that of the foot or leg, by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse, in hunting. I am assured that, on this occasion, the boy accurately described each person and thing that was called for. On another occasion, Shakspeare was described with the most minute correctness, both as to person and dress ; and I might add several other cases in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen of my acquaintance. A short time since, after performing in the usual manner, by means of a boy, he prepared the magic mirror in the hand of a young English lady, who, on looking into it for a little while, said that she saw a broom sweeping the ground without any body holding it, and was so much frightened that she would look no longer."

Mr. Lane adds :—

" The reader may be tempted to think that, in each instance, the boy saw images produced by some reflection in the ink ; but this was evidently not the case ; or that he was a confederate, or guided by leading questions. That there was no confederacy, I satisfactorily ascertained, by selecting the boy, who performed the part above described in my presence, from a number of others passing by in the street, and by his rejecting a present which I afterwards offered him with the view of inducing him to confess that he did not really see what he had professed to have seen. I tried the veracity of another boy on a subsequent occasion in the same manner, and the result was the same. The experiment often entirely fails ; but when the boy employed is right in one case, he generally is so in all : when he gives, at first, an account altogether wrong, the magician usually dismisses him at once, saying that he is too old. The perfumes, or excited imagination, or fear, may be supposed to affect the vision of the boy who describes objects as appearing to him in the ink ; but if so, why does he see exactly what is required, and objects of which he can have had no previous particular notion ? Neither I nor others have been able to discover any clue by which to penetrate the mystery ; and if the reader be alike unable to give the solution, I hope that he will not allow the above account to induce in his mind any degree of scepticism with respect to other portions of this work."—*Lane's Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians.*

REVIEW.

The History of Protestant Nonconformity in England, from the Reformation under Henry VIII.
By THOMAS PRICE, D.D. In two Volumes. Vol. I.
London: Ball, 1836.

WE owe an apology to Dr. Price for our delay in noticing his volume; but as such an apology would not pass like current money, even in the literary market, we will waive it, and proceed at once to the discharge of our duty.

It has long appeared to us that the world has yet much to learn from history. We are by no means sure that the facts relating to the past have been so fully collected as they might be. Unless we are mistaken, old manuscripts, hieroglyphics, statues, medals, &c., will yet contribute very largely to our stores of knowledge. Nor is it by any means certain that our historians, either civil or ecclesiastical, have been as free as they might have been from prejudice and party spirit. There have been certain old opinions to be cherished, and venerable institutions which, whether good or bad, must be maintained; and facts which have tended to effect these objects, or which were capable of being so distorted as to accomplish the party purposes of their writers, have been so used as to keep the mind in fetters, and to perpetuate, to a very great degree, the darkness of the world.

But the most lamentable defect in this class of writers, has been their want of discrimination and care in drawing from history what may be regarded its philosophy, or rather its theology. Many scriptural doctrines, tending at once to benefit man and to glorify the Creator, might be drawn from the history of the world, which but seldom occur even to the truly pious, and which have never fallen under our notice in any historical publication. It would be very easy to refer to histories professedly written on Christian principles, and which, with devout zeal, warn us against this evil, or allure us to that good; but all these are merely common-place. We feel that we want some master-minds to ascend the vantage-ground of historical truth; and as they present the scroll of past events to the assembled throng, shall distinctly mark out to every class of men what they may learn from the whole record relating to God and to themselves, and what are the specific duties taught by history to the inhabitants of the world at this remarkable crisis of its affairs.

We are happy to introduce to the thousands who read our Miscellany the volume before us, as one that discovers great originality of thought, deep research, and the most praiseworthy candour. Dr. Price is no declaimer: he feels and exemplifies the responsibility and the dignity of an historian more intent on the attainment and publication of truth than the prosperity of a party; and even where the reader may see occasion to differ from his author as to his inductions from facts, he will always admire the spirit in which those facts and reasonings are written. But the reader shall judge for himself as to these matters. The following are the remarks of our author on the ignorance of Cranmer and his associates of the true nature of religious liberty:—

"The popish party now gained ground in the king's councils, and the progress of the Reformation was consequently stopped. Before attempting a detail of the measures by which they partially compassed their end, it may be necessary briefly to sketch the course of persecution with which Cranmer and his brethren were unhappily identified. This will throw light on the character of the chief actors in the scene, and help us to understand the precise position of ecclesiastical affairs. A blind party-spirit has attempted to throw the whole odium of persecution on the Church of Rome. The records of history, and the prin-

ciples of human nature, have been alike disregarded in its indiscriminate censure and praise. The candid of all parties will regret the criminality of such an attempt, while the increasing intelligence of the age renders its folly as obvious as its guilt. The truth is, that, with very few exceptions, the first reformers were as ignorant of the true principles of religious liberty as the most bigoted of the catholics. Though rebels themselves, they refused to allow rebellion in others; impugning the authority of Rome, they established their own; and whilst denying the infallibility of the pope, they practically asserted that of their own creeds. Cranmer possessed a more timid disposition and a more benevolent heart than Gardiner and Bonner; but he was not a whit before them in his knowledge of the right of private judgment, and the unfettered freedom of religious worship. It may seem strange to some, that the reformers did not at once perceive the true ground of their own proceedings;—that they did not feel constrained, by a sense of absolute necessity, to defend their secession from Rome by asserting, in bold and unhesitating terms, their own intelligence and the spirituality of religion;—that they did not vindicate the dignity of their nature, and the ethereal temper of their faith, by exploding coercion as an insult to the one, and a gross outrage on the other. But when we take into account the ignorance of their times, and the influences amid which they were trained, our surprise will be awakened by the extent rather than by the scantiness of their discoveries. Important principles are of slow development. Whatever is necessary to the preservation of life and the perpetuation of the species, is provided for by some general law of the Creator; the promptings of instinct are made to anticipate and supersede the decisions of judgment. But not so in the moral world. To the formation of character the free exercise of thought is indispensable. The elements of knowledge are liberally supplied; but diligence, discrimination, and fidelity are requisite to deduce from them the principles of wisdom and the lessons of piety. The mists of passion and the interests of party obscure and pervert the judgment, and thus conceal from view those celestial principles which would be readily discovered and embraced by an unbiased intellect.

"The reformers were mainly influenced in their separation from the papacy, by the grievous injuries which its superstitions had inflicted on the human mind; this was the impelling motive which gave its character to the whole of their proceedings. The very ardour of their zeal, as it carried them forward to the ultimate purpose of Christianity, left them no time for the prosecution of those inquiries which, however important, were not obviously connected with the main object of their efforts. Their purpose was the conversion of souls, and the purification of the church of Christ; and we need not be surprised, nor should our condemnation be severe, if they were so absorbed by its magnitude as to overlook inquiries of a less vital character. Their confidence in the integrity of their own views tended still further to mislead them. Instead of appealing to the principles of human nature, and to the character of religion, they vindicated their course by alleging the superiority of their sentiments; instead of rearing a defence which might have protected themselves and their posterity, in all future times, from the assaults of spiritual intolerance, they were content to meet the exigency of the moment by making an impression on the men of their day. Their defence was grounded on an unsound basis. Its fallacy, though not obvious at once, was speedily shown in the discussions which followed; for each party employed it with equal confidence. The Romanist and the Protestant, Gardiner and Cranmer, retained it as common ground, on which to conduct their defence and to vindicate their persecution of others. It was not till the Puritans were subjected to the fiery ordeal through which priestly intolerance made them pass, that those immortal principles were elicited which now constitute the basis of our legislation. Amidst the strife of parties, the human intellect worked out its own salvation."—(pp. 42-45.)

The following character of the Reformation, so far as it was effected by Henry VIII., appears to us to be written with great force and beauty:—

"The course which Henry pursued as an ecclesiastical reformer, was in harmony with his character. So long as interest impelled he assailed popery in its strongholds. The supremacy of the pontiff was discarded, monastic institutions were abolished, the exorbitant wealth of the clergy was scattered amongst a rapacious and impoverished aristocracy, the word of God was translated into the vernacular tongue, and many vestiges of ancient superstition were removed from the land. But the system he established was of the same nature as that which he displaced. The supremacy of the pope was supplanted by that of the king; and if infallibility was not claimed, the proceedings taken could only be justified on that principle. The right of private judgment was as sternly denied as in the worst days of popery, and the fires of persecution were kindled by a bigotry as intolerant and brutal as the man of sin ever displayed. The fact is, and impartial history records it, the reformation of Henry was a struggle for power, and not for principle—the reckless daring of a mind which would have subverted all law, and extinguished all virtue, for the gratification of its selfish

passions. Religion was an engine of state policy which the monarch employed to heighten his power and confirm his despotism. The radical error of the reformers was their admission of the magistrates' right to legislate for the Church. By making the faith of a nation dependant on the will of the king, they hazarded a thousand evils, amongst the least of which was the reaction which this principle involved on the accession of Mary. The immediate effects of a vicious principle may appear to be beneficial, but its ultimate tendencies are invariably pernicious. Had Cranmer and his associates exhibited religion in its primitive simplicity and honour; had they denounced its subjection to the state as incompatible with its nature, and injurious to its success; had they, while scrupulously rendering to Caesar the things which were Caesar's, reserved unto God that which was his; in a word, had they trusted to the mysterious power with which Christianity is allied, rather than to the patronage of their prince, they might have exposed themselves to dangers which for a time they escaped, but they would have redeemed religion from reproach, and have preserved her from those corrupting associations which have enfeebled her energies and rendered her an object of mistrust, if not of contempt. The power of religion consists in her purity and meekness. She is adapted to the sympathies and wants of man; and when unfettered by human aid, and freed from the insult of kingly patronage, she will win her way to the confidence and gratitude of mankind."—(pp. 61-63.)

Omitting several other most interesting passages, which we should have gladly transcribed had our space permitted, we quote Dr. Price's remarks on the Reformation as left by Edward, in which the reader will further see the discrimination that distinguishes this excellent volume:—

"The Reformation effected under Edward the Sixth, whatever imperfections attended its progress, or however incomplete the state in which it was left, must be regarded with devout gratitude by every advocate of religious liberty and scriptural truth. The offices of the church were reformed, many vestiges of superstition removed, and a freer circulation was given to the word of life. The Reformation of Henry was mainly characterised by a rejection of the pope's supremacy; but that of his son consisted in the erection of a new constitution, more rational in its principles, and more simple in its form. The former monarch exulted in overthrowing the power of the papacy; the latter, in rooting out its errors. The one was a vindictive destroyer, who found his happiness in the ruins with which he surrounded himself; while the other, with the beneficent spirit of Christianity, sought, according to the measure of his knowledge, to communicate to his subjects the elements of eternal life. It were absurd to suppose that, at the commencement of his reign, Edward could give a rational assent to the measures of his council. In the latter years of his life, however, there is reason to believe that he took an active and enlightened part in ecclesiastical affairs. Without adopting the exaggerated and fulsome terms in which it has been customary with protestant writers to speak of this youthful monarch, we may affirm his intellect to have been matured, and his principles fixed, far beyond his years. The instructions of his tutors were received with docility by his virtuous mind, and served to qualify him, at a very early age, to preside over the deliberations of a great and powerful nation. As soon as he became rationally cognisant of what was taking place, he entered with the ardour of youth on the work of reformation, and would probably have proceeded much further, had he not been checked by the interposition of his advisers. His piety seems to have been undoubted, and his errors are to be attributed to his education rather than to the promptings of his own heart.

"Cranmer and the other divines with whom he acted, were sincerely attached to the doctrines of the Reformation. With all their imperfections, they were men of a high and noble spirit, who zealously laboured in the cause of human improvement. Their situation was perplexing and difficult, almost beyond example; and an impartial posterity, in pronouncing sentence on their conduct, is bound to remember the wayward and cruel policy of Henry, as well as the covetousness and ambition of the courtiers of his son. Had Cranmer, Ridley, Hooper, Latimer, and their brethren, been permitted to act out their principles, the English Reformation would probably have assumed a different character. Cranmer is reported to have drawn up a Book of Prayers a hundred times more perfect than that in use; 'yet the same cannot take place,' it was affirmed, 'for that he was matched with such a wicked clergy and convocation, with other enemies.' That extensive dissatisfaction existed amongst the Reformers is unquestionable. The principle of concession to the papists, on which the offices of the church had been constructed, was regarded by the more zealous as a sacrifice to expediency, uncalculated for by existing circumstances, and unjustifiable in principle. 'Diverse there were now,' says

Strype, 'in this king's reign, that liked so little of popery, that they thought it highly convenient not to symbolise with that church in any of its usages. And that gave occasion to them to dislike, particularly, two things; viz. the posture of kneeling at the reception of the communion, and the priestly habits, which were not laid aside by the reformers of this church from papal innovations. The retaining of these gave the more disgust, because it was contrary to the example of many of the foreign reformers, as those of Switzerland and Geneva; whose books and judgments swayed greatly, and were much used here.'"—(pp. 91-94.)

Entirely passing over the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth,—not on account of their nonimportance, nor because we could not draw from them heart-thrilling passages, but solely for want of room,—we will close by presenting a short extract illustrating the *ecclesiastical* government of James. The historian's sketch of his personal character shows the hand of a master, but it is too long for our purpose.

"His ecclesiastical government laid the foundation of all those evils which embittered the reign and produced the tragical death of his son. Surrounding himself with a servile clergy, he repaid their flattery by a zealous support of their immunities, and a merciless proscription of their foes. He hated the puritans as heartily as any of his bishops, and brought to their persecution all the rancour and fierceness of polemical strife. The clergy lent themselves to the support of his prerogative, with a zeal which entitled them to his patronage. So early as 1606, the convocation drew up a set of canons deducing the origin of government from the patriarchal regimen of families, and denouncing the more popular and liberal views which were becoming prevalent. Passive obedience to the reigning monarch is inculcated throughout these canons, and anathemas are liberally pronounced on all who refuse it. The same doctrines were maintained by the higher clergy during the whole of this reign; towards the close of which, the university of Oxford pronounced a solemn decree, 'That by the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, it is in no case lawful for subjects to make use of force against their prince, nor to appear offensively or defensively in the field against the king, either upon the score of religion, or any other account whatever.' All doctors, masters, and bachelors of law and physic, were to subscribe this article; and all persons to be promoted in future to any degree, were further required to take an oath that they not only at present detested the opposite doctrines, but would always continue to be of the same opinion. These slavish dogmas offended the House of Commons, and arrayed against the rulers of the church every friend of liberal government and of popular rights. The puritans and the patriots were more closely united than ever. They sympathised with each other's views; and, sharing a common peril, they combined for mutual defence.

"The vacillating policy of James towards his catholic subjects was another source of mistrust and dissatisfaction. This marked the whole of his reign, but was especially visible during the treaty for the Spanish match. A dread of the return of popery was thus awakened, which in its blindness and impetuosity called for severer penalties and more exterminating laws against the persecuted members of the papal church. A line of distinction was thus palpably drawn between the church party and their opponents. The former advocated the prerogative of the throne, the latter the rights of the nation; the one contended for the propriety of relaxing the penal laws against the papists, the other demanded the infliction of their unmitigated rigour. This state of parties operated unfavourably on the interests of the church. It was deserted both by the patriot and the zealous protestant; and was regarded as a sort of middle or neutral ground, where the half-hearted in politics and religion only could abide. The puritans and the catholics increased in numbers and boldness. The former especially made rapid progress in the enunciation of those immortal principles for which they so zealously struggled in the following reign. The severities practised against them, instead of subduing their spirit, only hardened them for the endurance of suffering, and fitted them successfully to plead the cause of human liberty against the iron despotism of Laud and Strafford."—(pp. 546-549.)

With this passage the first volume closes. We impatiently wait for the second, when we hope an opportunity will present itself to enter more fully into the subject than we have been able to do in the present article; in the meantime, we earnestly wish the author of this important volume health to pursue this and his other literary undertakings.

MEN AND THINGS.

Bells.—A taste for great metal castings, destined for show rather than utility, seems to have influenced the metallurgic art of the Russians at a very early

age. Close by the five colossal cannons, which are fired only once a year, (at Easter,) lies in a pit, at the foot of the tower of St. Ivan, the still more colossal bell.

As this is unquestionably the largest work of its kind ever executed, the consideration of it naturally recalls to our memory the fact, that Herodotus (460 years B.C.) saw among the southern Scythians, between the Dnieper and Kuban, a metal vessel, of a magnitude no less extraordinary for that age. It was six times the size of the largest work of the kind at that time extant in Greece; and, supposing it to have been of bronze, its weight cannot be estimated, from his statement of its dimensions, at less than 41,000 French pounds. This ancient vessel, therefore, seen by Herodotus at Exampe, though probably not more than a tenth in weight of the great fallen bell at the Kremlin of Moscow, considerably surpassed in size the largest bell now in France—that of the cathedral of Rouen, which is computed to weigh about 36,000 pounds. * * That a peculiar expertness in the casting of metal had been handed down, by uninterrupted tradition, from the earliest ages in this part of the world, is proved by the bells suspended in the still remaining portion of the tower of Ivan Welikoi, which were all made about the same time, when the church was erected in 1600. The largest of them weighs about 400 pūd, or 133,684 French pounds, or more than five times the famous bell at Erfurth, and nearly four times that of Rouen. Perhaps the early proficiency of the Chinese in works of this kind—for already, in 1403, in the reign of the emperor Yum lo, they cast a bell weighing 120,000 pounds—may help to account for the skill of the Scythians and their Russian descendants. The Siberian nations learned most of their arts from the Chinese, and the Russians have been but slowly estranged from Southern Asia by their intercourse with Western Europe.

Our readers will perhaps be more disposed to admire the colossal magnitude of the Russian bells after they shall have cast a glance at the following short list of the largest bells in Europe:

	English pounds.
Great bell of St. Paul's.....	8,400
— of Lincoln.....	9,894
Great Tom, Christ Church, Oxford.....	17,000
In the Palazzo Vecchio, Florence, suspended at a height of 275 feet from the ground.....	17,000
Great bell of Saint Peter's, Rome.....	18,607
Bell at Erfurth.....	28,224
— Rouen.....	43,000
— St. Ivan, Moscow	160,000
Fallen bell at the foot of the same tower..	443,772

The prodigy of the Kremlin was fractured by its fall, a large piece being broken from its side: its height somewhat exceeds 21 feet, its diameter at the rim 22 feet.

It is said to have been recently disinterred from the pit in which the force of its fall, and its weight, continually working on a soft soil, had buried it, and over which a vault had been built; but we know not whether it has been brought to light in order to exhibit it more satisfactorily, or for the sake of the metal, which Dr. E. D. Clarke calculated to be worth above 66,000*l.* sterling.

NATURAL REQUISITES FOR THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.—"Na, I'm grieved to think about the callants o' ours," said the careful mother of three promising young men, to the sagacious father,—"I'm grieved to think about them, for I muckle doubt we'll never be able to make anything wislike o' them."

"Never fash your thoomb about the callants, Janet," said the old man, "there's nae fear o' the callants; we's give them lair, and that'll set them on their feet. Nae doubt, Charlie is a rum cheil', and owre coorse and fursome a fellow to make a wright, or a weaver, or a tailor o' him; but he'll do for a

doctor—for though he could not be trusted to work among dear mahogany, nor to handle fyke warp and weft, nor to rin the sheers through guid braid clath, he'll do weel enough for physicking and the setting o' banes. As for Jock, there's nae denying that he's a loppo, sneckdrawing, pawky scoondral, and no inclined to win his bread at ony honest calling; but wi' a tift o' lair in his head, he'll make a capital lawyer, and answer weel for the dispensing o' justice. And though, as ye ken, Tam is but a fule, wi' as little sense or gumption as a sooking turkey, and no fit to learn ony trade like a wise body, we'll pet him through the college, and when he comes out he'll be qualified to get a kirk, and to be a teacher o' the people."

STRONG MEMORIES.—Seneca says he could in his youth repeat a thousand names in the same order as they were read to him. Themistocles made himself master of the Persian language in a year's time. Mithridates understood as many languages as he commanded nations; that is, no less than twenty-two. Tully says of Julius Caesar, in his oration for Ligarius, that he never forgot any thing but an injury. A girl at a Sabbath evening school in the north repeated the 119th psalm without a mistake. A blind man, who lived in the town of Stirling, could repeat the whole Bible, which he acquired by hearing children read at school. He used to say, that if he heard any thing read twice he never forgot it. But, though he could repeat the Bible, he seemed very ignorant of its great truths, not aware of their value. Mr. Wesley remarks, "Thomas Walsh was so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, that if he was questioned concerning any Hebrew word in the Old, or any Greek word in the New Testament, he would tell after a little pause, not only how often one or the other occurred in the Bible, but what it meant in every place."

Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his army. Cyneas, sent on a mission to Rome by Pyrrhus, made himself acquainted in two days with the names of all the senators and the principal citizens. Appian Claudius and the Emperor Hadrian, according to Seneca, could recite two thousand words in the order they had heard them, and afterwards repeat them from the end to the beginning. Portius Latro could deliver all the speeches he had hastily written without any study. Eusebius is stated by historians to have restored the sacred Hebrew volumes by memory when they had been destroyed by the Chaldeans; and, according to Eusebius, it is to his sole recollection that we are indebted for that part of Holy Writ. St. Anthony, the Egyptian hermit, although he could not read, knew the whole Scripture by heart; and St. Jerome mentions one Neopolitan, an illiterate soldier, who, anxious to enter into monastic orders, learned to recite the works of all the fathers, and obtained the name of the "Living Dictionary of Christianity;" while St. Antonius, the Florentine, at the age of sixteen, could repeat all the papal bulls, the decrees of councils, and the canons of the church, without missing a word. The Pope Clement V. owed his prodigious memory to a fall on his head. This accident at first impaired this faculty; but by dint of application he endeavoured to recover its powers, and he succeeded so completely, that Petrarch informs us he never forgot any thing he had read. John Pic de la Mirandola, justly considered a prodigy, could maintain a thesis on any subject—*de omni re scibili*—when a mere child; and when verses were read to him, he could repeat them backward. Joseph Scaliger learned his Homer in twenty-one days, and all the Latin poets in four months. Haller mentions a German scholar, of the name of Müller, who could speak twenty languages correctly. Our own literary annals record many instances of this wonderful faculty.

THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF CHRISTIANS TO SPREAD THE GOSPEL ACCUMULATIVE.

HISTORY is full of examples which show how natural it is for men, after expending a certain amount of zeal and strength in the support of great enterprises, to relax in their ardour, and presently sink into a state of comparative indifference and neglect. So much of the earnestness of human endeavour as has its origin in the love of novelty, can, of course, be only of short continuance. The circle of what is new and exciting is soon traversed; and either the languor of repetition must then ensue, or relief from it be sought in a change of objects. Many other causes, also, contribute to the inconstancy of which we speak: the supporters of a project sometimes abandon it from distrust of their own resources for its accomplishment, or from conviction of its uselessness, or fear of some personal evil, which adherence to it may entail upon them. Every undertaking, in short, is liable, in so many ways, to have its hold upon the public sympathy impaired, that no demonstrations of zeal at the commencement can afford the least guarantee for the future. Each successive hour may be the hour of apathy and reaction.

Religious enterprises differ, it is true, in very essential respects, from those which are merely secular; and yet they are by no means so different as not to have many things in common with them. Although plans of Christian benevolence, from their very nature, exclude many of those causes which lead to a decay of zeal in the support of worldly projects, yet they leave room for the operation of so many tendencies of this sort, that there is always danger lest they, sooner or later, decline in the regard of the religious community, and either altogether or in part fail of that vigorous prosecution of which there were so many intimations at their first announcement.

The cause of modern missions, although fraught pre-eminently with all the elements of a deep and permanent interest, is not exempt from this liability. Its brief history has already been marked with periods of vicissitude and fluctuation which are fearfully admonitory. The excitement of novelty, be it remembered, has now passed away; the churches have listened often to the recital of the miseries and crimes of heathenism; they have witnessed the embarkation of one missionary band after another, till the spectacle has ceased to be strange; the determination to forsake friends, and home, and country, for a life of self-banishment among strangers and barbarians, has been so often announced, that it is now heard with little surprise. The cause, under these circumstances, can receive but little aid from a variety of motives which

have been heretofore powerful auxiliaries in its service. Its support, for the future, must depend more entirely upon its own intrinsic claims: it now appeals, and will henceforth appeal more and more, to the higher principles of the Christian. It will call less into exercise those natural sympathies which kindle so readily upon contact with new objects; the love of truth, sense of obligation, philanthropy, piety, simple and unmixed, are the basis which must sustain it. There are many Christians in the community who are not prepared for this change. They have depended, perhaps unconsciously, upon extraneous incentives for no inconsiderable part of their activity; it would not be strange if the removal of these should be followed by a painful sense of want; it would not be strange if some abatement of their zeal should ensue, and excuses for inaction be secretly framed, if not promulgated.

The proper corrective of this tendency lies, as we conceive, in a correct view of the present relations of the missionary enterprise. It will be seen, from a glance at some of these relations, that the obligations of Christians to spread the Gospel have been neither diminished in number nor impaired in force, by the past efforts of the church to convert the world; but, on the contrary, that our obligations have been increased by those very efforts.

This effect follows, in the first place, from the increased information which is now diffused through the Christian community, in regard to the moral condition of mankind. The indifference of the church to the claims of the heathen in past ages, has been owing, in no slight degree, to the want of such information. Till recently, the men who have explored the world have been mere adventurers, in pursuit of the objects of wealth, or science, or fame. It could not be expected that such travellers would examine the countries which they visited in those points of view which would chiefly attract the attention of a Christian. An entire omission, frequently, of those notices which he would most anxiously collect, has been but a part of their fault. When the accounts given by such men to the world have contained facts of a moral nature, they have not only been rendered comparatively powerless for want of a religious spirit in the manner of exhibiting them, but have often been presented with all the distortion of prejudice, and sometimes, it is to be feared, of intentional misrepresentation. In this absence of a correct knowledge of the wants of the world, none but a feeble interest was felt, or could be felt, for its wretchedness. But this difficulty has now ceased. The missionaries are dispersed throughout every

quarter of the earth, and are studying, with the best facilities for accuracy, the opinions, the habits, the civil institutions, and every thing which enters into the character of the nations, for whose benefit they are labouring. The accounts which are transmitted to us, containing the results of this scrutiny, are so direct and vivid, that an actual survey of the scenes which they describe could hardly render them more impressive. The narratives of the Moravians have opened to view the dark and inhospitable regions of Greenland. The journals of Ellis, and Stewart, and others, have made us almost as minutely acquainted with the islands of the Pacific as we are with portions of our own country. The Christian reader may receive almost as strong an impression of the horrors of idolatry as it exists in Asia, from such descriptions as Buchanan and Heber have given, as if he should with his own feet traverse the plain where the car of the idol crushes its victim. But it is unnecessary to specify. The time has come when scarcely an individual in Christendom may not, if he will, understand minutely the moral condition of his race. The missionary exhibits no form of human wretchedness which the eyes of the church may not see; he echoes no groan of the creation, travelling in pain even now, after the deliverance of the Gospel has been so long provided, which the ears of the church may not hear. This is a state of things which exists for the first time. It places the claims of the missionary cause, in some sense, on new ground. The man who is indifferent to them was never before guilty of so great a sin; he never had an appeal to his sympathy so strong, and never violated, if he disregards it, an obligation so sacred. The increased information, therefore, which the progress of the missionary cause has furnished, devolves upon Christians an increased responsibility to sustain it, with all the energy which they can apply to its support.

Our second topic of remark is, that the examples of extraordinary zeal which have already appeared in the course of the missionary work, increase the obligations of Christians to labour for its advancement. We may discover the ground of this in the principle, that when men have a common duty to perform, exemplary faithfulness on the part of some of the number, renders any neglect of the rest the more deeply criminal. Strictly speaking, indeed, the manner in which one person treats his duties has no effect upon those of another. My responsibility remains intrinsically the same, whether yours be neglected or discharged. At the same time, there is a sense in which I may be held more guilty, if negligent, because you are faithful—a sense in which the performing of your obligation is a strengthening of mine. The self-devotion, for instance, of those who fell in the first battles of our Revolution, not only discharged what they

conceived to be due to the claims of patriotism on their own account, but, by the example which they set to their countrymen, prescribed also the measure of their obligations. They had now to fight for the memory of the dead, as well as for the freedom of the living; the lives which had been sacrificed had given, as it were, a new value to the liberty for which they were contending, and they were bound to redeem it at a greater price. It would be ignominy even to listen to terms which they might before have accepted with honour. Such, precisely, are the effects which signal displays of the missionary spirit have in reference to our obligations. Every instance of extraordinary zeal for the conversion of the world, and especially of personal consecration to the work, if made at the cost of sacrifice and suffering, is an appeal to the Christian's sense of justice which nothing but the most hardened insensibility can resist. Such cases excite him to ask how, while some of the church are doing so much to extend a knowledge of the Gospel, others who are subject to the same obligations, can be justified if they do but little. He is shown clearly how unequal it is that one Christian should be reposing at his ease, while his brother is bearing the heat and burden of the day; and if true to his convictions, he will resolve to do his part towards a fair adjustment of the labour.

It will contribute to distinctness of impression, if we here turn our thoughts to a particular example. The history of the first mission to Greenland occurs to us, and is as pertinent, perhaps, to our purpose as any other. The Gospel was introduced into this country by the Moravians, in 1788. The pioneers in the work were Christian David, and two brothers whose names were Matthew and Christian Stark. They were illiterate men, qualified for the enterprise which they undertook by little else except their piety and zeal. They had merely heard that the people in Greenland had no knowledge of a Saviour; and they resolved to go and teach them the way of salvation. "There was no need"—we quote their own simple but affecting language,—"there was no need of much time or expense for our equipment. Our whole community consisted chiefly of poor exiles, who had not much to give, and we ourselves had nothing but the clothes which we wore. Being accustomed to do with little, we gave ourselves no concern how we should get to Greenland, or how we should live in that country. Some money having been received the day before our departure, we took part of it to pay the expenses of our journey to Copenhagen; and as we considered ourselves richly provided for, we refused to accept of any thing from persons on the road, believing that He who had sent a supply for our journey at the critical moment, would also take care for every thing that was necessary for carry-

ing our purpose into execution, as soon as we should need it."

On reaching Copenhagen, after a wearisome journey, which they performed on foot, they found their project ridiculed as impracticable and romantic, even by those who approved their motives. The most discouraging representations were made to dissuade them from their purpose. "How," it was asked, "do you expect to live in Greenland, should you ever succeed in reaching there?" They were ignorant that the country furnished no wood, and answered, "that they would build a house and cultivate the land, that they might not be burdensome to any." When told of the impossibility of this, they said, "O, then, we will dig in the earth, and lodge there."

They could not be diverted from their object, either by the ridicule of foes or the apathy of friends; and after many trials they reached the country which they were seeking. The history of their labours, from this period until the icy heart of the Greenlander was at length melted by the Gospel, is full of interest, and would make a volume of itself. The substance of one or two passages is all which we have time to adduce. For want of other employment, we are told that they engaged in the business of spinning, to provide for their support. In acquiring the language of the country they had no assistance except such as was given through the medium of another tongue, equally strange to them, and which they had to learn to enable them to understand their instructor. This, a difficult task under any circumstances, must have been especially so to men who had scarcely seen a grammar in their lives. The severity of their labours, together with the extremity of their wants, in a short time exposed them to the attack of disease; they were reduced, by its violence, to such a degree, as even to lose the use of their limbs. They now, for a moment, wavered in their constancy, and thought seriously of abandoning their design. The arrival, however, of two other missionaries at this crisis, restored their firmness, and they resolved to remain. Their motto was, "We will believe though there be nothing to be seen, and we will hope though there be nothing to be expected."

From these statements an idea may be formed of the privations which these soldiers of the Cross were, for five years, daily enduring. The severest of their trials, it should be remembered, was, that during all this period they seemed to be toiling in vain: they were permitted to see no evidence that their labours and sufferings either had been, or were soon likely to be, in any measure, productive of good. Yet they toil on; difficulties do not discourage, dangers do not appal them;

And plant, successfully, sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows.*

This illustration was at hand, and we have given it for this reason, rather than because it is singular. The history of modern missions contains many such examples. It will be excused if we present briefly another scene from missionary life, one which has occurred within the memory of most of our readers.

At the commencement of the war between England and Burmah, in 1824, the Baptist missionaries in the latter country were seized and thrown into prison. The dreadful story of their captivity, as drawn by the hand of Mrs. Judson, and contained in the Memoir of that gifted and devoted woman,† has scarcely a parallel in the records of human suffering. Mr. Judson, who was treated with even less severity than the others, was confined six months in three pairs of fetters, two months in five, six months in one, and was two months a prisoner at large. In this period of two years the missionaries suffered almost every form of misery which cruelty could inflict or fortitude endure. No voice of sympathy could reach them in their distress; they were excluded, by their situation, from all intercourse with civilised men. Their fate was, for a long time, matter of the most painful uncertainty. It was a happy relief to the churches when, at length, intelligence came that the sufferers were free from the grasp of their oppressors, and safe under British protection.

Who now, our object in making these references leads us to ask—who are these men whom the Saviour called to such tests of fidelity to his service? What peculiar guilt would they have incurred had they shrunk from these duties, involving a severity of suffering which it makes us shudder even to think of? What rewards had they to expect from obedience which do not equally allure the hopes of others? How were they bound by obligations, which do not always result from the relation of a redeemed sinner, whoever sustains it? Where is the proof that, as the Saviour of the world groaned in the garden and bled on the cross, the burden of the sins of these men lay heavier on his soul than the sins of others? On what page of his recorded will do you find it that he has prescribed to his followers different terms of service? It is impossible to allege any thing like this. The authority which imposes their obligations is the source, also, of ours. The labours which it requires of us and of them, however diversified they may be in form, are still materially the same. It has called us to the support of a common cause, and has recognised no ground of dis-

* Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a northern sky,

* See the "Table Talk" of Cowper, under the division "Hope."

† Memoir, chap. xvi.

tion in the service, except such as unequal ability may create.

It follows, if these remarks are true, that extraordinary displays of missionary zeal should be presented to the church, not simply in the light of exciting appeals, but as absolutely prescriptive of duty. They are demonstrations of what all should do, as well as of what some have done. They show, impressively, how much men may accomplish when the love of Christ and of souls constrains them. The illustrations of this sort which the missionary enterprise has already called forth, devolve, it seems to us, a new responsibility upon the church; they raise immeasurably the standard of Christian action. It requires a higher aim to reach it than would have been necessary in the absence of those examples which are now summoning us to effort. The Grecian soldier had another character to sustain after the victories of Thermopylæ and Marathon: he must perform deeds of greater chivalry if he would vindicate his fame. A flight, which might before have been commended in him as caution, would now brand him as a coward. It is thus that the achievements of such men as Eliot, and Brainerd, and Carey,—the sufferings of such martyrs to the cause of the heathen as the Moravians and Judson,—the sacrifices, in short, which have been made, in a greater or less degree, by every true missionary,—affect the duty of the Christian. All are bound to do the more when a few have done so much. We owe this, not only to the cause itself, but to those of our brethren who have laboured with such singular zeal for its promotion.

Nor, in this matter, are the claims of the living less imperious than those of the dead. It is something, indeed, for the churches to have sent forth so many messengers of salvation; but this act, so far from leaving less to be done by them, has given rise to new and important relations between them and their missionaries abroad. Our brethren who are now labouring in the foreign service, have a right to look to us for sympathy in their trials, for the aid of our prayers, for contributions to their support, and co-operation with them, in all practicable ways, in the great object of their enterprise. It was on condition that we should thus sustain them, that they consented to go on the perilous service. There is not one of us who is not as really bound to sympathise with them in their trials, to pray for their success, and contribute to their support, as we should be had we individually put into their hands, at their departure, a written stipulation to this effect. It is an obligation which every one assumes who enters the church. His membership implies it; and if he violates it he is guilty of as clear a breach of fidelity as he would commit in breaking the conditions of a formally drawn and legal contract. We have seen somewhere an illustration on this point

of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, one of the chief instruments of rousing the missionary spirit of the English churches, as truly just—it struck us—as it is forcible. It is substantially this:—In our undertaking to convert the world, we may be compared to a company of men who are exploring a mine which has never yet been penetrated. It is necessary that some should make the perilous descent: all, for a time, demur. While they deliberate, two or three offer to enter, provided the rest will remain at the mouth of the cavern, and hold the rope with which the bodies of the adventurers must be fastened. The missionaries are such explorers. They have plunged into those dens of idolatry, superstition, and barbarism which no rays of the Sun of Righteousness have yet illumined; but before they went down, at the entrance of the horrid chasm they, as it were, took an oath from every one of their brethren in Christian lands, that, so long as he lives, he will never let go the rope which supports them. This that Christian does—of so base a desertion, is he guilty—who leaves the missionaries to struggle on in their difficulties without his sympathy,—who neither prays as he might that the Gospel which they preach may be believed, nor gives according to his ability for the relief of their wants.

We ask attention to another way in which what has been already done for the conversion of the heathen, so far from justifying any decline of zeal, requires, for the future, even a greater amount of activity than ever. The missionary operations of the age have placed the church in an attitude before the world which increases greatly her responsibility. These operations have now assumed an importance which is attracting the general attention. The work is no longer a silent one, so insignificant in its results, and so feebly supported, that it may be either overlooked or despised. But it has not always been so. Irreligious men, of course, have no confidence in the unseen agency on which the believer relies for success. The proportion which the causes visibly in operation bear to the proposed result, determines, in their view, its practicability. Accordingly, it has heretofore seemed to them—as it certainly must when judged of by such a rule—a project of folly. This is the only character it could have so long as no decided effects had yet been produced to correct their mistake—that Christians were employing means inadequate to their end. The refutation of that mistake has now been furnished. What has been accomplished is small, indeed, compared with what yet remains to be done; still it is by no means inconsiderable. The countries where the benefits of missionary instruction have been, for any length of time, enjoyed, are exhibiting such an improvement in their moral, social, and intellectual condition, that every eye is compelled to observe it. Men who feel but little interest in

the religious object of such exertions, see that they are productive of temporal advantages which, without any other result, amply repay the expense at which they are gained. These effects, which are every hour increasing, are attracting to the agents of them an attention which was not, and could not be secured, in the incipient stages of the work.

There are, also, many incidental ways in which the cause of missions has been gradually rising into more extended notice. The literary labours, for example, of Morrison in China, the translations of the English Baptists at Serampore, and of Judson in Burmah, have extorted the admiration of men who feel a sovereign contempt for them in their character as missionaries. The journals, too, of those who are engaged in this service, containing articles of interesting intelligence, which are frequently translated from language to language, till nearly every reader in Christendom has seen them;—the books of travels which they publish, with a fascination of matter and style which secures them an admission into the library of the scholar as well as the Christian; (such, for instance, as the “*Travels of Tyerman and Bennet*,” prepared by Montgomery; the “*Travels of Gutzlaff, in China*,” the “*Polynesian Researches*” of Ellis; and the “*Letters*” of Stewart);—the contributions, too, with which the pioneers of the Gospel in heathen lands have enriched the various departments of science,—these, and similar causes, have been operating to place the efforts of Christians for the conversion of the heathen in a point of conspicuousness before the world altogether new and peculiar. It is a position, certainly, which increases our responsibility. We cannot be recreant or unfaithful to the cause in such circumstances, without an increase of our guilt. We are committed, and must go forward. The eyes of men are upon us as they never were before. To recede, or even falter, now, would be to sin in their sight as well as against Heaven. The church, by appearing in her present attitude before the world, has thrown her standard, as it were, into the midst of the enemy; and her soldiers must—*must* rescue it, whatever the peril; to shrink at such a moment would be double treachery.

It would be easy to extend the course of thought which we have been pursuing to a great variety of topics; we shall notice, however, but one other:—the success which has attended the efforts of Christians to convert the world constitutes, as to all purposes of efficiency, a real increase of their power. An increase of power is, of course, an increase of obligation. Nothing contributes so much to the energy of human labours as confidence of success. It would seem as if such confidence not only secured a more effectual use of such ability as was already possessed, but even created that which before had no existence.

Hence, to persuade men who are engaged in a work that it is no Sisyphean task, but one to which they are competent, is virtually to make them competent. Experienced commanders understand this secret, and turn it to most important account. The general who, like Hannibal, can point his soldiers, on the eve of battle, to Ticinus and Cannæ, or, like Bonaparte, to Marengo and Austerlitz, does more to ensure victory than if he should join the myriads of Xerxes to his ranks. The principle now is as applicable to the enterprises of the church as to those of the world. A confident expectation of success constitutes as large a part of the ability of Christians as of other men. The apostles were really mightier agents in the assurance which they possessed that the Gospel would ultimately triumph, than they could have been without that assurance, although at the head of all the legions of the Roman empire. The word of God is undoubtedly the chief source from which we should derive our conviction that the truth will finally prevail. But we are not restricted to this source of evidence: the providence of God, as well as his word, is to instruct us on this subject. The faith which he has planted in our hearts by his promises, we not only may, but ought to strengthen, by looking at what he exhibits before our eyes. When we do this, we see in the fruits of missionary effort already secured, ample proof that if we faint not we may, in due time, reap the harvest of the world. It is for authorising and impressing this conviction, that we guard the history of modern missions as chiefly valuable. It is impossible that the church, while that history is familiar, should ever be weak. It contains, brief as it is, enough to show that men who have neither the gift of miracles, nor inspiration, may change the moral aspect of the world; it affords a ground of confidence which, of itself, is strength, and without which all the resources of mere physical power are but weakness. In this view, the treasures already expended in this enterprise are, even as it regards its further prosecution, the best riches of the church. The death of those who have fallen in it is the life of their co-workers who survive. What was once thought to be physically true,—that when one member of the body is lost its strength passes into the other members,—the church is more than realising in this sacred cause.

Thus accumulative are the obligations of Christians to labour for the spread of the Gospel. What they have done for this object does not release them from the duty of continued activity; on the contrary, it imposes that duty upon them with a voice of authority such as has never been heard before. The command of our Saviour, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,” is binding upon his followers at all times. To disregard it, under any circumstances, would be criminal; but to be

guilty of such neglect at this stage of the missionary work, would be an offence and a sin surpassing as infinitely the guilt of that same

neglect at any former period, as the motives to faithfulness now surpass infinitely those of all former times.

ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE INTELLECT IN CHILDHOOD.

SECOND ARTICLE.

A determined infant may be seen to rule a weak parent, and even exercise an influence over a whole family. A very gentle child may never acquire sufficient force of character to make his way in the world, no matter how intellectual he may be.

The higher sentiments, generally speaking, are the more slowly developed; and superior moral powers, as the sense of justice and religion, are among the latest to come into operation, requiring some assistance from the understanding for their direction and support.

No doubt can exist that the child is endowed with certain powers, moral and intellectual, varying in different individuals, and constituting natural differences of character; but this militates not against the necessity for education and training and the vast influence exercised thereby; on the contrary, it serves as a guide and a limitation, —pointing out what requires to be cultivated, and what to be repressed; and shows us what is possible to be done.

How important, then, to acquire a knowledge of the primitive faculties of man, and the laws by which they are regulated in their natural development, or influenced by artificial training. Nor is the necessity for such knowledge confined to the system more immediately connected with mental manifestation. The same holds good respecting all the other systems in the body; for without due attention to each, we shall not be able to do justice to any, or secure for the whole its best advantages during the period of development or growth.

With regard to the general growth of the body, and the advance in height, weight, and strength, differences arise from age and sex, and these have been accurately dependent upon the relative advance in size or structure in different parts of the brain, though not yet directly connected therewith.

It is certain, that the disposition and intellect are gradually unfolded, and that attempts to force the one or the other before its appointed time and proper progression, are sure to be attended with injurious, if not dangerous consequences. The reason is obvious; because what is called the cultivation of the mind, is, in truth, but the exercise of the brain; and this, like every other organ, if overtasked, will be worn out or destroyed.

In noticing the development of the intellectual powers, we see that the child observes before he reasons—that the perceptive faculties come into

play before the reflective. The child really observes and recollects things, and the quantities and relations of things, and is inquisitive about events. He constantly asks what this or that is.

But the senses advance still more rapidly than the perceptive faculties, and are thus prepared to furnish these faculties with knowledge of the various properties of matter. The differences to be observed, however, in the power of appreciating these qualities of bodies depend on differences in the constitution of the perceptive faculties—not of the senses. The eye may see well, and clearly perceive deficiencies in size or form, and yet not be able to distinguish differences in colours; the ear that hears best, is not that which best appreciates those variations in sound that constitute melody.

The various degrees of talent exhibited by some children more than others, depend much on the different degrees with which they are endowed with those faculties that take cognizance of the physical properties of things. In these qualities and relations of bodies we have the foundation of the physical and natural sciences; and for these sciences, (especially the latter,) mental capacity exists at a much earlier age than seems commonly supposed.

The gift of language, as a mental power, is that which earliest attracts attention and is first cultivated. Hence, facility in this respect, with a quick observation, are taken as indications of great intellectual capacity. But the reflective faculties must be in full operation, to constitute a really good understanding; and these are always the latest to be developed, and often not very liberally bestowed. It is, indeed, upon a due balance between the reasoning and perceptive faculties, that the superiority of the intellect will depend. Where the latter preponderate, they early show themselves, and give a quickness of apprehension, which, in the child, is often taken for superior talent. But the smartest boy does not necessarily make the cleverest man: there must be a full endowment of the reflective faculties, to give depth of thought or soundness of understanding.

When these faculties early preponderate, however, the child will be slow in apprehension, and may be esteemed dull; but when the period for their exercise arrives, powers will be exhibited which had not been anticipated. Peculiarities of disposition, moreover, will affect these results as much as differences in talent, though seldom, if at all, taken into the account. The child often

exhibits (from the earliest age) a marked disposition, as it occasionally does some peculiar talent. Almost from the moment of birth some

infants are observed to be peevish, passionate, or obstinate; while others are gentle and affectionate, or timid.

MARRIAGE.

A LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY. BY THE LATE S. T. COLERIDGE.

If there be any one subject which it especially concerns a young woman to understand, both in itself generally, and in its application to her own particular habits and circumstances, IT IS THAT OF MARRIAGE; and if there be any one subject of more perplexing delicacy than any other to advise a young woman about, above all for one of a different sex, and of no marked inequality in respect of age, however the attempt may seem authorised by intimacy and nearness of kindred; if there be one that at once attracts by its importance, and repels by its difficulty, IT IS THAT OF MARRIAGE. To both sexes, indeed, it is a state of deep and awful interest, and to enter into it without proportionate forethought is, in both, alike an act of folly and self-degradation. But in a woman, if she have sense and sensibility enough to deserve the name, it is an act tantamount to suicide—for it is a state which, once entered into, fills the whole sphere of a woman's moral and personal being, her enjoyments, and her duties, dismissing none, adding many, and modifying all. Even those duties (if such there be) which it may seem to leave behind, it does but transfer; say, rather, it re-imposes and re-consecrates them under yet dearer names; (though names more dear than those of daughter and sister it is not easy to imagine;) at all events, with obligations additionally binding on her conscience, because undertaken by an act of her own free will. A woman—mark me! in using that term I still have before my mind the idea of womanhood, and suppose the individual to possess its characteristic constituents—a woman in a single state may be happy, and may be miserable; but *most* happy, *most* miserable, these are epithets which, with rare exceptions, belong exclusively to a wife. The tree of full life, and that “whose mortal taste brings death” into the heart, these, my dear —, grow in the probationary Eden of courtship alone. To the many of both sexes I am well aware this Eden of matrimony is but a kitchen garden, a thing of profit and convenience, in an even temperature between indifference and liking, where the beds, bordered with thrift, reject all higher attractions than the homely charms of marygold and pennyroyal, or whatever else is good to boil in the pot, or to make the pot boil; or if there be aught of richer fragrance and more delicate hues, it is put or suffered there, not for the blossom, but for the pod. But this, my dear —, is neither the

soil, climate, nor aspect, in which your “heart's ease,” or your “herbs of grace,” would bloom or burgeon. To be happy in marriage life, nay, (unless you marry with the prospect of sinking into a lower state of moral feeling, and of gradually quenching in yourself all hope, and all aspiration that looks beyond animal comforts, and the outside shows of worldly respectability,) in order not to be miserable, you must have a *soul-mate*, as well as a *house* or a *yoke-mate*; you must have a husband whom, before the altar, making yourself at that moment distinctly conscious of the presence of Almighty God, to whom you appeal, you can safely, that is, according to your confident belief, grounded on sufficient opportunities of observation, conscientiously vow to love, honour, and respect. With what disgust would you not turn from a sordid, with what horror would you not recoil from a contagious or infectious garment offered to you? You would not suffer it to come near your skin. And would you surrender your person, would you blend your whole personality, as far as God has put it in your power to do so, all that you call “I,”—soul, body, and estate—with one, the contagion of whose principles, the infection or sordidness of whose habits and conversation, you would have to guard against in behalf of your own soul; and the insidious influence of which, on the tone and spirit of your thoughts, feelings, objects, and unconscious tendencies and manners, would be as the atmosphere in which you lived! Or, were the man's character merely negative in these respects—were he only incapable of understanding the development of your moral being, including all those minor duties and objects of quiet pursuit and enjoyment which constitute the moral taste—were he only indifferent to the interest you felt for his and your own salvation, and for the conditions of your reunion in the world to come—still it would be a benumbing influence, and the heart may be starved where it is neither stabbed nor poisoned. God said, that it was not well for the human being to be alone: to be what we ought to be, we need support, help, communion in good. What, then, if instead of a helpmate we take an obstacle, a daily counteraction? But the mere want of what God has rendered necessary, or most desirable for us, is itself an obstacle. Virtue sickens in the air of the marshes, loaded with poisonous effluvia; but even where the air is merely deficient in the due quantity of its vital element, and where there is too little, though what there

* Too often, I fear, on the supposed sanction of the *mis-translated*, and still worse *interpreted*, text, Gen. ii. 24.

is may be faultless, human virtue lives but a panting and anxious life. For as to a young woman's marrying in the hope of reforming the man's principles, you will join with me in smiling at the presumption, or more probably the pretext; as if the man was likely to appreciate, as of very serious importance, a danger which the wife had not feared to risk on so slender a chance, or be persuaded by her to feel as hateful the very qualities which she had taken to her bosom, as a few weeds in a nosegay that she might pick out at leisure.

Well, you will perhaps reply, you would have convinced me, if I had not been convinced before, of the misery attendant on an unfit choice, and the criminal folly of a rash and careless one. But by what marks am I to distinguish the suitable from the unsuitable? What are the criteria, or at least the most promising signs, of a man likely to prove a good husband to a good wife? And, as far as you can judge from your knowledge of my character, principles, and temper, likely to find his happiness in me, and to make me happy and deserving to be so? For perfection can be expected on neither side.

Most true; and whilst the defects are both in their kind and their degree within the bounds of that imperfection which is common to all in our present state, the best and wisest way that a wife can adopt, is to regard even faulty trifles as serious faults in herself, and yet to bear with the same or equivalent faults as trifles in her husband. If the fault is removable, well and good; if not, it is a speck in a diamond—set the jewel in the marriage ring with the speck downmost. But it is one thing to choose for the companion of our life a man troubled with occasional headaches or indigestion, and another to run into the arms of inveterate gout or consumption, (even though the consequent hectic should render the countenance still more winning and beautiful,) or of hemiplegia, that is, of palsy on one side. For, as you will see that I am speaking figuratively, and under the names of bodily complaints am really thinking, and meaning you to think, of moral and intellectual defects and diseases, I have hazarded the hard word "hemiplegia;" as I can conceive no more striking and appropriate image or symbol of an individual with one half of his being, that is, his person, manners, and circumstances, well, and as it should be, while the other, and inestimably more precious half, is but half alive, blighted and insensate. Now, for the prevention of the perilous mistake into which a personal prepossession is too apt to seduce the young and marriageable, and females more often, perhaps, than males, from the very gentleness of their sex, the mistake of looking through the diminishing end of the glass, and confounding vices with foibles, I know no better way than by attempting to answer the questions which I have supposed you to put, viz.,

What are the marks, &c., first, generally, and, secondly, in particular application to yourself? In the latter I can of course only speak conjecturally, except as your outward circumstances and relative duties are concerned; in all else, you must be both querist and respondent. But the former, the knowledge of which will be no mean assistance to you in solving the latter for your own satisfaction, I think I can answer distinctly and clearly; and with this, therefore, we will begin.

You would have reason to regard your sex affronted, if I supposed it necessary to warn any good woman against open viciousness in a lover, or avowed indifference to the great principles of moral obligations, religious, social, or domestic. By "religious," I do not *here* mean matters of opinion, or differences of belief, in points where good and wise men have agreed to differ. Religious, in my present use of the word, is but morality in reference to all that is permanent and imperishable; God and our souls, for instance; and morality is religion in its application to individuals, circumstances, the various relations and spheres in which we happen to be placed; in short, to all, to all that is contingent and transitory, and passes away, leaving no abiding trace but the consciousness of having or not having done our duty in each.

I would fain, if the experience of life would permit me, think it no less superfluous to dissuade a woman of common foresight and information, from encouraging the addresses of one, however unobjectionable or even desirable in other respects, who she knew, or had good reason to believe, was, by acquired or hereditary constitution, affected by those mournful complaints which, it is well known, are ordinarily transmitted to the offspring, to one, or more, or all. But, alas! it often happens, that afflictions of this nature are united with the highest worth and the most winning attractions of head, heart, and person; nay, that they often add to the native good qualities of the individual a tenderness, a sensibility, a quickness of perception, and a vivacity of principle, that cannot but conciliate an interest in behalf of the possessor in the affections of a woman, strong in proportion to the degree in which she is herself characterised by the same excellences. Many virtues and manly sense, with feminine manners without effeminacy, form such an assemblage, a *tout ensemble* so delightful to the womanly heart, that it demands a hard, a cruel struggle to find in any ground of objection an effective counterpoise, a decisive negative. Yet the struggle must be made, and must end in the decisive and, if possible, the preventive "No;" or all claims to reason and conscience, and to that distinctive seal and impress of divinity on womanhood, the maternal soul, must be abandoned. The probable misfortunes attendant on the early death of the head of the family are the least fearful of the conse-

quences that may rationally be expected from such a choice. The mother's anguish, the father's heart-wasting self-reproach, the recollection of that innocent lost, the sight of this darling suffering, the dread of the future,—in fine, the conversion of heaven's choicest blessings into sources of anguish and subjects of remorse—I have seen all this in more than one miserable, and *most* miserable, because amiable and affectionate, couple, and have seen that the sound constitution of one parent has not availed against the taint on the other. Would to God the picture I have here exhibited were as imaginary in itself as its exhibition is unnecessary, and the reality of improbable occurrence, for you.

Dismissing, therefore, as taken for granted or altogether inapplicable, all objections grounded on gross and palpable unfitness for a state of moral and personal union and lifelong interdependence,—and less than this is not marriage, whether the unfitness result from constitutional or from moral defect or derangement; and with these, and only not quite so bad, dismissing too the objections from want of competence, on both sides, in worldly means, proportional to their former rank and habits; and yet what worse or more degradingly selfish, (yea, the very dregs and sediment of selfishness, after the more refined and human portion of it, the sense of self-interest, has been drawn off,) what worse, I repeat, can be said of the beasts of the field, without reflection, without forethought, of whom and for whose offspring nature has taken the responsibility upon herself? Putting all these aside, as too obvious to require argument or exposition, I will now pass to those marks which too frequently are overlooked, however obvious in themselves they may be; but which ought to be looked for, and looked after, by every woman who has ever reflected on the words “my future husband” with more than girlish feelings and fancies. And if the absence of these marks in an individual furnishes a decisive reason for the rejection of his addresses, there are others the presence of which forms a sufficient ground for hesitation, and I will begin with an instance.

When you hear a man making exceptions to any fundamental law of duty in favour of some particular pursuit or passion, and considering the dictates of honour as neither more nor less than motives of selfish prudence in respect of character; in other words, as conventional and ever-changing regulations, the breach of which will, if detected, black-ball the offender and send him to Coventry in that particular rank and class of society of which he was born, or has become a member; when, instead of giving instantaneous and unconditional obedience to the original voice from within, a man substitutes for this, and listens after the mere echo of the voice from without; his knowledge, I mean, of what is commanded by fashion and enforced by the foreseen consequences of

non-compliance on his worldly reputation, (thus, I myself heard a buckish clergyman, a clerical Nimrod, at Salisbury, avow that he would “cheat his own father in a horse,”) then I say, that to smile, or to show yourselves smiling angry, as if a tap with your fan was a sufficient punishment, and a “for shame! you don't think so, I am sure,” or, “you should not say so,” a sufficient reproof, would be an ominous symptom either of your own laxity of moral principle and deadness to true honour, and the unspeakable contemptibleness of this gentlemanly counterfeit of it, or of your abandonment to a blind passion, kindled by superficial advantages and outside agreeables, and blown and fuelled by that most base, and yet frequent thought, “one must not be over nice, or a woman may say No till no one asks her to say Yes.” And what does this amount to (with all the other pretty common-places as, “what right have I to expect an angel in the shape of a man?” &c., &c.,) but the plain confession, “I want to be married; the better the man the luckier for me; I have made up my mind to be the mistress of a family; in short, I want to be married!” Under this head you may safely place all the knowing principles of action, so often and so boastingly confessed by your clever fellows—“I take care of number one; hey, neighbour: what say you?”—“Each for himself, and God for us all: that's my maxim.” And likewise, as the very same essentially, though in a more dignified and seemly form, the principle of determining whether a thing is right or wrong by its supposed consequences.

There are men who let their life pass away without a single effort to do good either to friend or neighbour, to their country or their religion, on the strength of the question—“What good will it do?” But woe to the man who is incapable of feeling that the greatest possible good he can do for himself or for others, is to do his duty, and to leave the consequences to God. But it will be answered, “How can we ascertain that it is our duty, but by weighing the probable consequences? Besides, no one can act without motives; and all motives must at last have respect to the agent's own self-interest; and that is the reason why religion is so useful, because it carries on our self-interest beyond the grave!”

O, my dear —! so many worthy persons who really, though unconsciously, both act from, and are actuated by, far nobler impulses, are educated to talk in this language, that I dare not expose the folly, turpitude, immorality, and irreligion of this system, without premising the necessity of trying to discover, previous to your forming a fixed opinion respecting the true character of the individuals from whom you may have heard declarations of this kind, whether the sentiments proceed from the tongue only, or, at worst, from a misinstructed understanding, or are the native growth of his heart.” S. T. C.

PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILMENT

It has been well remarked, that prophecy is a constantly growing evidence of the truth of the Holy Volume. We have often been desirous of seeing the accomplished ancient predictions collected from the pages of the sacred writers, and placed in parallel columns with passages from the historian and the traveller, which may present a concise and striking view of the subject, tending to remove the scepticism of the infidel,

PROPHECY.

"I will stretch out my hand upon Edom,—and will make it desolate from Teman."—Ezekiel xxv. 13.

"And he shall stretch out upon it (Idumæa) the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness."—Isaiah xxxiv. 11.

"If grape-gatherers come to thee, would they not leave some gleanings? If thieves by night, they will destroy till they have enough. But I have made Esau bare."—Jeremiah xlix. 9, 10.

"And Edom shall be a desolation."—Jeremiah xlix. 17.

"Behold, O Mount Seir, I am against thee, and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate."

"I will lay thy cities waste."—Ezekiel xxxv. 3, 4.

"I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy cities shall not return."—Ezekiel xxxv. 9.

"Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence saith the Lord."—Jeremiah xlix. 16.

and to confirm the faith of every ingenuous mind.

What we are so desirous of seeing fully carried out, has been partially done by the very able translator of M. Leon de Laborde's "Journey through Arabia Petrea," in his preface to that very interesting work. We copy the whole passage, with many thanks to its author for his zeal and judgment in its production:—

FULFILMENT.

"In many places it (Petrea) is overgrown with wild herbs, and must once have been thickly inhabited; for the traces of many towns and villages are met with on both sides of the Hadj road, between Maan and Akaba, as well as between Maan and the plains of Hauran, in which direction are also many springs. At present *all this country is a desert*, and Maan (Teman) is the only inhabited place in it."—*Burckhardt's Travels in Syria*, p. 436.

"On ascending the western plain (of Idumæa), on a higher level than that of Arabia, we had before us an immense expanse of dreary country, entirely covered with *black flints*."—*Burckhardt, Syria*, p. 444.

"The whole plain presented to the view an expanse of shifting sands, whose surface was broken by innumerable undulations and low hills."—"And the Arabs told me that the valleys continue to present the same appearance beyond the latitude of Wady Mousa (Petra). In some parts of the valley the sand is very deep, and there is not the slightest appearance of a road or of any work of human art. A few trees grow among the sand-hills, but the *depth of sand* precludes all vegetation or herbage. The sand which thus covers the ancient cultivated soil appears to have *been brought from the shores of the Red Sea*, by the southern winds."—*Burckhardt*, p. 442.

"The following ruined places are situated in *Djebel Shera* (Mount Seir), to the south and south-west of Wady Mousa (Petra), Kalaat, Djerba, Basta, Eyl, Ferdakh, Anyk, Bir el Beytar, Shemakh, and Syk. Of the towns laid down in D'Anville's map, (viz.: Elusa, Tamara, Zoara, Thoana, Necta, Phenon, Suzuma, Carcaria, Oboda, Berzumma, Lyssa, Gypsaria, Zodocata, Gerasa, Havara, Presidium ad Dianum, Elana, and Asion Gaber,) Thoana excepted, *no traces remain*."—*Burckhardt*, pp. 443, 444.

"The ruins of the city (Petra) here burst on the view, in their full grandeur, shut in on the opposite side by barren craggy precipices, from which numerous ravines and valleys branch out in all directions: the sides of the mountains, covered with an endless variety of excavated tombs and private dwellings, presented altogether the most singular spectacle we ever beheld."—*Captains Irby and Mangles*, p. 422.

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"I will make thee small among the heathen."
—Jeremiah xlix. 15.

"I will make thee despised among men."
Jeremiah, *ibid.*

"Concerning Edom, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Is wisdom no more in Teman? Is counsel perished from the prudent? Is their wisdom vanished?"—Jeremiah xlix. 7.

"And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof."—Jeremiah xxxiv. 13.

"The owl, also, and the raven shall dwell in it."—Isaiah xxxiv. 11.

"And there shall not be any remaining of the house of Esau."—Obadiah 18.

"The name of this capital, in all the various languages in which it occurs, implies a *rock*, and as such it is described in the Scriptures, in Strabo, and Al Edrissi."—*Vincent, Commerce of the Ancients*, vol. ii. p. 264.

"The barren state of the country, together with the desolate condition of the city, without a single human being living near it, seem strongly to verify the judgment denounced against it."—*Irby and Mangles*, p. 439.

"When Mr. Banks applied, at Constantinople, to have Kerek and Wady Mousa (Petra) inserted in his firman, they returned for answer, 'that they knew of none such within the Grand Seigneur's dominions.'"—*Irby and Mangles*, p. 336.

"The Arabs, who show through their monotonous life little feeling for the vicissitudes of empires, have given this ruin (of a temple) a ridiculous, indeed an indecent name, which has no connexion whatever with its original destination, and yet seems not ill applied to it in its state of decay: to prove the utter fragility of our works, besides the injury capable of being wrought by time, only one thing more is wanting—the *ridicule of mankind*."—*Laborde*, pp. 155, 156.

"But if the question now be asked, Is understanding perished out of Edom? the answer may be briefly given. The minds of the Bedouins are as uncultivated as the deserts they traverse. The simple but significant fact that the clearing away of a little rubbish, merely to allow the water to flow into an ancient cistern, in order to render it useful to themselves, is an undertaking far beyond the views of the wandering Arabs,—shows that understanding is indeed perished from among them."—*Keith*, p. 221.

"They look," continues Keith, "upon a European traveller as a magician, and believe that having seen any spot where they imagine that treasures are deposited, 'he can afterwards command the guardian of the treasure to set the whole before him.'"—*Burchhardt*, p. 429.

"It is truly a strange spectacle—a city filled with tombs, some scarcely begun, some finished, looking as new and as fresh as if they had just come from the hands of the sculptor; whilst others seemed to be the abode of lizards, fallen into ruin, and covered with brambles."—*Laborde*, p. 157.

"The screaming of the eagles, hawks, and owls, who soared above our heads in considerable numbers, seemingly annoyed at any one approaching their habitation, added much to the singularity of the scene."—*Irby and Mangles*, p. 413.

"The Idumeans were, soon after the commencement of the Christian era, mingled with the Nabatheans. In the third century their language was disused, and their very name, as designating any people, had utterly perished. (Origin, lib. iii. in Job.) And their country itself, having

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"Whereas Edom saith, We are impoverished, but we will return and build the desolate places; then saith the Lord of Hosts, They shall build, but I will throw down. And your eyes shall see, and ye shall say, The Lord will be magnified from the borders of Israel."—Malachi i. 3, 4.

FULFILMENT.

become an outcast from Syria, among whose kingdoms it had long been numbered, was united to Arabia Petraea, while the posterity of Jacob had been 'dispersed in every country under heaven,' and are 'scattered among all nations,' and have ever remained distinct from them all; and while it is also declared that 'a full end will never be made of them,' the Edomites, though they existed as a nation for more than seventeen hundred years, have, as a period of nearly equal duration has proved, been cut off for ever; and, while Jews are in every land, there is not any remaining, on any spot of earth, of the house of Esau."—*Keith*, p. 231.

"The order of the architecture shows that the citizens of Petra did build after the era of the prophets, while the fragments of ruins of Grecian and Roman architecture, as well as of more ancient date, which are strewn over the ground, shows that those buildings whose doom was pronounced before their erection, have, according to the same sure words, been thrown down."—*Keith*, p. 202.

"It is surprising to reflect that monuments of so vast a scale should be executed subsequent to the Roman conquest. In the approach to this tomb there were arched substructions of great extent, now fallen into ruins."—*Irby and Mangles*, p. 430.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON THE MIND.

This question must be entirely decided by facts; but it would be extremely unjust to draw them merely from polished society, for here *moral* causes have the greatest share in forming the human character. As we are endeavouring to find the effect of a physical cause, we must look amongst those nations and countries where the original stamp of nature has been least altered and defaced by civilisation.

Neither, I apprehend, would it be just to judge of the mental faculties of a human creature merely by his quickly comprehending the subtleties and perceiving the beauties of a logical disquisition. No; it is from firmness of character, from undaunted courage, from his imagination, from a certain noble daring, a spirit of independence, enterprise, industry, and research, that we ought to conclude what manner of man he is. Shall we despise the mind of the untutored savage because it is obscured by the mists of ignorance? As well and as justly might we lay to the charge of the glorious God of light the lowering of the sky, when heavily in clouds comes on the day. The rough diamond has its intrinsic value, although, to undiscerning and ignorant eyes, it may appear inferior to polished glass. The polish of the diamond *shows*, indeed, but does not *make*, its value.

If we are to rate the powers of intellect which any nation may possess, only by the resemblance which their customs may bear to the manners of modern Europe, we can never come to any just conclusion on the question; but if we take what I have mentioned above as our touchstone, by which to try the nature of the human faculties, we shall find—although opinions and manners vary in different parts of the world, and change in almost every age—that it will be a fit test for every region of the habitable globe, by which we may judge of man from the age of Noah down to the age of William the Fourth.

It is universally acknowledged, that the body exerts a considerable influence on the mind; and hence it follows, that whatever affects the corporeal frame of man, must, through that medium, possess a power over his mind. Now, as no one can deny that climate does affect the human body, it is clearly proved that it must have some influence on the mind of man. We have only to consult the relations of historians and geographers, to see whether this conclusion be correct or not.

By those who consider the mental powers of mankind as being influenced by climate, it is affirmed that extreme cold, especially if accompanied with a thick foggy atmosphere, benumbs

and, as it were, seals up the mental faculties of man;—that intense heat has the effect of enervating and giving such a degree of lassitude to the soul, as to render it unwilling to exert its latent properties;—and that it is in the temperate climes alone where man attains his greatest dignity. How far these assertions are borne out by facts, it is our business now to inquire.

The most uncivilised region of the globe, the one in which man acts most according to the dictates of nature, is the immense continent of North and South America. And if we turn our attention to the inhabitants of the tract lying between the 50th and 65th degrees of north latitude, how dead do they appear to all the lively feelings of the human breast! Deaf to the call of ambition, and to almost all the other passions of our nature, they appear scarcely to be blessed with half the soul with which the favoured people of climes less rigid are endowed. Man is a being considered as capable of progressive improvement; but the inhabitants of these climates appear to have existed in the same state of ignorance for ages. Their miserable huts have never been changed into more comfortable dwellings, or collected together so as to deserve the name of a town. They seem to have little idea of the pleasures of society, and, compared with other men, are little elevated above the brutes that perish; for the sole apparent purpose for which they draw their breath is to provide themselves with food and to propagate their species.

This is not only the character of those who inhabit the frozen regions of North America, but of those who live within the degrees of latitude mentioned above, nearly throughout the world; it is not only due to the Esquimaux and to the natives of Greenland, but likewise to the Laplanders, the Simoides, and the wandering tribes of Kamschatka.

If we examine more temperate climes, and contemplate the character of the inhabitants, what a most striking contrast will be exhibited to our view! We shall find men who alternately overwhelm us with astonishment, and freeze us with horror, by the extremes of conduct which they manifest. All the powers of their minds are brought into full exercise. Here we behold people divided into different nations, and each individual jealous of the honour of his particular tribe, subtle in forming schemes, and bold and prompt in executing them, possessing a spirit of enterprise, a patience and a courage which the greatest difficulties and dangers cannot subdue. When sacrificed to the revenge of his enemies, he suffers himself to be bound to the stake for the fancied glory of his clan, while the savage warrior stimulates his companions by the war-song of defiance, and, by recounting to them the numbers he has slain in battle, urges them to ply all the torments which the most diabolical

imagination can suggest, in order to accomplish his purposes. The savage chieftain, by the customs of his country, must undergo multiplied privations before he can attain to the rank at which he aims. Spurred on by ambition, he would prove that he is worthy of his office, by showing that his mind has gained a complete ascendancy over his body, and is not to be subdued by the most excruciating tortures.

Although, perhaps, they may not excel in the fine-turned period and well-chosen simile amongst these uncivilised clans, yet the hoary-headed chief possesses a nervous manly eloquence, which, if to be judged of by the effects it produces, is only to be surpassed by the orators of Greece and Rome. Roused by the injuries his nation may have sustained, stimulated by revenge and the hope of plunder, he possesses the power of inflaming the minds of his people almost to a degree of frenzy. The war-song, and more horrid war-dance, succeed, and they go to battle with all the vigour with which the hope of revenge and booty can inspire them. It is not only in the temperate zones of America that men manifest that savage greatness of soul of which I have been speaking, but the description suits the character of men in similar climates over the whole world; it will apply to the ancient inhabitants of these isles, to the Gauls and Germans, and to the wandering tribes of Tartars in Asia.

Now let us examine those countries that lie in warmer latitudes, and see whether they will equally bear out the assertion, that heat of climate enervates the mind, and renders the people inclined to indolence. That, in the southern parts of America, it has this effect, is very evident from the ease with which a handful of Spaniards subdued whole kingdoms, and rendered their abject slaves treble their own numbers. How different from the northern aborigines, who, at this day, are the terror of the frontiers of the United States, and even oblige them to pay an annual tribute for a considerable part of their territories! If we examine the dispositions of the natives of Paraguay, we shall find little difference between them and the ignorant Hottentots of Africa, or the quiet and inoffensive race who cover the sultry plains of Hindostan. It is a singular but remarkable fact, that the inhabitants of these countries are now become a prey to more bold and enterprising nations.

History is, in this case, rather barren of information, as it only shows us the fatal power of luxury in advancing, by slow but sure steps, the ruin of the morals and strength of a nation. Yet there is one fact upon record which must have a considerable influence in deciding the present question. When Rome, from being merely a petty city in Italy, became, by the continued successes of her arms, the mistress of the then known world,—having her military forces dis-

seminated over the plains of Numidia, the provinces of Egypt, of Judea, Syria, Mesopotamia, Lydia, Greece, and Macedonia, at the same time that one part of her legions were pursuing their victories in Gaul, Spain, Britain, and Germany,—it was manifest what power climate exerted over the character of man. When ambition stirred up the civil commotions which deluged the conquered countries with the blood of the conquerors, it was evident that men born in the same city, and subject, during their youth, to the same laws and customs, acquired opposite characters merely by the influence of climate. Those chiefs who had the good fortune to attach to their interest the troops who had borne the cold and changeable seasons of the northern provinces, were always successful over their enemies, who had only the enervated legions of the south to oppose to them.

To this circumstance Cesar was, in a great measure, indebted for the uncommon power he acquired. And Constantine could never have withstood, and much less have overcome, his numerous and powerful rivals to the throne, but by the support of the hardy soldiers of the north. That penetrating historian, Gibbon, attributes the success which accompanied the arms of Constantine solely to this cause.

From what I have said, I would by no means wish it to appear that it was climate alone which affected the human mind in the cases I have mentioned, since I am always willing to allow that moral causes possess an influence, nay, a superior influence, over it. But the question is, Does climate possess any power in this respect? and I think myself warranted in stating my conviction that it does.

MERCATOR.

THE AMERICANS.

(From "*American Society*," by Miss Martineau.)

THE hospitality of the country is celebrated; but I speak now of more than usually meets the eye of a stranger—of the family manners, which travellers have rarely leisure or opportunity to observe. If I am asked what is the peculiar charm, I reply, with some hesitation, there are so many. But I believe it is not so much the outward plenty, or the mutual freedom, or the simplicity of manners, or the incessant play of humour, which characterises the whole people, as the sweet temper which is diffused like sunshine over the land. They have been called the most good-tempered people in the world; and I think they must be so. The effect of general example is here most remarkable. I met, of course, with persons of irritable temperament, with hot-tempered and with fidgetty people, with some who were disposed to despotism and others to contradiction; but it was delightful to see how persons thus afflicted were enabled to keep themselves in order—were so wrought upon by the general example of cheerful helpfulness, as to be restrained from clouding their homes by their moods. I have often wondered what the Americans make of European works of fiction in which ailing tempers are exhibited. European fiction does not represent such in half the extent and variety in which they might be truly and profitably exhibited; but I have often wondered what the Americans make of them, such as they are. They possess the initiatory truth in the variety of temperaments which exist among themselves, as every where else, and in the moods of children; but the expansion of deformed tempers in grown people must strike them as monstrous caricatures. Of course, there must be some general influence

which sweetens or restrains the temper of a whole nation, of the same Saxon race which is not every where so amiable. I imagine that the practice of forbearance, requisite in a republic, is answerable for this pleasant peculiarity. In a republic, no man can, in theory, overbear his neighbour; nor, as he values his own rights, can he do it much or long in practice. If the moral independence of some, of many, sinks under this equal pressure from all sides, it is no little set-off against such an evil, that the outbreaks of domestic tyranny are thereby restrained, and that the respect for mutual rights which citizens have perpetually enforced upon them abroad, comes thence to be observed towards the weak and unresisting in the privacy of home.

A passenger on board the "*Henry Clay*," in which I ascended the Mississippi, showed in perfection the results of a false idea of honour. He belonged to one of the first families in Kentucky, had married well, and settled at Natchez, Mississippi. His wife was slandered by a resident of Natchez, who, refusing to retract, was shot dead by the husband, who fled to Texas. The wife gathered their property together, followed her husband, was shipwrecked below New Orleans, and lost all. Her wants were supplied by kind persons at New Orleans, and she was forwarded by them to her destination, but soon died of cholera. Her husband went up into Missouri, and settled in a remote part of it, to practise law, but with a suspicion that he was dodged by the relations of the man he had shot. One day he met a man muffled in a cloak, who engaged with him, shot him in both sides, and

stabbed him with an Arkansas knife. The victim held off the knife from wounding him mortally, till help came, and his foe fled. The wounded man slowly recovered, but his right arm was so disabled as to compel him to postpone his schemes of revenge. He ascertained that his enemy had fled to Texas; followed him there; at length met him one fine evening, riding with his double-barrelled gun before him. They knew each other instantly. The double-barrelled gun was raised and pointed, but before it could be fired its owner fell from the saddle, shot dead like the brother he had sought to avenge. The murderer was flying up the river once more when I saw him, not doubting that he should again be dodged by some relation of the brothers he had shot. Some of the gentlemen on board believed that if he surrendered himself at Natchez, he would be let off with little or no punishment, and allowed to settle again in civilised society; but he was afraid of the gallows, and intended to join some fur company in the north-west, if he could, and if he failed in this, to make himself a chief of a tribe of wandering Indians.

Dr. Channing was one day paying toll, when he perceived a notice of gin, rum, tobacco, &c., on a board which bore a strong resemblance to a gravestone. "I am glad to see," said the doctor to the girl who received the toll, "that you have been burying those things."

"And if we had," said the girl, "I don't doubt you would have gone chief mourner."

Some young men travelling on horseback

among the White Mountains, became inordinately thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the roadside. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned."

I was solemnly assured by a gentleman that I was quite wrong on some point, because I differed from him. Every body laughed; when he went on, with the utmost gravity, to inform us that there had been a time when he believed, like other people, that he might be mistaken; but that experience had convinced him that he never was, and he had, in consequence, cast behind him the fear of error.

We were often told that it was "a dreadful fine day;" and a girl at an hotel pronounced my trumpet to be "terrible handy." In the back of Virginia these superlative expressions are the most rife. A man who was extremely ill, in agonising pain, sent for a friend to come to him. Before the friend arrived the pain was relieved, but the patient felt much reduced by it. "How do you find yourself?" inquired the friend.

"I'm powerful weak, but cruel easy."

A dashing Kentuckian intimates to you the richness of the soil, by saying, "If you plant a nail at night, 'twill come up a spike next morning."

TO THE DEPARTED.

I STAND where late we both have stood;
On every side I see
Objects that won our twin regards—
All, all are here but thee.

Winter, since through these paths we roam'd,
Hath swept from flower and tree
The sunny tints, the dancing leaves,
And he hath taken thee.

But spring is forth again, and, lo!
Through meadow, wood, and lea;
Myriads of things start back to life,
Yet spring restores not thee.

All flowers that blossom had thy love,
And never might the bee
Revel 'mid sweeter scents than these;
But they are not for thee.

Each sense is dead, those eyes are stone,
Thine ear may never be
Aroused, save by the final trump,
When I shall rise with thee.

The voices of our little ones,
Their shouts of infant glee
Which, smiling, we together heard,
Are now unheard by thee.

Our little ones! Endearing words!
They are a charm to me,
Binding me to this dreary world—
Dearest since it owns not thee.

For them, for them I still will bear
A gallant heart, nor flee
The turmoil and the strife of life,
For they are part of thee.

But of, though in, the busy world
'Tis mine no more to be,
My heart, my lone and widow'd heart,
Is confined deep with thee.

Swanscombe Wood,
May 18th, 1834.

N.

GEMS.

INDOLENCE.—None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do, for

"A want of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd."

Such a man is out of God's order, and opposing his obvious design in the faculties he has given him and the condition in which he has placed him. Nothing, therefore, is promised in the Scriptures to the indolent. Take the indolent with regard to exertion: what indecision! what delay! what reluctance! what apprehension! The slothful man says, "There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets." "The way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns, but the way of the righteous is made plain." Take him with regard to health: What sluggishness of circulation! What depression of spirits! What dulness of appetite! What enervation of frame! Take him with regard to temper and enjoyment: Who is pettish and fretful? Who feels wanton and childish cravings? Who is too soft to bear any of the hardships of life? Who broods over every little vexation and inconvenience? Who not only increases real, but conjures up imaginary evils, and gets no sympathy from any one in either? Who feels time wearisome and irksome? Who is devoured by *ennui* and spleen? Who oppresses others with their company, and their questions, and censorious talk? The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or lawful calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to "enjoy themselves." Prayer should be always offered up for their servants and wives, and for themselves too. They are a burden to themselves.—*Jay*.

PRAISE.—There is nothing easier than to persuade men well of themselves. When a man's self-love meets with another's flattery, it is an high praise that will not be believed.—*Bishop Hall*.

THE BEGINNING.—The Scripture historian says, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form and void." Philosophy says, "In the beginning various atoms floating about in unbounded space, drew into union with themselves other atoms, forming substances of different qualities, and possessing suitable energies." We therefore demand, without hesitancy, whence came these first atoms? and philosophy is struck dumb. She argues for centuries, wastes volumes upon volumes, and has never been able to tell us whence came the first materials. Here the lamp of history has gone out, and the poet's wing has dropped, through the whole succession of pagan research and imagination. Moses alone assigns to matter its origin.—*Scripture an Appeal to the Senses*.

EXISTENCE OF GOD.—The physical history of our globe, in which some have seen only waste, disorder, and confusion, teems with endless examples of economy, and order, and design; and the result of all our researches is, to fix more steadily our assurance of the existence of one supreme Creator of all things, to exalt more highly our conviction of the immensity of his perfections, of his might and majesty, his wisdom and goodness, and all-sustaining providence, and to penetrate our understanding with a profound and sensible perception of the high veneration man's intellect owes to God. The earth, from her deep foundations, unites

with the celestial orbs that roll through boundless space, to declare the glory and show forth the praise of their common Author and Preserver; and the voice of natural religion accords harmoniously with the testimonies of revelation, in ascribing the origin of the universe to the will of one eternal and dominant intelligence—the almighty Lord and supreme First Cause of all things that subsist, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," "before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, God from everlasting, and world without end."—*Dr. Buckland*.

PHILOSOPHY.—Philosophy fails of its noblest object, if it does not lead us to God; and, whatever may be its pretensions, that is unworthy of the name of science which professes to trace the sequences of nature, and yet fails to discover, as if marked by a sunbeam, the mighty hand which arranged them all; which fails to bow in humble adoration before the power and wisdom, the harmony and beauty, which pervade all the works of Him who is eternal.—*Abercrombie*.

EDUCATION.—Education is often insufficient, owing to the absurd belief that to teach reading and writing is sufficient, and that we may rest satisfied with the good work we have performed. As well might we say that if we could but turn the river into our grounds, it would be a matter of perfect indifference whether we led it to the mill, or allowed it to inundate the corn-field. If we wish to regulate and rejoice in the effects of education, we must not only fill the mind, we must form the character; we must not only give ideas, we must give habits; we must make education moral. When we invite men to exertion, and make easy to them the paths of ambition, we must give them, at the same time, good desires and great designs.—*Mrs. Grant*.

A GOOD NAME.—Who shall pretend to calculate the value of the inheritance of a good name? Its benefit is often very great, when dependant upon no stronger ties than those which accident or relationship have created; but when it flows from friendships which have been consecrated by piety and learning, when it is the willing offering of kindred minds to departed worth or genius, it takes a higher character, and is not less honourable to those who receive than to those who confer it. It comes generally from the best sources, and is directed to the best ends; and it carries with it an influence which powerfully disposes all worthy persons to co-operate in its views. Nor is this all. The consciousness of the source from which it springs is wont to stimulate the exertions and to elevate the views of those who are the objects of it; and many instances might be enumerated of persons who have laid the foundation of the very highest fortunes upon no other ground than that which this goodly inheritance has supplied.—*Bishop Otter*.

CHARITY.—Is an universal duty, which it is in every man's power sometimes to practise; since every degree of assistance given to another, upon proper motives, is an act of charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility, as that he may not, on some occasions, benefit his neighbour. He that cannot relieve the poor may instruct the ignorant; and he that cannot attend the sick may reclaim the vicious. He that can give little assistance himself may yet perform the duty of charity, by inflaming the ardour of others, and recommending the petitions which he cannot grant, to those who have more to bestow. The widow that shall give her mite to the treasury, the poor man who shall bring to the thirsty a cup of cold water, shall not lose their reward.—*Dr. Johnson*.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A NERVOUS MAN.—No. 1.

1834. *Jan. 20th.*—I DREAMED that one of my friends died, and though I had important business with him, I was afraid of seeing him; I thought he might be ill of the influenza, and that I should take it. He called on me at night, but I dared not see him, lest he should fall down dead, which would have shocked me.

Jan. 21st.—It was suddenly suggested to me this morning that I should be choked to-day. I therefore ate no breakfast, and fasted till noon, when I thought my throat was growing up. I procured a gargle of Cayenne pepper, a piece of which went the wrong way. I then felt, as sure as destiny, that my end was near. I signed my will, called my family together, who were amazed to see me dripping with a cold sweat; when an old woman, who happened to be in the house, came rudely into the room, and said, "La, meister! what are you doin'? Drink a cup o' cold water, and walk sharp about the room, and ye'll be better anon." I did so, and behold, at night, when I expected to be "laid out," I was quite recovered.

Jan. 22nd.—Awoke this morning, after a troubled sleep, in which I had seen about five hundred fiends, of all sizes, dancing in a large field, among whom were some goat-like bipeds, who led the ring. After breakfast, felt uncommonly calm; thought this boded no good, for as the calm precedes the tempest, and a supernatural invigoration often goes before death, I felt convinced that I should not outlive the day. A violent agitation then followed; all my flesh seemed to heave, and every vein throbbled; I felt as if my muscles had tightened, and thought I should every moment burst, and ordered the new carpet to be taken up, that it might not be covered with blood. But nothing happened, except that I broke three glasses, which fell from my hands.

Jan. 23rd.—At breakfast, I noticed one of my nails was blue, and felt certain it was premonitory of the cholera. Sent for the doctor, who, cruel man, broke into boisterous laughter, told me to put on my thick boots, walk six miles, and left by wishing me good morning. I put on my boots; but I had read the day before of a gentleman who dropped down dead as he left his door, and I thought I should do the same. I tried, however, to go, but I felt a crack in my breast, and I thought one of the vital muscles was broken, so I returned to the house, as my servant told me, "white as paint." This confirmed my suspicion, and I got all my medical books down, and concluded that I had the *angina pectoris*, and that, therefore, I ought not to walk.

Jan. 24th.—Dreamed that I should be choked with a fish bone. It so happened that we had fish for dinner; dared not eat any. Thought it

must then apply to some of my children, or to Mrs. N.; and, as one of my sons was seized with a cough after dinner, felt convinced that I was right. Examined his throat, and saw what I considered a bone, sticking in one of the tonsils; but all the family said they could see nothing, and the cough went off. At tea, I suspected the water was poisoned, scolded the maid, who gave me notice to quit; but as I vomited much that night, thought I was right.

Jan. 25th.—After breakfast, thought I would ride. Had the horse saddled, but as he had been well fed, with no work, he capered; and as I saw, in my mind's eye, in a moment, the following obituary in the next paper, I dismounted, gave a man half-a-crown to lead him home, and reached it myself, all trepidation:—"Last Saturday, by a fall from his horse, Mr. J. N——, aged 47, much respected. He has left a large family." After tea, I thought the room was full of silver bubbles, and supposed I was going blind. Sent for the doctor, who ordered me to bed, and went out in a huff.

Jan. 26th.—Changed my doctor, sold my horse, bought another, which was about seventeen years old. As he was warranted quiet, tried him in harness, and he would not pull, but ran back. Sold him, with 5*l.* loss, and determined to keep no more. Towards evening, it was suddenly impressed on me that I had a brain fever. Had my head shaved, and leeches applied; sent for my new doctor, who laughed to see me bald, ordered me a warm wig immediately, with a cordial, and to bed. Felt my pulse all night, for I could not sleep; examined my tongue, thought it was blue, got my son to examine with a microscope; and, as well as I could, I did it at the glass, and thought it was covered with animalculæ. I washed my mouth with Cayenne water, examined again, and behold my mouth was all blisters.

Jan. 27th.—Could not eat for soreness of mouth. Took a little laudanum, which sent me to sleep, when I fancied all the world was in a dance. Trees jumped out of the ground, the stars darted out of the sky, and I saw Orpheus fiddling, surrounded by bears and elephants, and dancing pigs and camels. When I awoke I began to moralise on the follies of mankind, and thought it a sin to shave. Told Mrs. N—— I had made a vow to shave no more.

Jan. 28th.—After breakfast, for which I had given orders that I would have some boiled turnips and a gammon of bacon, served up in the old trenchers that belonged to my great grandmother, and which had been in our kitchen, unused, for the last fifteen years, the barber came. I paid his bill, denounced his craft, gave him all my old razors, and told my son to clear the ware-

house from all such modern follies. Looked at all the old portraits, with beards, in my books, and sent for Mr. P., the portrait painter, to see if he could not put a beard on a painting of myself, which he had not long before executed. He promised to do it.

Jan. 29th.—At breakfast, I perceived one of my finger nails bent inwards, and thought it a sign of consumption. Sent for the doctor, told him I had found out what ailed me, and desired him to sound me with his stethoscope; I watched his face; he shook his head, and I fainted, because I perceived he admitted my conjectures, and I knew I was not fit to die. He dashed cold water all over me, and I soon recovered, and heard him telling Mrs. N., "His lungs are as sound as a bell, and ring like brass."—"But, Doctor," said I, "did you not shake your head?" "Yes, I did, sir, but you see my hair is long, and it was falling into my eyes, and was tickling me just then."

Jan. 30th.—This morning I thought I had a spinal disease, and reclined nearly all the day. Had it examined by the doctor, and my servant man rubbed it for an hour with the flesh-brush; felt very alarmed, and determined to write to Mr. St. John Long. After tea, changed my mind, and thought I would visit the south of France. Before bed-time, changed again, and thought I would go with the whale fishers next season, and

wrote to Hull for terms. Fancied I could eat a steak for breakfast, from a young horse's rump, and gave orders accordingly.

Jan. 31st.—Awoke with thoughts about the elements of moral metaphysics. Every one appeared wrong. Made new governments, discovered the longitude, and a way to the moon; formed several new sciences, one of which was, that every person was to be found out from the signs of the nose. This I called Nosology. Proposed to write a new encyclopaedia, and felt assured that I was born for something great, and that Providence was leading me through this original experience to qualify me to bring about a new order of things. Felt thankful and better.

Feb. 1st.—I rose with a stiff knee, and concluded that it was a white swelling; sent for the leech woman, who told me of many sad cases, and said the leeches would be always used by the doctors, but that they were all rogues, and this simple remedy would break up the craft. Thought the woman seemed honest, and told her to put on what she thought best; and she applied twenty-five leeches, at sixpence each; but it appeared afterwards that my leg was only asleep, from having been pressed by the other. At night, cut my great toe-nail, which was pared too close, and thought it would mortify, so could not sleep till seven next morning, when I arose at ten, and breakfasted on black pudding and ale.

BRITAIN.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE we proceed to the second period of our history, we may glean up two or three facts connected with our last chapter.

In war, the men used a narrow target, and a short dirk lodged in the girdle, while a heavy sword, fastened with an iron chain to the waist, and a short staff, at one end of which was a rude kind of brass bell and a spear, finished the equipment of the warrior, whether on horse or foot; to whose talents and courage both Greeks and Romans bear reluctant witness. The British rode on powerful, well-trained, and swift horses; which, when the rider dismounted, stood still while he fought. Their wheeled carriages were of five kinds, and called by the Romans the "*benna*," which would hold several persons, and was used by the chiefs for travelling; the "*petarum*," which was so called either because it had four wheels, or would carry four persons; the "*carrus*," or the burden carriage; the "*covinus*," or war chariot, which was light, would hold but one person, and had hooks and scythes to its wheels; the "*rheda*" was like the last, but larger; and Cassibelanus is said to have had, on one occasion, 4000 of them in battle.

The northern Britons mostly burnt the dead, with their favourite animals, weapons, slaves, and

even children and friends: hence the number of British urns containing bones which at various times have been excavated. But these in the south burnt their dead equipped in arms.

The funeral, if the deceased had been distinguished, was accompanied with songs recounting his virtues; if he died inglorious, the song was omitted. Husbands had absolute power over their wives, and fathers over their children; and, notwithstanding some apparent deference to the women, such was the condition of a wife that a husband might divorce her for disagreeable breath! and if a woman conspired the death of her husband she was burnt, which was the punishment of robbers and murderers.

At death, a man's property was equally divided between his relations; his sons and daughters taking precedence by age: if any advantages, however, were given, nature was so far heard in those times that the youngest received it.

The British laws appear to have been unavoidably arbitrary, indiscriminate, and severe, singularly illustrative of ignorance, and otherwise adapted to human nature. For a long time it would appear that the *lex talionis* prevailed; which at length necessity superseded by a compensation of property, by which the value of

every thing was settled, to the milk of a cat, or the hoof of an ox; while the greatest criminals often ended their race by being smothered in a bog. The laws were all repeated, but not written, in verse; were considered the commands of the gods, and the Druidic priests, therefore, their only authorised expounders.

It must be admitted, that though the preceding excerpts are from the best authors, yet as many of them were not witnesses, and nearly all of them were enemies of the Britons, there is reason to fear that they would often take the appearance for the fact, and the exception for the rule; even allowing that they were always candid, and did

——— "nothing extenuate, nor
Aught set down in malice."

We turn now to

THE ROMANO-BRITISH PERIOD.

Thus lived the Britons, when, through the Gaulish merchants, a rumour alarmed them that the fame-hunting Cesar had resolved to invade them; to avert which they sent ambassadors to divert his purpose, by making their submission to the Romans. Cesar had collected the merchants and travellers who had visited Britain, and inquired into the subjects of importance to an invader; but not satisfied, he sent a galley, with Volusenus, who, after no long absence, if he ever entered the island, returned with such intelligence as decided Cesar upon an instant expedition. Two legions were embarked near Calais on the twenty-fifth of August, A.C. 55, and the next day arrived off Deal, where the Britons, seeing their conciliations of no avail, made a spirited but an unsuccessful resistance; for a landing was effected by the soldiers, though fighting breast-deep in the sea. The genius of Cesar, as great at intrigue as in the field, by the fourth day devised a truce, when the loss of his cavalry and ships by the storm and tides, and the consequent dismay of his soldiers, inspired the humbled Britons, who, after several unsuccessful sallies on the Roman camp, were again obliged to submit; and Cesar, about the fifteenth of September, abruptly returned to Gaul. But in the following year, with a fleet of above 800 ships, 6 legions of soldiers, and 2000 cavalry, in all about 30,000, he returned to Britain, which he entered near the same spot, and found the inhabitants dismayed at his forces, and fled to the interior. Leaving a fragment of the army, under Atrius, to watch the ships, he went in search of the Britons, whom he found on a river flanked by a wood near the present Canterbury. That night another storm partly destroyed the Roman ships, which, to avoid the recurrence of damage, were drawn, in the space of ten days, within the fortifications of the camp. In the meantime, the Britons were gathering their forces, which were given to the command of Cassibelanus, chief of the Cassi, who, for want of co-operation

from the people, after some temporary successes, returned to his own tribes, and left the Romans to march without molestation into the country; which, through the jealousies of the foolish chiefs, and quarrelling tribes, who would not coalesce, was easily subdued. Cassibelanus, indeed, deserted by the other tribes, made a treaty with Cesar, who, immediately after, having sustained much loss among his ships, sailed to Gaul, September 24, in the same year. This is the account derived from Cesar himself, who has very probably given much too favourable a history of the expedition, as far as it concerns Roman affairs; as indeed Diodorus, Strabo, and others intimate; for Cesar neither passed through the island, built a town, or considerable fortification, or left any durable pledges of his victory, claimed a foot of land, nor ever returned. Yet a thanksgiving of twenty days was ordered at Rome, for the conquest of the *alium orbem*, as Cesar called Britain. After the departure of the Romans, the British tribes, for about sixty-eight years, paid no taxes, and recurred to their ancient animosities and battles, from which they who had most favoured the invader would naturally be the first to suffer. Augustus, who levied a tax on the British exports to Gaul, Tiberius, and Caligula, had often threatened to invade Britain, which, from policy, cowardice, or other causes, they, however, never effected. But Claudius, at the instigation of a renegade named Beric, sent Aulus Plautius with about 50,000 men, or four legions, (who were reluctant to come, till a meteor gliding before their ship was regarded as a favourable omen,) who were sub-commanded by Vespasian, into Britain. These, conducted by Beric, often defeated the Britons who took reprisals by drawing them into bogs, where vast numbers, with their *elephants* and horses, perished. At length, invited by Aulus, Claudius himself came, and obtained an easy subjugation of the southern part of the island, as much, probably, by his name, as by his sword; and after a stay of three or four months he returned to Rome, while Vespasian prosecuted the war with the Britons. This general, in the course of a few years, fought thirty-two battles with the natives, reduced the Isle of Wight, the Belgæ, and the Deuotriges, and destroyed above twenty towns; while Aulus waged war with success more internally; was A.D. 47 recalled to Rome, and in A.D. 50 was succeeded by Ostorius Scapula. The latter adopted the maxim of the Roman soldiers, "a terrible beginning;" lined the Severn with forts, and treated the Britons with shameful severity, which greatly protracted the wars, in which the Romans were mostly victors. This was not done, however, without much bloodshed and inconceivable sufferings on the part of the Britons, whose courage and solemn self-denial to preserve their liberty it is to be lamented they had no Tacitus to record.

In this war, Caractacus, a British chief, who for nine years had successfully defeated the Roman arms, was captured, through the perfidy of Cartimandua, queen of the Brigantes. He was carried with his family to Rome, where in a triumph being publicly exposed in chains, with the spoils of his former victories, and his wealth, he addressed Claudius in a short but dignified speech, the force of which reached the vanity, if not the heart, of the emperor, who disenthralled him; while the senate decreed the triumphal ornaments to Ostorius, and made some ridiculously pompous harangues, which illustrated how fast "the eternal city" was *then* degenerating. Shortly after, this Ostorius died of chagrin in Britain, was succeeded by Aulus Didius, who did little more than skirmish with the inhabitants till the fourth year of Nero, who recalled him, and sent in his stead Veronius, who died within a year after his arrival.

To Veronius succeeded Suetonius Paulinus, who subdued many of the British tribes, raised numerous garrisons, spoiled the isle of Anglesea, and extirpated the Druids, whom he odiously murdered. And after similar acts of oppression, by bending the spirit of the conquered too far, he produced a desperate resistance of the Britons, (who were obliged to borrow from Seneca 10,000,000 drachma to pay the tribute.) Overwhelming the Roman garrison, buildings, and settlers, they almost annihilated the invader's power; for upwards of 70,000 Romans are said to have been killed at Camolodunum, where the Romans had built a temple to the divinity of Claudius, as the victor of Britain, as well as at London and Verulamum.

Yet very speedily, though the Roman army was reduced to 10,000 men, Suetonius in a battle utterly routed the Britons, of whom 80,000 are said to have been slain; and the queen com-

mitted suicide. This would probably have ended the British war if Suetonius had graced his victory by generosity and tenderness, of which he was destitute. In a little time he was displaced by Petronius Turpilianus,* who, by a pacific policy, for three years suspended the wars. Similar measures were pursued by Trebellius Maximus, whose humane disposition conciliated the Britons, but displeased his own blood-loving soldiers, who, inflamed by their seditious leaders, especially Cilius, mutinied, and drove Trebellius to Rome.

A governor was for some time wanting in Britain, to which afterwards Vettius Bolanus was commissioned, but he effected little, and was recalled at the accession of Vespasian; who sent in his room Petilius Cerialis, a man more infected with Roman ambition and cruelty than with the zeal of the discoverer. He was assisted by the celebrated Agricola, who commanded the 20th legion. To Petilius succeeded Julius Frontinus, who aided in the further subjection of the inhabitants. At the removal of Frontinus, Agricola was preferred by the 20th legion to the governorship of Britain, which he severely scourged in the beginning of his rule; but after having subdued the northern enemy in eight severe campaigns, he is said to have practised great clemency, taught the Britons the most useful arts, educated their youth, clothed the inhabitants like Romans, and, by other ameliorating measures, charmed the wild country into a peaceful and wealthy province of the falling empire.

A.D. about 85. Agricola was soon recalled by Domitian; who appointed Sallustius Lucullus in his room, which he occupied only a short time, for he was killed, because, having invented a new weapon, he allowed it to be called after his name.

PASSAGES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

SECOND SERIES.

I.

Life and death! how nearly are they allied! and how indissolubly connected by the mystic and awful ties of fate! The cradle may rock us into the dreamless sleep of the coffin, and the

bridal chamber be but the outer porch of the charnel.

II.

What a mighty and mysterious city is London! gathering from all quarters of the earth,

* The following were Roman commanders in Britain:—The chief officer was called "prefect," or "proprietor;" the deputy was "procurator," or "questor."

B.C.

54 Julius Cæsar.

A.C.

Emperors.

41 { Aulus Plautius, in the time of Claudius.

{ Ostorius Scapula

{ Aulus Didius

54 Suetonius Paulinus. . . . Nero

67-9 Trebellius Maximus. . . . { Galba

{ Otho

70 Vettius Bolanus. . . . Vitellius

70 { Petilius Cerialis Vespasian
{ Julius Agricola Titus Vespasian
{ Domitian

118 Julius Severus Adrian

139 Lollius Urbicus Anton. Pius

161 Calphurnius Agricola . . . { Lucius Verus

{ Marcus Aurelius

180 { Helvius Pertinax } . . . Aurelius Commodus

{ Junius Severus }

193 Clodius Albinus { Helvius Pertinax

{ Didius Julianus

194 { Heraclianus } Septimus Severus

{ Virius Lupus }

and hoarding within her thousand homes the stricken and fated children of humanity; hiding from the rude gaze of the world the wrongs and woes of a thousand bruised and breaking spirits. What a confused and gathering multitude are mingled together in one vast focus! The high and the low, the proud and the debased, the profligate and the pauper, all commingle together, and pour into the scale of destiny the amassed wealth of innocence and crime. Yet through this vast and endless mass of human existence, Vice and Death, like conquering kings, ride triumphant. The gambler revels over his gains, the profligate over his illicit sin; the prisoner laughs loud in his dungeon, and the murderer dreams of his victim; but suddenly, in the dead of night, or in the broad golden glare and life of day, the link is snapped, the chain is swiftly shattered, and the hearts that beat with the quiet pulse of innocence, or the bounding beat of the more wrathful passions, become hushed and stilled in the quiet sleep of death.

III.

There is placed within the breast of every one a certain and intimate consciousness of mental power—a restless desire to prove the nobility of intellect—a proud impulse stirring within us to do the deeds which may confer upon us the wreath of intellectual pre-eminence. We may not resist its impulse, for if we fight against the divinity within us, languor, idleness, discontent, and envy, will raise up such a tumult and storm of jarring passions, as will eventually strangle us in our efforts to escape from the cord and the chain which have thus mystically enwoven themselves around our very existence.

IV.

How immortally beautiful is that love which springs from the heart that is broken and bowed down! How seraphic are those affections which spring from the depths of a bruised spirit, ever burning, unwavering, and unquenched, though the winds of passion may press around them, and the floods of sorrow may threaten to overwhelm them! Such love belongeth not to the affections which are born of hollow refinement and luxury: with them, the beautiful and holy have no communion. The feelings of the heart that are born in lordly halls are of the earth, earthy. The endearments which shed a halo around the dwellings of the meek and lowly, pure and spiritual, scorned by the world, flee from it to those shrines where all is of the heaven, heavenly.

V.

Disease, sickness, and sorrow! they are often viewless, yet always present; they hover like shadows over the path that leads from the womb

to the grave. Every day brings its hour of sorrow; every night brings its weight of heaviness. We bear the burden lightly in youth, the time of "sore vexing" is not then come, and the wearied groanings of sickness are then scarcely heard. Health abides most frequently with the young, and sickness may not claim its resting-place within the frail tenement of the body until age shall have numbered many years, and the sands of life have been washed and swept by the multiplied rising tides of sorrow and suffering. But as health may be protracted, so surely will sickness come with a heavier visitation. The instruments of disease and anguish are ordained before birth. Beauty is born to fade for very trouble,—the soul to be sore vexed, and the bones to become unhealed,—the body to be wearied with groaning,—and the night-couch to be moistened with tears: such is the frail and fragile lot of man's mere mortality.

VI.

As in the earlier days when mankind learned the science of navigation by following with their frail barks, over the trackless seas, the lustrous guiding of the stars in the midnight heavens; so during the days of our degeneracy and darkness here upon earth, if we would steer our course carefully and wisely over the seas of life, we must fix our hearts, our hopes, our thoughts, and our aspirations upon the more sublime and holy objects of heaven.

VII.

View man in any or in every relation of life which he is permitted to enjoy here below, and he will be found ever oscillating and wavering between the two extreme and awful alternatives of hope and fear. Distant as the poles, asunder as these are, in the relative agitations with which they shake the slumbering conscience, there is no aid from mortal man that can reconcile them, or quiet their irregularities. Religion teaches, that peaceful resignation and submission to the will of the Eternal can alone effect this.

VIII.

Life! what is it? It is that mysterious and abiding principle which gives motion (active or passive) to every created being inhabiting the surface of the earth or the elemental spaces surrounding it. It had its birth in the earliest days of the annals of creation; and, in the earliest sunshine of the happy Eden-world, it was chosen by the Eternal as the first of his attributes which he would develop upon the earth; and it was, therefore, by the awful fiat of his will, spread abroad, in countless shapes of beauty and power, over the mountains and valleys of Paradise. That glorious garden-land was its appropriated and selected birth-place; its forests and its plains, its lofty mountains and lowly valleys, its shadowy

defts and silent glens, its streams, its rivers and its mighty seas, were all formed on a most perfect and glorious scale of beauty, commensurate with the high and lofty purposes which they were destined to fulfil. They were to be the first recorded dwelling-place of the earliest-created animal existence. The eternal Mind watched over their creation through the bright hours of the new morning and evening of time, until their completion, when He proclaimed, and saw, "and behold they were very good."

IX.

Genius, genius! O what art thou? A rich and regal gift, that king and emperor, priest and potentate, might well wish to obtain. A writer has somewhat quaintly observed, that genius is but the odour, still lingering upon this earth, of one of those delicious boughs of the tree of knowledge that grew in the midst of the first and earliest Paradise, the leaves and fruit of which still give forth lessons and reminiscences of rich wisdom and beauty.

X.

Early manhood! O how many are there who have sighed, and still sigh, for the arrival of this phantasmal hour of this life's existence! It is one of its most important epochs. Its arrival notes the first hour in which we begin to think of, and to feel the pressure of the shroud and the pall. There is an impress of grandeur and solemnity given to the mind peculiar to this period. It is one of the first resting-places on life's road, whence we can look back upon the misspent hours and the sullen joys, on the cankering cares and the bitter regrets whose poisons, though yet new, have still begun to ulcerate every feeling over which they have spread. The *Æolian* music of life is gone, its wealth of sweetness is scattered and lost for ever. The fair fields and the bright green pastures of life, over which our early thoughts, like young birds, had floated, have all vanished and faded away; and we turn yet in hope to gaze through the dimness that covers the golden prophecies which we form of the future. The paths of life spread before and behind us. We have trodden the past, we are to tread the future; we must trace the one, we cannot retrace the other. The burden presses heavier on our shoulders; the sands of life ebb as quickly, but they give a duller echo: the step is more grave, the music more solemn; we exchange the dance for the dirge, the revel for the requiem. The pulse bounds not so lightly, and the heart beats on with its unwavering motion; but its thrill is not so elastic, and its changing vibration is less sudden, but more sure. We thus pause on this early upland of life, and we gather up the wasted dews of thought, of which we have been so prodigal, into a more sacred and shadowy recess, and we heap up the scattered

fragments of memory around the altar of home. The echoes of past follies and errors (those stings with which fate has poisoned all mortality) ring with a disturbing sound; and conscience, in our moments of reflection, becomes the monitor of future wisdom. Experience becomes to us the wealth of profit; and if her garments are more tattered from prodigal waste, we gather up her relics with more care; and, with the solemn brooding of the dark future upon us, we deposit them in the choicest golden chalice. The richest gold must be burned ere it be purified; and memory may bring up the visioned ghosts of the past, to forewarn us of the danger of the coming future.

XI.

In every man's heart and character there are ever two predominant and overruling principles: self-preservation is the first of these. It appeals, with the heartfelt force of a religious truth and doctrine, over the wide universe; amidst all orders and classes of existence, all ranks and stations of society, this principle sways with paramount and supreme sovereignty. Neither law, nor judgment, nor wisdom, will move it from its pride of place. It may be shaken, split, and shattered, but it will surely re-unite again, and re-assert its positive sway and supremacy above and over all else. The second of these principles is restlessness. Place man in any station of contentment and comfort, strew around him, or within his reach, the calm delights and untroubled satisfaction of domestic happiness, and he will yet show the strong desire to mingle with the busy throng of restless and adventurous spirits who seek for fame or renown, as they wear the mask and disguise of happiness. Contentment appears comfortless, and satisfaction, idleness. They feel that they alone are idle amid the ever busy throng around them; they rush again to the warfare of an uncertain and perilous contest, in which they surely wreck happiness, wealth, and character. Over the dead bodies of these appear the ghostly forms of Dissimulation and Envy. Want, stern and savage, demands that these should be leagued in the unequal and unholy strife for life; but the struggle lasts not long, and Death claims the eventual triumph over them all, and joins them to the awful number of the antecedent and uncounted millions of his kingdom.

XII.

A lonely and neglected brooklet is one of the solitary companions of an outline of natural scenery; its wanderings and murmurings are carelessly wasted upon solitude and shade; its voice dies and is born again, but it meets with no sister echo upon its banks or in the circumambient air above; there is neither fertility nor waste along its banks; it has neither gentleness nor anger in its ruffled wave; and the sun only

reveals its settled languor and pining desolation; fortune throws no freight upon its bosom, nor does pleasure spread her silken sail upon its tide; no moody lover or musing idler wanders along its banks; it has no association with any creation of human fellowship; no beautiful spirit bends over its waters, nor does the syren sing to the rising moon her anthem of saddening melancholy over its waves; it is alike desolate, forsaken, and unblest; it receives none of the loveliness that hallows the beautiful earth around it. Lonely and sullen, through storm and through sunshine, it repines along its desolate way, and catches, through the thick boughs that throw a wizard shadow over it, the far and fitful beams of the stars, whose beautiful light is mirrored, in spectral loveliness, beneath the dark aspect of its waters. They look down upon it as angels look from their bright dwelling-place upon the dark aspect of a thousand human hearts. Their looks in heaven are all peace, and loveliness, and beauty; upon earth they become distorted and disfigured, by the cold and callous contact with sin; they tremble and are broken by the very turbulence of the surface upon which they fall.

XIII.

A great man is one of the noblest objects to contemplate; in every aspect and circumstance by which he is surrounded we anticipate the cognizance of mental nobility. We look for a nature proud and lofty, an intellect grand, extensive, and richly matured in its principles and developments; a mind whose energy is lofty, soaring, and sublime; a reach of thought, and an amplitude of imagination, that can trace the stars, and track the skies in their extent and vastness, their sublime space, and their incomprehensible eternity.

But if from this high and lofty eyry the falcon-flight should stoop, and the eagle-wing droop and falter, how painful is the apprehension! how mournfully sad and humiliating is the spectacle! In the dry and arid mass of folly and error with which human nature is interlarded, and of which its materials are mostly composed and aggregated, there is so little to afford either a hope or a chance of redemption to better things, that where, amid the miry clay and the filthy ore, we meet with a vein of pure gold, we cherish and regard it. The contemplation of an intellectual creation, freed from the grosser vices, and purified from the darker alloys of sinful infirmity, is a thing to esteem, to love, and to reverence. The feelings which spring out of such susceptibilities hallow the very affections which they create, and constitute within us a festival and sabbath for the mind. The elasticity and freshness of life's earlier years will bring these sentiments with more fondness and frequency to our hearts. Every day, every hour will rob us of our enjoyment of this gratification,

as of all others; and the fruit that was rich and pleasant in summer will become rancid in the autumn of life; and, as we decay, the objects of our esteem and admiration droop and decay with us. Time, that robs us, will take from them. We shall each sit down at the festivity of death; and the prison of the charnel, and the ceremonies of the grave, will alike be prepared for each and for all.

XIV.

Who that has dwelt upon and studied the minute philosophies and trivial arts which raise up a man in the esteem and envy of the world, but must have noticed how nearly allied fear is to the love which first awakes in the human bosom. How much do we love in proportion to our fear of losing the beloved object of our affections! It affords an example of the reaction of the more particular feelings of the human heart: the love produces the fear; the fear reproduces the love. And this is one of the deep oracular secrets of the untold and anxious tenderness of woman's love. May this not, also, be one solution of that deep secret which goes to prove that absence vivifies and enriches the affections of the heart?

XV.

Life! what is it? This question would be variously responded to, as it might be answered by the philosopher, the poet, or the worldling; for into these three great divisions has every tribe of the earth been divided, from Adam even until this day, and will again divide itself even onwards until the death of the last man. To each one is the kaleidoscope of mortal existence held up, and we each see the colours and the shadows; and as we see, so do we believe; as is our bodily sight, so is the mental picture portrayed to us. The darkness and beauty of one futurity is different from another, even as "one star differs from another star in glory." There is no vision or prospect in the life of one being which perfectly resembles that one shown to his neighbour; they are all made up of the same substances and shadows, but these are all variously and differently united together, and they exert separate influences and powers over every mind and over every existence. Shake up each day a pile of flowers in an urn, and you will find their fragrance and their glory differ each time, as the hemlock or the rose predominate, or as the violet or the wolf's-bane shine forth. As among the dwelling-places of man this difference is found, so is it met with as widely diffused and as extensively spread out over the wide realms and regions of nature. Every tree, every plant, every flower, every shrub teaches us a different lesson; every wind has a thousand varying murmurs; every wave has its thousand multitudinous echoes, all joining together in the wide universal

chorus that hymns night and day around the thrones and the dwelling-places of the lofty and ransomed spirits of heaven.

XVI.

In youth the earlier thoughts bask in an eternal warmth and sunshine. In that hour of life's elysium when

"Heaven lies about us,"

our emotions and feelings resemble that leaf which, when warmed and nourished, displays its tender richness and beauty to the sun; but when chilled, it closes up its verdure, and presents an aspect of thorns and briars which were hidden and concealed before.

O, is there not a something very sad in the solemn gorgeousness of returning spring, when we reflect, that beneath all this verdure, and freshness, and beauty, there lies a cold and sullen winter that can never be refreshed or revived!

Age is naturally cold and repulsive, and, like a gay masker, frequently puts on the semblance of a former period of life, whose bloom and beauty no sunshine will ever restore again. Every careworn lineament and furrowed wrinkle betrays a warring thought and a deceptive purpose. Youth is ever open as the sunshine, and glad as are the flowers that bloom beneath a summer's heaven.

He who hath received from above the distinguishing gift of a love for solitude and retirement, is in possession of a sense and a sentiment which is beyond the limit of the naturally-formed perception of man; for the reverential attachment to solitude which is thus born within us, is assuredly to be considered not as amongst the lesser preservatives against the ills of life.

A parable is a sweet thing when told unto a sorrowful man, so is a jest when whispered into the ear of a mirthful trifter.

XVII.

Youth holds the balance of life with but an unsteady hand; extremes of feeling alternately sway the beam. As youth acts, so it believes. In proportion as we raise up in our hearts the ideal and the beautiful, so do we enrobe them in garments that would befit an angel, until we bow down before the idol to whom we have long given our thoughts, and thus turn our fancy into worship. And this deceptive feeling we carry with us into the crowded courts of the world; it becomes the very sunshine of our youth, the starlight of our boyhood. And the beautiful deception carries long with us, until the first jarring string utters its dissonance in our ears, and thus mars all our melody. The ideal standard of excellence which we had raised of others is shattered and cast down, and the scale that had risen so high now falls as low, and from

optimism we turn to misanthropy, hating all others, and imagining that all others hate us. We soon, however, weary of ourselves, and return back again into the world, our better thoughts purified, our affections sanctified, and the inward strivings of a naturally-generous and benevolent spirit leading us back again, through a more placid and serene atmosphere, to the dwelling-places of kindred creations. Led anew by this guiding thought, we find the brightest ore where all before was dross, and the sincerest meetings of friendship where all before was cold calculation; dishonesty of purpose becomes sincerity of feeling. We learn more truly to prize the good we meet; and the evil that crosses our way we learn to endure and forgive. From believing in one doctrine we extend our faith to many creeds; and if the experience (of whose uncertain substance we yet see but the shadow) we now prize so dearly, how shall we not learn to value it when we see not each other's vices as through a glass darkly, but learn to judge with discretion of frailty and with correctness of virtue?

XVIII.

O, Eulanie! Eulanie! never have I forgotten thee! thy remembrance has clung to me as the worshipper clings to the altar. Every night, before I lay my head upon my widowed and lonely pillow, have I knelt down and lifted up my heart to heaven, blending the hopes of that heaven with the memory and vision of thee. Prayer has led up my soul to the Eternal, and to the living throngs of rejoicing spirits by whom his throne is for ever surrounded. The toils and the cares of this life all fade and dissolve away in the forethought of a more sublime and happy state of existence by which we shall be perpetually surrounded. There again shall we meet, and there I may love thee with a love as pure, as holy, and as undying as thine own. Oft through the silent hours of night do I surrender up my spirit to the contemplation of the heavenly Eden-home in which thou dwellest. In these enchanted hours I believe that thy spirit hovers around me—thy voice murmurs like a lyre—thy kiss falls on my cheek, like dew upon the flower. I close mine eyes, and believe that I behold thee.

XIX.

What a strangely sad and mystic communion is that which is kept up between the living and the dead! What a shadowy chain of spectral links binds up the present with the past! The student who reads in his lonely cell of the classic learning and autobiographical ancestry of the departed days of Greece and Rome, may see for a while "the shadowy dead" pass in mental array before him. When they wrote, he was of the unborn future; whilst he reads, the very

worms are revelling amid their dust. This intercourse thus kept up in the soul's semblance, between the living and the dead—this strange intertwining between that which breathes, and lives, and moves, and is, and that which is alike unknown to mortal feeling and vital influence, is sufficient to crush the delusive falsehood of the unbeliever, and to harrow self-delusion into a mingled state of awe and terror. This study of the antique past may lay open the mirrored revelations of the mind to the reception of a milder, brighter, and purer light than it hath ever reflected. We may look upon the picture of a past day and of a gone being, and as the lights and shadows of it may be those of a fitful and chequered existence, as they pass before us we may watch for some epoch which may, with a strange and familiar sadness, resemble our own.

XX.

From whatever stage or epoch of life we look back, disappointment (that signet seal set upon the surplus of life's frailties) will assuredly meet us. If the path be bright and radiant as heaven, it will still have its cloud, hiding from us those brighter prospects which, as we look upon them, are only lit up with the colours of a fading sunset. There is no one period of life during which these feelings more strongly preponderate than when we are about to leave the shining floors of our earlier youth, and pass under the stern ionic portico that leads to the sterner dwelling-place of early manhood. The dazzling sunshine of life in which we have so long and so joyously basked now recedes from us; we look upon it

from afar, and the sober cloud-light only is around us. Truth has torn off the garments of falsehood; and the correcter estimate which we now begin to form of the world around us, however repulsive and difficult its early instruction may be, the page is new to us; we soon learn the first easy lessons, but we never learn them all: it is the immutable fiat of destiny that mortal will shall be the tutor to mortal wisdom. One of the most important lessons which this epoch of life tutors us to, is a true estimate of the gift and possessions of the affections in their highest and most exalted sense. The first woman was seraphic in her nature until she fell; and as we read, so do we believe. But sin has changed the seraph into the mortal; and the high ordination, the ethereal nature, and the angel-heart which fiction has given to the daughters of clay, has been replaced by emblems to which mortal existence holds a nearer affinity. How many a noble heart has been bowed down and broken in this fancy-worship! How have we not gone from fountain to fountain to slake our thirst at changing waters, that, when once tasted, were found to be Marah-like and bitter! How often have we gathered the pearl of rich price, and found it clay; or gathered the fine gold, but to see it become dim; or plucked the shining fruit, whose only core was ashes. Affection, if it has now less of warmth, has assuredly more of sincerity. The idolising passions melt away before serener hopes and feelings, and love lies down to rest on a bosom in a repose from which it never wishes to wake again.

EPHON.

THE SUICIDE.

Own bitter night he paced near Whitehall stair:
The bridge looked lone and tenantless; the lamps
Cast o'er the murky stream a fitful glare,
Paling the gathered gloom; the vapouring damps
Condensed upon his brow; whilst lonely there,
In dirt-bedabbled drapery, that stamps
The carnal sinner, some poor straggler roved—
Heart-struck and faint—a victim, that had loved.
It was a bitter night—a bleak March night—
Rainy and raw—the fog crept to the bone:
In the dim haze, she faded from his sight,
Leaning her head in anguish on the stone
Of the cold granite block: her brow—how white—
How marble pale! why droops she there alone,
Sad and forlorn? moaning as one in dread,
Her clouded eyes fixed on the river-bed,
Sullen and glazed, and bloodshot,—with the tear
Quenched in their sockets: such a look of care,
So wild and wo-begone, seemed past all fear
Of mortal sufferance; for black despair
Coiled round her bosom, desolate and drear,
Blasting the founts of hope: she staggered there,
Struck by an icy pang, and bowed her knee,
And gasped and shuddered in her agony!
The veins upon her brow rose purple deep,
Yet ghastly pallid was her lip and skin,
As if her gore grew stagnant; then the steep
She clomb, and strove the parapet to win:

The last cold shivers through her bosom creep;—
She shrinks—she hides her face, down plunging in:
A stifled shriek, a plash upon the river,
A struggle, and her breath is quenched for ever.
The gushing waters carried her away,
And whirled her, in an under-current strong,
Beneath a stranded barge; where white she lay,
Fretting for weeks: in vain the exploring throng,
The men of the "Humane," the livelong day,
Dragged for the sunken corse with their life-prong:
One arm was fiercely driven by the flood
Under the keel, and fettered in the wood.
They dragged another day—yet vain the search—
That sand-bank was her burial-place; there darted
Forth from their gulfy pools the pike and perch,
And glanced in circles round the corse, then started
Back to the glassy depths—till, with a lurch,
The river-shark dashed at it, and disparted
A portion from the breast—and bit away,
A finny glutton, at the human prey.
Then slime, and mud, and shells, fast settled o'er
The decomposing body, and the scent
Gathered together, from the sewer and shore,
The land-rats fierce, and down the element
Greedy they dived, and with their keen tusks tore
The clotted eyeballs, and the nostrils rent;
And fish, and vermin, and the conger eel,
Fed ravenous, and daily made their meal.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SCIO.

THE island of Scio, the ancient *Χίος*, is one of the finest in the Archipelago; it is one hundred and thirty miles in circumference, and contained within it all the elements of beauty and prosperity. We passed by it on our way, and saw it peaceful, smiling, and lovely. It has been in all ages celebrated and visited; but it was particularly noted for the pleasing manners of its people, and the excellence of its wine, which at one period, with that of Falernum, divided the taste of the world. The pure climate of the island, and the natural disposition of the inhabitants, combined to form that gaiety and vivacity of character, which gave rise to the proverb, "that it would be easier to find a green horse than a grave Sciot;"* and Parthenius, a Neapolitan poet, represents them as gaining the affection of strangers by their pleasing manners, kind services, and agreeable wine. †

In more modern times it was esteemed as the only place which had escaped the debasing influence of Turkish oppression. The soil was not "sterile and neglected, and the inhabitants poor and profligate," according to the reproach of Modern Greece. It had been early granted by the Turkish sultans to some sultana who stood in a certain degree of relationship to the reigning monarch, as a source of revenue, with power to regulate its interior concerns. These females were generally of amiable and upright dispositions, and the Sciots prospered greatly under their gentle sway. The land was elaborated to the highest degree of cultivation by the skill and industry of its peasantry, so that it supplied the greater part of the fruits and vegetables consumed at Constantinople, and every house had a Sciot, as the only person capable of managing a garden.

The people were distinguished among all the Greeks for their higher tone of moral and mental improvements; the merchants were by far the most rich and well-informed of the Levant; and the women were equally eminent for their beauty, accomplishments, and propriety of manners. They are represented by all who visited the island as exceedingly interesting, gentle, cheerful, and innocent; devoted to domestic duties, yet endearing themselves to strangers by their kind and affectionate hospitality. In the days of Plutarch they were so distinguished for the correctness and purity of their lives, that he says there had not been a case of adultery on the island for seven hundred years, ‡ a reputation which they still maintained. They were famous for their manufactures of silk, and I send you some of their beautiful purses, as a memorial of the taste and elegance of those amiable, but now most unfor-

tunate beings. Besides the city, the island contained sixty-six villages. Of the latter, twenty-three were engaged in the cultivation of mastic. This is a gum which exudes from a species of the pistacia,* and is used by all the oriental ladies, who constantly chew it, as giving an odoriferous fragrance to the breath, and preserving the teeth and gums. The population, lately returned by the Greek archbishop, was seventy thousand, some of them members of the Latin church. Of these, fifteen resided in the city, thirty in the mastic villages, and twenty-five in the remainder. Besides these there are about two thousand Turks and one thousand Jews. Other calculations make the inhabitants more numerous, exceeding one hundred thousand. Though the governor was a Turk, called a Muzzelim, the people themselves elected four *Γεροντες*, or seniors, to conduct their affairs, one of them being of the Latin church, as representative of the people of that persuasion. The governor seldom interfered in their proceedings—they exercised a legislative and judicial authority—raised and regulated the tribute; and were so respected, that a musselim who displeased them was immediately recalled on any complaint.

Among the recent proofs of the high state of improvement and prosperity this island attained to, is a college established and opened some years ago, to complete which one of its merchants contributed a hundred thousand crowns. This was supplied with professors in all the languages and sciences, and the youth of Greece were sent to it for education from the most distant places. It contained six hundred students, and a library of six thousand volumes, with a printing-office, from whence new books were daily issuing, particularly editions of the ancient classics. In fact, this lovely island was the beacon that was lighting the degenerate descendants of Aristides and Epaminondas in the way of their ancestors, and was accordingly looked up to as the hope of modern Greece. When the insurrection burst out, they took no part in it: devoted to the arts of peace, and believing that the time, though approaching, was not yet arrived for their liberation, they continued undisturbed in the quiet progress of improvement. Knowing their indisposition to engage in revolutionary scenes, a very feeble Turkish garrison on the island was considered quite sufficient.

It was their usage, that one of every mercantile house should reside on the island, while another conducted business at some European city. That of Rhalle had establishments in Vienna and London, and others in other places. They alternated the residence, so that there was a succession of intelligent men continually returning to the island, and bringing with them the lights and

* *Βυρίσκιν ραόν ιππον πρασινον η Χιωτα φρονιμον.*

† *Nec non et placidis mores et amica vinum vis*
Doda animos capere officio.

‡ *De Vita Mulierum.*

* *Pistacia Lentiscus.*

improvements of the country from whence they came. Quite disengaged from business, they devoted their whole attention to the improvement of themselves and the younger branches of their families, and in cultivating their land or their gardens. Hence it was that the society of Scio was exceedingly pleasing to strangers, particularly to the English. Every one who went with letters was hospitably received into the house of an educated family, the master of which, having no mercantile pursuits to engross his time, directed all his attention to his guest; and no one ever visited the island in this way but spoke highly of the pleasure they received from improved and cultivated minds and kind and hospitable hearts. There resided at Constantinople at this time a number of Sciot merchants, who formed by far the most respectable part of the trading community of their countrymen.

When the Greek squadron first sailed the year before, they visited Scio, among the other islands of the Archipelago, with a view to engage it in the general cause. An Ipsariot sailor landed, and went through the village distributing the revolutionary proclamation; but he found the inhabitants quite reluctant to expose their present security and prosperity to the hazard of what they supposed to be an impracticable attempt; they begged of their countryman to depart, and the emissary returned without effecting his purpose. In order to guard against any further attempt, the principal inhabitants raised contributions among themselves for the purpose of procuring a larger Turkish force than that on the island, and sufficient to protect them against a similar indiscretion of their own countrymen. The Turks accordingly sent them a Pasha as governor, and four thousand men to reinforce the garrison; and the Sciots, to show their entire dependence on them, agreed that a certain number of themselves should be sent to the fortress as hostages—the Archbishop Plato and the four gerontes voluntarily entered it. On the pretext of sending them to visit their families, ten more were demanded; these also entered, though the others were not suffered to depart. More were added under various pretexts, till at length the Turks held seventy-four heads of the principal families of the island in custody, as guarantees for the good behaviour of the rest.

The contiguous island of Samos had taken an early and decided part in the insurrection, and had every where exterminated the Turks. They established a regular revolutionary government, elected a senate, and enrolled an army. They were of an enterprising, military character and many of them had served in the Russian armies, where they had improved themselves in the art of war, and in feelings of hatred and contempt for the Turks. A corps of three thousand such men was regularly organised, and they not only formed an effectual protection to the island, but they

planned expeditions to the continent, and kept the Turks there in continual alarm. They carried off various kinds of plunder, with the Mohammedans to whom it belonged as slaves, and liberated many Christians; and the island became an asylum for all who could escape from the neighbouring coast.

Among these was an enterprising man, who had lived for some time at Smyrna, where he kept, I think, an apothecary's shop, or drug bazaar; but being of an ardent temperament, he returned to Samos when the insurrection broke out, to take a leading part in it. His name was Logotheti, a common family one among the modern Greeks, to which he added the ancient one of Lycurgus, as many had adopted in a similar manner those of their respected ancestors. He was joined by a Sciot, named Antoniaki Boorna, who had been in the French army, but had abandoned it, as every other Greek had all foreign services, to hasten home and assist their own countrymen. He had been in the Morea, and proposed to Demetrius Ypsilantes a plan for stimulating the languid zeal of his countrymen, and exciting the important island of Scio in the general cause: but Ypsilantes was well aware of their indisposition, and, indeed, incapacity for such an undertaking. The ardent Sciot, however, returned home, collected some of his fellow-islanders at Samos, and proposed to Logotheti to make an attempt on Scio. They set out with a body of five hundred Samiotes, and a hundred and fifty Sciots, and landed in a bay at a short distance from the capital. Among the peasantry were some who were discontented at the contributions they were called on to pay for the additional Turkish force, and they joined them on landing. The scattered Turks immediately fled before them in all directions, many were killed, and the rest escaped into the fortress. They established a provisional government of ephori on the island, collected cannon and reinforcements from Ipsara and other places; and, as a regular Greek government was now established at Argos, they dispatched messengers thither for a sufficient reinforcement to keep possession of their conquest. They then directed the means they had against the fortress. In these events the respectable inhabitants took no part; they considered it a desperate enterprise of a few adventurers, who were even already beginning to quarrel among themselves, and they not only discountenanced it in the strongest manner, but many of them took refuge in the fortress with the Turks, and many more hastened to leave the island.

The news of these events arrived at Constantinople in the latter end of March, and seemed to paralyse the capital. It was the most decided proof they yet had of the extent of the insurrection and power of the insurgents, and it was an event they least expected. They at once prepared all their energies to suppress it. The

Turkish squadron was at this time lying in the harbour, just opposite my windows, preparatory to being drawn out into the Bosphorus to proceed on its summer cruise. It was got ready before the usual time, with a promptitude quite astonishing in the motions of the Turks. They wanted men, but they soon found them. It was given out, that the island was to be surrendered to the adventurers who chose to engage in the expedition; the riches, and timid character of the men, and the beauty of the women, were equally notorious, and the prospect of plunder and slaves, with little risk, attracted multitudes. The caiqueges, or boatmen, who before refused, now came in crowds. Every ruffian who could command a knife or a pistol offered himself in the cause; and the fleet, thus manned, sailed in a few days. The Capitan Pasha was not the eccentric, good-natured Delhi Abdalla, whom I have described to you before, but his successor, Kara Ali, a person of unsparing ferocity, and exactly fitted for the enterprise. As he returned to port, from his last expedition, with struggling Greeks hanging to his rigging, so he now left it with a similar exhibition. Some of his officers, whose zeal in the cause did not keep pace with his own, incurred his displeasure. He immediately caused them to be hung up; and the last sight of his ships displayed them struggling in the air.

When he arrived opposite the island he cast anchor at Tcheshmé, and here he took in a reinforcement of assassins. All the desperadoes on the coast were invited to join in the expedition. Every fellow that came on board with a weapon of death was received as welcome, and others were called on to follow in scampas, misticoes, or whatever conveyance they could find; and in this way about ten thousand Asiatic ruffians were added to those of Europe, among whom were many hummals, or porters, from the quays at Smyrna. From hence he stood across to the devoted island, and entered the harbour on the eleventh of April, with seven sail of the line and six frigates and corvettes. His first act was one of apparent moderation. He sent on shore a flag, with directions to the insurgents to lay down their arms, and submit to mercy, in eight hours; and to give greater influence to his proposals, he made a semblance of admitting the consular agents of the European powers on the island to become mediators. They promised to the Greeks pardon and protection in the name of the sultan. A number of persons at once accepted of the terms; they were received and placed apart in the convent of St. Minas. The Samiotes, however, held out, killed the Turkish officer who proposed terms, and continued to fire on the fortress. They retired to some distance, and, with the Sciots who had joined them, made still a show of opposition. A detachment of three thousand men was sent against them, who soon dispersed them. They retired to the opposite

side of the island, where they found a conveyance to cross the narrow passage, and took refuge in Ipsara. All opposition had ceased with their departure; and there was hardly a single person left in Scio who had a weapon of defence in his hand. Many of the inhabitants, who had fled from danger, met the Turkish fleet entering the harbour, came back with it as with friends and protectors, and in perfect security returned to their houses.

It was now that the meditated destruction burst upon the devoted island. Nine thousand fellows, of the description I have mentioned, were landed from the fleet, and as many more joined them from the opposite shore: the rumour had gone abroad of the prey held out to them—they hastened to the coast, and were seen swarming across the channel that divides the island from Asia, and every mistico poured forth a banditti of robbers and murderers. The town of Scio is entirely open and unprotected, and the inhabitants, feeling confidence in the retreat of the Samiotes and the presence of the Turks, had commenced their ordinary business, when this horde rushed upon them. They filled the streets, stabbing and shooting every person they met, without distinction of age or sex, and then burst into the houses. Here also they killed every one they found, and then began to plunder. The town contained about six thousand houses, and the greater number of them decorated in a costly manner, evincing the taste and opulence of the possessors. There was not one of them spared. When all the visible valuables had been seized, they proceeded to search for what they supposed was concealed. Walls were torn down, and foundations upturned, so that the whole was literally left a mass of ruins—heaps of disjointed stones, with dead bodies crushed under them.

Meanwhile other parties had spread themselves over the villages in the country, which were similarly ruined. All who were met were immediately massacred,—all who could escape from immediate destruction fled to the hills. Here they were sometimes followed by bands of murderers, to seize whatever property they might have carried away on their persons. Rather than fall into the hands of their pursuers they rushed to the edges of precipices, and threw themselves down, so that the base of many a rock was a charnel-house strewn with crushed bodies. Scio is an island of gardens; in every one is a well, or cistern, forming a reservoir of water to be used in the heat of summer. In the appalling terror of the scenes around them, mothers ran with their daughters to these places, and on the first entrance of a Turk in the garden threw their children in, and then followed them; so that many of these reservoirs were found choked up with bodies. When every thing valuable was plundered or destroyed, the marauders began to make slaves of those who were left alive, and

every blood-stained ruffian was seen returning to embark for his own abode with a troop of women and children as slaves, loaded with their own property as plunder.

In several places the affrighted inhabitants had taken refuge in convents and other asylums, hoping, if they escaped the first burst of cruelty, that they might be allowed to survive. But no indulgence seemed to satiate the thirst for blood and pillage. A crowd of females and children had fled for refuge to the convent of Neamoni. They pursued them thither, and burst open the doors;—they first murdered the monks whom they met in the cells and passages, and then seized on the sacred utensils, which they collected in a heap, and then divided it, with the women and children who had sought refuge here, among them. A story was current at Constantinople, of their conduct at this monastery, that exceeds belief. They generally reserved all females to sell as slaves, and as their value was enhanced by their purity, the avarice of the captors often subdued their sensual passions. But here the latter was predominant—many of them gratified it on the spot, and then stabbed their victims, alleging that they could not now sell them, or their own children might become slaves. Similar scenes were acted in other convents, where they burnt out the eyes of some of the priests, and put others to death. In one place in the country they had shut up about seven hundred persons, and prepared to divide them as usual, but not being able to agree about the proportions, one of them proposed that, to avoid dissension, the best way was to put them all to death. The proposition was just such as was agreeable to men whose highest enjoyment was shedding human blood;—they were all massacred on the spot, every man killing his share.

To these murders the Pasha himself set an official example. The islanders who had surrendered on the first offer of pardon, and were shut up for security in the convent of St. Minas, were now brought out in parties and shot. Several hundred gardeners, who had been seized on to discover any treasure which they knew to be concealed, and were supposed to be accessory in burying, were first forced to confess all they knew, and then shut up in the fortress with the hostages. There were besides, on board the admiral's ship, a number of respectable persons, who had been apprehended on suspicion, or who had fled thither for protection. On the eighth of May he ordered thirty-five of them to be hanged on different parts of the rigging. This was a signal for a similar execution in the fortress: the hostages, including the archbishop, were brought out, and hanged just opposite on the walls, in regular lines; and, that no one in his hands should be allowed to escape with life, the gardeners were strangled in the court-yard.

When every thing was exhausted by which

cupidity could be satiated or cruelty gratified, and not till then, did the pillage and carnage cease. The most valuable part of the plunder, and beautiful and respectable of the women, were brought on board the fleet, to gratify the officers, and were conveyed thither under a triumphant discharge of artillery. Some of the rest were divided among the regular soldiers, but the greater part was carried off by the marauders who had joined the expedition. Of the whole of the rich edifices and neat houses that formed the city and the villages, to the amount of twenty thousand, not one was uninjured—the greater number was totally destroyed. Of the whole population, exceeding seventy thousand as some, and one hundred thousand as others calculate it, in the middle of April, not more than nine hundred existed on the island in the beginning of July; the rest were murdered or made slaves, with the exception of a comparative few, who had escaped to Ipsara and the neighbouring islands. Twenty thousand, it was supposed, of all ages and both sexes, were left weltering in their blood on the island, and thirty thousand were carried off and sold in different places in Asia, Africa, and Europe.

The Greeks had made some ineffectual attempts on the Turkish fleet, which were now discontinued; and on the eighteenth of June the latter was lying between Tchesmé and Scio, in perfect security. It was the Ramazan, and the evenings were passed with even more gaiety and enjoyment than usual at such a time on board the admiral's ship, revelling in the midst of the indulgence which the destruction of the island afforded. She was gaily lighted up, and decorated with a variety of flags which are displayed at that season, and all on board had given themselves up to enjoyment. Several captains of other ships had been invited, and drums, and cymbals, and all kinds of Turkish music, announced their festivity. Two small brigs were now seen weathering the northern point of the island, and bearing down channel. One of them seemed a bad sailer, and was left behind; but the other pursued her course, with a view of proceeding on her way through the Turkish fleet. Full of joy and hilarity, it is probable little notice would have been taken of one of the many small ships passing up and down the canal of Scio; but this bore the Austrian flag, and, that being seen, no further attention was paid to her. It was a remarkable fact, that the Capitan Pasha had been port-admiral at Constantinople, and, as part of his duty, rigidly enforced the orders for searching every ship, to ascertain if the cargo corresponded with the invoice, and the Franks were subject to many annoying vexations, by the strict observance of it; but by some fatality he never thought of exercising it on the present occasion. The brig ran alongside—the crew talked with the Turks on deck, and while

some engaged their attention by complaining of treatment they had received from the Greek cruisers, others had lashed the shrouds of the brig to the chains of the man of war. The first suspicion the Turks entertained was seeing the Greek crew, consisting of twelve men, get into a boat and push off. They had hardly done so, when the vessel they left burst into a blaze, which immediately communicated with the ship of the Capitan Pasha. Efforts were vainly made to stop the rapid progress of the fire; it communicated in a very short time to the magazine, and the vessel blew up. The Capitan Pasha attempted to escape in a boat to another ship, but as he descended the side, part of a blazing mast was precipitated on his head—he was dashed, crushed and bloody, into the boat, where he immediately after expired.

The fire-ship had been conducted by the celebrated Canaris, who immediately joined his consort, Pepenos, and then proceeded against other Turkish men of war. They attached the remaining fire-ship to the vessel of the Capitan Bey, on board of whom much of the plundered treasure was accumulated. She was partly consumed, but the fire was extinguished; six others were entangled by the burning ships in the confusion, and greatly injured. The whole of the large and small craft lying off Scio, and filled with slaves and plunder, cut their cables and ran foul of each other in the greatest dismay; and it was generally supposed that, if the Greek fleet had been at hand to avail themselves of the confusion, the Turkish squadron would have been destroyed, and the greater part of the Sciots and their property recaptured.

On board the Capitan Pasha's ship were two thousand five hundred persons, of whom two thousand perished; among them were the principal officers of other ships, and eight or ten

of the best pilots in the Archipelago. It would be deeply to be regretted that many of these were captives, particularly females, some distinguished for their rank, and some for their personal beauty; but the sudden and awful judgment that fell upon their brutal oppressors only snatched them from a life of intolerable misery and degradation. Besides the plunder accumulated, the military chest, with all the money to pay the troops, was on board; the ship had also been fitted up in a splendid style. The Capitan Pasha was a man as vain and luxurious as he was cruel and avaricious. He had a splendid service of plate and other costly furniture on board, with which he proposed to entertain all officers of such European ships of war as he should meet on his victorious return to the Dardanelles.

Many of these details were communicated to me by a friend who was proceeding in a Maltese vessel to Constantinople, and was detained in the canal of Scio by the Turks on the memorable night. He was not far from the Capitan Pasha's ship when it blew up. The next morning the sea was covered with fragments of wrecks and burnt timbers, to which men were clinging. One of them was Ibrahim Pasha, an officer of rank belonging to the admiral's ship, whom he picked up and sent on board a Turkish man of war.

The Turks themselves were greatly struck by this sudden and awful visitation. A principal Imaun of the Great Mosque at Smyrna ascended the pulpit on the Friday after the event, and called the attention of the people to it. After describing, with more than Turkish eloquence, the massacre and horrors of Scio, he said the burning of the Pasha's ship was effected by no mortal hand—it was a bolt of lightning, hurled by the hand of Allah himself, against the guilty perpetrator of these atrocities.—*Walsh's Constantinople.*

INDIGO.

Of all the vegetable dyes, indigo is certainly the most valuable, both for beauty and durability of colour. The colouring matter of indigo is contained in more than one plant. Dyer's woad, (*Isatis tinctoria*), one of the *cruciferae*, which grows wild in England, and on the continent of Europe, even as far north as the shores of the Baltic, has from time immemorial been used in giving a blue stain to wool and vegetable fibre; and several species of a leguminous plant, which is a native of warmer climates, and which gets the name of *indigofera*, (or indigo bearing,) contain the same matter, in more abundant quantity, and of better quality. These are,—

Indigofera tinctoria, which grows indigenously in India and China, but which is also cultivated and produces immense crops, has been known, and the dye prepared from it and used, from the

very earliest period at which we have any account of the state of the arts in India. It is rather a delicate plant, but produces more abundantly than any of the other sorts. In Asia, it varies with the country in which it is produced, so that it is difficult to ascertain whether there be more than one species. It grows to the height of about a foot and a half. It has not been very clearly ascertained whether the vegetable dye, described by Pliny under the name of *indicum*, was or was not the prepared colouring matter of this plant; but it is ascertained that, though the dye itself was known, the plant was not in 1582.

Indigofera anil is an eastern plant, much cultivated in America, larger and more hardy than the former, and yielding indigo of very good quality, but not in great abundance. This is the plant from which the indigo of Guatemala is

obtained, though *I. Guatemala* is also used. This last grows to double the height of the *tinctoria*, and the produce is perhaps superior in quality to that of any of the others, but it is not nearly so abundant as that of the *tinctoria*.

Indigofera argenticola has lighter-coloured leaves than the others. It produces what is called "bastard indigo," and is said to be a native of Africa, and found abundantly in the state of Tunis.

All these varieties of indigo are small perennial shrubs, which emit a very peculiar odour, which makes cattle avoid them. The base of the dye is in the juice, which is green, and assumes the blue colour only by the absorption of oxygen. If the juice of the leaves, or twigs, be rubbed upon cloth it leaves a greenish stain; but if the cloth be long enough exposed to the atmosphere the stain changes to blue, and is permanent.

Indigo is raised from the seed. The ground for it should be rich, but not marshy, though, in dry weather, the plants require to be watered. The plants ought not to be placed too close, as in that case the shoots are small and weak, and yield little produce. Neither should they be allowed to stand too long, as the younger the shoots are, if they have come to maturity, the more abundant and the better is the indigo. The shoots come to perfection in two or three months, and they are most productive just before flowering. On favourable soils, and when the ground is kept clear of weeds, four, or even five, crops or cuttings may be obtained in the year; but by this overcropping the stools get exhausted, and require to be renewed. One acre of well-managed plantation will, in the course of the year, yield about five hundred pounds of indigo, while the management of it is not over work for a single labourer.

When the indigo has come to that state, at which the experience of the planter has taught him it will be the most productive, it is cut with hooks, and carried to the works as speedily as possible.

The works for the steeping and preparation of indigo consist of three or four vats, so placed that the top of every following one is on a level with the bottom of that immediately before it in the series. When there are only three cisterns, the first is a *steeper*, the second a *beater*, and the last a *settler*; when there are five, there are two beaters and two settlers. The holes, by which the water from the steeper is let into the beaters, and those by which the beaters are discharged into the settlers, are close by the bottom of the vessels; but those by which the water is finally let off from the settler are a little higher. The steeper is usually about ten feet square and four feet deep; when there is but one beater it is about the same size, but when there are two they may be of smaller dimensions. When the

beating is performed by hand instruments, the beaters are about the same depth as the steeper; but when it is done by machinery, a greater elevation of the sides is required, in order that no part of the liquor may be lost.

The plants are, sometimes after a little drying, and sometimes not, laid in the steeper, pressed down, and covered with water, generally cold. In fact, this part of the process very much resembles the steeping of flax in this country. The fermentation begins in a few hours; the plants swell, give out heat, bubbles of carbonic acid are discharged, and patches of a copper-coloured scum rise to the surface, and are soon changed into a fine blue, by the action of the air. The water also acquires a green colour, but without any turbidity save the scum on the surface. When the fermentation has proceeded to some length, the peculiar smell of the plants is exchanged for a peculiarly offensive putrescent odour; which, as well as the evolution of the carbonic, and the appearance of scum, increase as the operation proceeds. The water is partially decomposed; a portion of its oxygen combining with the base of the indigo, produces the greenness, and the scum is changed to blue by the absorption of more oxygen from the air. Hydrogen, combined with the essential oils, ammonia, and other volatile parts of the plants, occasions the offensive odour. This part of the process requires to be watched with much skill, as the time between getting only a small part of the indigo and losing the whole of it is very short. Unless the leaves and smaller twigs, which yield most abundantly, be just at the point of absolute putrefaction, the greater part of the indigo is undetached; and if they have passed that point, the whole is spoiled. This critical point is ascertained, partly by the appearance of the fermentation, and partly by heating a little of the liquor. If an alkali be mixed with the liquor at this stage of the process, a fine green precipitate is formed.

When the fermentation has been carried to the proper extent, the liquor is run off into the beaters, where it is churned and agitated either by hand-buckets or by machinery. The object of this is to combine the base of the indigo with a greater portion of oxygen; and as it absorbs oxygen, it granulates or forms into little flocculæ, and the evolution of carbonic acid ceases. To determine the proper quantity of beating or churning, is just as nice a point as the former. Experience teaches it, however; and when it is arrived at, the liquor is run off into the settler, where the flocculi are allowed to subside. At first the precipitation is promoted by the addition of a little clear water to the liquid, and then by an alkaline lie. The last throws down the indigo in sky-blue flocculi, which, after they are dry, assume a much darker tint. So long as the least greenish tinge re-

mains in the water, a portion of the base remains in it, combined with carbonic acid, and can be separated only by renewed churning or exposure to the air. When the precipitation has been complete, the liquor has the colour of Madeira wine, and in that state it is let off.

What remains in the bottom of the settler is the indigo, in the form of a thin paste, which is dried and consolidated in cauldrons, but the heat must not be raised to the boiling point. In some cases the paste is put into bags, and allowed to dry in a current of air, by which means the quality of the dye is said to be improved, and there is no danger of its being spoiled. After it has been sufficiently dried, the indigo is ready for market and for the dyer.

For a considerable time the indigo of Guatemala was accounted the best in the market. There were three varieties of it: *flava*, of a fine blue, and the most valuable; *sobré saliente*, of a violet colour, and inferior; and *conti-color*, of a coppery hue, and the least valuable of the three. The indigo of the East Indies, since it began to be manufactured in large quantities by the English, is accounted the best, and fetches the highest price in the market.

The Chinese, by treating a plant which they call *tsai* in the same manner as indigo, obtain a precipitate which forms a permanent dye, of a

beautiful emerald green. The substance is said to resemble indigo before it is saturated with oxygen; but it is not the same substance, as the green of indigo changes to blue when exposed to the air. Specimens of green indigo have been sent from India to this country, under the name of *barasatuvi*; but they have been found not only incapable of communicating a green colour, but to consist of common indigo, adulterated with a sort of carbonaceous matter, which latter communicated no dye at all. Indeed, no substance is so much adulterated as indigo; whether intentionally, or from the impossibility of separating it from foreign matter, is not known; that of the very purest sort not containing above half its weight of pure indigo. The purer it is, it is of the less specific gravity; and therefore it has been suggested to re-agitate the paste in deep vessels, and while it is dispersed through water, decant off the upper part for the finest indigo.

The principal part of the indigo now used in Britain is grown in India, chiefly on the rich Delta of the Ganges. The quantity annually imported is between nine and ten millions of pounds, and the value about two millions sterling. The indigoes are *cicerina* or vetches, nearly allied to the clovers. The plants are harmless; but the prepared dye is a poison.

GEMS.

NON-EXISTENCE OF MATTER.—Whatever purpose was intended to be served by such a tenet, surely its real consequences must be detrimental to the cause of Christianity. If all about us is mere mockery and illusion, the very foundations of all evidence, all faith, and all practice, are undermined; nor will it be possible to determine which position most contradicts my senses, or offers most violence to my conceptions,—that which avers the non-existence of matter, or that which maintains the transubstantiation of it in the holy sacrament.—*Hawkins's Bampton Lecture.*

DIFFICULTIES.—There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. A passionate desire, and an unwearied will, can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open among the hills. We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the result of single efforts and the magnitude of the obstacle to be encountered. Nothing good or great is to be obtained without courage or industry; but courage and industry must have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled.—*Sharpe's Letters and Essays.*

HISTORICAL RESEARCHES.—It is a cruel mortification, in searching for what is instructive in the history of past times, to find that the exploits of conquerors who have desolated the earth, and the freaks of tyrants who have rendered nations unhappy, are recorded with minute, and often with disgusting accuracy; whilst the discovery of useful arts, and the

progress of the most beneficial branches of commerce, are passed over in silence, and suffered to sink into oblivion.—*Dr. Robertson.*

VOYAGE OF LIFE.—The analogy between a voyage and a man's life has been frequently and beautifully noticed. The principal moral of these allegorical allusions centres in the uncertainty of every thing in this life, and that from the examples of the vessel's getting safe into port, after being exposed to the most imminent danger of sinking, we should learn not to give up hope in adversity, but, invoking the Divine aid, use our best endeavours to meliorate our condition; on the other hand, that, in a prosperous state of things, we should not be too confident because we seem to have a favourable gale, a placid sea, and the sun shining upon us; for, like the vessels which, after leaving port with all these advantages, have been overtaken by the tempest, and perished in the storm, the advantages of birth, fortune, friends, and abilities may all prove insufficient. You may fail in the most desirable and commendable pursuits in life, whilst others, wanting at their outset all these advantages, may finally attain the object of their pursuits: the one failing, perhaps, through that negligence which arises from too much confidence in the advantages they possess; the other succeeding, through that diligence and circumspection which the consciousness of the want of every other advantage naturally inspires. Remember, therefore, this advice:—never let the advantages with which you may begin life's voyage lull you into confidence and negligence, nor the want of them depress your minds into hopelessness and inactivity; but, humble and moderate in prosperity, and firm and patient in adversity, persevere in that path which reason and justice point out, and then despair not of reaching your desired port.—*Hamlet.*

ADAM; OR THE FIRST SIN.

WHEN man first awoke to conscious existence he found that the earth had been prepared as a glorious palace for his reception; for he was the last, as well as the best, of God's earthly works. In his production there was this peculiarity which distinguishes him from all his posterity—that he did not pass through the period of childhood—that he was not born an infant, but created a man, with all his physical and intellectual powers in full maturity. He was created in the image of God—in his sovereign—intellectual and moral image. His understanding was all light—his will all rectitude—his affections all love, ascending like the flames of a sacrifice in ardent devotion to God. He received and returned the smile of God. His understanding, says South, “was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade, as command; it was not Consul, but Dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility: it knew no rest, but in motion; no quiet, but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things, and was not only a window, but itself the prospect.”

Thus constituted, he could not but be happy. But joy then “was not that which now often usurps the name: that trivial, vanishing, superficial thing, which only gilds the apprehension, and plays upon the surface of the soul. It was not the mere crackling of thorns, a sudden blaze of the spirits, the exultation of a tickled fancy or a pleased appetite. Joy was then a masculine and a severe thing; the recreation of the judgment, the jubilee of reason. It was the result of a real good, suitably applied. It commenced upon the solidities of truth, and the substance of fruition. It did not run out in voice, or indecent eruptions, but filled the soul, as God does the universe, silently and without noise. It was refreshing, but composed; like the pleasantness of youth tempered with the gravity of age; or the mirth of a festival, managed with the silence of contemplation.” But God, out of pure beneficence, proceeded to enlarge his happiness. He placed him in Eden, the garden of the Lord, the paradise of God. How beautifully is this scene imagined in our great Epic, where Adam relates to the affable archangel—

“On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft impression seized
My drowsy sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream.
———One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, ‘Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise
First man, of men innumerable ordained
First father!——I come, thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared;’
So saying, by the hand he took me, raised,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide enclosed; with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree
Laden with fairest fruit, that hung to th’ eye
Tempting, stirred in my sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak’d, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadowed.”

Next, the benevolent Creator instituted the Sabbath; on which—though every day was to be sacred to God—man was especially to enjoy communion with the Father of spirits, and to expect peculiar expressions of the divine favour. And as man was formed for society, the Almighty, to promote and complete his happiness, made for him a helpmeet, in the person of Eve. Thus constituted, and thus situated, man was only a little lower than the angels.

But, like the angels that kept not their first estate, he fell by transgression. As a test of his obedience, his Maker had laid on him but one positive command, the observance of which was as easy as it was reasonable. Had no such test been appointed, it would have been only natural in Adam to have desired one; to have said to his Divine Benefactor, condescend to lay on me some command—to point out some plan by which I can evince my love. thou hast laid me under infinite obligations, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do to express my sense of gratitude and show my love? In appointing him a test of obedience, therefore, God was only gratifying what must have been the spontaneous and ardent wish of man's own grateful heart. And in appointing a test so simple, so easy,—requiring him only *not* to do something, to *abstain* in a single particular—God was showing him how easy was the rule, how paternal and kind the government, under which he was living.

But a principle of evil was at large in the universe. In the person of the Tempter, it invaded Eden, and man fell. From that moment, man became a mere mutilation of the Divine image. The creatures shook off his yoke, and revolted from his dominion. His own passions rebelled, each of them asserting its right to reign. The light that was in him became darkness; in this fearful eclipse of the soul, he calls evil good,

and good evil, and suffers all the inconveniences and evils which can attend the blind when lead by the blind. Conscious of guilt, he vainly attempted to elude the eye of God; but detected, arraigned, and convicted, the sentence went forth against him—Thou art degraded and doomed to mortality: henceforth, thou shalt every moment be liable to death. The first crisis had come in the eventful history of man. Mercy interposed, and promised a Deliverer. How far man at first understood the evangelical meaning of that promise, we cannot say. The language in which it is couched would necessarily save him from despair—awaken his hopes—encourage him to look upon God as merciful and gracious—and lead him to anticipate a time when One should arise from his own posterity who should rescue them out of the hands of the Enemy, and achieve in their behalf a glorious deliverance.

Glancing at the sequel, we behold him expelled from that paradise whose happiness he had forfeited, and left to seek his home and his subsistence, in the wide world around. He felt in himself, and beheld in every thing else, the dreadful effects of his departure from God. He became a father to become a mourner. Oh! what agony must have harrowed up the parent's soul when first he looked on death—beheld him in his family—and beheld him enter in a way which made the trial tenfold more insupportable. Having lived to see the earth filled with sin and covered with confusion, at the age of 930, the dissolution of his body, in accordance with the Divine sentence, closed the scene of his earthly pilgrimage.

What amazing events did the first man witness! How astonishing the change which he experienced in himself! How widely did his end differ from his beginning! In him the perfection of human nature was displayed; and in him our nature received that shock which will continue to be felt to the latest posterity. He saw the world in its bloom and glory, and he lived to see it despoiled of that glory, crowded with guilt and woe, cursed by the God who made it, and yet placed under a process of Divine restoration.

Fools make a mock at sin. They make a mock even at this sin, though it was so fearful as the first act of rebellion in this part of God's dominions, blasting a world, and entailing on mankind innumerable and endless evils. But why do this? Because they estimate sin by a false standard. There are two modes of measuring the evil of sin—by its effects in relation to man—and by its intrinsic evil in relation to God. Now the standard by which men generally estimate sin is the former—its effects in relation to man. If it does not violate any human law; or if it does not directly injure society to any serious degree, they view it as harmless, and allow it to pass. As if they were all the universe—as if they, poor worms of the earth, were every thing, and the

infinite and eternal God were nothing—they stop not to inquire how He may view it, but allow it to pass. But it is evident that as He is the only Being in the universe who is absolutely perfect, his perfect law is the only right standard by which to estimate the demerit of sin. Accordingly this is the rule by which he tries it—by comparing, or rather contrasting, its nature with his own nature. Now let the same sin be estimated by those two different standards, and see how differently it appears. Let it be supposed, for instance, that a man steals a small casket which he supposes to contain something, but *what* he knows not. He is detected and seized. Now the sin is already committed in the eye of God—the sin of dishonesty—of violating that law which says “thou shalt not steal?” the law of God does not wait to see *what* is in the casket—the sin of theft has been committed, and is registered in the book of God's remembrance. But man has another mode of dealing with the affair; he estimates it according to its effects upon society, and therefore before he pronounces on the act he must open the casket and see *what* it contains. On opening it, the contents may prove to be straw, literally worth nothing; or they may prove to be diamonds worth millions. If the former, the affair perhaps is laughed at, or dismissed with a warning; if the latter, it is treated as a most criminal act, and the nation rings with the account of it. Thus, according to human opinion, the amount of guilt is made to depend on *circumstances*—on the value of the contents of the casket. But, in the sight of God, who estimates actions according to their own nature, that circumstance was as nothing. He looked on the act itself, and he saw in it the spirit of disobedience to him, the violation of one of his own holy and universal laws, so that He could not overlook it without proclaiming himself to the universe the Patron of sin, the Friend of unrighteousness.

Now this is the light, and the only true light, in which to contemplate the first sin. Men, ignorant and ungodly, are prone to estimate it by their own false and worldly standard; and because it does not appear to be very heinous by that standard, they make a mock at it. Though they are to be reminded that the more trifling that first transgression appears, the more kind was God in making the test of obedience so easy—the more easy must it have been for man to obey it—and consequently the more guilt for disobeying it. But the only true light, we say, in which to contemplate the first sin is in its own nature in relation to God. This is the view in which the first sinner himself regarded it, and hence he trembled at it—he could not treat it lightly. This too is the light in which Satan viewed it: he did not think lightly of it—he hailed it as a prodigious triumph of sin and hell against God. And this is the light in which the

great God regarded it. He looked at the *spirit* of the act—and he saw in it the most shameful ingratitude and discontent—he saw in it the germ of a proud and ungovernable spirit, that aspired at independence of God, and equality with God—he saw in it a guilty spirit of unbelief, which made God a liar, and believed Satan in preference—he saw in it the first step towards a league between earth and hell against his divine government—he saw in it the seed of all the guilt and rebellion which have since covered the earth. In his sight, the first sin was a horrible thing and a wonder.

Now if we look at sin in this light we shall see how true it is that there are no little sins, no insignificant transgressions. The least sin we ever committed contained in it the same dreadful elements of guilt as the first sin did; and had that least sin of ours been the first sin in the world, it would have been condemned and attended with the same direful consequences as Adam's was. For "he that offendeth but in one point is guilty of the whole law"—the spirit of disobedience in which he has indulged is an insult to the spirit of the whole law. In this point of view, the sin of Adam was a representation of every sin that would be committed by his posterity to the end of time. Every man has had a spiritual fall. Each of us has had his first sin; though probably it was committed so early in life that we do not remember it. Yet in the book of *God's* remembrance there stands recorded against us a first sin. The record of that, was the record of our personal fall—"another fall of

man." Had the reader never sinned till to-day—had he contracted pollution to-day for the first time, what an era would it have been in his existence! what a subject for mourning, lamentation, and woe! Alas for man, that daily falls and years of accumulated guilt should leave him to sleep as soundly as if his first sin had not yet been committed!

But "as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." The seed of the woman *has* bruised the serpent's head. The reader can be made righteous and be restored to the divine favour.

What a proof did God give in his conduct towards Adam that he willeth not the death of a sinner: no sooner was the sin committed than the Saviour was proclaimed. And thus God would have the parent to tell his children of salvation as soon as ever they became capable of actual sin. And thus too would he have every sinful man sought out, and drawn from his subterfuges and retreats as Adam was, that he might be prepared to hear of the great deliverance. Did Adam fall in paradise? Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall. Let him regard himself as planted on a new probation; let him remember that "God is able to make him stand;" and that the promise is, "to him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God"—a paradise which no serpent enters, and the inhabitants of which fear no fall.

BRITAIN.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM this time to that of Hadrian, a period of thirty years, it is not well known who were the Roman governors under Nerva and Trajan, (in the reign of the latter of whom, the military roads are thought to have been made,) except that Julius Severus was governor in the former part of that reign, and was followed by Priscus Licinius. Hadrian himself visited the island; in which, from the mouth of the Tyne to the Solway Frith, he built an earth wall, as a northern boundary to the province.

Antoninus Pius deputed Lollius Urbicus to Britain, the northern tribes of which he subdued, and raised another rampart similar to that of Hadrian. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus then sent Calphurnius Agricola to quell the same Caledonians; who again revolted under the infamous Commodus, by whom was sent Ulpino Marcellus, who subdued them partly by conciliatory measures, which displeased his own soldiers, and occasioned his deprivation of office. He was followed by Petennius, who was scourged and

beheaded by his soldiers. To extinguish the mutiny, Pertinax came, in which having succeeded, he returned. He was followed by Clodius Albinus, in whose time the vast throes at the heart of the empire almost dismembered the remotest provinces, and Britain again swarmed with the Caledonians. Virius Lupus was then despatched by Severus, who, though aged, at the request of this governor, himself unable to quench the fires, came over, and brought his sons Caracalla and Geta, by whose help, and with the loss of 50,000 men, in a dangerous campaign in Caledonia, he restored the province to peace. Severus then employed his army two years in building—a little north, but parallel with the mound of Hadrian—a stone wall, twelve feet high by eight feet thick, mounted with towers; and afterwards, worn out with age, fatigues, and the seven-edged grief of having unnatural sons, he retired to York and died, February 4th, A.D. 211. During the seventy following years the Roman writers scarcely mention Britain, of which little

is known beyond the names of some governors. But when Dioclesian reigned, this island first attracted the Saxons and Franks; to repel whom, Carausius was sent from Rome, who, having subsequently assumed the purple, was murdered at York. To Carausius succeeded Constantius, who is said to have married a British princess, and to have also died at York, where his son Constantine was first saluted emperor. Britain then successively fell to the three sons of Constantine; the youngest of whom appointed Gratianus Funarius to be his governor or deputy, which office he soon lost. In A.D. 360, Julian, to punish an incursion of the Caledonians, then called Picts, sent Lupicinium, who made peace; but about the next year these invaders returned, and though Valentinian first sent Severus and then Jovinus to repress the incursion, they pillaged the country for at least three years, when Theodosius expelled them, repaired the wall of Severus, adjusted the government, moderated the taxes, and, amidst the praises of the British people and the Roman writers, he departed. Maximus then assumed the purple in Britain, and again disturbed the tranquillity of the island. After his death, Theodosius the Great sent Chrysantus his deputy to drive back the Saxons; who seeing the decrepitude of the Roman state and the growing fitness of their victim, hovered upon the British coast, from which they were repulsed by Victorinus, who was soon after recalled with all the Roman troops, in which most of the British youth were drafted for the ceaseless broils of the emperors. Their withdrawal gave spirit to the Picts, who for a time were resisted by the Britons, aided by the settled veterans, who, however, soon left a country in which government, liberty, and public spirit had expired. Several times did the Britons sue at Rome for a continuance of their virtual slavery, and were answered by the loan of a few soldiers, who having expelled the Caledonians, repaired the fortifications, and besought the natives to defend themselves, finally left the island about A.D. 420—475 years after the first invasion by Cesar.

The Britons, when thus abandoned, though in possession of a fertile country, with numerous cities and towns connected by good roads, and defended by excellent fortifications, were not only unable to repel the Picts, but even to refrain from civil wars, which occasioned inconceivable harm. Tillage neglected, and the trades forgotten, brought forth famine, the certain mother of pestilence, which soon buried a great proportion of the infatuated inhabitants. This scene was several times repeated, when with unmanly solicitations they petitioned Celius for help, which he could not give. Added to these disasters was a report that the Caledonians would depopulate South Britain, to which they had not then advanced; and, to avert this, a council of the chiefs was called by Vortigern, chief of the Silures,

when it was proposed to seek the aid of the Saxons. And Hengist and Horsa, then riding in the channel with a small force, came; as if the lamb should seek alliance with the wolf to be freed from the noise and impertinence of the wool-stealing crows!

Governments are trees of gradual growth, and the following outline of the Roman government in this island, is only such as it was when matured by more than a century's growth. The invaders began by making alliances with some of the native tribes, on whose kings they lavished favours of more apparent than of real worth. When it was once believed that to be an ally of the Romans was an advantage, others sought the favour, until they were sufficiently confederated with each other to allow the Romans to plant colonies, nine of which they did at Lincoln, York, Chester, Colchester, London, Richborough, Gloucester, Bath, Caerleon, and Chesterford; the principal towns of which colonies were stocked with Italians; while, in a little time, London and Verulanum were dignified with the title of "free cities," the inhabitants of which were citizens of Rome, and who, indeed, possessed some real advantages.

The capital of every colony was a little representative of Rome, and had its statues, theatres, courts, and temples, to erect which, forests were felled, mines and quarries were sunk, marshes drained, reservoirs, fountains, and baths made; fields enclosed, the trades located, and the arts cultivated; which in a very short period would seem to the Britons like another creation. Charmed with the novelties, and astonished at the cultivation which had produced them, they lost their savage tastes, and invariably, in dress, abodes, tillage, food, war, language, customs, and pleasures, imitated their conquerors, whom the Romans state they rivalled.

At the close of the second century there appear to have been about 140 Romano-British towns, of which

Britannia prima had	40;	{ this was the richest province.
_____ secunda...	15	
_____ Cesariensis	50;	{ and this was the largest.
_____ Maxima...	25	
_____ Valentia...	10.	

These towns were of several kinds; for either they were stipendiary, or such as were governed by Roman officers, paid taxes, and felt the immediate weight of slavery; or, secondly, colonial towns, inhabited almost solely by Romans, and had a mint, and could choose their own governors; or, thirdly, those which for the good conduct or other claims of their inhabitants had the *jus Latii*, or were called Municipium.

At that time, the whole island amounted to five provinces, called, Britannia prima, Britannia secunda, Flavia Cesariensis, Maxima Cesariensis, and Valentia, the last two of which had consular

governors: the other three were presidial. The limits and form of the provinces may be seen by a reference to any good map. Through these provinces the Romans made four capital roads, named, from local considerations,

The Watling-street, from Dover through London to Cardigan.

The Fosse-way, from Totness through Lincoln to North Britain.

The Ikeneld-street, from Southampton through York to Newcastle.

The Ermine-street, from Saint David's to Southampton.

From these there were many lateral roads to other towns and stations.

In the fulness of the Roman power, the principal officers in this island were,

1. The governor, lieutenant, prefect, or proprietor, who was supreme.

2. The procurator, or master of the revenue, often a spy of the emperor.

3. The governors of the five provinces.

4. The count of the Saxon shore, whose duty it was to preserve the south-east coast from invaders, to accomplish which, nine forts, with their accompaniments, were built at the coast towns, mentioned below. Under this officer were 2200 foot and 200 cavalry.

5. The duke of Britain, who had 14,000 foot and 900 horse under him, posted at thirty-seven fortified places, each having for its governor either a prefect or tribune, along the northern boundary of the island.

6. The count of the Britons, who, with 3000 foot and 600 horse, governed in the interior.

The chief governor had immediately under him a general officer, a principal secretary, two auditors of accounts, a prison keeper, a notary, and half a dozen inferior assistants. An inferior staff belonged to each of the other principal officers which formed their court; from which, and from all places of power, the natives, forbidden to marry with the Roman officers, were excluded. A standing army of probably more than 20,000 foreigners, who in times of peace were the artisans of the provinces, was supported by the resources of the island, which is thought to have then annually raised more than 2,000,000*l.* of our present money, much of which it is to be feared was obtained by open rapine, while the greater part arose from the following taxes:—

A 10th of the produce of the land.

A 5th ditto orchards.

A tax on cattle.

A tax on meadows.

A 10th of the produce of the mines.*

A 20th of all property not left to relatives,

A 25th of the price of slaves.

A part of the proceeds of all sales.

A poll tax.

* See the note concerning gold mines.

A tax on dead bodies before they could be buried.

A tax on buildings.

Ditto fire-places.

Ditto prostitutes.

Ditto artists.

Ditto exports and imports.

The following is a list of stations of either the Roman towns, forts, or camps, taken from the *Iter Antonina*:—

ORIGINAL.	GILES'S TRANSLATION.
Alimite, i. e., Avallø	} Broughten
pretorium usque	
A Bremenio . . .	Reichester
Corstopitum . . .	Corbridge
Vindomore . . .	Elcheater
Vinovia . . .	Binchester
Cataracton . . .	Cataract
Isurium . . .	Aldborough
Eboracum*. . .	York (a municipium)
Derwentone . . .	On Derwent Water
Delgovitia . . .	Wighton
Pretois . . .	Ebberston Field
A Blato Bulgio . . .	Middleby
Castra Exploratorum .	Netherby
Lugovallio . . .	Carlisle
Voreda . . .	Old Penrith
Brovenacis . . .	Kirkby thure
Verteris . . .	Brugh-under-Stanmore
Lavatis . . .	Bowes
Cataracton . . .	Cataract
Galcara . . .	Tadcaster
Camboduno . . .	Near Gretland
Manucium . . .	Manchester
Condate . . .	Northwich
Deva† . . .	Chester
Bovic . . .	Near Stretton
Mediolanum . . .	Near Drayton
Rutrinium . . .	Near Wein
Urioconium . . .	Wroxeter
Uxacona . . .	Near Sheriff Hales
Pennocrucium . . .	Near the Pink
Etoceto . . .	Wall, near Lichfield
Manducedo . . .	Manchester
Venonia . . .	Clecycester
Bennavenna . . .	Near Daventry
Lactodora . . .	Towcester
Magiovinum . . .	Fenny Stratford
Durocobrivis . . .	Dunstable
Verolamium . . .	St. Albans (a municipium)
Sulloniaci . . .	Brockley Hills
Londinio . . .	London (a municipium)
Noviomaga . . .	Woodcote, near Croydon
Vagniacis . . .	Northfleet
Durobrivis . . .	Rochester
Durolevo . . .	Milton
Duroverno . . .	Canterbury

* Here the sixth legion, *Victrix*, was stationed.

The legions were formed of such Roman soldiers as were citizens, each composed of different numbers, of which the greatest was about six thousand, four hundred of which were cavalry; they were distinguished by numerical figures, and any honorary surname which they could acquire, as *Victrix*, &c. Each legion was commanded by a legate, and divided into ten cohorts, governed by a tribune; each cohort into ten centuries, governed by a centurion; and each century into ten decuries, governed by a decurio. Each century had a vexillum, or standard of colours, defended by ten of the best soldiers; and all the standard-bearers in a legion were called its *verillation*. Attached to each legion was an equal body of foreign soldiers, called auxiliaries; never employed in their native country.

† The twentieth legion was stationed at this city.

Ad Portum Ritupis	Richborough
Dubris	Dover
Ad Portum Lemanio	Lime, near Weethythe
Cesaromago	Writtle, near Chelmsford
Colonia	Colchester
Villa Faustini	Dunmow
Icianos	Chesterford
Camborico	Icklingham
Duriliponte	Cambridge
Durobrivis	Caistor
Causennis	Ancaster
Lindo	Lincoln
Segelocum	Littleborough
Deno	Doncaster
Legoolio	Casterford
Lavatrio	Bowes
Verteris	Brughe
Brocavum	Brougham Castle
Isanavatia, vel Banna- venta	Near Daventry
Tripontio	Rugby
Venonis	Gleycoater
Ratis	Leicester
Verometo	Near Willoughby
Margiduno	Near East Bridgeford
Ad Pontem	Near Southwell
Crococolano	Brugh, near Colingham
Claudento	Old Southampton
Venta Belgarum	Winchester
Calleva Atrebatum	Silchester
Pontibus	Near Old Windsor
Legecium	Castleford
Agelocum	Littleborough
Venta Icenorum	Caister, near Norwich
Sitomago	Wulpit
Cambretonio	Stretford
Ad Ausam	Witham
Camulodunum	Maldon
Canonio	Fambridge
Durolitum	Lecton
Glanoventa	Lanchester
Galava	Old Town
Alone	Whitley Castle
Galacum	Appleby
Bremetonacis	Overborough
Coccium	Ribchester
Condate	Near Northwich
Segontium	Caernarvon
Conovium	Caer Rhyn
Varis	Bodvay
Calleva	Silchester
Vindomis	Farnham
Brige	Broughton
Sorbrodrunum	Old Sarum
Vindocladia	Near Cranburn
Durnovaria	Dorchester
Muridunum	Near Eggerton
Scadum Nunnlorum	Near Chiselborough
Leucarum	Near Ghasonbury
Bonium	Near Axbridge
Nidum	Near Portbury
Iscalgua Augusta*	Caerleon
Burrium	Usk
Gobannium	Abergavenny
Magnis	Kenchester
Bravinium	Ludlow
Uriconium	Wroxeter
Blestio	Monmouth
Ariconio	Near Ross
Clivo	Gloucester
Durocornovio	Cirencester
Spinis	Spenn
Calleva	Silchester
Venta Silurum	Caerwent
Abone	Armsbury
Trajectus	Henham

* The head-quarters of the second legion.

Aquis Solis	Bath
Verlucivone	Near Ileckham
Cunclione	Marlborough
Vindocladia	Near Cranburn

These stations had each a small body of soldiers to preserve the conquest of the island; to secure its taxation; to protect the Roman colonists; of which there were great numbers during the presence of the army, supposed not to have been less than 86,000, which other settlers would swell to 100,000 Romans.

Commerce. If the Roman tyranny crushed all that was noble, free, and intellectual in the polished provinces, not to be otherwise enslaved; in the more barbarous, otherwise useless to the conquerors, it introduced a vastly improved era. When Claudius sent his army, the island was often called "Horrida Sylva," but such was the activity of Roman art, and the comprehension of its intelligence, that in a few years it *exported* to Italy, and thence to all other countries, lead, iron, tin, gold, silver, gems, pearls, hides, skins, wool, cheese, horned cattle, sheep, jet, horses, some of the swiftest in the world; corn, to the quantity of 800 vessels a year; three or four species of original dogs; bears for sport; marble, lime, and chalk, the last of which had been an old English manure and export. On the other hand, Britain then imported, among trees, the vine, box, laurel, plane, chestnut, elm, poplar, pear, damascene, melon, cherry, peach, apricot, quince, and the rose; of herbs, and flowers, and shrubs, rosemary, lily, thyme, violet, poppy, mint, lettuce, fennel, radish, cucumber, peas, beans, hemp, flax, and asparagus; and of animals, the hare-bound and the ass, whose milk the Roman ladies used, to procure a white skin. While among the trades mentioned in the Romano-British colonies, we find the innkeeper, apothecary, farrier, bleacher, mercer, turner, metal-worker, barber, paper-maker, coiner, miller, and salt-maker. To these may be added, that there were in common use, honey, pepper, sugar, ginger, salt, cordage, the water-mill, (of which there was one at every considerable town,) nearly all which were brought and left in this country by the Romans. The principal trade ports were London, Dubris, Clausentum, Rhotupæ, Lemanis, Anderida, Novus, Adumun, Sistimian, Felix, and Ribchester, where Roman publicans or excisemen lived to secure the customs, which are thought to have amounted at one time to 500,000*l.* a year. Many of these towns had a market, to which the merchants were obliged to bring their commodities for sale. If they were sold, a fortieth share went to the government; if not, a less sum, for the liberty of offering to sale. London and Verulum were celebrated places for commerce and wealth.

Before the Roman invasion, it is stated that forty different coins of money, of which some were silver, were issued by Cunobelinus, who had been probably instructed in this art by the Gaulish

merchants. At the time of Cesar, however, the Britons chiefly used money made of brass rings, and iron plates, whose value was decided by weight, which probably continued till the fulness of the Roman power, when they were superseded by its own perfect and numerous coins, of which loads have been dug up from different parts of the British empire. The British coins which were also issued by Cassibelanus, Prosutagius, Boadicea, Beric, Cartismandua, Caractacus, and other chiefs, were all round but not flat; made of unmixed gold, silver, and brass; and bore, at first, impressions of animals and trees; afterwards of the king's name, the place of coinage, and other devices expressed in Roman letters. The power to coin was taken from the natives, and its resumption severely forbidden; but many of the natives acquired large fortunes in Roman money, which was all again withdrawn when the Romans finally departed, and which accident alone would partly overthrow the British commerce.

In proportion as trade advanced, water carriage came into use; and in the times of the Romans the Britons abandoned their watted skiffs* for large boats and fleetier galleys, of which, in the time of Constantius, there were more than a thousand in the harbours of Romanised Britain.

It is impossible to draw precisely the outlines of the domestic state of the Britons while the Romans continued here. Their statues, baths, paintings, music, learning, games, &c., of all which there was no lack in the stations, villages, the thirty-three new Roman townships, the colonies, and the fortifications built by the foreigners, radically altered the habits of the British mind, and meliorated the public manners, so that in the course of a century or two the resemblance between them would be entire, except in so far as the Romans, who omitted nothing which clipped the wing of liberty, kept up the distinction.

EMBLEMS OF ACTIVE LIFE AND CONTEMPLATIVE EXISTENCE.

(From Schlegel's "*Melodies of Life*.")

THE SWAN.

My peaceful life is spent among the waves; its traces are the light furrows which are lost in the distance; and the undulations, scarcely moved, as a pure mirror repeat my form without a change.

THE EAGLE.

The craggy rocks are my abode; I wander in the air in the midst of the storm; in the chase, in fight, and in peril I trust to my adventurous wing.

THE SWAN.

The azure of the cloudless heaven rejoices me; the fragrance of plants draws me gently towards the brink, when at sunset I balance my snow-white wings on the purple waves.

THE EAGLE.

I glory in the tempest when it tears up the oaks of the forest, and I ask the thunder if it delights in ruin.

THE SWAN.

Invited by the kind regard of Apollo, I dare bathe myself in the waves of harmony; and, reposing at his feet, I hear the songs which resound through the vale of Tempe.

THE EAGLE.

I dwell even on the throne of Jupiter; he gives a sign, and I go to seek the thunder for him; and, during my sleep, my drooping wings cover the sceptre of the Universal King.

THE SWAN.

My prophetic view frequently contemplates the stars and azure vault which are reflected in the waves; and deep regret calls me to my country, in the region of heaven.

THE EAGLE.

From my earliest years, it has been with pleasure that, in my flight, I have gazed upon the immortal sun; I cannot stoop to the dust of earth, I feel myself the companion of the gods.

THE SWAN.

A quiet life yields easily to death; when it comes to loose me from my bonds, and to give my voice its melody, my song, even to my latest breath, shall celebrate the solemn hour.

THE EAGLE.

The soul, like a glowing phoenix, rises from the pile, free and unveiled; it hails its lofty destiny; and the flame of death renews it.

THE GRAVE.

"The grave! The grave! what buried hopes are there!" Who does not at the sound of that word, instinctively, as it were, summon up before the mind's eye the beloved forms of some, with whom the most cherished and endeared recollec-

tions are associated. We dwell with melancholy pleasure on the events of the past; we feel a kind of chastened delight in calling to remembrance scenes we have witnessed, when some were by our side, whose presence made nature

* Pliny says that in these boats the inhabitants sailed, in six days, to a certain island, which was probably Ireland.

more beautiful, and added a charm and a loveliness to each object that appeared to claim our admiration. We seem again to behold the bright blue eye reading in ours the pleasurable emotions that were rising in our minds—the gentle pressure of that soft hand, at whose touch the heart thrilled with delight, is once more felt—the silvery tones of that voice, that was as music to the soul, are again heard—the deep azure heavens are hanging above us, the streams are glittering in the vale below, and the flowers are laughing in beauty at our feet; we leap over the bounds of envious time, and for a while are young again:—youth's dreams of bliss pass over our spirits—the world is a scene of enchantment—and hope an elevating and delicious feeling. But then the sad reality—the grave! Oh, how soon the vision—which the busy imagination had called up, and depicted in such beauteous colours,—fades away; and the gloom and the silence and the sadness of the tomb strikes awe into the trembling and mourning spirit.

To some, a churchyard presents a scene which never fails to call into exercise the better emotions of the heart. Not a few of the resting-places of the forgotten dead, in the rural districts of England, are the most lovely spots I have ever beheld; and I delight, whenever I am travelling, to stop for awhile among such scenes, and, wandering amid the tombs which weeping relatives have erected to the memory of beloved friends, read the simple and affecting tributes to departed worth the rudely sculptured monuments present.

There is, in the quiet seclusion of a village churchyard, something that is calculated to soothe and tranquillise the mind, so often harassed and perplexed with the cares and anxieties of the present world. It is a place for solemn musings; and an hour's calm meditation on themes which are naturally suggested by the objects by which we are surrounded, can scarcely fail to make us better men—at least, the feelings that are awakened cannot have an injurious effect upon us. We are treading over the ashes of the forefathers of the hamlet—they have gone to their rest, and their places are occupied by others. Yet through that churchyard often had their feet wended their way in youth's bright morning, in manhood's prime, and when the shades of the night of death were fast falling around; when the mild and mellow tones of the Sabbath bells were floating on the breeze, and inviting the children of men to the worship of God. Beneath that porch they had sat from the time of "auburn locks to reverend grey;" over that same landscape their eyes had wandered; the roof of that sacred house had echoed their songs of praise; but "the fathers, where are they?" One by one were they borne to their last home; and they who wept at their departure from earth were themselves soon lamented as participants in the "com-

mon lot." "The dust returned to the earth as it was, and the spirit returned unto God who gave it."

It is a solemn thing to die—and the stoutest heart at times must tremble, even though the consolations and the supports of religion are afforded. To die—to be shut up in the cold dark grave, from which no honours, no wealth can snatch us, nor the tender solicitude of friends redeem us—to say "to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister"—this is a solemn—this is an affecting thing. The grave is the bar of separation between friend and friend; and when once it has claimed its victim no more will his cheerful voice gladden the fireside circle, dispirited at his absence, no more will his cheerful and smiling countenance enliven the home once so happy by his presence. How affectingly true are the words of the poet,

"O Death! all eloquent, you only prove
What dust we dote on when 'tis man we love."

I have often witnessed the funeral solemnities in some of our country churchyards, and could never help contrasting the simplicity of sorrow then expressed, with the "pomp of woe" at which the heart sickens, and which is too often to be seen in the streets of our crowded metropolis. I have seen the aged mother follow her boy, her only child to the grave, and with heartrending anguish gaze for the last time on the coffin which contained all that remained of him who had solaced her widowed heart; and a few weeks more, I have seen her borne thither to sleep by his side.

I have stood by, and wept with those that weep, when youth and beauty—than whom the flowers that were thrown into the grave were not more fair—withered by the untimely blast of death, have been consigned to the dust. I have seen the man of hoary hairs, and the man of matured and vigorous strength, laid side by side in the house appointed for all living; but among the most affecting have been the interments of infants. It is agonising for parents to lose their offspring just ripening into youth, or springing up to manhood; but to the heart of the young mother to lay her sinless cherub in the earth—no more to hear his prattling voice, or see his playful wiles—no more to feel his rosy fingers parting her hair, or his ruby lips seeking the maternal kiss—it is much more rending.

"'Tis hard to lay her darling
Deep in the cold damp earth;
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth."

I remember well an affecting incident of this nature, which occurred in a distant part of the country. A young woman, on her way to Liverpool, whither she was going to take passage for

the sister island, stayed a night at the beautiful little village of W—. She had married an Irish sailor, who dying suddenly two years after their union, had left her with a babe six months old, in extreme indigence, to struggle with affliction in a pitiless world, where real distress is often scorned and ridiculed, and real suffering often unalleviated. But desolate as was her condition, great as was her poverty, she had one solace—her babe, which she bore in her arms many a weary league, without a momentary murmur. Often, when the inhumanity and unkindness of the world pressed on the trembling spirit of the unhappy widow, and when she lamented with bitter tears the loss of her dearest earthly friend, the playful wiles of her infant would beguile her from her sorrows, and her heart would swell with grateful emotions because that one solace was still left. The bright blue eye of the father beamed forth again in that of her boy, and his features daily grew more into the resemblance of his deceased parent. But who shall calculate on happiness here? The night she arrived at our village the child was taken ill—three long days and nights did the agonised mother watch over him, and minister to his wants. But all her care and solicitude were in vain; the fourth morning light had scarcely dawned, when, with a gentle sigh, the spirit of the little sufferer flew to its rest. The mother spoke not—moved not: before the inanimate remains of her child she stood, with her hands meekly folded across her bosom, the image of sorrow. The fount of Nature's grief appeared exhausted—not a tear moistened her eye, to relieve her burning brain; and until the child was buried she seemed to be unconscious of every thing around her. As his little coffin retreated from her view, her loud sobs told of the conflict that was passing in her bosom: and when, at the conclusion of the funeral service, she leaned over the brink of the grave to gaze at it for the last time, it was with difficulty she was restrained from throwing herself upon it. Poor thing! all around her looked upon her with pity and compassion—the good clergyman wiped a tear from his eye, for her sad tale of sorrow was not unknown to him; and even the rude sexton, although familiar with scenes like this, dashed his hand across his sunburnt cheek to remove an unusual visitant that was lingering there.

The poor woman prepared to leave the village, but with far different feelings from those with which she entered it. Bereft of her only source

of joy, she was indeed desolate—the world was before her, but it wore another aspect now. The dark clouds which had been slowly breaking in her horizon, had again closed, and were more gloomy than before. Life yet remained to *her*, but the object for which she wished to live was for ever gone; and the world had lost its most powerful charm.

I saw her the morning she left W—, it was at the grave of her child. The sun had just arisen—the fresh morning air was sighing around the venerable elms that environed the churchyard—the glittering dew was reflecting the early rays from a thousand blades of grass—and the path she had taken from the pavement that divided the burial-ground to the spot where her infant was reposing, was made distinctly visible by a dusky track. She was kneeling with one hand pressed to her forehead, and with the other something the moulds of the grave; while, during this humble act of affection, her tears fell plentifully, and her suppressed sobs told of her deep affliction. When she had levelled the newly moved earth she placed a few early spring flowers at a short distance from each other on the sides of the grave; and rising from her recumbent posture gave a glance of speechless agony at the little hillock her maternal feelings had prompted her to attempt to adorn. I thought her sorrow too sacred for intrusion, and repressed the desire I felt stirring within me to advance and endeavour to administer consolation.

She stood for some minutes gazing silently on the grave of her child—her only—her firstborn child—the lovely pledge of affection of one who had prematurely passed away. I have her image still before me—her face sunk in her bosom, and hands closed together in mute agony—while the only article of mourning apparel her poverty would admit of her wearing, was a black handkerchief that was thrown over her shoulders, and a dark-coloured ribbon that crossed her faded bonnet. The world may smile, but the tears I shed then welled fresh and unbidden from my heart. The poor weeping mother turned from the spot, so hallowed and cherished by the charge it had lately received, and slowly departed;—every few steps pausing, and looking back to the place where the flowers were gently howing their heads to the morning breeze—until passing round an angle of the venerable and ivy-covered church—I lost sight of her for ever. Poor reft and sorrowing mother! my heart bleeds for thee still!

THE HUDSON AND THE RHINE.

I HAD been familiar with the Hudson from childhood. The great thoroughfare of all who journey from the interior of the state towards the sea, necessity had early made me acquainted with its windings, its promontories, its islands, its cities,

and its villages. Even its hidden channels had been professionally examined, and time was when there did not stand an unknown seat on its banks, or a hamlet that had not been visited. Here then was the force of deep impressions

to oppose to the influence of objects still visible.

To me it is quite apparent that the Rhine, while it frequently possesses more of any particular species of scenery, within a given number of miles, than the Hudson, has none of so great excellence. It wants the variety, the noble beauty, and the broad grandeur of the American stream. The latter, within the distance universally admitted to contain the finest parts of the Rhine, is both a large and small river; it has its bogs, its narrow passages among meadows, its frowning gorges, and its reaches resembling Italian lakes; whereas the most that can be said of its European competitor is, that all these wonderful peculiarities are feebly imitated. Ten degrees of a lower latitude supply richer tints, brighter transitions of light and shadow, and more glorious changes of the atmosphere, to embellish the beauties of our western clime. In islands, too, the advantage is with the Hudson; for, while those of the Rhine are the most numerous, those of the former stream are bolder, better placed, and, in every natural feature, of more account.

When the comparison between these celebrated rivers is extended to their artificial accessories, the result becomes more doubtful. The buildings of the older towns and villages of Europe seemed grouped especially for effect, as seen in the distant view, though security was in truth the cause; while the spacious, cleanly, and cheerful villages of America must commonly be entered to be appreciated. In the other hemisphere, the maze of roofs, the church towers, the irregular faces of wall, and frequently the castle rising to a pinnacle in the rear, give a town the appearance of some vast and antiquated pile devoted to a single object. Perhaps the boroughs

of the Rhine have less of this picturesque or landscape effect, than the villages of France and Italy, for the Germans regard space more than their neighbours, but still are they less commonplace than the smiling and thriving little moats that crowd the borders of the Hudson. To this advantage must be added that which is derived from the countless ruins, and a crowd of recollections. Here the superiority of the artificial auxiliaries of the Rhine ceases, and those of her rival come into the ascendant. In modern abodes, in villas, and even in seats, those of princes alone excepted, the banks of the Hudson have scarce an equal in any region. There are finer and nobler edifices on the Brenta, and in other favoured spots, certainly; but I know no stream that has so many that please and attract the eye. As applied to moving objects, an important feature in this comparison, the Hudson has perhaps no rival in any river that can pretend to a picturesque character. In numbers, in variety of rigging, in beauty of form, in swiftness and dexterity of handling, and in general grace and movement, this extraordinary passage ranks among the first in the world. The yards of tall ships swing among the rocks and forests of the highlands; while sloop, schooner, bright and canopied steamboat, yacht, periagua, and canoe, are seen in countless numbers, decking its waters. There is one more eloquent point of difference that should not be neglected. Drawings and engravings of the Rhine lend their usual advantages, softening, and frequently rendering beautiful, objects of no striking attractions when seen as they exist, while every similar attempt to represent the Hudson, at once strikes the eye as unworthy of its original.—*The Heidenmauer.*

TO THE EVENING STAR.

SHINE in thy glory, thou beautiful star!
Flinging thy beams o'er the mountains afar,
Lighting the path to the blossoming bowers,
Rich with the breath of the languishing flowers.
Waken thy music, thou bride of the sky!
With thy fair and thy shining brow,
Come, for the even is breathing her sigh,
And the voice of the world is low.
Forth, in thy bright and thy glittering car,
Ride in thy glory, thou beautiful star!

Soft is the song of the murmuring stream,
Bright is the light of thy tremulous beam,
Soothing the flowers of beauty that lie
Streaked with the hues of the orient sky;
The voice of the syren that loves the night,
Is heard in the shadowy groves,
And the glowworm has lit up her beacon-light,
To welcome the hour she loves.
Forth thou hast come from thy home afar,
Robed in thy glory, thou beautiful star!

Of hast thou shone on my vine-clad home,
When the visions of bliss to my soul have come;
Of, when the eye of the sleeper is dim,
Watching, I've murmur'd the holy hymn.
When the silent night, from the deep-blue skies,
Her tears of dew was weeping,
And the wandering sephyras breathed their sighs
O'er the earth, so calmly sleeping,
Thou didst look down from thy throne afar,
Smiling in gladness, thou beautiful star!

Bright is the sun with his glorious light,
As he wakes up the earth from the dream of night;
Fair is the morn with her shadowy smile,
Flinging her beams o'er the mouldering pile,
When the ivy-clad tower, the village green,
And the crowded city lie
Bathed in the light of the virgin queen,
As she shines in the silent sky;
But I love thee most, in thy glittering car,
Riding in glory, thou beautiful star!

T. W. A.

TURKISH CRUELITIES TO THE SCIOTS, AND THE TORTURE IN TURKEY.

Our readers, we doubt not, still shudder at the remembrance of the heartrending tale of the savage destruction of Scio. The following will not fail to excite still stronger indignation against the barbarous murderers, who, in a few hours, laid desolate one of the fairest portions of the earth, and massacred, in cold blood, so many thousands of innocent and defenceless human beings. The carnage was resumed at Constantinople, and the Sciot merchants fell, the unresisting victims of treachery and blood. The narrative, after this event, proceeds:—

According to the Turkish axiom, "that every individual is responsible for the acts of his people," the Sciots, resident in Constantinople, were now every where hunted out after the execution of the merchants, as the Moreotes had been after that of the patriarch. All that resided at the Khan fled and disappeared. The English residents had hitherto felt little sympathy for the Greeks; but this last act of Turkish atrocity seemed to "come home to their business and bosoms." With a generous disregard to any consideration but compassion for the hunted victims, every house afforded them an asylum, even at the personal hazard of the proprietor. Disguises were obtained, and passages secured for them in ships, and the greater part of them were safely conveyed to Russia, folded up in sails, or packed up in casks. In fact, all disinclination to be entangled in the passing events of the country which the Frank residents had hitherto shown was now removed, and no one hesitated, in the cause of suffering humanity, to disregard the edicts of a government that had itself disregarded every law which is recognised in civilised society. The principal British merchant in Pera, as kind-hearted as he is opulent, was very active on these occasions. He had three Sciot gentlemen concealed. He had them shaved, and dressed with hats and coats; and when every thing was prepared, they took the arms of him and his friends, and boldly walked down to the custom-house, in the open day, through the Turks, on their way to the ship. One of them was so overcome that he could hardly support himself, and nearly betrayed the whole party. They, however, got safely on board, were put under a false bottom, supported on casks, and arrived at Odessa. An unfortunate young man had applied also to me for an asylum, and I could not deny it. I dressed him in my clothes, and the next Sunday brought him to our chapel. After the service, I mentioned the circumstance to some of my congregation. They suffered him also to take their arms, walked quietly down the town, and put him on board a vessel about to sail, in which he escaped.

My amiable old friend, the Padre Paolo, whom I had left behind in the Lantern of Demosthenes, at Athens, had now arrived at Constantinople,

and was appointed chaplain to the French embassy. He resided in the convent of St. Louis, contiguous to the French palace, where I paid him a visit. I found him in his little cell, with three gentlemen, who, though in Frank dresses, had something exceedingly awkward and uncouth in their air and manner, as if they knew not how to adapt themselves to their clothes. Before me, no concealment was thought necessary; so I was introduced to the men in their proper persons. They were Sciots, who had narrowly escaped the pursuit of the Turks by rushing into the convent. Here the good old man would sooner lay down his life than suffer them to be injured; so he provided the Frank dresses, and, when opportunity presented, had them conveyed to places of safety.

But the asylum in which the greatest number, perhaps, took refuge together, was the British palace-garden. The proscription extended to all classes, and the meanest man who had the misfortune to be born on the island was equally doomed to death with the most respectable. A large portion of the artisans of the capital were Sciots, who were esteemed for their integrity, as well as ingenuity; but the majority were gardeners. Nicolia, the palace-gardener, was from the island. An order was issued that they should all appear at the Porte, and the poor man came to me to know what he should do. I strongly advised him not to go, and took upon myself any responsibility for his absence. All who did appear were seized and thrown into confinement; and as it was generally known that death immediately followed imprisonment, many of the rest in a panic ran to their countrymen in the English palace-garden. Every bush concealed two or three unfortunate fugitives; and as it was necessary to give them employment, in order to afford a pretext for their being there, they were all engaged as labourers, digging the ground. They were of different trades, which ill assorted to their present employment; but Lady Strangford, whose kindness and humanity was ever accompanied by some playful fancy, made us laugh, in the midst of the peril and confusion, by directing that the bakers should be sent among the flowers, and the tailors among the cabbages.

Mr. Leeves had at this time received a number of copies of the New Testament, translated into Romæic, or modern Greek. Many of them had been bought by the poor Sciots, and were now a source of comfort in their affliction. One took the book, and a group sat round, and listened as he read to them the sacred word in their own language, which they heard with profound attention. On one evening I saw several groups so engaged, and I never before witnessed in so strong a degree the great consolation which the word of God could impart. Many of the poor people expected every moment that they would

be sought out, and demanded by the Turks, and consigned to that death which so few of their countrymen escaped; and under this impression they applied to the book as their only support in peril. The Turks, however, did not demand them. By degrees they dispersed: most of them escaped to the islands; and some few returned to their employment, when the heat of persecution had passed. But the persons who suffered most acutely were the clerks and cashiers of the merchants. It has been the practice of the Turks at all times to seize the saraffs, or bankers, of any victim who has fallen under their suspicion or displeasure, and compel them to discover any property confided to their care. In this spirit, such of the persons in the counting-houses of the Scot merchants as did not escape were seized and tortured. Now, as you seem to doubt the existence of this practice, and say that the Turks never employ torture to extract confession, and that the rumour of it was one of the many exaggerations circulated of the country, I have been at some pains to satisfy you.

The place of torture is within the walls of the Seraglio, and called the oven, because it had been used as such, and this use makes still a part of the torture inflicted there. Before the Greek insurrection, rich bankers, or saraffs, had been those on whom torture was generally inflicted here, particularly Armenians: they were employed by viziers, or other great officers of state, or by the females of the sultan's family, and they were almost always involved in the ruin of their employers. They were the depositories of the money laid up for themselves if they survived, or for their families if they did not. This, for the greater secrecy, was intrusted to them without any acknowledgment. On the death or deposition, therefore, of any public minister, the way to get at his property was to torture his banker. He is first applied to for any money in his hands, and as the return he makes is never believed, and as there is no existing document to ascertain the amount, he is frequently compelled, by the application of torture, to surrender more than he has received, even to the whole amount of his own property. De Tott mentions the horrible inflictions suffered by an Armenian and his partner, saraffs to Rachub Pasha, the grand vizier, who had married the sultan's sister; and Thornton states, that he had often heard personally from the survivor himself the torture he had endured. The executioner would dip his hands, covered with their blood, into the dish served up for their miserable repast. His partner expired in the act of infliction.

Among the unfortunate men arrested as a Scot, was one who is called a baccul, that is, a little merchant, who sells all sorts of goods in his shop. It appeared, however, that the man was not a Scot, but a Cerigote, and so, as belonging to the Ionian Islands, was, fortunately for himself,

under English protection; and our ambassador sent over with great promptness and humanity to claim him as a British subject. He was immediately restored to one of the janissaries attached to the palace, who brought him back in safety, and at a critical moment. The prison in which he was confined was that of the Bostangee Bashi. I mentioned to you before that it is attached to the Seraglio, and is, therefore, supposed to be under the eye of the sultan. It had been my intention to have gone over with the janissary to the prison, which is one of those in which torture is inflicted, and I was greatly vexed that a circumstance occurred to prevent me. I charged, however, another, who did go, to report to me faithfully what he saw and learned on the spot, and I had the following details from him, which were generally confirmed by others.

There were thirty-six Greeks confined there, who were subject to various inflictions of bodily pain, some of which he saw them undergo, by looking through an aperture in a door, and others were told to him. One man was stripped naked. He was then suspended by the feet, till the blood accumulated in his head, and he was nearly smothered. Presently two men came in with large clubs, and in that situation they struck and goaded him till he was left without sense or motion. Whether he died on the spot, or lived to undergo the torture again, my informant could not say.

Another was suspended by the ears on iron hooks, with a weight appended to his feet, till the muscles of his face were all displaced, and the features so distorted that his mouth appeared on his forehead.

A third had a sharp instrument stuck with needles applied to the ends of his fingers, till the points penetrated through the quick, and appeared out at the back of his nails.

A fourth had a screw pressed on his wrists till the joints were dislocated, and the back of his hands occupied the place of the palms.

A fifth had a screw applied to his head in such a way as to press upon the temples. This was closed by degrees, till at length the compression was so great as to force the eyes out of their sockets.

A sixth had a metal cap applied hot to the head. The Greeks wear a small red cap, called a fez, on the crown, under the turban, about the shape and size of a saucer, which fits quite close to the scalp. This was plucked off, and one of red-hot metal, of the same shape, size, and colour, applied to the head in its place.

But the last punishment was one which may be added to the many existing proofs of the unchanging permanency of customs in the east. The oven, or furnace, was made hot, and into this the victims were thrust, till their beards and the hair of their heads were singed, and the skin blistered off their bodies. The punishment of the

burning fiery furnace, which the king of Persia inflicted on the persecuted Jews, was the model, perhaps, upon which the modern Nebuchadnezzar within the walls of his palace inflicts punishment on his Christian subjects; and these, too, men convicted of no offence, but, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, the most upright and excellent of his people.

When I heard these details, I considered that it was not without reason I shuddered at the cruel scowl of the white of his eye when I found myself in his presence, though at that time I knew nothing, and, in fact, like yourself, was inclined to doubt the report of these practices.

The Turks seldom suffer those they torture to escape with life, and they are exceedingly vigilant that no one should pry into the secrets of this prison-house. There are few, therefore, who can attest them. I have seen and conversed, however, with more than one who had undergone these inflictions. The first was a Greek slave, who stood chained, with a ring about his leg like others, at the gate of the prison called the Bagmio. His wrists and ankles were distorted by the application of screws, and his whole body so crushed that he supported himself on crutches. The torture was applied to him to extort confession and make discovery, among the first who were taken up, when the insurrection commenced.

A second was known to me at the patriarchal press, at the Fanal. He had been stripped, and

a small cord tied round his body across his breast, and under his arms; by this he was suspended till it cut the flesh into the bone. He fainted with the agony, and was taken down insensible. He did not know how long he had suffered, but was informed for three days. I knew also the Greek superintendent of the foundry. He had three sons, mere lads. At the commencement of the insurrection they were all cast into prison on suspicion. Some persons, through negligence, set fire to a press, containing some papers, and it was considered as a design to burn down the foundry. The father was decapitated, and the lads tortured to confess what they could know nothing of at the time, as they were in confinement. After great suffering, they were beheaded also.

Thus, then, you see the application of torture to extort confession is not yet extinct even in the fairest portion of Europe. These people not only brought with them every thing that was barbarous in Asiatic manners, but they will not suffer to die whatever was so in Europe. The horrid practices of our rude and ignorant ancestors, which every other nation has abolished for ever, as too revolting to the habits and feelings of the present day, the Turks catch at and engraft upon their own; and they exhibit at this moment some of the very worst features of the worst periods of Asiatic and European barbarism.—

Walsh's Residence at Constantinople, vol. II.

REVIEW.

THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.*

ARTICLE I.

We know not a better introduction to the following brief notice of the distinguished individual to whom it refers, than Mr. Sherman's preface to Mr. Jones's Memoir; but we must content ourselves with a few extracts.

"The life of the Rev. Rowland Hill must ever be deeply interesting to the churches of Christ in Britain, as it embraces a portion of their history in which the most momentous events connected with their present prosperity have transpired. The mental darkness and opposition to the gospel which pervaded all ranks of society when he commenced his ministerial career, required men of more than ordinary courage, influence, zeal, and holiness, to hold forth the torch of divine truth amidst the surrounding moral gloom. It pleased God at this period to raise up a band of eminent champions for Christ, who, careless of the world's esteem, ardently loving their Saviour, highly valuing immortal souls, and believing the Gospel to be the only remedy for guilty men, went forth preaching every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following.

The subject of this Memoir was one of these excellent men. The honourable family from which he descended—the noble sacrifices he made to publish Christ to his countrymen—the energy with which he prosecuted his labours—the friendship he displayed towards all sections of the church of Christ—his liberality to institutions for the education of the poor and the diffusion of divine truth—his arduous struggles for civil and religious liberty—his extensive usefulness in awaking multitudes from a death of sin to a life of righteousness—and his uniformly consistent character; must, to every reflecting mind, render him an object of veneration and love, as a minister

eminently qualified by God for the times in which he appeared, and the important station in the church which he occupied."—(pp. vii., viii.)

Speaking of two former attempts on the life of Mr. Hill, (made in the form of Memoirs,) Mr. Sherman closes his just censure of one of the writers, with a spirited vindication of what some have deemed the erratic course which Mr. Hill and others thought proper to pursue, considering the state of the church and the world at the commencement and during the progress of their career.

"I seize the present opportunity to express my fear that in some sections of the church of Christ, party spirit is evidently increasing, and that narrow-minded sentiments in the memoirs of liberally-minded men, contribute much to maintain and perpetuate it. Surely the walls of separation are lofty enough, and the distance between Christians of different denominations already too great, without heightening the one and increasing the other. The Bible, which, happily, is now in almost every one's possession, shows such conduct to be inexcusable. If a man of God follow the mode of instruction which primitive ministers adopted, which Christ himself sanctioned, and which the Holy Ghost commended, why should it be considered necessary to apologise for him—to guard the public mind from the contagion of his example,—and to lessen, as much as possible, the influence of his labours?

In the Memoir of that eminently devoted man, the Rev. Mr. Walker, of Truro, it is more than intimated that the revival of religion in this country, which followed the labours of Whitefield, Wesley, Hill, and others, has been erroneously attributed to them, instead of to those servants of Christ who confined their labours to a limited circle, and to regular and canonical services. Let nothing be detracted from the part which such excellent men took in the revival of religion; let them receive from the whole church the due acknowledgment of all the successes attending their regular labours, which all who love Christ must appreciate and commend; but let not party feeling

* "Memoir of the Rev. Rowland Hill, M.A." By William Jones, author of "Testamentary Counsels." With a Preface, by the Rev. James Sherman, of Surrey Chapel. Fisher, Son, and Co., London.

dictate a sentiment which is as contrary to universal testimony as it is to the ordinary operations of Divine Providence. If these holy men, after considering the claims of immortal souls, the duties of their stations, and their accountability to their Master, could not see it right to expose themselves to ecclesiastical censure, by preaching beyond prescribed limits, let due credit be given them for acting up to their conscientious convictions of duty, and their persuasions that they could serve Christ better, and accomplish more good, by moving in a regular, rather than in an eccentric, orbit; but let no uncandid attempts be made to tarnish the lustre of the names, or lessen the effect of the labours, of those who were at least equally holy and devoted men; and who, after a diligent investigation of their Saviour's commands, a study of the conduct of his apostles, and filled with yearnings of compassion for the miseries of their fellow-immortals, felt it to be their imperative duty to go out into the highways, and into the streets and lanes of the city, to compel men to come in, that God's house might be filled. These holy men showed their sincerity by sacrificing the esteem of the great and learned, the love and respect of their kindred, and the hopes of worldly advancement, and by subjecting themselves to obloquy, scorn and personal danger, to save souls from ruin. Statesmen, and philanthropists, and historians, and ministers, have planted on their graves evergreens and sweet-blooming flowers, full of fragrance and beauty; and if any sacrilegious hand, in the darkness of bigotry, attempt to uproot them, the whole Christian church, with the sword of truth, will keep guard around their graves, and preserve them from the spoiler."—(pp. viii.—x.)

In the conventional and heraldic sense of the term, Mr. Hill was born a gentleman. His father was a baronet, Sir Rowland Hill; to this title his brother succeeded. The present Lord Hill, the commander-in-chief of her majesty's forces, is his nephew. But there is no dignity of birth, or distinction of fame that can be for a moment compared with the nobility which eminent talents, consecrated to the highest purposes, confer upon their possessor. In every view we therefore consider the Rev. Rowland Hill as the most illustrious member of his family.

"The Rev. Rowland Hill was born at Hawkestone on the 23rd of August, 1744. His disposition was lively, and he was fond, in his early days, of those sallies of wit and playfulness which enlivened the passing moment, and to which he often referred even till the close of life. This liveliness of spirit remained with him all his days; and many incidents are recorded in the memories of his faithful domestics, in which he displayed that happy cheerfulness which was one of his distinguishing characteristics.

"Mr. Hill obtained the first rudiments of knowledge at the royal grammar-school of Shrewsbury, which was founded by Edward VI., and has been in high repute for many years.

"The honoured parents of Mr. Hill were distinguished for their upright and correct conduct, and stood deservedly high in the esteem of all who knew them. There is, however, reason to fear that the youthful steps of their child were not guided by them into 'the narrow way which leadeth unto life.'

"The mind of Sir Rowland does not, indeed, appear to have been greatly opposed to evangelical truth; since, when the rector of his parish refused his pulpit to a faithful minister and friend of his son Richard, he, 'with the greatest kindness and candour, told him, that he should be welcome to preach in his chapel; an offer which was accepted with thankfulness.'

"At an early age Mr. Hill appears to have been the subject of religious impressions, from reading Dr. Watts' beautiful hymns for children, which were presented to him by a Christian lady. These impressions were afterwards strengthened by hearing his brother Richard read a sermon by Bishop Beveridge, supposed to be the one on 'Behold the Lamb of God.'

"On Mr. Hill's removal to Eton, Mr. Richard Hill felt deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of his brother. His pious sister Jane also pointed out to him the great importance of early devotedness to God. It is said that Sir Richard was accustomed to place his hand upon his brother's shoulder, and exclaim, 'Rowland, Rowland, if you do not repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you will be eternally lost.' Assuring him that before he was at his age, it pleased God to show him the necessity of caring for his soul, although he often neglected the convictions which he then felt. He affectionately admonished Rowland 'not to be led away by the bad example of his school-fellows.'

In 1761, Mr. Hill was sent to Eton when he was about seventeen years of age, whither he was followed by the advice and prayers of his beloved relatives. Here he was exposed to those peculiar temptations which have proved fatal to many promising young men. At this time he was occasionally the subject of deep distress, from the recollection of the words 'The end of these things is death.'—(pp. 31—34.)

A long and interesting letter, about this time, was addressed to him by his brother, Sir Richard, which powerfully impressed his mind, and greatly aided the good work already begun in his heart.

"It was soon after he reached the age of eighteen, that Mr. Hill entered into his Master's 'sweet service,' as he frequently termed it. He was fond of illustrating his grateful feelings at that time, by relating the tale of a poor negro who had been kindly treated by his employer. After he had been some time in his service, the master kindly said to his slave, 'Now you are of age, you may go where you please, and serve any master you think proper. I did not buy you to keep you as a slave, but that you might enjoy the sweets of liberty. You can leave my house to-morrow if you like.' The poor slave was melted by the power of kindness, and, with the deepest emotion, he exclaimed, 'Me leave you, my dear massa; oh! not for all de world. Me want no wages to serve you; if massa turn me out at one door, me will come in at de oder.'—(pp. 42, 43.)

"During his residence at Eton, Mr. Hill frequently displayed the wit and humour which, through life, enriched his conversation. There was once a discussion among the scholars on the letter H. Some contended that it had the full power of a letter, but others thought it was a mere aspirate, and that it might be omitted altogether, without any disadvantage to our language. Mr. Hill earnestly contended for its continuance, adding, 'To me the letter H is a most invaluable one, for if it be taken away, I shall be ill all the days of my life.'

"At the close of 1764, Mr. Hill removed to Cambridge. He first entered as a pensioner at St. John's, but afterwards he became a fellow commoner. At this time he was decidedly devoted to God, and this was his strong defence against the peculiar temptations to which he was then exposed. Miss Jane Hill, when writing to Lady Glenorchy, refers to Rowland's residence at Cambridge, and gives a painful description of the times. 'I trust,' she remarks, 'that he will ever stand faithful to the cause of his crucified Master, whether he be admitted as a minister of the Gospel, to preach in his name, or not, but, alas, to such a deplorable apostasy is the world come, that young men who are steadfastly attached to the church, and live exemplary lives, can hardly get their testimonials signed for orders.'

"Even at this period, there were a few persons at Cambridge who were willing to deny themselves, to take up the cross, and to follow Christ. The late Rev. David Simpson, of Macclesfield, Pentecost, of Wallingford, and others, counted it all joy to suffer persecution for their Master's sake."

"Mr. Hill, in the following extract, describes the occupations of the pious band of his friends, during their residence at Cambridge:—

"Our custom was to read with each other the Greek Testament, and other evangelical publications: these meetings we always concluded with prayer. The university was almost in total darkness. No wonder, therefore, if, for such exercises, and for some other strong symptoms of a *methodistical bias*, we were specially marked, and had the honour of being pointed at as the curiosities of the day. This did good. Others soon joined us, to the number of ten or twelve: some of them were *Nicodemian disciples*; others have proved bold and useful ministers; and some of them, I trust, have been taken to glory."—(pp. 45—48.)

"Under the counsels of Mr. Berridge, and other friends, Mr. Hill preached 'the unsearchable riches of Christ' before he had completed his collegiate course. His first attempt appears to have been in a cottage on his father's estate, where he expounded to the poor people portions of Holy Scripture. He afterwards preached in the neighbourhood of Cambridge; and, accompanied by Pentecost, Simpson, and others, he visited in jails, workhouses, and sick rooms, calling sinners to repentance."—(pp. 49, 50.)

"The early path of Mr. Hill was not without thorns. He found that through much tribulation he had to enter the kingdom of God. Not only were his parents opposed to his religious course, but his tutor strongly condemned his irregularities. In his latter years he occasionally referred to parental opposition, but always with the feelings of a great mind. Never did he forget the Divine command, 'Honour thy father and mother.'

"There is a statement in circulation in the neighbourhood of Hawkestone, that an affecting scene was once witnessed in the family mansion. The parents of the youthful preacher insisted on his giving up his erratic career, while the son respectfully but firmly contended for liberty of conscience. At the moment a positive threat of exclusion from the family circle was issued, the Divine words cheered the sufferer, and kept him steadily to his purpose: 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'

"The mind of Mr. Hill was formed in too sensitive a mould not to feel most keenly the opposition he experienced on his return to the beautiful and splendid scenery of Hawkestone; though surrounded by the most lovely attractions of nature, he found no peace. His own remark on the subject strongly describes his condition. 'Hawkestone is now a furnace indeed.' But he was enabled, through the timely grace given to him, 'to glorify his heavenly Father in those fires.' 'At the close of his life he was walking on the terrace at Hawkestone,' states Mr. Sidney, 'when he remarked to a lady who was with him, and who had witnessed the affectionate attentions which were paid him by Sir John Hill and his family. 'You have seen how I am now received here, but in my youth I have often paced this spot bitterly weeping; while, by most of the inhabitants of yonder house, I was considered as a disgrace to my family.'

* Lady Glenorchy's life, page 89.
† First Journal, page 4.

But,' he added, whilst the tears fell down his aged cheeks, 'It was for the cause of my God.'

"The father of our venerable friend allowed him but a small annual income, on account of his strong disapproval of his conduct. It was, therefore, a common occurrence for him to travel in his Master's service, not having a shilling in his pocket, and without knowing in the morning 'where he should rest at night.' His mother, from her mistaken notions of religion, was his strongest foe. Mr. Hill felt very deeply her removal from the world, and improved the event at the Tabernacle in London, from 2 Samuel xxiii. 5, 'Although my house be not so with God; yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he make it not to grow.'

"Notwithstanding, Mr. Hill found his greatest spiritual foes to be those of 'his own household,' yet he continued to preach the word, 'in season and out of season.'

"In his village labours he was often insulted by the people, and considered by them a wild enthusiast, although he spake 'the words of truth and soberness.' He frequently referred to these seasons with calm delight, persuaded that he was then made the means of leading many souls to the Redeemer."—(pp. 54–56.)

"Early in the year 1769, Mr. Hill obtained the degree of B.A. He was a diligent student, notwithstanding his numerous engagements, and though 'a fellow-commoner,' his name appeared in the list of honours.

"Immediately after the completion of his studies at Cambridge, he was anxious to obtain ordination, but his irregular course threw many difficulties in his way. On this subject he says, 'For visiting the sick and imprisoned, and expounding the Scriptures in private houses, I met with no less than six refusals, before I gained admission into the established church,—but, blessed be God, all this proved for the furtherance of the Gospel.' 'The wrath of man shall praise him, and the remainder thereof shall he restrain.'"

"The mind of Mr. Hill was kept in painful suspense for nearly four years on the subject of ordination. During this period, however, he was 'instant in season and out of season,' in his Master's work. He not only preached in dissenting chapels, but he continued his itinerant tours through many parts of England. He was pelted with eggs and stones, lampooned, and burnt in effigy; but 'none of these things moved him.'

"On the death of Whitefield, in 1770, it was generally supposed that Mr. Hill would succeed him at the Tabernacle and Tottenham-court chapels; but this was not the will of God. Mr. Hill was anxious for episcopal ordination, and he was not disposed to take a step which might have excluded him altogether from official connexion with the established church. Mr. Hill's labours in both chapels were greatly blessed by the Holy Spirit, and under one sermon at Tottenham-court many sinners were led to enquire, 'What shall I do to be saved?'—(pp. 63–65.)

"In 1771, on the Sabbath evening of the 17th of June, Mr. Hill preached, for the first time, in the market-place of Wotton-under-edge, Gloucestershire, from Eph. v. 19; the good effects of the attempt he then commenced have continued to this day. In that town he afterwards built a tabernacle for God, endowed almshouses for its members, and made it his summer residence. There many sinners have been led to God, and the 'despised itinerant,' by his hill, has made arrangements for supporting the religious interest which he established in that town.

Mr. Hill appears at this season 'to have experienced it to be all joy that he was counted worthy to suffer persecution' for the sake of his dear Master. Though he was passing through the paths of tribulation, yet all his trials were to be overruled for the promotion of his Saviour's cause. The Christian plant must often be watered by affliction, ere it comes to maturity; or its beauties can be fully developed."—(pp. 65, 66.)

"After much trouble and anxiety, Mr. Hill was ordained a deacon, by Dr. Willis, the bishop of Bath and Wells, on Trinity Sunday, 1773, without any promise or condition whatever. The little parish of Kingston, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, furnished him a title for orders. He remained there as curate about twelve months, where

'A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.'

In that church he preached his first sermon, on June 30, 1773, from 1 Cor. ii. 1, 2, which he afterwards printed, with the title 'The Gospel Message,' and dedicated it to the rector of the parish."—(p. 70.)

"The refusal of several bishops to ordain Mr. Hill did not induce him to discontinue his 'irregular' mode of proclaiming the gospel to sinners, which led the bishop of Carlisle to refuse him priest's orders. He was therefore obliged to pass through life 'wearing only one ecclesiastical boot.'

"After leaving his curacy at Kingston, Mr. Hill preached in the neighbourhood of his father's residence at Hawkestone, who continued his opposition to his son, with the hope of bringing him back into that vineyard in which it was his desire that he should exclusively labour.

"Mr. Hill sought a temporary retirement in Yorkshire, and remained for a season with an old college friend, who greatly encouraged him in his course. At Leeds he was the means of enlightening many souls, and thus he had the approbation of

God with him, though many men were speaking evil of him. He afterwards preached with great success at the Tabernacles in London, Plymouth, and Bristol. At this period of his life he walked by faith, through a clouded path. All earthly things were against him, and yet he believed that he was pursuing the course which was agreeable to his heavenly Father's will. His itinerant labours were eminently useful, particularly among the colliers at Kingswood, near Bristol.

"In 1773 Mr. Hill contemplated a most interesting change in his condition of life. He had formed a strong attachment to Miss Tudway, whose brother represented the city of Wells in Parliament."—(pp. 76, 77.)

"In the year 1774 Mr. Hill appears to have enjoyed unparalleled popularity. 'He preached charity sermons in many of the London churches, where the churchwardens and overseers turned Methodists *pro tempore*, and had their plates filled by the contributions of Mr. Hill's followers. He was frequently at St. John's, Wapping, where he sometimes gave way to his natural disposition for drollery, which he afterwards deeply regretted. On one of these occasions, observing that his auditory was unusually large, and made up of seafaring persons, who were not celebrated for overmuch religion, he remarked, 'I am come to preach to great sinners, notorious sinners, profane sinners,' and, with peculiar emphasis, exclaimed, 'yea, to Wapping sinners.' This climax operated like an electric shock through all the congregation, and highly offended some of the inhabitants of that polite part of the town, who conceived themselves materially insulted by such a debasement of their place of abode.'"

"No one could be intimate with Mr. Hill without discovering the evident satisfaction he enjoyed when requested to occupy pulpits in the church; and, on the contrary, the severe mortification it gave him to be excluded from them."—(pp. 93, 94.)

"After having preached with great success in the churches and chapels, streets, fields, and commons of London and its vicinity, he was anxious to enjoy a more settled life. In the year 1780 Mr. Hill felt a strong desire to introduce the Gospel into the south side of the metropolis; and after much prayer for Divine guidance, 'the cloud rested' on the spot where Surrey chapel now stands."—(p. 97.)

"On the 24th of June, 1782, the first stone of Surrey chapel was laid by Mr. Hill, on which occasion he preached from Isaiah xxviii. 16, 'Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste.' On this occasion great numbers were collected together. After the sermon, suitable addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Willis, Piercy, and Medley; and fervent prayer was offered up that the new tabernacle might be filled with the glory of God."—(p. 103.)

"On the 8th of June, 1783, the chapel was solemnly opened for Divine worship, when Mr. Hill delivered his first sermon, from 1 Cor. i. 23, 'But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.'† The evening sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Piercy, from the text, 'Arise, O God, and plead thine own cause.'

"An attempt was successfully made, during the service, to disturb the congregation. A report was raised that the foundation of the building was insecure, and was giving way. The confusion that ensued was very great. Mr. Hill, from the pulpit, endeavoured in vain to still the tempest. Many persons were materially injured, though no lives were lost. At a subsequent period a ball was fired at Mr. Hill while in the pulpit, which providentially passed over his head; but the miscreant was never discovered."—(p. 105.)

"Mr. Hill printed this sermon, to prevent all misunderstanding as to the doctrines which he intended to preach, his address on laying the foundation-stone having been grossly misrepresented. He was soon the subject of a violent attack from one of the reviews of the day. His sermon was called 'the first-born child of absurdity;' and it was stated that only a depraved mind could give currency to the sentiment 'that the imagination of man's heart was only evil, and that continually.' This strange ignorance of the Scriptures will remind the reader of the remark made by a learned barrister, who complained of the bad taste of the evangelicals, in comparing man's own righteousness to 'filthy rags.'

"Mr. Hill, in a preface prepared to his first sermon, refers to his reviewer's remarks: 'Their ignorance also taught them to tell the public how my insatuated hearers would walk for miles uncovered, during the severest rain, by the side of my carriage, singing hymns; that I have frequently spoken till I have spit blood, and much injured my constitution by my extraordinarily energetic mode of delivery. Now, it would be the greatest piece of ill manners to presume to say I am well, when a body of such learned gentlemen pronounce me to be sick; yet, such are the wonderful effects of my fanaticism, that I feel no more bad consequences from my much-injured constitution, than if my zeal had never exceeded the completest representative of laziness in a caa-sock.'

"The weekly services at the chapel have been since regularly held on the morning and evening of the Sabbath-day, and on Monday evenings, when the members of the church meet together and receive an address from the pastor; and also on Tues-

• Ecclesiastical Biography, vol. iv., p. 571.

† See Religious Tract Society Catalogue, 364.

• Mr. Hill's salary was forty pounds.

day evenings and Friday mornings. On the Lord's day, the scriptural service of the Church of England is read, somewhat abridged, particularly by the omission of the communion service, which is only used at the time of the monthly administration of the ordinance.

"An excellent organ was erected for the use of the congregation, which is still considered a very superior instrument, and was long played by the late Mr. Jacob, who rose to great eminence for his musical talents."—(pp. 106, 107.)

"After the settlement of Mr. Hill at Surrey chapel, he generally resided in London from November until the close of May, when he retired for a season to his beautiful residence at Wotton-under-edge, or commenced his much-loved itinerant labours. During his absence from London his pulpit was supplied by ministers of different denominations, all holding the essential doctrines of the Gospel. The venerable Berridge,

Pentycroft, Glasscott, Venn, and Scott, the commentator of the established church, preached faithfully the truth as it is in Jesus, at Surrey chapel."—(p. 116.)

The most eminent dissenting ministers co-operated with these liberal clergymen in sustaining the labours and extending the usefulness of the pastor of Surrey chapel.

"For nearly fifty years the Rev. William Jay, of Bath, has paid his annual visit to the congregation; and his services are as acceptable, now 'the almond-tree flourishes,' as when 'the dew of youth' was upon him. He has confirmed many in the faith, and led many thoughtless prodigals to the Saviour of sinners."—(pp. 120, 121.)

GEMS.

AGREEMENT OF PROPHET AND APOSTLE.—The agreement of the predictions of the prophets with the things themselves, and the preaching of the apostles following, make up one organ or great instrument tuned by the same hand, and sounding by the same breath of the same Spirit of God.—*Leighton.*

MAGNIFICENCE AND SUBLIMITY OF THE HUMAN FORM.—There needs no better proof of our instinctive feeling of the immense expression of which the human figure is capable, than the uniform tendency which the religion of every country has betrayed towards Anthropomorphism, or attributing to the Deity the human form. And behold the effects of this familiar object every day: no acquaintance with the secrets of its mechanism, no degrading views of human nature, not the most swinish compost of mud and blood that was ever misnamed philosophy, can avail to hinder us from doing involuntary reverence to any exhibition of majesty or surpassing beauty in human clay.

THE WARRIOR.—While the philanthropist, a fellow-worker together with God, in exploring and giving effect to the benevolent tendencies of nature, is devising means to mitigate the evil, and augment the happiness of the world; the warrior is revolving in the gloomy recesses of his mind plans of future desolation, terror, and ruin. Prisons crowded with captives, cities emptied of their inhabitants, fields desolate and laid waste, are amongst his proudest trophies! The fabric of his fame is cemented with tears and blood: and if his name be wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity; in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair.—*R. Hall.*

AFFLICTION.—As the snowdrop comes amid snow and sleet, appearing as the herald of the rose, and the harbinger of summer, so religion comes amid the blight of affliction, to remind us of a perpetual summer, where the sun never retires behind a wintry cloud.—*Temple.*

MEN AND THINGS.

LAKE OF TIBERIAS.—About eight o'clock we reached Tiberias, having travelled about two hours along the side of the lake; we had occasion to observe that more pains appeared to have been taken to construct the road where it was very rocky, than in most parts of Syria which we had visited. The modern town of Tiberias is very small, it stands close to the lake of Genesaret, and is walled round with towers at equal distances. At the northern extremity of the ruins are the remains of the ancient town, which are discernible by means of the walls and other ruined buildings, as well as by fragments of columns, some of which are of beautiful red granite. South of the town are the famous hot-baths of Tiberias: they consist of three springs of mineral water. We had no thermometer; but we found the water too hot to admit of the hand being kept in it for more than fifty seconds. We endeavoured to boil an egg, but without success, even out of the shell. Over the spring is a Turkish bath, close to the lake's side, which is much resorted to, particularly by the Jews, who have a great veneration also for a Roman sepulchre which is excavated in the cliff near the spot, and which they take to be the tomb of Jacob. Beyond the baths, a walk runs from the lake to the mountain's side, which rather perplexed us when we were taking the measures of the ancient walls of Tiberias; but it has since appeared evident that the walls did not extend so far to the south, and that this was the fortification of Vespasian's camp, as appears from Josephus, who places it in this position. The lake of Tiberias is a fine sheet of water; but the land about it has no striking features, and the scenery is altogether devoid of character.—*Irby and Mangies.*

CHINA.—Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired

of Sir G. Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying their physicians so well in England for the time they were sick, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians: I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed: a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short."

SPAIN.—A learned and witty Frenchman, during his stay in Spain, went to visit the celebrated library of the Escorial, and was astonished at finding the librarian an exceedingly narrow-minded and ill-read man. The King of Spain condescended to ask the learned Frenchman's opinion of the library. "Sire," he replied, "the library is admirable, excellent; but you should promote the librarian to the office of minister of finance—for he is quite clearly a man who never meddles with the treasure intrusted to his care."

PORTUGAL.—My guide said that the wood abounded in wolves, and desired me to observe the stump of a tree recently felled, telling me that a young man, assailed by three of those ferocious animals, had taken refuge in its branches, and had afterwards cut it down, as a memorial of his escape, and in testimony of his gratitude. I thought this an odd mode of returning thanks, and tacitly determined never to endanger my safety for an inhabitant of Meleahada. Different nations have certainly different modes of expressing their sense of services conferred: a Portuguese fells a tree for the same reason that an Englishman would effectually protect it.—*Portugal and Galicia.*

THE PENSIONER.

A few years since, for the restoration of my health, I resolved to visit the waters of Lake George, and the country adjacent. This section of country is well known; for, independently of its neighbourhood to the fort and battle-grounds of Ticonderoga, where many a warrior bled in our Revolutionary struggle, its scenes, in themselves, are objects of great interest. The passing stranger can scarcely refrain from feeling very sublime emotions, as he rambles over the grounds, and surveys the ruins of the old fort, now almost gone to decay. He cannot well refrain, if he possess a tolerable share of imagination, from calling to his mind the heroes and struggles of other times. He will fancy he can almost hear the savage yell, and see uplifted the murderous tomahawk;—can almost hear the roar of thundering cannon, and see the fall of groups of the dying. But awful and interesting as may be the emotions which imagination and recollection awaken, while recalling the deeds of days gone by, they can scarcely transcend those which he feels while he surveys the sublime scenes opened to his view, in every direction, around Lake George. The beautiful transparency of the waters, and the grandeur of the neighbouring mountains, which seem to rise out of the very waves, and by which they are pent up in one vast reservoir, produce in the mind of him who loves to contemplate nature in her noblest and richest apparel, a state of the most interested and delicious feeling. What traveller has passed this way, and did not feel himself transported at the sight of Rogers' Rock, stretching its proud summit to the sky? Often does the stranger, as he is gliding swiftly in his boat down the lake, when he comes in full view of this rock, request the watermen to rest on their oars, that he may contemplate its sublimity in silence. I can distinctly recollect my emotions when I first saw it. I had heard its story, and the circumstances which gave name to it, and fancied I could almost see the bold Rogers, and his daring followers, descending its steep and then icy declivity, with the rapidity of lightning, and the astonished and blood-thirsty savages shouting above on its bleak summit, and looking down with the keenest vexation upon those who so lately had been their prisoners, and who were to have been burnt alive on that very summit, whence none but themselves would have dared to descend. It was such scenes that I intended to make my study and delight, as I left home, and in two days arrived at the borders of the lake.

If any of my readers have passed from one end of this lake to the other, they may have observed on the eastern shore, about ten or eleven miles from the outlet, a little cottage. It stands at the bottom of a narrow glen, a few rods

distant from the waters edge. A little cove puts up from the lake, between the rugged mountain on one side, and the southern skirt of the glen on the other. The clouds in a lowering day are always seen to rest on the summit of the mountains which arise on each side of the ravine, which stretches off to the east of the cottage. Half way up these heights the eagle builds her nest, without fear of molestation, and seems to look down from her conscious elevation in defiance of man below. The whitewashed cottage and the swelling mountains have a pleasing and imposing effect, when viewed from the water. It was here, one evening, I requested the boatmen to land me, as I was returning from the excursions of the day.

There are seasons in the life of almost every man, when he needs not the formality of an introduction to a stranger to enable him to commence an acquaintance. The mind is in such a state of buoyancy and good feeling, that we feel every stranger whom we meet to be an acquaintance, and every human being our brother. Such were my feelings, as I walked leisurely towards an elderly and venerable looking man, who sat beside his humble dwelling, enjoying the calm pleasures of the evening. After the usual salutation of strangers, he invited me to take a seat outside him. I soon found that I had introduced myself to a plain, open-hearted, but poor man, upon whose head probably sixty winters had shed their snows. His countenance was intelligent, though there was an expression of sorrow upon it. He seemed to possess an intellect endowed with good sense, of a sober, meditative cast. He portrayed in lively colours the beauties of the scenery around him, which showed that he had not yet become insensible to the charms of nature by the lapse of years. He adverted also to the fast approaching hour when he should no longer be animated by these scenes. "Stranger," said he, with seriousness and emphasis, "see you that setting sun? Though it may set to-night in darkness, yet it will rise again to-morrow, and rise perhaps in far brighter glory. But soon my sun will set to rise no more." It may rise, said I, in eternity. The poor pensioner, for such I learned he was, was silent; and I could see the tear standing in his eye, as with a worthy hospitality he invited me into his cottage to remain for the night. I could not accept the invitation, but promised to call on the following morning. I then took my leave of him; and as we glided swiftly down the lake, aided by a stiff breeze, I could not help revolving in my mind the adventures of the evening. Early in the following morning, I left my lodgings for the pensioner's cottage. The aged man was waiting to receive me, and did receive me with all the cordiality of

an old acquaintance. I found in the cottage of this poor but worthy man, all that neatness and industry could do to make him comfortable and happy; for at best his health was but poor, and he appeared to be sinking to the grave under the accumulated weight of infirmity and years. Though he seemed to possess an imagination which could soar above the mountains which surrounded him, and visit the busy abodes of man beyond them; yet he appeared like one insulated, and shut out from the bustle and perplexities of the world, and, with few regrets, could have parted with it for ever. There was, however, the love of one tender object which attached him to life. Nothing could exceed the filial affection of his lovely daughter, over whom the fond father had doated for seventeen years. Her mother had died in her infancy, and to the bereaved father had been left the sole care and superintendence of the education of his infant child. His other children had been snatched away, one after another; and it was not a wonder that the affections of the mourning father had taken such firm hold of his daughter, since she was all that now remained of a once numerous family. The war-worn veteran gave me a minute history of his life. He related his most interesting adventures in the Revolutionary struggle. He had been advanced to a station of some honour and trust in the American army, was placed near the body of his general, and had served in many daring and hazardous enterprises. He had cultivated the fields of this little glen, while he had been able to labour, and from them he had gleaned a scanty though comfortable support. In one corner of his little farm, he pointed out the graves of his wife and children. "My sweet Jane," said the old man with tears, "is the very image of her mother, whom I laid here almost seventeen years ago. She has the same temper, and manifests the same assiduity to make me happy. She knows little of the mother she has lost; though often, as she has sat on my knee in her childhood, has she wept when I told her the story of her mother. I used often to tell her of the virtues of her of whom both she and myself were bereft, that I might, if possible, form her mind upon the same model; for it was that very mother who taught *me*, that to be conversant with virtue is, in a measure, to become virtuous ourselves." And was your daughter always assiduous to promote your welfare as now? "No, she was not always so. Though she possessed an amiable temper, yet she used sometimes to manifest the waywardness of youth. Never shall I forget the prayers of my poor dying wife, that her infant child might be spared in mercy to its father, and be to me all that she would have been had her life been prolonged. Never shall I forget her last petition for her little offspring, as she pressed it to her expiring bosom for the last time, and then holding it in her feeble

arms, she said, 'Blessed Saviour! I beseech thee to be the God of my child, as thou hast been my God—to sanctify its heart as I hope thou hast sanctified mine. I know thou art able to save it. I dedicate my child to thee. I leave it in thy arms. Thou wilt not suffer it to perish from thy own arms. Thou wilt remember thy ancient covenant and promise. I give my child to thee. Blessed Saviour! accept my humble offering.'—Her voice failed. These were her last words;—she soon expired. Oh! Mr. E., you know not how good a woman my wife was. I have often heard her in the thicket, just by us, or yonder, where once stood a little hovel, earnestly engaged in prayer for me. If any are Christians, I have no doubt she was one. And my beloved Jane was not so like her mother as she is now, till two years ago, when a missionary called here two or three times, and gave her that little Bible you saw standing upon her shelf. For a time I wished my daughter had never seen the missionary, she was so unhappy. She could do nothing but read her Bible, and weep. But after a time her mourning was turned to joy, and she has been ever since beseeching me to be a Christian. She is just what her mother used to be, and often have I heard her praying for me, in the same manner and place as her mother used to pray. I was once a disbeliever in the Christian religion—thought it all to be the device of man; and, for a long time after I married my wife, I thought she was a visionary, under the influence of a heated imagination. But upon a candid and impartial examination of her feelings and conduct, I was fully convinced that they sprang from pure and steady principles, of which I had no experience. To witness, as I do daily, how religion influences all the conduct of my Jane, and makes her happy under all circumstances, serves to make me believe how blissful is the lot of those who possess it." He drew a deep sigh, and would have proceeded; for I perceived he was interested in the subject. But the approach of a boat to the shore drew our attention, and we walked forward to meet it. It conveyed a small party of young people, who had called to pay their compliments to the pensioner and his daughter. As the day was far spent, I took my leave of the whole party, not without leaving a promise that I would call frequently. I had become but little acquainted with that lovely daughter on whom the old man leaned for support. There was something so retiring about her, and yet so winning; so simple, and yet so elegant; so humble, and yet so exalted, that I could not but admire a character made up of such contrasted qualities. I had learned enough to know that she was intelligent without ostentation, and modest without awkwardness. There was something in the character of the old man which I did not understand. He was frank and generous, but he seemed not to admit me to the deepest

feelings of his bosom. He was cheerful, but he was not happy. Something seemed to lie with weight upon his mind.

With almost the dawn of the first fair day, I betook myself to my boat, intending to take the cottagers by surprise, and sit down with them to their cheerful breakfast. The sun had risen, and was beginning to pour down his cheerful beams along the ravine, between the high mountains, when I arrived at the glen. All was still, except the far-off whistling watermen, who were urging their boats in various directions over the clear blue lake; and I saw no living creature around the cottage, except the large Newfoundland mastiff, which lay by the door. As I approached the dwelling I thought I heard a voice. It was the clear sweet voice of the daughter, reading the parable of the Prodigal Son. I approached nearer. She read with an emphatic but tremulous tone of voice, "I will arise and go to my father; and will say to him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." At this moment I heard a sobbing, and the old man burst into tears. In a few minutes all was hushed. "Father," said the daughter, beseechingly, "God will receive you if you go to him as the prodigal went to his father." "Kneel down beside me, my dear Jane," said the pensioner. "Oh! Thou, who didst cause light to shine out of darkness, shine into my benighted soul. Thou who didst receive the repenting, returning prodigal, receive me, who am worse than the prodigal." After a pause—"It will not do—I cannot—Oh, Jane pray for me." Jane did pray for him; and I could not but weep as I listened to her earnest supplications for her poor father, and joined my prayers with hers for his relief. She soon ceased, and I would have retreated. But I could not go; for now was explained what had been so mysterious, and I desired to learn what I had failed to learn before, and if possible to administer relief. The old man opened the door, and seemed surprised at seeing me; but such was his salutation that I knew I was not unwelcome. He was aware that I was acquainted with his situation, and did not endeavour to conceal it. I stepped forward and took from the shelf a neat little Bible, which seemed to have been preserved with care though much used. The eyes of the daughter, which lately had been suffused with tears, now beamed with joy and hope. I opened at the fifty-first Psalm, and read it. I commented upon the nature, necessity, and reasonableness of true repentance. I endeavoured to show that repentance would be acceptable to God, through the sacrifice and mediation of Jesus Christ. The old man was moved, and the countenance of his daughter brightened with joy as she said, "Father, I know repentance to be a happy feeling." The interest this little family manifested in my welfare was

much increased by this morning's visit. I had been revealed to them in a new character, and they regarded me not only as a friend, but also as a Christian. I learned from the daughter the history of her father's feelings for several months past. It was more than six months since he began to look forward, with seriousness, to a future world; and for many weeks he had been in much the same state of mind as that in which I now saw him. In my further intercourse with him that day, I was convinced that he was anxious to secure the better portion; but he was selfish. He was deeply convinced of sin, yet he would not repent. His anxiety was not produced by fear but by conviction.

For several successive days I was a constant visitor at the cottage. I endeavoured to instruct him; but all was to no purpose. Indeed it was not necessary. He was well instructed in his duty. But there seemed to be an unyielding obduracy in his heart which endeavoured to reject every offer of mercy. His obstinacy was not so open and tumultuous as steady and persevering. He knew it to be wrong, but he would not overcome it. The principles of a depraved heart were in vigorous and successful exercise.

One evening, as I was returning from the excursions of the day, I thought I would run my boat into the cove by the pensioner's dwelling. A heavy cloud was hovering in the west, which seemed to presage a storm; and, as I was alone, I scarcely dared to attempt the voyage homeward. On going on shore I found the old man; but his daughter had gone. I was told she had been sent for by a sick friend, whom she had been accustomed to visit. It was about sunset when we walked down to the beach, to look out for the boat which should bring home the sole comfort of her anxious father. "I do not much like that dark cloud yonder," said the old man, as we stood upon the shore. "Though my sweet Jane has never slept from under the paternal roof, I hope she will not attempt to return to-night." The shadows of evening were fast falling. As we could descry nothing of the daughter, we returned to the cottage. It was not long before the portending storm came on with great violence, and the waters were swept by one of those terrible gusts with which Lake George is sometimes visited. The heaving and white foaming billows of the lake made a gloomy contrast with the surrounding darkness. A deep dusk hung over the face of things, and we could discern only enough to see the havoc which the storm was making abroad. As we sat silently by the window, looking out upon this scene, we thought we heard cries of distress. In a moment we were upon the beach, but it was so dark that we could distinguish objects only at a little distance. All was again hushed, except the troubled billows and howling blast, and we stood listening in breathless silence. Again we heard a cry. It

was the last. The old pensioner's heart died within him, for he knew it was the voice of his daughter. The sound seemed to proceed from some one not far from the shore. At this moment the mastiff, which stood beside us, plunged into the waves. He was gone a long time, but at length returned, dragging by his mouth the drowned girl. We made every effort to resuscitate the lifeless body, but all was unavailing. The soul had left its earthly tenement, and flown to another and heavenly world. We carried the body of poor Jane into the cottage, and laid it on the humble couch it had so often occupied. The poor old man seemed alive to all those heart-rending pangs which his forlorn condition now made him realise. His feelings were the feelings of despair. He sat down by the bedside of her who lately was so lovely—hid his face in both his hands, and burst into a flood of tears. I would have soothed him, but I knew I could not. After the first paroxysms of agony and grief had subsided, by degrees he grew more calm. But I thought his calmness was incapacity to endure such poignant grief, and that he was exhausted by the tempest of his feelings. I could see by his countenance that there was not peace within. The cottage was still as the mansion of death. While the bereaved father sat, intently viewing the inanimate features of his child, the last ray of hope seemed to expire, and there was no longer a tie to bind him to earth. That night was dreadful to us both. The storm was raging fearfully without, while all was hushed like the silence of the tomb within. The old pensioner was the first to interrupt the stillness. "I did not think that the flower, which bloomed so sweetly in the morning, would be so withered and dead at night. Oh! Jane, Jane! it is hard to part with thee—for ever too!—in one short hour torn from my aged arms!" His feelings were too big for utterance, and his voice faltered. But he struggled hard for self-possession, and soon resumed: "I was always poor—but never so poor as now. Oh! Jane, how fondly have I nourished thee! Seventeen years thou hast been my sole companion! How kind wast thou to me, my daughter! Thou art gone. Shall I never more hear from thee the fervent prayer for thy poor father—never more hear thy kind entreaty to be reconciled to God? Ah, never! Oh! that I might be what thou wast, when thou left thy father's dwelling! But there is no hope for me." Here the old man again burst into tears. After a short pause,—“Yes, I have one resource: I *will* arise, I *will* go to my Father, and will say, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am not worthy to be called thine. Oh! Saviour of sinners! let me come to thee—let me call thee my Father! I have no friend but thee. I have abused thee—abused thy mercy—I am the chief of sinners! Oh! gracious Saviour, I come to thee, ashamed and guilty. If I

perish, I will perish at thy feet. Here, Lord, I am—do with me as seemeth good to thee.”—The pensioner ceased—his heart was melted within him. The thoughts of the dead no longer occupied his mind. There was a glow of fervour upon his countenance. His soul seemed to be elevated above this world, holding communion with its God. We were both silent; but I trust we both prayed. I cannot tell all that happened on that night. It is sufficient to say that we spent the night in prayer by the bedside of Jane. The murmuring spirit of the father seemed to be hushed into meek submission. He could kiss the hand by which he was smitten, and thank his heavenly Father for the chastisement. There was a pleasing serenity upon his countenance, even in the chamber of death, which seemed to say, “*All is well.*”

With the early light of the next morning, I went out to visit the neighbouring settlement, to invite the attendance of two or three female friends, to perform their last offices of kindness for the deceased, and to make the other necessary arrangements for her funeral. As I walked along towards my boat, I observed a little skiff stranded upon the beach. It was the same which conveyed Jane so near the paternal dwelling the preceding evening. This circumstance, and a hat, which lay at a little distance, told me that Jane Mandeville was not the only person who had been the victim of a watery death. The melancholy tidings of the catastrophe of the preceding evening were soon spread wide, and deep was the feeling excited in every breast along the shores of Lake George. The next day was the Sabbath; and there was sadness upon the countenances of those who convened at the glen. The mourners were not relatives; for old Mandeville had none remaining. But they had known Jane in her childhood—had known her in her riper years; and many were the tears which were shed that day upon her coffin. The missionary who called at the glen two years before, stood among the mourners. He had heard of Jane's death at the settlement, and hastened to pay his last tribute of respect to the deceased, and to comfort the bereaved father in his affliction. But there was no need; for he felt a consolation in his bosom of more value than worlds,—a consolation which nothing on earth could have imparted. As the funeral procession moved slowly towards the burial-place of the old pensioner's family, there was a deep and thoughtful silence throughout the little concourse. The bearers placed the coffin beside the grave. The missionary uncovered his head, and addressed a few words to the assembly. They were tender and appropriate, and flowed from a feeling heart. The coffin was lowered into its narrow cell. I looked upon the old pensioner. A tear was standing in his eye, but there was peace and tranquillity in his bosom. He advanced to the head of the grave, and, after

looking into it, he looked round affectionately upon the assembly, and said, "My friends, there is sorrow in my heart, but it is not a sorrow without hope. I think I can thank the great Shepherd that he has taken this lamb from me; for, before, I was a lost and wandering sheep, and would not hear the voice of the Shepherd, calling me to his fold. I was a prodigal, perishing with hunger, and would not return to my Father, who had bread enough, and to spare. I shall soon see my dear Jane again. She will not always sleep here. The trump of the archangel will reach the bottom of this grave. This narrow house will soon be the resting-place of us all. I feel and am assured that I must soon lay these limbs beside hers. Let us be like her, and I trust we shall meet in heaven." The missionary invoked the blessing of God upon the assembly, and they silently dispersed to their boats.

For a few days I was a constant resident at the glen, and had the satisfaction of witnessing daily in the old pensioner an increasing and fervent piety. He was now happy, rejoicing in hope. We conversed; we joined our prayers and praises at the throne of grace; and precious were the seasons which I spent in his cottage. He sometimes wept at the grave of his beloved daughter. But there was joy even in his grief. The Bible of Jane was now his constant companion, and much was he consoled and animated by its promises. The day at length arrived when I must take my final leave of the scenes of Lake George. The morning was fine, and we spent an hour in walking about the glen. We conversed—we prayed. It was the last time we were

to be together on this side of the grave. I had endeavoured, as far as possible, to ascertain the true character of his views and feelings, and was satisfied that he had commenced a new and happy existence, which would only bloom here, and would ripen in eternity. He accompanied me to the boat. As we were about to part, I expressed my apprehension that he would be lonely. "I am not alone," said he; "and though to go and be with Christ would be far better, yet all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come. I hope to meet you in heaven. Farewell." Farewell, said I, and he returned to the cottage. The dwelling of the pensioner, and the little glen, soon vanished from my view.

A few months since I had occasion to visit Lake George. I called at the glen. The cottage of the old pensioner was there, but it was without an inhabitant. I visited the garden, and Jane was lying between her parents. On inquiring at the neighbouring settlement, I was told that the old man had died a few weeks previously. I learned, with great satisfaction, that he had lived in such a manner as to carry conviction to the minds of all, that the grace of God had been performing in his heart its perfect work. He had spent his time, from the period at which I took leave of him, in pious devotion to his Saviour, and died in the triumphs of faith and the hope of a blessed immortality. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: Yea, saith the spirit; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."—*American Christian Spectator*.

BRITAIN.

CHAPTER V.

Religion. Tertullian, Eusebius, Theodoret, and Gildas, all intimate that Christianity was brought to Britain about the middle of the first century; which is probable from the fact that it was very prevalent at Rome, between which and Britain there was a frequent intercourse of soldiers, prisoners, merchants, women, and slaves. Pomponia Grecina, the Christian wife of Aulus Plautius, who was governor here, might introduce it between A.D. 43 and A.D. 47; and many think the Claudia mentioned by Paul, 2 Tim. iv. 21, was the same that is lauded by Martial in his fourth and eleventh epigrams for her virtue and charms. Many of the learned have iterated that James the apostle was the first to preach Christianity here, which is not only without proof but doubtful, for he was killed by Herod A.D. 44. See Acts xii. Others have nominated Simon Zelotes for this honour; while the magniloquent Baronius and Metaphrastes say it was Peter, which is equally without proof. Other conjecturists, among whom are Jerome, Clemens,

Romanus, and Theodoret, affirm, with more probability, that it was Paul, of whose life, from A.D. 58 to A.D. 67, there is no very precise account, and which may have been partly spent in Britain.

It is more certain that, in the days of that fiddler and fiend Nero, many of the Christians fled to Britain to escape his rabid ire, and spread the flame which he scattered them to extinguish. Other claimants to the honour of having first preached the Gospel in Britain would be too much noticed by disproof. Why should it be thought necessary to decide? Do we want a national saint?

A.D. 286—303. In the time of Dioclesian the first British persecution began, and, according to Gildas, continued two years. St. Alban, an inhabitant of Verulamium, was the first martyr. Aaron and Julius, of Euerlem, and many hundreds besides, perished. This persecution was terminated by Constantius, the father of Constantine, who was at York when he was

chosen emperor. His son Constantine favoured the Christians, and, according to some, stained, but according to others, perfected the glory of the church. Of the government of the British churches little is really known, or of their wealth and numbers, unless they are adumbrated from the fact that at the council of Arles five English clergymen were present,—Restilus, bishop of London, Eborus, bishop of York, Adelfus, bishop of Lincoln, and, of the same city, Sacerdos, a presbyter, and Arminius, a deacon. Constantine gave the Christian teachers exemption from military and civic offices, the goods of all those who had been recently martyred, and died without relatives, power to receive bequests in favour of the Christian religion, and, in 359, he offered to maintain all the bishops of the western empire, *which was peremptorily refused by all except the three from Britain.* The British churches were little infected by the Arian heresy, as it appears that Athanasius, Jerome, and Chrysostom lauded their orthodoxy. Constantine, who for his favours to the church received great powers from its inconsiderate teachers, is said, by the profoundest ecclesiastical scholars, to have arrived at a government in the church the counterpart of that in the empire; and Dr. Henry says, "new ecclesiastical dignities, as patriarchs, metropolitans, and archbishops, were established in the church, to correspond with the *præfecti, pretorii, vicarii, et presides provinciarum* in the state;" but of this let every reader judge. It seems, however, to be agreed, that the bishop of Rome had then no power over the English churches, which preserved their simple purity longer than their wealthy and more refined neighbours. Yet they were not perfect, for they were especially addicted to the follies of pilgrimages to see the Holy Land, and the spiritual antic, Simon Stylites, who, as a proof of his elevation of mind, lived in Syria fifty-six years on a pillar. Christians then began to form themselves into societies, and were called "monks;" of which, at Banchor Monachorum, there was at this time a settlement; from the simplicity of which they have grown into as erudite, superstitious, wealthy, and intriguing bodies as ever existed. Pelagius and Agricola, who were natives of Britain, broached new opinions of Adam's sin, of its results upon others, of the present consequent state of human nature, and of the extent of necessary Divine aid, which, defended with learning, apparent acuteness, and a real fervour, and addressed to minds disposed to receive new opinions, were extensively adopted. To refute these sentiments, the English churches, probably defective in learning, invited Lupus of Troyes, Severus of Treves, and Germanus of Auxerre, who, having weathered a natural sea-storm, defeated Pelagius at St. Albans, and founded schools for the benefit of the Christian teachers, returned; but not before Germanus,

heading a party of Britons, had routed some piratical Picts and Saxons, by the iterated shout of "Hallelujah!" in the neighbourhood of some hills, which, reverberating this singular war-whoop, drove the invaders into a river, and originated a conquest which was called "the hallelujah victory." Germanus is said to have brought with him many relics, which he deposited in the tomb of St. Alban, and thus to have inoculated our simple forefathers with that fatal error which was, in a malign sense, their *luna infer minores*. After he had left, however, the Pelagians revived. Germanus returned, argued eloquently, and—if we can believe it—wrought miracles, and raised a successful persecution against his stubborn antagonists; after whose banishment, the churches had rest till the times of the Saxons.

Such is an outline of the history of the British church under the Romans; at whose departure the profession of Christianity was general, and continued until destroyed by the Saxons.

Roman Antiquities in Britain. Among the proofs of the Roman ascendancy in this island, are the yet extant antiquities, from which a splendid register has been constructed, to illustrate the otherwise dark parts of this period.

Coins in great abundance and varieties, (of which see the plates in Camden,) baths, pavements, walls, inscriptions, pedestals, vaults, urns, foundations of ancient cities and temples, armour and weapons of war, implements of trade and agriculture, fortifications and embankments, have been all discovered by diligent antiquarians, and mostly in the neighbourhood of Roman stations or towns. To which may be added, skeletons of elephants, war horses, soldiers in armour, and various articles of domestic life.

None of the Roman antiquities, however, are so remarkable as the three walls successively built across the island between England and Scotland, whose barbarous Meets, though often dreadfully chastised, especially under Galgacus, by Agricola, were always the indomitable horns of the Romano-British government. The first of these walls was built by Hadrian, of turf, from Solway Frith to the Tyne, a space of more than sixty miles; its height was twelve feet, defended by a ditch eleven feet wide and nine deep, which, however, was found but a miserable defence against the iron souls of the Caledonians. Antoninus Pius raised the second, which was only forty miles in length, twelve feet thick, built also of turf, but based and lined with stone, flanked by a ditch ten or twelve feet wide, and mounted by eighteen towers, which were a little more than two miles apart, of easy communication with each other, and contained a great number of soldiers, under the best commanders. This wall was built by the second legion, the vexillations of the sixth and twentieth, and one cohort of auxiliaries, making a body of workmen of about seven or eight thousand.

But the most remarkable of these barriers was the wall of Severus, built a little to the north of that of Hadrian, of solid stone, and sixty-eight English miles in length, twelve feet high, besides the coping, and eight feet wide, mounted with three hundred turrets, each twelve feet square, with eighty-one castles, sixty-six feet square, and eighteen stations, each of which could accommodate six hundred men; and to make the communication with all its parts certain and speedy, it was inlaid with iron tubes, and faced by a broad and perfect military way, along which any of the troops could be instantly removed, at all periods of the year.

This prodigious labour, whose ruins are extant, is equalled by nothing in history but the

great Chinese wall; and it is not the least wonderful that it should have been raised under such a man as Severus, who is said to have fought seven hundred times as a gladiator. It kept off the Caledonians for two hundred years, is thought to have been built by the second and the sixth legions, and to have had stationed upon it, and at its base—the business and affairs of which were like those of so many towns—ten thousand well-disciplined soldiers. In the best state of Romano-Britain, many computations have been made, which seem to justify the opinion that there were not less than three millions of inhabitants, inclusive of the natives. It is not according to the method of our history to be tedious.

BAZAARS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(From "*Willis's Pencillings by the Way; or, Sketches by an American.*")

BARE all the shops in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston together round the City Hall; remove their fronts, pile up all their goods on shelves facing the street; cover the whole with a roof, and metamorphose your trim clerks into bearded, turbaned, and solemn old Mussulmen, smooth Jews, and calpacked and rosy Armenians, and you will have something like the grand bazaar of Constantinople. Yet you can scarcely get an idea of it without having been there. It is a city under cover. You walk all day, and day after day, from one street to another, winding and turning, and trudging up hill and down, and never go out of doors. The roof is as high as those of our three-story houses, and the dim light so favourable to shopkeepers comes struggling down through skylights never cleaned except by the rains of heaven.

Strolling through the bazaar is an endless amusement. It is slow work, for the streets are as crowded as a church-aisle after service; and, pushed aside one moment by a bevy of Turkish ladies, shuffling along in their yellow slippers, muffled to the eyes; the next by a fat slave carrying a child; again, by a *kervas* armed to the teeth, and clearing the way for some coming dignitary, you find your only policy is to draw in your elbows, and suffer the motley crowd to shove you about at their pleasure.

Each shop in this world of traffic may be two yards wide. The owner sits cross-legged on the broad counter below, the height of a chair from the ground, and hands you all you want without stirring from his seat. One broad bench or counter runs the length of the street, and the different shops are only divided by the slight partition of the shelves. The purchaser seats himself on the counter, to be out of the way of the crowd, and the shopman spreads out his goods on his knees, never condescending to

open his lips except to tell you the price. If he exclaims "*bono*," or "*kalo*," (the only word a real Turk ever knows of another language,) he is stared at by his neighbours, as a man would be in Broadway who should break out with an Italian *bravura*. Ten to one, while you are examining his goods, the bearded trader creeps through the hole leading to his kennel of a dormitory in the rear, washes himself, and returns to his counter, where, spreading his sacred carpet in the direction of Mecca, he goes through his prayers and prostrations, perfectly unconscious of your presence, or that of the passing crowd. No vocation interferes with his religious duty. Five times a-day, if he were running from the plague, the Mussulman would find time for prayers.

The Frank purchaser attracts a great deal of curiosity. As he points to an embroidered handkerchief or a rich shawl, or a pair of gold-worked slippers, Turkish ladies of the first rank, gathering their *yashmaks*, or veils, over their faces, stop close to his side, not minding if they push him a little to get nearer the desired article. Feeling not the least timidity, except for their faces, these true children of Eve examine the goods in barter, watch the stranger's countenance, and if he takes off his glove, or pulls out his purse, take it up and look at it, without ever saying "by your leave." Their curiosity often extends to your dress, and they put out their little henna-stained fingers and pass them over the sleeve of your coat with a gurgling expression of admiration at its fineness; or if you have rings, or a watch-guard, they lift your hand or pull out your watch with no kind of scruple. I have met with several instances of this in the course of my rambles; but a day or two ago I found myself rather more than usual a subject of curiosity. I was alone in the street of embroidered hand-

kerchiefs, (every minute article has its peculiar bazaar,) and, wishing to look at some of uncommon beauty, I called one of the many Jews always near a stranger to turn a penny by interpreting for him, and was soon up to the elbows in goods that would tempt a female angel out of Paradise. As I was selecting one for a purchase, a woman plumped down upon the seat beside me, and fixed her great, black, unwinking eyes upon my face, while an Abyssinian slave and a white woman, both apparently her dependants, stood respectfully at her back. A small turquoise ring (the favourite colour in Turkey) first attracted her attention. She took up my hand, and turned it over in her soft, fat fingers, and dropped it again without saying a word. I looked at my interpreter, but he seemed to think it nothing extraordinary, and I went on with my bargain. Presently my fine-eyed friend pulled me by the sleeve, and, as I leaned towards her, rubbed her forefinger very quickly over my cheek, looking at me intently all the while. I was a little disturbed by the lady's familiarity, and asked my Jew what she wanted. I found that my rubicund complexion was something uncommon among these dark-skinned Orientals, and she wished to satisfy herself that I was not painted! My Constantinople friends inform me that such liberties are not at all particular.

In the centre of the bazaar is situated what is called the *bezestein*. You descend into it from four directions by massive gates, which are shut, and all persons excluded, except between seven and twelve of the forenoon. This is the core of Constantinople—the soul and citadel of orientalism. It is devoted to the sale of arms and to costly articles only. The roof is loftier and the light more dim than in the outer bazaars, and the merchants who occupy its stalls are old and of established credit. Here are subjects for the pencil! If you can take your eye from those Damascus sabres, with their jewelled hilts and costly scabbards, or from those gemmed daggers, and guns inlaid in silver and gold, cast a glance along that dim avenue, and see what a range there is of glorious old grey-beards, with their snowy turbans! These are the Turks of the old *régime*, before Sultan Mahmoud disfigured himself with a coat like a “dog of a Christian,” and broke in upon the customs of the Orient. These are your opium-eaters, who smoke even in their sleep, and would not touch wine if it were handed them by houris! These are your fatalists, who would scarce take the trouble to get out of the way of a lion, and who are as certain of the miracle of Mohamet's coffin as of the length of the pipe, or of the quality of the tobacco of Shiraz!

I have spent many an hour in the *bezestein*, steeping my fancy in its rich orientalism, and sometimes trying to make a purchase for myself or others. It is curious to see with what perfect

indifference these old cross-legs attend to the wishes of a Christian. I was idling round one day with an English traveller whom I had known in Italy, when a Persian robe of singular beauty, hanging on one of the stalls, arrested my companion's attention. He had with him his Turkish dragoman; and as the old merchant was smoking away and looking right at us, we pointed to the dress over his head, and the interpreter asked to see it. The Mussulman smoked calmly on, taking no more notice of us than of the white clouds curling through his beard. He might have sat for Michael Angelo's Moses. Thin, pale, calm, and of a statue-like repose of countenance and posture, with a large old-fashioned turban, and a curling beard half mingled with grey, his neck bare, and his fine bust enveloped in the flowing and bright-coloured drapery of the East, I had never seen a more majestic figure. He evidently did not wish to have any thing to do with us. At last I took out my snuff-box, and addressing him with “*Effendi!*” the Turkish title of courtesy, laid my hand on my breast, and offered him a pinch. Tobacco in this unaccustomed shape is a luxury here; and the amber mouthpiece emerged from his moustache, and putting his three fingers into my box, he said, “*Pekkhe!*” the Turkish ejaculation of approval. He then made room for us on his carpet, and, with a cloth measure, took the robe from its nail, and spread it before us. My friend bought it unhesitatingly, for a dressing-gown, and we spent an hour in looking at shawls, of prices perfectly startling, arms, chalices for incense, spotless amber for pipes, pearls, bracelets of the time of Sultan Selim, and an endless variety of things rich and rare. The closing of the *bezestein* gates interrupted our agreeable employment, and our old friend gave us the parting salaam very cordially for a Turk. I have been there frequently since, and never pass without offering my snuff-box, and taking a whiff or two from his pipe, which I cannot refuse, though it is not out of his mouth, except when offered to a friend, from sunrise to midnight.

Wishing to buy a piece of Brusa silk for a dressing-gown, my friend conducted me to a secluded khan. Entering by a very mean door, closed within by a curtain, we stood on fine Indian mats, in a large room piled to the ceiling with silks, enveloped in the soft satin paper of the East. Here again coffee must be handed round before a single fold of the old Armenian's wares could see the light; and fortunate it is, since one may not courteously refuse it, that Turkish coffee is very delicious, and served in acorn cups for size. A handsome boy took away the little flaggee holders at last, and the old trader, setting his huge calpack firmly on his shaven head, began to reach down his costly wares. I had never seen such an array. The floor was soon like a shivered rainbow, almost

paining the eye with the brilliancy and variety of beautiful fabrics. There were stuffs of gold for a queen's wardrobe; there were gauzelike fabrics, inwoven with flowers of silver; and there was no leaf in botany, nor device in antiquity, that was not imitated in their rich borderings. I laid my hand on a plain pattern of blue and silver, and half shutting my eyes to imagine how I should look in it, resolved upon the degree of depletion which my purse could bear, and inquired the price. As "Green-door-and-brass-knocker" says of his charges in the farce, it was "ridiculously trifling." It is a cheap country the East. A beautiful Circassian slave for a hundred dollars, if you are a Turk; and an emperor's dressing-gown for three. The Armenian laid his hand on his breast, as if he had made a good sale of it; the coffee-bearer wanted but a sous, and that was charity; and thus, by a mere change of place, that which was but a gingerbread expenditure becomes a rich man's purchase.

We entered a street of confectioners. The East is famous for its sweetmeats, and truly a more tempting array never visited the Christmas dream of a schoolboy; even Felix, the *patissier nonpareil* of Paris, might take a lesson in jellies. And then for candy, of all colours of the rainbow,—not shut enviously in with pitiful glass-cases, but piled up to the ceiling in a shop all in the street, as it might be in Utopia, with nothing to pay,—it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. The last part of the parenthesis is almost true, for with a small coin, of the value of two American cents, I bought, of a certain kind called in Turkish "peace to your throat," (they call things by such poetical names in the East,) the quarter of which I could not have eaten even in my best days of sugar candy. The women of Constantinople, I am told, almost live on confectionery; they eat incredible quantities. The sultan's eight hundred wives and women employ five hundred cooks, and consume two thousand five hundred pounds of sugar daily. It is probably the most expensive item of the seraglio kitchen.

One of the regular "lions" of Constantinople

is a *kibau* shop, or a Turkish *restaurant*. In a ramble with our consul, in search of the newly-discovered cistern of "a thousand and one columns," we found ourselves, at the hungry hour of twelve, opposite a famous shop near the slave-market. I was rather staggered at the first glance: a greasy fellow, with his shirt rolled to his shoulders, stood near the door, commending his shop to the world by slapping on the flank a whole mutton that hung beside him, while, as a customer came in, he dexterously whipped out a slice, had it cut in a twinkling into bits as large as a piece of chalk, (I have stopped five minutes in vain to find a better comparison,) strung upon a long iron skewer, and laid on the coals. My friend is an old Constantinopolitan, and had eaten *kibau*s before. He entered without hesitation; and the adroit butcher, giving his big trousers a fresh hitch, and tightening his girdle, made a new cut for his "narrow-legged" customer, and wished us a good appetite: (the Turks look with great contempt on our tight pantaloons, and distinguish us by this epithet.) We got up on the platform, crossed our legs under us as well as we could; and I cannot deny that the savoury missives that occasionally reached my nostrils bred a gradual reconciliation between my stomach and my eyes.

In some five minutes a tin platter was set between us, loaded with piping hot *kibau*s, sprinkled with salad, and mixed with bits of bread; our friend the cook, by way of making the amiable, stirring it up well with his fingers as he brought it along. It was very good eating, I soon found out, and my fingers once greased, (for you are indulged with neither knife, fork, nor skewer in Turkey,) I proved myself as good a trencherman as my friend.

The middle and lower classes of Constantinople live between these shops and the *cafés*. A dish of *kibau*s serves them for dinner, and they drink coffee—which they get for about half a cent a cup—from morning till night. We paid for our mess (which was more than any two men could eat at once, unless very hungry) twelve cents, or sixpence sterling.

DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

[Few works of late have excited more attention than "The Great Metropolis," by the author of "Random Recollections," who has brought to his task great industry, considerable literary tact, and a desire at once to instruct and amuse his readers. From his second series of "The Great Metropolis," we intend to extract some two or three passages which cannot fail to interest our readers. The first relates to the difficult circumstances in which a worthy bookseller was placed as to the publication of a fashionable novel. We could ourselves unfold not dissimilar tales, but for the present we hear our author.]

SOME years since, a gentleman well known in the fashionable and military world, and who

had in addition the magical appendage of an M.P. to his name, called on the bibliopole, and begged to introduce to him a young gentleman, his friend. After the usual civilities had been exchanged, the latter stated the object of his visit was to see whether he and the bibliopole could come to any arrangement regarding the publication of a work which he had almost ready. Knowing that the young gentleman belonged to a respectable family residing in St. James's Square, and hearing him warmly eulogised for

his literary taste by the gallant M.P. who introduced him, the bibliopole undertook the publication of the work, and to give 200*l.* to the author, without even seeing the manuscript. This was certainly an adventurous step on the part of the publisher, where the work was the author's maiden production. The author being in want of money, the bibliopole drew out a bill at once for the amount. In about a fortnight afterwards, the manuscript was sent to the publisher, and he handed it over to one of his literary men, with a request that he would read it carefully, and state his opinion of it; but without mentioning that he had already bought and paid for it. The gentleman called on the publisher some days afterwards, when the latter asked him whether he had read the manuscript.

"I have gone through the first volume,"* said the literary gentleman.

"And what do you think of it?" said the bibliopole, eagerly. "Favourably, I have no doubt."

"The greatest trash, without exception, I ever read," said the other.

The vender of literature turned pale. He was quite confounded, and a few minutes elapsed before he was able to utter a word. "You don't mean to say it's *so* very bad," he at length stuttered out.

"It is, I assure you, the most consummate nonsense that ever soiled paper," observed the literary man.

The bibliopole rubbed his hands in an agony of mortification.

"But perhaps, though deficient in literary merit, it may display a knowledge of high life, and consequently sell," he observed, after a momentary silence.

"A knowledge of high life!" exclaimed the other, making a wry face; "why, if we may judge from the style and sentiments of the work, the author knows no more about high life than if his occupation were to sweep crossings."†

The bibliopole thrust his hands into his small-clothes pockets, and made two or three hasty paces through the apartment.

"But you have not read the whole through: possibly if you finish the manuscript you may think better of it," said the patron of literature, as he loves to be considered.

"Read the whole through!" exclaimed the literary man, "why I would not wade through the other two volumes for fifty pounds. It is, you may depend upon it, the most unadulterated nonsense that ever emanated from the human mind."

The bibliopole looked at a heap of papers which lay on the table, scratched his head, and

then muttered out, "Well, bring me back the manuscript, if you please."

The literary man quitted the place, and the poor publisher was left to ruminate on the folly, as he now thought it, of buying a pig in a poke. He vowed in his own mind that he would never afterwards purchase any work of an unknown author, without first examining the manuscript. But what was to be done touching the 200*l.*? The loss of the money haunted him like a spectre. While reproaching himself as the greatest fool in Christendom, his other "literary man" chanced to drop in. A thought struck the bibliopole. "Good morning, Mr. Thompson."

"Good morning, sir," responded the other.

"A gentleman has promised to send me the manuscript of a fashionable novel. Will you set to work and read it carefully through as soon as you can, and let me know your opinion of it."

"Certainly," said Mr. Thompson.

"I expect it here every minute," said the vender of literature. "I will send it to your house the moment it comes, as I am quite impatient to know what you think of it."

"It shall have my immediate and best attention," remarked Mr. Thompson.

"The manuscript was forwarded to the latter, and carefully examined. His opinion of it was the very reverse of that of the other "literary man." He pronounced it the best work of fiction he had ever read, and assured the bibliopole he had been entranced by it, and that it would create a great sensation among the higher classes, with whose habits the author manifested a most intimate acquaintance.

The patron of literature was now thrown into a state of utter perplexity. "Who shall decide when doctors differ?" was a remark he had often heard before, but the full force of which he had never until now experienced in his own person.

To lose his 200*l.* was an evil of no ordinary magnitude; but it would be a less evil than the loss of 500*l.* or 600*l.* by printing and advertising a book which would not sell. If, therefore, both his "literary men" had concurred in condemning the work, he would have consented to the loss of his 200*l.*, on the principle of choosing the least of two evils. Here, however, their opinions as to the merits of the book were the very antipodes of each other. If the judgment of the first literary man were correct, the loss incurred by the publication would be enormous; if that of the other were sound, the bibliopole must make a little fortune by the work. To what decision, then, was the perplexed publisher to come? He waddled through the room, knit his brow, and heaved two or three broken sighs, as he thought of the dilemma in which he was placed. He had often experienced the sorrows of a publisher before; but here were sorrows of a new class, or, to use his own words, a "new series." He thought

* The work was a fashionable novel, in three volumes.

† In order that the judgment of these literary men may be unbiased, the publishers always conceal the name of the author of the manuscript.

with himself that if the unknown poet who begins his touching lines, "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!" had been alive at the time, and been aware of his distressing perplexity, he would have made it—"Pity the sorrows of a bibliopole!" While in this pitiable state, an acquaintance of mine, who was in the confidence of the publisher, chanced to call on him. "O, Mr. Thomas, I'm so glad you're come!" he exclaimed, as the other entered his room.

"What's the matter!" said the latter.

"O, these two rascals of readers! (another of his terms,) what a couple of vagabonds they are!" he answered.

"What have they done?" inquired Mr. Thomas.

"Why the one pronounces a fashionable novel I have given him to read to be the most arrant trash ever penned, and says the author knows nothing of fashionable life; while the other represents the work as the best he ever read, and says the writer displays a most intimate acquaintance with the habits of the higher classes."

"Well, that is differing with a vengeance, certainly!" said Mr. Thomas.

"It is, indeed," observed the literary merchant; "and what am I to do between the two rogues?"

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Thomas, putting his hand to his head and looking thoughtfully. "Stop a moment! I think I know how you may

decide at once as to whose judgment is to be relied on."

"By what means can I decide the point?" said the bibliopole eagerly, his little countenance brightening up as he spoke.

"Of course you know the author?" said Mr. Thomas.

"O yes, certainly," replied the perplexed publisher.

"Then you must know whether he be a man accustomed to move in the higher circles of society; and as the one literary man affirms that he knows nothing of the manners of the upper classes, while the other says he evinces a most intimate acquaintance with fashionable life, the fair presumption is that the one who is right as to that point, is also right as to the literary merits of the work."

"Bless me! I never thought of that," said the publisher, overjoyed at the discovery of Mr. Thomas, and amazed at his own stupidity in not having made it himself.

The literary man who pronounced the work to be of transcendent merit, having been the party who expressed his conviction that the writer was in the habit of mixing with the upper classes of society, the bibliopole, of course, at once determined on publication. The work appeared; it made a great noise, and the author is now one of the most popular writers of the day.—pp, 227—236.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

No. V.

THREE VIRGINIANS.

SINCE I last wrote to you I have explored several more of those limestone caverns with which the country abounds, one of which, indeed, is said to extend, like an enormous cellar, beneath the village of Abingdon, a flourishing county town about twenty miles from this place; but no cave that I have yet seen compares with the natural tunnel in Scott county. It is a vaulted passage-way of two hundred yards, through a mountainous ridge some five or six hundred feet high. The ridge lies like a connecting mound between two parallel hills, of about the same elevation as itself; and a brook that winds through the wooded gorge between these hills, appears to have worn its way through the limestone rib that binds the two together. The cavernous passage is nearly in the form of an 8. The entrance at the upper side is through a tangled swamp, where, in following down the stream, you come in front of a rude arch, whose great height, from the irregular face of the cliff being covered with vines and bushes, it is difficult to estimate, until you attempt to throw a stone to the top of the vault. The ceiling drops a few

yards from the entrance, till, at the point where, from the peculiar shape of the cavern, the shadows from either end meet in the midst, it is not more than twenty feet high. The vault then suddenly rises, and becomes loftier and more perfect in form as you emerge from the lower end. Finally it flares upward, so that the edges of the arch lose themselves in the projecting face of the cliff, which here rises from a gravelly soil to the height of four hundred feet, smooth as if chiselled by an artist, and naked as death. The width of the tunnel varies from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet, the small stream winding through its centre.

The sun was in the centre of the heavens as I stood beneath that stupendous arch, watching the swallows wheeling around the airy vault above me, and yet more than half the glen was in deep shadow. I had been told, whether jestingly or not, that the place was a favourite retreat for bears and panthers; and while following down the brook a few yards, I was somewhat startled, upon casting a glance into a recess in the rocky bank above me, to meet a pair of

bright eyes glaring from the bushes which sheltered the nook. But the sudden movement of drawing a pistol frightened the wild animal from its covert; and it proved to be only an opossum, that glided along the trunk of a fallen tree, and disappeared in the thickets above. I paused again and again, in retracing my steps through the sinuous vault, to admire its gloomy grandeur, and then mounted my horse, which was tethered in the swamp at its entrance.

My road led immediately over the tunnel, but the thick forest on either side precluded a view from the top of the precipice, unless by approaching its edge. This it was necessary to do on foot. The glen, thus viewed, presents the appearance of a mere fissure in the mountain side; but the chasm is so sudden and deep that the first glance is startling when your foot presses the edge, and your eye swims when it would pierce the shadowy gorge below. The tall sapling growths of buckeye and linden that spring within the dell, and lift their slender stems and sickly-coloured leaves so aspiringly, yet faintly, towards the light, sink into mere shrubs when viewed from this eminence, while the pines and oaks around you, which had appeared equally insignificant when viewed from below, seem now almost to interlace their branches over the gulf. A thrilling incident is said to have occurred here a few years since. There is a cavernous recess about midway in the face of the precipice, whose height, you will recollect, is estimated at more than three hundred feet; and some bold adventurer determined to be let down to explore this fissure. He easily found some of his acquaintance who consented to assist in the experiment; and, standing on the edge of the chasm, they began to lower him down by a rope attached to his body.

After descending some forty or fifty feet, our adventurer discovered that the side of the precipice shelved so much inwardly, that it was impossible for him to touch the wall even at so short a distance from the top. It was necessary, then, to provide some pointed instrument by which he could hold on to the face of the cliff as he descended. He was accordingly pulled up once more, and then, after providing himself with a "gig," or long fishing-spear, much used in the adjacent rivers, he started anew on his perilous voyage. The gig appeared to answer its purpose extremely well, though the task of thrusting it, from time to time, in the crevices of the rock, as the cord was gradually slackened from above, was both tiresome and exhausting. The point proposed was just attained, and the patient adventurer was about to reap the reward of his toil, and plant his foot in the fissure, when his companions shouted from above that their coil of rope had run out.

It was too provoking to be thus a second time disappointed, when his object seemed almost

within his grasp, and but a few more yards of cord would have enabled him to complete his purpose. He had given too much trouble, and encountered too much peril, now to abandon his design completely. Thus reasoned the bold cragsman, as, clinging like a bat to the wall, he hung midway between heaven and earth; and determining not to give up his point, he shouted to his comrades to splice a grapevine to the end of the rope. The substitute was easily procured, and being quickly attached, more line was at once payed out from above. He had now descended so far, that the shelving precipice projected far over his head, almost like the flat ceiling of a chamber; but still his fishing-spear enabled him to keep close to the face of the rock, and practice now taught him to handle it with dexterity and confidence. He was at last opposite to the cavernous opening he would explore, and, without waiting to measure its depth, he balanced himself against a jutting point of rock with one hand, while the other struck his javelin at a crevice in the sides of the deep recess before him. The spear fell short, the adventurer was at once detached from the face of the cliff to which he had been so carefully adhering, and the great angle at which the rope that sustained him had been now drawn, sent him swinging like a pendulum over the frightful gulf. The grapevine—so strong and secure as long as there was a perpendicular pull upon it—now cracked and split, as if its fibres could not bear the strain, while the weight at the end of it spun round in the air, and the frayed bark fell in strips upon the alarmed cragsman, as he watched it grate off upon the edge of the precipice above him. He maintained his self-possession, however, while his companions pulled carefully and steadily upon the fragile cable. He soon saw the knot at which the rope was tied to it in their hands, and a shout of triumph hailed his approach to the top, where he was at last safely landed, perfectly content, one may conceive, to forego all the pleasure that might have arisen from a more satisfactory examination of the recess, from which he had made so expeditious and involuntary an exit.

The hair-breadth escape of this cool climber of crags reminds me of one equally thrilling that I received from the lips of the hero of it, soon after entering these mountains.

I had heard of a remarkable saltpetre cave within a few miles of the inn where I was staying, at Cumberland Gap, and was anxious to explore it. There was an individual in the neighbourhood who was said to have worked in the cavern, in manufacturing saltpetre, at a time when there was a great demand for gunpowder, during the last war. This man I attempted to procure as a guide; but though he acted as a pioneer for me to several wild scenes, nothing could persuade him to take me to this. He at

length, with some emotion, assigned his reasons, which will better appear after I have given you the features of the place, as they were described to me.

The opening of the cavern is in West Virginia, on the side of the Cumberland Mountains, but one of its branches has been traced far into the adjacent state of Kentucky, and there are said to be several chambers of it in Tennessee. I have myself, indeed, in exploring one of its supposed passages, that opened two miles from the main embouchure, passed the dividing line of two of these states. The most direct of its branches has, in former years, been measured with a chain, to the extent of seven miles. The form of the cavern is as remarkable as its size, as, just far enough within the entrance to shroud it in darkness, there is a precipice of more than two hundred feet; (two hundred and sixty-two is said to be the measured depth;) and the only mode of advancing farther into the cave is by descending here, when you come to a flat surface, whereon your farther progress is unimpeded. The sides of the precipice are marked here and there by ledges of rock; and the persons employed in manufacturing saltpetre had, with considerable ingenuity, adjusted a chain of ladders from one ledge to another, so as to form, apparently, a continuous staircase down the perpendicular side of the cliff.

At the close of the war, twenty years ago, the cave became deserted. The population then was not dense around, and there being but little travelling along the nearest highway, the place was seldom mentioned, and never resorted to. It chanced one day, about six years since, that the man whom I wished now to guide me thither, passed the mouth of the cavern with a companion, in hunting; sitting down near it to refresh themselves, they began to recall their recollection of those who had worked in the cave in bygone years; and the period seemed so recent, that they thought it worth while to look

whether none of their implements then used were yet to be found in the pit, determining that any of the tools that might be left, after so long an interval, would be a fair prize for themselves.

Entering the cavern, they first, by the light of a pine torch, carefully examined the wooden ladders, which had now been for sixteen years exposed to the damps of the place: they had been made of cedar, and still appeared sound. The cautious hunters agreed that all was right, and both descended. They reached the bottom in safety, and, as expected, they found several neglected tools still remaining there; and selecting a pickaxe and a spade, they commenced their ascent upon the ladders. The first flight was soon accomplished, but their steps became slower as they got farther from the bottom; and as the implements which they carried could not be balanced upon the shoulders, each had but one hand upon the ladder, and, of course, as that became tired, each was compelled to move more and more carefully. Patience and steadiness, however, at last brought them near the summit; in fact, the upper round of the ladder was in view, when the foremost man taking hold of one more decayed than the rest, it broke in his grasp, and he fell backward with his whole weight upon the chest of his companion; the other reeled and staggered with the blow, but still kept his one-handed hold upon the ladder. The iron tools went clanging to the bottom. There was a moment of intense anxiety whether he could sustain his comrade, there was another of thrilling doubt whether his comrade could regain the ladder, and both were included in one mortal agony of fear and horror. But the falling man clutched the ladder instantly, and laying a frantic grip, with both hands, upon the sides, they gained the top at last together. "Stranger," concluded the man, while his voice faltered at the end of the tale, "we knelt to God at the mouth of that cave, and swore never to enter it more."—*A Winter in the Far West.*

THE GUITAR.

It is rather hard that, after commemorating every thing that squeaks, or squalls, or hums through the nose, no other mention should have been made of the descendant of the cithara of the ancients, the lute of our well-favoured ancestresses. A murrain on the man who hath no leaning towards gentle antiquity! If instruments were estimated by their effect, divided by their magnitude, the guitar, with its hundred tones, would hold considerable rank. But musicians love to come forth and call upon their gods; and think scorn to commune with an instrument that brings an orchestra to every man's hearth, for about the cost of an alderman's dinner. It is true, its scale is not absolutely the

purest, for it is that division of the octave into twelve equal intervals which was the subject of great expectation with musicians while it was thought difficult and rare. But this is of small import in an age which finds beauties in untunableness, and believes exact intonation would be an evil and a loss. Its intonation is, in some keys, inferior to the pianoforte's; but the pianoforte cannot warble, or articulate, or sigh, or wail, or tremble like the human voice under emotion, as the guitar; it cannot effect that oblivion of human ills which a philosopher said was produced on him by a moonlight night. It may be assumed that, in every instrument, the power of expression will be in proportion to

the immediateness of the contact between the sounding materials and the performer. Hence, of all wind instruments, the bagpipe is the least sentimental; and strings are fully conscious of the difference between being touched by a maiden's fingers and a stick. None but the lute can have the *vox humana* tones—the distinct soprano, mezzo, contralto, and tenor voices which reside about the middle of the thinner strings, and the miniature dragonetti that lurks within the thickest, interchangeable at will with the cumbrous alacrity of the bassoon. The forte of the lute kind is imitation; not of beasts, or birds, or things material, but of musical expressions,—the conjuring up of all recollections that hang by sounds, from a simple melody to the triumphant *orquesta* of the Spanish cadet, who forsook Ferdinand and a lieutenancy for love—of his guitar. Of all dulcet sounds none can surpass a duet of Huerta's on the middle of the second and third strings, emerging from a wilderness of notes, deficient, indeed, in noise, but giving the liveliest idea in miniature of an overture by a full band. It is Lord Byron's image for sweet things—"the voice of girls." Or the same frail machine can produce a *retraite* that would draw two souls out of one adjutant; an old soldier may positively see the little drumboy straddle, or stir his barrack fire and think upon the dew-drop pendant at the bugler's nose; varied on the harmonies with a *ran plan plan* worthy of

him who at midnight musters his spectre guard with the palpable flavour of parchment, as it would come from his marrowless knuckles across the ghastly heath. And then can come pipes, and reeds, and oaten stops, and distant choirs, priests chanting merrily, or mass, or requiem, or poor lost Italy, (curse on all traitors and *justes milieus* of the earth!) and fair romantic Spain, and floating forms, and dark mantillas, and castanets that turn the air to rhythm. All these cannot be had from a spinet; but they require some husbandry—a parlour twilight, or a turret lone, when gabbling boys are fast a-bed; and there is one peculiar tone, whatever be the cause, that is never brought out but in the small hours of the morning. Above all, these things are hid from simpletons who seek them in a crowded theatre, and then declare they nothing heard. They might as well line the stage with miniatures, and view them from the upper boxes. But he has missed the strangest effect of music who has not heard the "Carnival of Venice" in the long gallery that leads down to the tombs of the Pharaohs. Organs would have been pompous mockeries; but the small voice of the guitar said, "All flesh is grass," in a way there was no resisting: it was as if the *domus exilis* *Platonis* was piping the joys and cares that four thousand years have swept into eternity.—*Westminster Review*.

THE OAK.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot.
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And would'st thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here:
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm shall brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot!
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not. ERFON.

REVIEW.

THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

ARTICLE II.

FOR several years prior to the erection of Surrey chapel, Mr. Hill was stigmatised by the enemies of religion as the most notorious itinerant preacher of his day. On the death of Whitefield, he took up the falling standard, and bore it manfully through the three kingdoms: thus making known, in every place, the Gospel of the grace of God.

"At the time Mr. Hill commenced his itinerant labours, he

had not only to endure the cruel persecutions of the world, but also the frowns of the cold orthodox party, who had strong objections to a man being righteous overmuch. His zeal exposed their criminal indolence. Though every where spoken against, he had grace to persevere. Stones were often thrown at him, and he was frequently pelted with rotten eggs and other filth. All these things he bore patiently, and, in the spirit of his Master, could pray for his vilest persecutors. 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'—(p. 127, 138.)

Some curious incidents relating to these itinerant excursions are recorded by Mr. Jones. We extract the following:—

"It was during one of his visits to Bristol, where his labours had been most useful, that Mr. Hill was actively engaged in preaching in the streets of the city. This course of labour of the devoted itinerant appears to have excited his father's displeasure, who sent his brother Richard to Bristol to admonish him. On reaching the city he heard that Rowland was to preach at Kingwood to the colliers, to which place he proceeded. There he heard Rowland most affectionately talking to the multitude about the Saviour's love, and witnessed the tears of penitence flowing down their cheeks. The preacher observing Richard in the crowd, told the people that he had no doubt his brother, Richard Hill, Esq., would speak to them on the following day, upon the great truths of the Gospel. Richard was taken by surprise; his Christian feelings overcame all other considerations, and, at the appointed time, he preached that Redeemer who humbled himself that he might gloriously exalt his people. This is the correct account of the tale, the scene of which has been frequently, though inaccurately, laid at Marchingly, a beautiful village adjoining the park at Hawkstone."—(pp. 143, 144.)

"Some years since, an aged lady called on Mr. Hill, and, in the course of conversation, inquired, 'Do you remember preaching at Wrexham, sh., about fifty years ago, in a field not far from Penny-Bryn?' 'O, yes, I remember the time very well.' Both the parties smiled, when the lady remarked, 'I see you remember the pig, sh.' 'Indeed I do, and never shall forget it.' After the aged couple had enjoyed a hearty laugh at the recollections of the past, the lady said, 'I was then very young, and was led by curiosity to hear you preach; and I hope the word then came with power to my soul.' Mr. Hill afterwards described the scene which had impressed the service on his mind. Near the spot where he preached there was a tenter-field, on which a fine kind of thread or yarn was exposed to the air. Several women were taking care of it. They observed a number of persons assembling together to hear a sermon, and were tempted to quit their employ for a short season. The gate of the field was left open, when several large pigs walked in. In a few moments the intruders got the iron pierced through their snouts entangled in the twine, and the more they shook, the more they found themselves imprisoned. The loud cries of the pigs alarmed the women, who soon found out the mischief which had been done. They ran to the spot, and a general pursuit took place. Mr. Hill, while preaching, observed several of the women falling upon the poor animals, turning them on their backs, and then endeavouring to disengage their heads from the twine. This trifling event produced considerable amusement, and, for a time, interfered with the service."—(pp. 145-147.)

"Mr. Hill's first memorable tour in Scotland was commenced on the 15th of July, 1798. He was invited by James Haldane, Esq., to travel through the country, and preach to the people wherever he could find access to them. In an account of this tour, he calls his lay friend 'his much-respected brother and fellow-labourer in the Gospel of God our Saviour.' He tells him, 'You were educated for the maritime life; and, from a situation creditable and lucrative, commenced a peddling preacher, crying your wares from town to town at a low rate indeed—without money and without price.'

"At this time Mr. Hill describes himself 'an old stager in the itinerant work.' 'In preaching through England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, I always conceived that I stuck close to my parish: we are to preach the Gospel to every creature, even to the end of the world.'"—(pp. 150, 151.)

"This visit to Scotland," says Mr. Jones, "was a pentecostal season."

"The preacher's great subject was 'repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.' The most powerful impressions were produced on the multitudes who flocked to his ministry. An old friend, who heard many of the sermons, has frequently remarked, 'Whenever I listened to him eternally appeared to be next door to me; and this was the case with many others. His little anecdotes produced a wonderful effect on a people who had always been accustomed to dry, logical discourses. During this tour, it was known that several hundred souls were added to the church of Christ.'"—(pp. 156, 157.)

We refer to the work itself for an interesting account of Mr. Hill's second visit to the north. "The General Assembly, in their wisdom, had issued a Bull against all irregular preaching; and especially against lay preachers. They had even expelled Mr. Greville Ewing and others from their body, for these offences against ecclesiastical discipline. Sunday-schools they also denounced, as well as bringing together assemblies of people in the fields, or in places not intended for public worship." This bigotry of the rulers of the Scottish church provoked Mr. Hill's individual intol-

ance. "In every sermon he preached," we are told, "he displayed wonderful ingenuity in holding up these venerable bodies (the Assembly and the Synod) to the public contempt. He was completely led from his great work, and appears to have preached more against the established and secession churches, than against the kingdom of Satan." A friend, who was present, says of him, "In every sermon he fired red-hot shots against the General Assembly and the General Associate Synod. It was astonishing how he varied his mode of attack on every occasion."

"It is to be feared that very little good resulted from this second visit. A friend who resided in Scotland at the time, after the lapse of thirty years has remarked, that 'he never heard of a single conversion from the labours of that tour.' How important, then, is it for ministers fully to preach the Gospel, and not to be led away from their great work by the angry disputes of the times in which they live.

Mr. Hill, in his latter days, regretted the spirit he had displayed during this second tour, and resolved that if God should permit him again to visit Scotland, he would preach only the 'unsearchable riches of Christ.' He was able to accomplish his wishes in the summer of 1824. He reached Edinburgh in safety—had a profitable tour—no unhappy event transpired—and he returned to his resting-place at Wotton-under-edge, believing that his labours had not been in vain in the Lord."—(pp. 165, 166.)

Ireland was also visited by this excellent man, in 1793, and a second time in 1796. He was heard with attention by the warm-hearted Irish, and he appears to have much enjoyed his visit. On returning home after his last tour, he had a merciful preservation from shipwreck, to which he often referred with much gratitude. The captain of the vessel was addicted to the wicked and ungentelemanly habit of swearing. Mr. Hill thus wisely checked him: 'Captain, let us have fair play; you must not have all the swearing yourself; it's my turn next. You must not swear again till I have quite done.' This wise admonition had the desired effect.

In the last sermon which Mr. Hill preached, a few days before he died, he referred with much satisfaction to his itinerant labours. He said, 'I almost wish to be made young again, if I could but again see such days as when I first preached at Tottenham-court chapel, and was in the habit of preaching in the streets and lanes for want of room. O how I love to recollect what I then felt!'

"Until the close of life, Mr. Hill felt a strong objection to the ministers of religion being confined by any geographical limits as preachers of the Gospel."—(pp. 167, 168.)

With a noble liberality, with a holy enthusiasm, the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel has advocated the same sentiments, and pleaded for the practice, as loudly demanded by the spiritual destitution which still continues to disgrace the country, in which is established the richest hierarchy in Christendom. In urging it upon the Bishop of London, Mr. Noel, after several striking statements and remarks, goes on to observe:—

"The practice of Christ and his apostles seems to me conclusive: what was right in them must, in similar circumstances, be right in us. Led by the reason of the case, and warranted by these high precedents, the church has had outdoor preaching at different intervals from that time to the present. The disciples of Wickliff went from town to town, and from county to county, to preach their doctrine, not only in churches and churchyards, but also in the midst of markets and fairs, and, indeed, in all places where multitudes were convened." At the Reformation the most eminent preachers of the kingdom—Grindall, Scory, Jewel, Sandys, Sampson, Coverdale, and others—used to preach at Paul's Cross to multitudes assembled in the open air, among whom were the mayor and aldermen of London, with distinguished persons from the court.

"After referring to other examples of itinerant and public preaching, particularly to Whitfield and Hill, Mr. Noel remarks, 'If myriads, remaining still untainted, you call upon your clergy to do their duty, by providing curates to officiate in rooms, to be licensed for that purpose, in every part of the metropolis; thousands more may be instructed. If this does not fully meet the evil, another experiment may be made, (and since Christ must, if possible, be preached to all, no experiment by which we may hope to approximate to that end should go untried,) you may call forth from among the ministers of the establishment other Whitfields and Hills, and may see the signal effects of their ministrations renewed in our days. Should you fail to find them in the establishment, (which I do not in the least contemplate, and, for one, am ready, at your lordship's command, to make the experiment myself,) then necessity has no law—Christ must be preached to perishing sinners. Before this necessity all forms, however venerable, all rules, however salutary, must give way.'"—(pp. 171, 172.)

* Vaughan's Life of Wickliff, vol. II., p. 197.

† State of the Metropolis Considered, p. 84.

• First Journal, p. 69.

Mr. Jones, in continuing the narrative, refers to Mr. Hill's more regular and pastoral employments. After the erection of Surrey chapel, he resided in London half the year, and then retired into the country, labouring with great earnestness at Wotton-under-edge, and the neighbourhood, often preaching every evening in the week except Saturday. There too, as in London, he was engaged in numerous benevolent and religious objects, for the moral and spiritual good of the inhabitants. He was the philanthropist as well as the preacher.

Mr. Jones relates the following, which is certainly very characteristic of the singular being it felicitously describes:—

"The pastor of Surrey Chapel was a *laborious* minister. He occasionally preached more than twenty sermons in a week when travelling for the cause of God. 'I do think,' he would say, 'that once in my life I did earn my daily bread. I was spending several weeks with a friend in North Wales, and she made me preach for every meal, so that before breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, I had to ascend the pulpit.' On one occasion, being present with a venerable minister, who had retired from active service, and only occasionally preached, he remarked, 'I would sooner wear out, than rust out.' He was fond of such remarks as the following: 'A good pulpit perspiration is a famous thing to keep a man in good health.'—'If some ministers were to be fed according to their preaching, they would not look so plump as they do.'—'Of all diseases a man can die of, to die of fat and laziness is the worst.'

"Like the apostle of old, he was in labours more abundant, and even till within a short period before his dissolution, after eighty-five winters had passed over his head, he would preach twice on the Sabbath-day, address the members of his church on the Monday evening, and preach lectures in his chapel on Tuesday evening and Friday mornings; and all this was done in addition to frequent occasional services. At the age of eighty-seven he left town to reach Wotton by a circuitous route. He arranged to preach every night in the week on his way to Leamington, where he had to supply on the Sabbath-day. His work was his constant delight.

"There were seasons when affliction kept him out of the pulpit, and he was confined to his room; but it was necessary to keep a kindly watch over him, as there was danger of his moving off to chapel as soon as he heard the distant notes of the organ. The evening of the new year was always a happy season with him, when the 'general communion of saints' was enjoyed at Surrey chapel. He was once confined with inflamed eyes, which were bound up. He most reluctantly consented to remain at home. Just as the people were approaching the table of the Lord, the venerable man made his appearance. He had on a large blue cloak, and had actually, though blindfolded, found his way from the house into the chapel alone. The excitement produced by his appearance cannot be described. There was one burst of affectionate feeling, when the people saw their beloved pastor pressing towards the communion table, while the officiating ministers were urging him to retire. In the midst of this scene he was heard loudly exclaiming, 'My dear people, they won't let me say one word to you.' He then pronounced a brief but touching benediction upon them, and retired from the chapel.

"On another occasion he left London to advocate the claims of Christian Missions. He had been much indisposed, and his friends thought it rather imprudent that he should engage in such duties. He, however, promised to be brief in his sermons, and a friend who travelled with him kindly undertook to check him when he found him forgetting his promised limits. At Leeds the venerable man addressed a great multitude in the cloth hall. He was excited by the scene, and became inattentive to the gentle admonitions which he received by a pull at his coat tail. At length he told the people what he had promised, and how his brother ——— had been pulling him by the coat. 'Never mind,' he added, 'let us have another pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and who knows but what the devil's throne may fall from some poor sinner's heart.'

"Mr. Hill would occasionally very frankly tell the feelings of his mind as to his labours in the sanctuary. He said, 'When I am in the pulpit I think no one preaches so badly; but when I am out of it, then I think that no one preaches so well.' Though he would very often say that he wished he could see his successor, that he might give up the work; yet no one believed that he would ever retire from it until he was called into another world. For several years he was obliged to sit while preaching,—and he was in the pulpit urging his people to 'be steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,' only nine days before he was called to his eternal reward."—(pp. 222–225.)

A letter addressed by Mr. Hill to a minister who had retired from his public work, and, as Mr. Hill seemed to suspect, without a justifiable reason, is too favourable a specimen of the fine apostolic spirit which

he cherished, to be omitted, even in the slightest notice of his life and labours.

This faithful epistle is followed by two others, to the same individual. The close of the last, with Mr. Jones's pertinent remark and allusion, we must insert:—

"Surrey Chapel, March, 1830.

"My dear Friend.

"I have been under the necessity of writing to Mr. ———, respecting the wants of your people, which are painfully urgent, by your having altogether given up that sacred office to which you were solemnly designated by the imposition of hands. I fully supposed you only wanted a helpmate in the work, and that you would sooner resign your life than resign an office which you never should have undertaken, unless it had been your determination to die as a devoted servant in the sacred work. A truly devoted minister, I think, would be inclined to say, let me rather be shut up in my coffin, than shut out of the pulpit. Old, very old, as I am, yet still I trust I find it not less my privilege than my duty, to dedicate the very last of my declining strength to His glory, in the accomplishment of the sacred work. Should a physician tell me that my life may be in danger if I continue to preach,—I will answer him, 'Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.' So said Paul, so says poor old Rowland Hill, and would to God my friend ——— may be enabled to say the same. Though I hope I shall be disappointed, yet I have my fears, that as I may not see you at Mr. ———, so a call upon you under present circumstances may prove painful to us both. Oh, what a mercy to be truly blest with a dedicated and devoted spirit, while it is most truly pleasant to meet such friends on every occasion. There are some few that keep going forwards; there are others who stand still; and there is a third class that are going backwards. How preferable is death to a state like theirs! How happy shall I be on my journey, to find that my friend, through some constitutional timidity, has only made a halt, that he may afterwards make a more firm and steady march in the sacred warfare, in which, as a minister, he is most solemnly engaged. Oh, that at all times I may be enabled to subscribe myself your most faithful and affectionate fellow-labourer in the vineyard of the everlasting Gospel of Christ,

"R. HILL."

"But you tell me of your constitutional weakness;—granted, that some there are of robust and athletic constitutions in appearance, but are not so in reality; but surely you are not so diseased and debilitated, at least it appeared so to us, that sufficient strength was not left you, so as to enable you occasionally to drop a short word of exhortation from the pulpit, or among the Lord's more immediate people, at the solemn time of your communion: nor could a short but solemn word of prayer have been more injurious to you in the house of God, than in your own dwelling,—nor would it have been a greater exertion to have entered into occasional conversation with your communicants; and as you are by no means advanced in age, you are not to conclude that your present weakness is to last for life. If even much caution might have been found necessary, yet surely a relinquishment of your office altogether is quite another story. If all the physicians in the world were to tell me I must renounce my ministry on account of my increasing debility, and that such debility would increase till a speedy death would be the result, I would keep my fee in my pocket, and labour till I died. Believe me to be,

"Yours very sincerely,

"R. HILL."

"These letters will remind the reader of the remarks of the immortal Whitefield, the beloved friend of Mr. Hill: 'I am now brought to the short allowance of preaching but once a day, and thrice on a Sunday. One physician prescribes a *perpetual blister*, but I have found *perpetual preaching* to be a better remedy,—when this great catholicism fails, it is over with me.'—(pp. 232, 233.)

The sixth chapter of this Memoir is devoted to an exhibition of Mr. Hill's fidelity and success as a minister. His views were evangelical, in the noblest and best sense in which that term can be employed. The Church of England cannot boast of a divine more sound and accurate in his theological opinions, or whose preaching had a more direct tendency to produce the happiest practical results.

"True religion" he observes, "is doctrinal, experimental, and practical. If we possessed only doctrinal religion, it would lead to antinomianism; if only experimental, to enthusiasm; if only practical, to pharisaism: therefore, if we would be partakers of the religion of Jesus, all three must be united; we must not attempt to separate them."—(p. 246.)

* See his Declaration of Faith, chap. xi.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A NERVOUS MAN.—No. II.

Feb. 2.—My great toe fomented with poppy-heads, fourteen hours. All said nothing ailed it; but as I had a dream that my great toe was nibbled by a rat, in bed, could not believe Mrs. N., nor the children and servants. Observed Crow (the pet spaniel belonging to my wife) looked amazed, wanted to lick the toe; on which, as it felt chill, and looked flabby, I ordered the leech woman to put ten leeches. Went to bed at two o'clock the next morning, but did not sleep; for the great toe seemed to fill every place. I saw great toes of all sizes, some spinning round, others racing together; some shooting up into the air, and others falling down; and wherever my eyes turned, I thought I saw my great toe, to which many of the others paid a sort of homage. Felt somewhat pleased at that.

Feb. 3.—Had the toe poulticed with linseed; kept up the foot all day; ordered two pairs of crutches—one black, for the house, the other mahogany, to go to church with on Sunday. N.B. Ordered the mahogany ones to have painted on them, in gilt letters, "Cursed be he that causeth the lame to go out of his way." Studied anatomy of the foot, that I might give scientific answers to those who inquired after my toe. Wrote down about twenty different answers to questions that I supposed might be asked. Scorned to send for the doctor, believing they were all quacks: for as women formerly practised the art of medicine, when our forefathers were such prodigies of valour and physical strength, thought the doctors the cause of many diseases which they undertook to cure.

Feb. 4th.—Rose at three o'clock, ordered the servants to get up and breakfast at five, after the good old fashion. Servants gave me notice to quit. Ordered dinner at ten o'clock, A.M. Put up all the plate in the iron chest; sent out the man to buy three dozen of wooden spoons; proposed to Mrs. N. to abolish the use of forks, as a modern innovation, because they looked finical, and, moreover, seldom got well cleaned. About two o'clock Mrs. N. had tea, when Mr. R. (our clergyman) and his wife, called to take a friendly dinner with us, as we had been used to dine at three o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. R. much surprised. Mrs. R. had tea with my wife; while Mr. R. held a long and learned dispute with me about singularity. Poor man! he is a conformist to the world.

Feb. 5th.—Received letters from Hull, containing terms for a voyage to the Whale Fishery: sums, 100 guineas for self, and 170 if a man servant with me. Ordered Joseph to pack up, ready to sail on the 19th instant. Laid out 49l. 10s. 10d. in suitable clothing, and got four folio manuscript volumes, ready to continue the journal, and three quarts of ink. Sent for
No. 30. JULY 26, 1837.—2d.] Vol. I.

Mr. Best to teach me how to sketch, as I contemplated publication of my travels, in a handsome quarto, with plates. Wrote to a publisher in London.

Feb. 6th.—Seven letters from friends came this morning; burnt them all, as they tried to dissuade me from my journey. Answered none of them, as it does not become a man to be warped from his purpose. Mrs. N. in tears all day, and the children very low; but thought it necessary for my health, and I felt that the world ought to know more about North Pole subjects. Had my crutches packed up carefully lest the toe should relapse, for it had certainly become better.

Feb. 7th.—When I awoke, felt as if my head had grown so large that I could never lift it up without help. Would have Mrs. N. get up at five o'clock, to make room for my head, which I thought was enlarging, and would want all the bed. At eight o'clock, James announced breakfast, but I could not get through the door. Ordered Joseph therefore to take out the sash, and let me down by a ladder. I thus got down into the yard, my head just clearing the jambs; but, alas! could not get in at the house door. Took out another sash; and not having foreseen such a calamity, abandoned the voyage, which pleased Mrs. N. greatly. N.B. Returned the same way to bed.

Feb. 8th.—Awoke by a tickling of the nose; believed it to be a carbuncle. Searched the medical books, and sent for the leech-woman, who applied twelve of Nature's physicians. Searched the medical books again! but the abominably unintelligible stuff which the physicians call technical language confounded me. Had a poultice to my nose, and read Aristotle and "*Boetius Consolatione Philosophiæ*," admired their depth, and pitied the shallow scholarship of modern times. Begun a translation of the fathers, which I possess in about one hundred and twenty-four folio volumes, which I propose to publish, with notes, in a hundred octavos, for the benefit of youth. Wrote to Mr. M., and drew up a prospectus.

Feb. 9th.—As I was gaping, at breakfast time, thought my jaw was locked; wife and all about said it was not, but was sure they were wrong. Could speak, however, and sent for the leech-woman, who seemed alarmed, desired to see my toe, and shook her head. I fainted; and when I revived, Sarah was bathing my head in cold water, and the quack doctor (an M.D. though) was sitting with the family at breakfast, talking about my systems of government for the day;—before, I had made seventeen new forms, which I had read to the family. Doctor ordered no tea, and to go out; but my head was too

large to get out conveniently, and as my toe felt singular, and Joseph would not carry the crutches, could not go.

Feb. 10th.—Awoke very cold; had a pain in my teeth; sent for the dentist, who drew three, and lanced the others, and ordered me to keep comfortably warm. Drew out a plan of a treatise on the teeth, founded on new principles; and another, to show the connexion between galvanism and theology. Counted the title pages of projected works to be finished by me, and found them fifty-four. Towards evening had a trance, in which my wife appeared to be multiplied into ten or twelve forms, and instead of eight children, there appeared to be about eighty or ninety in the room, and every thing else about me seemed to be tenfolded. Proposed to fast to-morrow, and to inquire into the moral design of this marvel.

Feb. 11th.—Rose at three A.M., and then drew out a plan for the morning study, as a preparative for inquiring into the design of the aforesaid trance. Plan was

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|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Nature of being. | 7. Miracles. |
| 2. ——— metaphysics. | 8. Dreams. |
| 3. Corpuscles. | 9. Second sight. |
| 4. Organic laws. | 10. Presentiments. |
| 5. Mental agencies. | 11. Ideality. |
| 6. Supernatural intervention. | 12. Symbolical truth. |

Ate a biscuit at ten, and drank a glass of cold water, and then spent the rest of the day, in the investigation, and concluded that the vision meant that all things are of ten times more consequence than they are thought to be. Felt comforted, read the communion service, and thought of entering the church.

Feb. 12th.—Made a new will; counted the wooden spoons, found only six left; left off garters, because they promote white swellings; shaved off my eyebrows, because apt to catch the candle, counted my teeth, and made a model of a new pair of wings, to fly with. Thought if I could only substitute a whale muscle for the pectoral muscle of the birds, could reach the moon. Wrote to Hull, to get about twenty yards of that material, by the earliest opportunity. Received a letter offering me the presidency of —. Declined it, as my toe might not bear the climate, and supposed my head would enlarge again on shipboard, and then all would be lost.

Feb. 13th.—Turned all my servants away, and wrote to London for a French cook, and to Bristol, for a "nigger boy," to wait; experimented about the longitude and universal motion; made three new discoveries, one being an automaton image, to go on errands, for which I have taken out a patent, as I am weary of those worms of life, the servant tribe. Fancied I was descended from William the third: sent to the Herald's Office, to search. Thought candles likely to bring on the *gutta serena*, so would not have any burnt, and ordered the chandler to send no more. N.B. My wife and Sarah look very ill, must be examined to-morrow by the leech-woman; think they have a complaint in the kidneys. Before I went to bed, felt as if I should burst; read the medical books, concluded I was dropsical, and thought I would let the water out of my leg with my penknife; but when I tried it only bled, which frightened my wife, who sent for the doctor, but I would not see the rogue.

THE LAMENT OF THE CAPTIVE JEWS.

It was the golden sunset hour,
When evening breathes her sigh,
And day's last lingering glance was thrown
On the deep emblazon'd sky.

In Babel's bright and flowery vales,
Where the murmuring waters stray'd,
We met—a mournful captive band—
In the willows' lonely shade.

The brows of Judah's maids were pale,
And dim was their downcast eye,
When, as memory mused on the vanish'd days,
The dreams of years past by,

We wept for Salem's balmier groves,
For Zion's sacred shade,
Where our fathers bent with holy awe,
And their solemn offerings paid.

High on the drooping boughs we hung
Our harps of mournful song;
No trembling hand to wake their voice,
The wild chords swept along.

But the whispering zephyr kissed the strings,
And their music murmur'd low,

And as the light-winged breezes pass'd
They bore our plaint of woe.

They ask a song in a stranger's land,
When our home is far away;
For mirth, when the dreams of joy are fled,
And the flowers of hope decay.

How shall the song of joy be sung
Where Baal's temples rise,
Where the pining heart, in a stranger-scene,
In its lonely sadness dies?

Land of our homes! where once the voice
Of the mighty dead was heard,
Where the holy breath of the heavenly gale
The prophet's spirit stirred!

Ne'er to thy vales may the captive come
At evening's placid hour,
And waken the music of other days
In the radiant sunlit bower.

In vain, in vain does his trembling heart
For the groves of Salem sigh;
Still must he wear th' oppressor's chain,
And sad and lonely die.

T. W. A.

SCIENCE.

THE object of the association is contained in its title; it is the advancement of science. Our object is not literature, though we have many literary associates, and though we hail and love as brethren those who are engaged in expressly literary pursuits, and who are either themselves the living ornaments of our land's language, or else make known to us the literary treasures of other languages, and lands, and times. Our object is not religion in any special sense, though respect for religious things and religious men has always marked these meetings; and though we are all bound together by that great tie of brotherhood which unites the whole human family as children of one Father, who is in heaven. Still less is our object politics, though we are not mere citizens of the world, but are essentially a British Association of fellow-subjects and of fellow-countrymen, who give, however, glad cordial welcome to those our visitors who come to us from foreign countries, and thankfully accept their aid to accomplish our common purpose. That common purpose,—that object for which Englishmen and Irishmen and Scotchmen have banded themselves together in this colossal association, to which the eyes of the whole world have not disdained to turn, and to see which, and to raise it higher still, illustrious men from foreign lands have come,—is SCIENCE; the acceleration of scientific discoveries, the diffusion of scientific influences.

And if it be inquired, how is this aim to be accomplished, and through what means, and by what instruments and process we as a body hope to forward science; the answer briefly is, that this great thing is to be done by us through the agency of the social spirit, and through the means, and instruments, and process which are contained in the operation of that spirit. We meet, we speak, we feel *together now*, that we may *afterwards* the better think, and act, and feel *alone*. The excitement with which this air is filled will not pass at once away; the influences that are now among us will not, we trust, be transient, but abiding; those influences will be with us long—let us hope that they will never leave us; that they will cheer, they will animate us still when this brilliant week is over; they will go with us to our separate abodes, will attend us on our separate journeys; and whether the mathematician's study, or the astronomer's observatory, or the chemist's laboratory, or some rich distant meadow, unexplored as yet by botanists, or some untrodden mountain-top, or any of the other haunts, and homes, and oracular places of science, be our allotted place of labour till we meet together again, I am persuaded that those influences will operate upon us all,—that we shall all remember this our present meeting, and look forward with joyful expectation to our next re-

assembling, and by the recollection and by the hope, be stimulated and supported. It is true, that it is the individual man who thinks and who discovers; not any aggregate or mass of men. Each mathematician for himself, and not any one for any other, not even all for one, must tread the more than royal road which leads to the palace and sanctuary of mathematical truth. Each, for himself, in his own personal being, must awaken and call forth to mental view the original intuitions of time and space; must meditate himself on those eternal forms, and follow for himself that linked chain of thought which leads, from principles inherent in the child and the peasant, from the simplest notions and marks of temporal and local site, from the questions when and where, to results so varied, so remote, and seemingly so inaccessible, that the mathematical intellect of full grown and fully cultivated man cannot reach and pass them without wonder and something of awe. Astronomers, again, if they would be more than mere artisans, must be more or less mathematicians, and must separately study the mathematical grounds of their science; and although in this, as in every other physical science, in every science which rests partly on the observation of nature, and not solely on the mind of man, a faith in testimony is required, that the human race may not be stationary, and that the accumulated treasures of one man, or of one generation of men, may not be lost to another; yet, even here too, the individual must act, and must stamp on his own mental possessions the impress of his own individuality. The humblest student of astronomy, or of any other physical science, if he is to profit at all by his study, must in some degree go over for himself, in his own mind, if not in part with the aid of his own observation and experiment, that process of induction which leads from familiar facts to obvious laws, then to the observation of facts more remote, and to the discovery of laws of higher orders. And if even this *study* be a personal act, much more must that *discovery* have been individual.

Individual energy, individual patience, individual genius, have all been needed to tear fold after fold away, which hung before the shrine of nature; to penetrate gloom after gloom, into those Delphic depths, and force the reluctant Sibyl to utter her oracular responses. Or if we look from nature up to nature's God, we may remember that it is written—"Great are the works of the Lord, sought out of all those who have pleasure therein." But recognising in the fullest manner the necessity for private exertion, and the ultimate connexion of every human act and human thought with the personal being of man, we must never forget that the social feelings make up a large and powerful

part of that complex and multiform being. The affections act upon the intellect, the heart upon the head. In the very silence and solitude of its meditations, still genius is essentially sympathetic; is sensitive to influences from without, and fain would spread itself abroad, and embrace the whole circle of humanity, with the strength of a world-grasping love. For fame, it has been truly said, is love disguised. The desire of fame is a form of the yearning after love; and the admiration which rewards that desire, is a glorified form of that familiar and every day love which joins us in common life to the friends whom we esteem. And if we can imagine a desire of excellence for its own sake, and can so raise ourselves *above* (well if we do not in the effort sink ourselves *below*) the common level of humanity, as to account the aspiration after fame only "the last infirmity of noble minds," it will still be true that in the greatest number of cases, and of the highest quality,

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

That mysterious joy—incomprehensible if man were wholly mortal—which accompanies the hope of influencing unborn generations; that rapture, solemn and sublime, with which a human mind, possessing or possessed by some great truth, sees in prophetic vision that truth acknowledged by mankind, and itself long ages afterward remembered and associated therewith, as its interpreter and minister, and sharing in the offering duly paid of honour and of love, till it becomes a power upon the earth, and fills the world with felt or hidden influence; that joy which thrills most deeply the minds the most contemptuous of mere ephemeral reputation, and men who care the least for common marks of popular applause or outward dignity—does it

not show, by the revival, in another form, of an instinct seemingly extinguished, how deeply man desires, in intellectual things themselves, the sympathy of man? If then the *ascetics* of science—if those who seem to shut themselves up in their own separate cells, and to disdain or to deny themselves the ordinary commerce of humanity—are found, after all, to be thus influenced by the *social spirit*, we can have little hesitation in pronouncing, that to the operation of this spirit must largely be ascribed the labours of ordinary minds; of those who do not even affect or seem to shun the commerce of their kind; who accept gladly, and with acknowledged joy, all present and outward marks of admiration or of sympathy, and who are willing, and confess themselves to be so, to do much for immediate reward, or speedy, though perishing, reputation. Look where we will, from the highest and most solitary sage, who ever desired the propagation of his own memory, and committed his lonely labours to the world, in full assurance that an age would come, when that memory would not willingly be let to die, down to the humblest labourer who was ever content to co-operate outwardly and subordinately with others, and hoped for nothing more than present and visible recompence, we still perceive the operation of that social spirit, that deep instinctive yearning after sympathy, to use the power, (and if it may be done,) to guide the influences of which, this British Association was formed. Thus much I thought that I might properly premise, on the social spirit in general, and its influence upon the intellect of man; since that is the very bond, the great and ultimate reason of this and all other similar associations and companies of studious men.—(From Sir W. R. Hamilton's *Address, delivered at the fifth meeting of the British Association, held at Dublin 1835.*)

IMPOSITION DETECTED.

[The following amusing paragraph is extracted from an interesting volume just published by Lieutenant Bacon, entitled, "First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan."]

Among the lower orders of natives it is no uncommon thing to find men who can counterfeit so skilfully the semblance of death, as to deceive even a medical man, until the hand is applied either to the heart or pulse; these men are frequently at very great pains to acquire this faculty, and practise it for many purposes. It serves sometimes as a means of concealment, but more frequently it is made available for the purpose of imposition.

The imitator of death is laid upon a *charpâhi*, or light native bed, and being painted as if covered with wounds and bruises, he is carried, in a state of complete nudity, to the house of an

European magistrate, or other civil functionary; here a pitiable story it related of his having been murdered in some remote village, and, with bitter tears and lamentations, the magistrate is entreated to send officers to make official investigation of the case, and, if possible, to bring the perpetrators to an expiation of the outrage. In the meantime, the friends of the unfortunate murdered man, having excited the compassionate interest of the Englishman, or of some of the inmates of his house, solicit a gratuity for defraying the expenses of the funeral, for which they aver that they have no means; and if the trick be new to the beholders, an ample shower of donations will most likely be afforded to the poor bereaved creatures. The moment their object is secured, the sorrowing family withdraw, carrying with them the corpse of their deceased rela-

tive, who, as soon as he is out of sight of the house where the imposition has been practised, returns to the mortal world, and again condescends to make use of his limbs, taking care to appropriate an adequate share of the bounty which his ingenuity has purchased. Having then cleansed himself from his stains and artificial wounds, the whole party disperse, to avoid apprehension when the fraud is detected.

I was once staying at the house of a civilian when one of his servants came in and reported that a murdered man had been brought to the door by a party of his friends, in the manner related above; he intimated at the same time that, from the appearance of the strangers, he was suspicious of their statement, and believed the dead man to be a counterfeit. We went out and found a squalid-looking corpse, with two or three wounds upon the chest, and with many marks of violence about other parts of the person.

The bed upon which the body lay extended was placed upon the ground, and all around it squatted the relatives and friends who owned it, howling, screaming, and groaning with a touching emphasis, which would have excited the sympathy of the most obdurate. My friend approached to examine the body, but was assailed with a thousand importunities not to pollute the corpse before the rites of sepulture had been performed. He therefore refrained from touching the body with his hand; but remarking to the people that wood could not defile it, he stuck the sharp end of his billiard cue—which he had in his hand—into the side of the

supposed corpse. This evidently disconcerted the surrounding throng; but as the body showed no signs of animation, or any fear of incurring a repetition of the test just inflicted, we began to think that the suspicion of the chupprassi had been unfounded. The blow was repeated with increased force, and until the sharp point of the cue penetrated the flesh between the ribs. A very slight quiver of the muscles, and an almost imperceptible movement of the head, discovered the cheat; and my friend then told the people that they had better take the body to the hospital, for that life was not yet extinct.

"Wa! wa!" said they, "why the man has been dead since cockcrow; how, therefore, can he be alive now?"—an idiom quite as purely Hindostani as it may be thought Irish.

"Bring a teakettle of boiling water!" shouted the gentleman, to the dismay of the family.

"Sir, great sir, what would you do with boiling water? the man is dead."

"Exactly so, my good friends; and that is the reason that you are all weeping and sorrowful?"

"What else, sir?"

"Why, I am a great physician, and know how to bring such dead men as these to life."

The poor fellows begged hard that the body might be spared; but the kettle was brought, and still the dead man moved not, until a small quantity was poured upon his foot, when he bounced from his *charpâhi*, and upsetting one half of his little brothers and cousins, fled like a spirit rather than an earthly body.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.—No. VI.

MRS. SPENCER SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1806 it was difficult to find, over the whole continent of Europe, a single corner which afforded shelter against the despotism of the emperor,* when it was his pleasure to exercise it. Italy was in his power, Germany almost subjugated, and even as far as the steppes of Russia there was no place which could be said to secure a refuge to the proscribed. Venice was no longer the beautiful and voluptuous city where the only condition imposed upon her inhabitants was to be happy. French domination extended even to the Lion of Saint Mark. The "Code Napoleon" punished the gondolier of the Bronta, and prohibited him from singing his barcaroles.

There was at this period a vast number of foreigners in Venice. The Marquis de Salvo, a Sicilian nobleman, then only twenty years of age, had quitted Sicily and Naples, and was

* Napoleon.

travelling in other parts of Italy. The marquis was, even at this early period of his life, distinguished for his talents and knowledge of the world; and he was most cordially received by all the foreigners of rank then in Italy. Of this number was the Countess Attems, the daughter of Baron Herbert, internuncio from Austria to Constantinople. The countess was a most amiable woman, and her house was the resort of the best company in Venice.

A younger sister of the countess had arrived a short time previously from Germany, for the purpose of recovering her health; this lady was Mrs. Spencer Smith, whose husband was the ambassador from England to Stuttgart. Mrs. Smith seldom quitted her apartment; but those who knew her declared that she was distinguished for grace and beauty,—that her mental attainments were of a very superior kind,—that she spoke seven languages with perfect purity,

was an excellent musician, and was familiar with the literature of every language she spoke. All that the Marquis de Salvo heard respecting this young lady, rendered him extremely desirous to become acquainted with her.

"I wish much that you would introduce me to her," said he to the Countess Attems; "pray do me this favour."

"The Countess Attems promised that she would; but her sister was almost always ill, and never could be prevailed on to appear in the saloon of the countess. One day, however, Madame Attems wrote to the marquis the following note, accompanied by the key of her box at the theatre San Samuel:—

"There is to be a new piece to-night, by the chevalier Guanni: go, and I will present you to my sister; she will be there."

The marquis would have put off any ten engagements to have accepted this; accordingly, before the appointed hour, he was seated in the box of the Countess Attems, who, on her arrival, was accompanied by a young lady whose delicate and elegant figure, fair and transparent complexion, light hair, and graceful deportment, rendered her, in the eyes of the marquis, one of the most beautiful creatures he had ever beheld. Her remarks on the performance evinced a penetration and a tact which led the Marquis de Salvo to observe, that she was as conversant with the Italian language as any of the best-educated Florentines.

"I claim no merit for that," replied she, "because I am passionately fond of Italian literature."

The marquis retired, delighted with the evening he had spent, and happy in the hope of improving his acquaintance with so charming a person. When he followed her into private life, when he saw her as the mother of a family, engaged in superintending the education of her two sons, Sidney and Edward, then the marquis joined to this admiration a feeling of veneration and profound respect, which nothing could eradicate.

Shortly after the Marquis de Salvo's introduction to Mrs. Smith, General Lauriston, one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp arrived in Venice, to exercise the functions of governor. Monsieur De la Garde then filled the post of director-general of the police. One night the Marquis de Salvo went to pay a visit to the Countess Attems, he found her drawing-room deserted; astonished at this solitude, he inquired the cause of it, and was informed that Monsieur De la Garde had that evening sent an invitation to Mrs. Spencer Smith, requesting her to call on him next morning at his office. This form of proceeding, so little in accordance with the usual habits of Monsieur De la Garde, whose politeness of manners is well known, alarmed the friends of Mrs. Spencer Smith. The effect of this invitation,

which Mrs. Smith in her frankness had thoughtlessly made known, was a signal for every one to desert her, as a person whose society it was almost dangerous to frequent, since she had come under the attention of the director-general of the police of Venice. The Marquis de Salvo was exasperated at this desertion of Mrs. Smith. He was then young, and he possessed a mind attuned to every noble and generous feeling. He offered to escort Mrs. Smith, the following morning, to the office of Monsieur de la Garde; she accepted the offer with thankfulness, and the next day, at eleven o'clock, he was before the palace of the Countess Attems with his gondolier, to conduct the lady to her mysterious and annoying interview. The director-general of the police received Mrs. Spencer Smith with every mark of respect and attention. He perceived she was greatly alarmed, and endeavoured to persuade her that the business was nothing of a serious nature. "Do not regard this affair with too much anxiety," said he, "I am convinced it has originated in some mistake; you need only be prudent. Perhaps you see too much company at the house of your sister. It is necessary that I should lull the suspicions which your name may have excited in Paris, by the assurance of a great reserve in your conduct. If you would be guided by me, I would suggest the propriety of your quitting Venice. This is a maritime city; there are many foreigners here. I think you had better reside in some other part of Italy. Hire a house near Padua. Your sister can go to visit you there; and all this will be much for the better."

Mrs. Smith, delighted to find that this dreaded interview had terminated thus happily, assured M. De la Garde that, within three days, she would follow his advice. Having taken leave of him, she proceeded to console her sister, who awaited her return with impatience.

On the following evening, as the family were grouped around Mrs. Smith and the marquis, whilst they were singing barcaroles, to which the mariners of the Lido responded, a great uproar was heard on the staircase of the palace; this was caused by four gendarmes, and a brigadier at their head, who communicated to Mrs. Smith that she must be a prisoner in her own apartment, and that they were desired to guard her there.

On hearing this order, not only discourteous as applied to a female, but barbarous in its execution, and revolting under all its forms, the family of the Countess Attems were panic-struck. The fair prisoner evinced an extraordinary share of courage at this trying juncture, and supported the fortitude of her sister. Though she felt anxiety for herself, still she appeared to have no other fear than that of being a source of inquietude to Count Attems and her sister. As to the Marquis de Salvo, he left the palace of Madame

Attems in deep distress of mind. Early on the following morning he waited on M. De la Garde, to inquire the cause of the severe measure adopted against Mrs. Spencer Smith. He became very uneasy on observing that M. De la Garde's manner was different from what it had been on the preceding day. He was embarrassed, and appeared desirous of concealing some unpleasant secret. At length, however, he determined to speak out, for his silence tended, in some degree, to involve him in the odium of this affair. "I must inform you," said he to the Marquis de Salvo, "that yesterday, after I had spoken to you and Mrs. Spencer Smith, a courier brought me fresh instructions, not from the viceroy, not from the minister, but from the cabinet of the emperor himself. These orders are severe. Doubtless the emperor has the most urgent motives for acting thus; and, in truth," —

"In the name of heaven, what are the orders you have received?" exclaimed the marquis, in evident alarm.

M. De la Garde hesitated for a moment, and then proceeded in an under tone:—"The order which I have received, and which is also addressed to General Lauriston, bears a formal injunction to remove Mrs. Spencer Smith from the city of Venice, with a strong escort of gendarmes, and to conduct her to Milan. She is to be first interrogated there by his imperial highness the viceroy, and afterwards conveyed to France, where it is probable she will be imprisoned in the citadel of Valenciennes."

The marquis here uttered an exclamation.

"Silence," continued M. De la Garde, "for otherwise you will but endanger yourself, without benefiting the lady. I have told you thus much because you are a friend of the family, and to enable you to communicate the intelligence to them, mitigated by the sympathy of friendship. Mrs. Spencer Smith must depart hence in six or seven days. She may travel as slowly as her health requires. Be assured it is painful to me to have to execute this mission; but you must be aware that my duty must be my first consideration."

"But what reason can be adduced for this?" exclaimed the Marquis de Salvo.

"I know not," resumed M. De la Garde; "nevertheless," added he, "I believe I may tell you, that the name of Smith is probably one cause of the severity which is shown towards this lady. You know she is the sister-in-law of Sir Sidney Smith, of St. Jean d'Acre, and the wife of Mr. Spencer Smith, the ambassador from England to Stuttgart. Recollect the affair of Drake, and you will then have a key to circumstances which appear mysterious."

The Marquis de Salvo left the director-general, distressed at the fate of Mrs. Smith. The state of his feelings would not permit him, at that moment, to call on the Countess Attems. He

found his way to the Lido, and endeavoured, by exercise and reflection, to calm his agitation. He formed many plans, but they were all undetermined and vague.

Since he had become acquainted with Mrs. Smith, he had discovered that she possessed a degree of strength of mind equal to her talents; but she was in a feeble state of health, and how could she be expected to bear the violent shock of learning that she—a young female of three and twenty years of age, up to that moment happy, surrounded by the attentions and the homage of all who knew her—she, Mrs. Spencer Smith, was a state criminal, threatened with a captivity not only severe, but perhaps eternal? The marquis shuddered at the thought of raising even a corner of that veil which concealed from the unfortunate lady so terrible a perspective; nevertheless, he resolved upon fulfilling his task.

"Doubtless, madam," said he to Mrs. Smith, "you are placed in a situation of great difficulty; but I will save you. Do not give way to grief; I will attend you on your journey, and even though I should perish, I will secure your escape."

Mrs. Smith raised her eyes to the marquis, whose handsome countenance was animated by an expression accordant with his ardent feelings.

"I cannot accept your generous offer," said she, with a grateful emotion which she did not attempt to conceal; "renounce your project, and leave me to my fate. I am innocent, and heaven will protect me."

"No," resumed the marquis, in a determined tone; "I am resolved to save you, and I will attempt it; I repeat that I will stake my life in the enterprise."

"Well," said Mrs. Smith, "return hither in a short time, and I will then show you a letter which you must read with attention; and I think you will be satisfied, after having read it, that you ought not to accompany me."

The marquis took his leave, and returned within an hour. A letter was delivered to him from Mrs. Smith, which he carried to the Café de Venice, to read without interruption; it was as follows:—

"I cannot accept the offer of your generous devotion, and I will candidly disclose to you my reasons for declining it. You are young. You have discovered in me some agreeable qualities which may possibly appear magnified by the unfortunate position in which I am placed, its singularity, and my desolate condition. You perhaps entertain towards me an exalted sentiment, which would lead you to undertake anything noble and generous; but this sentiment has its birth only in the ardent and impassioned imagination of a young man of twenty. Relinquish, I beseech you, this wild project. Think of yourself, think of your parents. Look to your fortune, for your property is in Sicily; the man

who pursues me will speedily lay his iron hands on your estates. You will be ruined, even admitting that your life should be saved, which is doubtful. Give me not cause for remorse in the tears of your mother. Raise not, on my account, an insurmountable barrier between yourself and your country; for my gratitude, great as it would certainly be, can never make you amends for these sacrifices."

On perusing this letter the young marquis was deeply moved. Hitherto, no feeling foreign to the purest generosity had mingled with his wish to serve Mrs. Smith. Had she been old and ugly he would have been ready to aid her as an innocent and unprotected woman. He felt deeply hurt at the doubt which she expressed. In his reply to her he protested, upon the honour of a gentleman, that no unworthy thought had, for a moment, mingled with the offer of his protection.

"Have I not a motive for protecting you in this moment of affliction?" said he. "You know my attachment to the royal family of Sicily. Is it not gratifying to me to lend my aid to the sister-in-law of the man who is at this very moment protecting my unfortunate sovereigns. Your noble relative Sir Sidney Smith, madam, ought, however, to have familiarised you with acts of disinterested devotion. Let me, by saving you from unjust persecution, show my gratitude to England, the country which has done so much for my sovereigns. As to my fate, there is nothing to be apprehended; heaven will protect the good cause. And if Providence should ordain otherwise, you need feel no remorse for the tears of my mother; I know her well enough to be assured that she would feel no regret if her son should perish in accomplishing the mission of a man of honour. Once more, madam, be assured that all will be well. With regard to the sentiment by which you suppose I am actuated, you must pardon me when I assure you, that however much I may admire you, I entertain for you no other affection than that of a brother. Accept, then, my most sacred word of honour, that as soon as you shall be placed in safety, and restored to your family and children, I will leave you without asking to pass another hour near you. I make this solemn pledge to you and to your sister. Spurn not the services of a sincere friend, and allow me to save you."

The lady was much affected by this letter, which certainly bore the tone of truth and sincerity. The countess Attems overruled her sister's scruples, and the marquis at length received permission to make arrangements for the execution of his project.

He possessed great courage and coolness. One of his first steps was to secure the safety of the two sons of Mrs. Smith, Edward and Sidney. These two children, although the one was only seven and the other five years of age, might

have been retained as hostages after the escape of their mother. It was then about the 15th of April: that season of the year is most delightful in Venice, and Mrs. Spencer Smith's children went frequently to be rowed in the gondolas. One day the marquis accompanied them to Fasina; having reached that place, he said to their tutor, "Here are one hundred louis; take a post-chaise, get into it with your two pupils, and proceed as speedily as possible to the Countess of Stassoldo's, at Gratz, in Styria; remain there until Mrs. Smith shall again join her children. Depart without delay."

The tutor, an honest German, who was devoted to his patrons, obeyed the marquis, and fulfilled his commission.

On his return to Venice, the marquis advised Mrs. Smith to write to the principal authorities, stating that she did not consider it safe to undertake so long a journey with no companion but a female servant, and requesting permission for a friend of her family to accompany her,—that friend being the Marquis de Salvo.

In answer to Mrs. Smith's letter, general Lauriston replied, that he was most happy to find his instructions did not oppose his ready acquiescence in her demand.

The Marquis de Salvo accordingly received permission to accompany Mrs. Smith.

On the twenty-fifth of April, 1806, Mrs. Spencer Smith quitted Venice for Milan, escorted by four gendarmes, and a brigadier named Amédée. This latter rode in the carriage of the prisoner, together with the marquis, and Louise the waiting woman. The marquis was the more confirmed in his determination to secure Mrs. Smith's escape, since he well knew that she must otherwise be imprisoned in the citadel of Valenciennes. The emperor's displeasure had been excited against her in consequence of Drake's affair. Her husband had, happily for him, reached England; but Napoleon had received intelligence, either true or false, which represented that his wife was on the continent as the agent of her husband. Her extraordinary talents, and the number of languages which she spoke with facility, added to her beauty,—which was in itself a powerful fascination,—all tended to confirm the emperor's suspicions, and prompted him to adopt measures so extremely severe towards a female. The Marquis de Salvo reasonably feared that the lady's captivity would be rendered most rigorous; and these apprehensions having been confirmed by something which he heard prior to leaving Venice, he renewed most emphatically to the Count and Countess Attems, the solemn assurance that he would save their sister. They departed in a gondola of the Lagunes; the carriage was to be in readiness for them at Padua.

General Lauriston and the director-general of the police, in consideration of Mrs. Smith's state of health, had authorised the gendarmes to stop

in the fortified towns, when the prisoner should require them to do so, and even to halt for several days, if required.

It was at Verona that the marquis counted on carrying into effect his plan of escape. There was in that city a friend of his childhood whom he loved as a brother, and upon whom he believed he could implicitly rely; this friend was Leonardo Grimani. The marquis had directed Mrs. Smith, in English, to say that she was fatigued, and required rest. On alighting from the carriage the Marquis de Salvo hastened to the hotel of Count Grimani. It was closed; he learned from the porter at the gate that the count was in the country, more than three leagues distant. The marquis was much disappointed; this first obstacle in the way of his project appeared to him to augur badly. He immediately wrote a letter to Count Grimani, in which he said, "An affair in which my life and my honour are engaged compels me to appeal to your friendship. I have need of your assistance; but it is necessary to keep this a profound secret. And since you are not in Verona, it is also requisite that our interview should not be known. Come here to-night; at one o'clock you will find me in the Arena,* I shall be under the seventh arch to the left; and by clapping your hands you must give me notice of your arrival."

With that warmth of feeling which is so natural to youth, and which is always accompanied by confidence in others, the marquis sought from his friend only that which he himself would readily have offered him had he required it.

Never doubting that the count would make his appearance, though the postilion whom he had

sent with the letter had not returned, the marquis retired to his chamber, which he had purposely chosen on the ground floor. When he was certain that the inmates of the house were asleep he softly opened his window, and having wrapped his cloak well round him he repaired to the Arena. The weather was stormy, and the moon, which was then in her first quarter, gave only a weak and unsteady light. The marquis hastened to the place of rendezvous; he reached the seventh arch on the left as the clock of San Domino struck one; but no one was there, profound silence prevailed. The marquis clapped his hands, but received no signal in reply; it was evident that no one was there. He awaited the arrival of his friend with an anguish which it would be difficult to pourtray. But time was flying on, and no footstep broke the melancholy silence which pervaded the Arena. It rained, and the wind forcing its way under the long vaults, seemed to the marquis like the howling of purgatory. At length the clock struck four; the darkness of the night now began to diminish; a broad streak upon the horizon announced the dawn of day. The marquis in despair returned home. In passing the post-house he stopped to inquire for his postilion, who he found had arrived. He had brought the answer of count Grimani, who had discovered, by the incoherent style of the marquis's letter, that the affair in which he requested his assistance might possibly compromise him. He did not deem it prudent to serve his friend at the risk of his own safety. The Marquis de Salvo angrily tore in pieces the letter of Grimani. "And this is what is called a friend!" cried he, burning with indignation.

EAST INDIAN SLAVERY.

(From Bacon's *"First Impressions and Studies in Hindostan."*)

UPON our return to our tents we found there a man waiting our arrival with a very different sort of merchandise to any we had hitherto seen. He had with him two young girls, whom he had brought down from the Punjab, and these he was anxious to dispose of as slaves, offering the eldest, who was the least comely of the two, and about sixteen years of age, for one hundred and fifty rupees; and the other, who had really some pretensions to beauty, and was younger by about four years, for two hundred. The poor little things, putting their hands before them in attitude of supplication, begged earnestly that we would purchase them, declaring that otherwise they should starve, and vowing to be faithful and obedient to us. Finding that we were not inclined to become purchasers, the man took them away, and the same proffer was made at every tent. They were ultimately purchased by a native gentleman residing in the neighbour-

* The Grand Circus at Verona.

hood of Delhi, for about half the sums above mentioned.

This traffic in slaves is considered to have been long since abolished, but it is still surreptitiously practised throughout the upper provinces, and at any of these fairs girls may be purchased. They are generally from Georgia, Cashmeir, Kabul, the Punjab, or Moultan.

One of my servants, a mussulman, had a slave-girl whom he had purchased for the sum of twenty-four rupees, about £2. Her history, so far as she was herself acquainted with it, is a very romantic one, and the reader will perhaps excuse my giving a slight sketch of it, which may be condensed in a very few pages.

The name of the girl was Rahmea; she was handsome, not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, a native of Almora; her parents were not Ghoorkas, as might be thence naturally inferred, but settlers from some large town upon

the banks of the Ghinab, in the district of Kish-tawar; the girl herself was ignorant of the name of the town. Her mother had been exceedingly beautiful, and, though poor by birth, had been exalted to great honour and dignity, as the wife, or favourite concubine, of a petty rajah, who, by virtue of his comparative wealth, was looked upon as the principal man of the town; but he was a dissipated, debauched character, according to his wife's account, and she, therefore, thought it no sin to decamp from his bed and board, and furnish herself with a more sober, though less consequential, lord and master; and being in fear of vengeance from him upon whom she had turned her back, she quitted the neighbourhood and fled with her new spouse to Almora. Here they continued to live in peace and happiness for several years, having a bond of unity in the existence of a little daughter, who was considered the beauty of the place.

When the daughter had arrived at the age of ten years, she was one day playing, with others of her acquaintance, in the neighbourhood of the temples, when she was accosted by an old man, in the guise of a *fakhr*, who asked her many questions about her father and mother, their names and history; the child unhesitatingly gave the religious man all the information in her possession, and further told him that her father lay at home sick of an ague, which no medicine would cure. Upon this the holy professor tendered his services, and was gladly conducted by the little girl to the habitation of her parents, who, unsuspecting of evil, thankfully received the advice and remedies which he proffered them.

The drugs having been administered, the symptoms of the patient grew more and more alarming; but the loving pair were comforted by the fakhr's assurances that all would be well, and that a very few hours would suffice to free the sufferer from his malady. In company with the beautiful matron,—who, contrary to the general rule among eastern women, was still fascinating, even though she had been ten years a mother and twice a wife,—the disinterested old priest sat and watched the sick man, giving him from time to time fresh draughts to quench his thirst; until at last, as midnight approached, the patient declared his conviction that life was fast ebbing, and would no longer credit the assurances of his physician. The old stranger was still arguing the point with him, when suddenly the poor man's features became dreadfully con-

vulsed, and after lingering about an hour in the most exquisite torment, he expired, affirming with his last breath that the fakhr had poisoned him.

"Even so," said the disguised rajah, for it was he, the lady's former lord; "even so, I have poisoned you; would that your pangs had been doubly, aye, tenfold more excruciating. And now, Luchmi," said he, turning to his *quondam* love, "what better fate do you expect from your injured master? Your nose is my first demand, and your matchless daughter is the next;" and then, at his command, the hut was immediately filled with armed men.

The beautiful Luchmi was gagged and bound, and her ruthless captor, with his own hand, severed her nose from her face; she was then placed on horseback, under the charge of one of the rajah's followers, and was conveyed away, the daughter knew not whither; certainly with no very happy purpose, for nothing of love or tenderness was seen in the tyrant's bearing. There can be little doubt that, if suffered to live, she must have been confined for life, her only lot protracted misery; but there is better reason to believe that the ruffian would have destroyed her, when the heat of his reproaches and abuse had in a measure evaporated.

As for the poor child Rahmea, she was carried to the rajah's zenana, and continued, for a few months, an unwilling concubine of the murderer of her father; but having made more than a few attempts at self-destruction, she was ultimately cast adrift upon the wide world, with no fortune but her native comeliness. This gave her value in the eyes of one of the rajah's dependants, who obtained permission to take her into his house; and business soon after carrying him to Delhi, he disposed of her to my servant, Secundur Kahn, for the trifle above mentioned, being wearied of the poor girl's unbending indifference.

At the time that Secundur Kahn related this tale to me, the girl had become greatly attached to her master, having been with him about six years, and being the mother of three fine children. I expressed a wish to see her, and my servant instantly complied. She was quite as handsome as he had described her; but I could elicit from her no intelligible replies to my inquiries touching her history, or that of her mother. This, apparently, did not arise from shyness or stupidity, but from a disinclination to converse upon the subject with a stranger; and therefore I forebore to probe her further.

AN ADVENTURE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

(From the *Great Metropolis*, second series.)

As illustrative of the sudden and singular vicissitudes of fortune which men sometimes undergo in that place, I may mention a curious

instance in the case of Mr. F——, the present proprietor of one of the most extensive estates in the county of Middlesex. He had been for

some years a member of the Stock Exchange, when, on becoming unfortunate, he had to suffer the indignity of having his name chalked on the black board; an indignity to which poverty more frequently than dishonourable conduct is subjected. The loss of a handsome fortune, coupled with the treatment he had received from the committee, worked his feelings up to such a state of frenzy, that chancing to pass London Bridge a few days after the battle of Waterloo, he, in his despair threw the last shilling he had in the world over the bridge into the water. For a few moments afterwards he stood motionless on the spot, leaning over the parapet, and gazing vacantly on the water. The emotions which then passed through his mind were of a nature which no second party could describe; and which, indeed, even he himself could not by possibility convey, with any thing like their vividness or power, to the minds of others. His predominating feelings—but no idea can be formed of their burning intensity—were those of envy of the insensate stones, and of a wish that he himself were, like his last shilling, at the bottom of the river. That moment, but for the crowds of persons who were passing and repassing, he would have thrown himself over the parapet of the bridge, and ended his woes by ending his existence. From that instant, he did form the purpose of committing suicide; and he began to move slowly towards home with that view. Before he reached the other end of the bridge, he was met by a Frenchman with whom he had been on terms of great intimacy. He would have passed by the Frenchman, so absorbed was he with the wretchedness of his condition, without recognising him. The latter, however, advancing towards Mr. F——, seized him by the hand, and inquired how he was. He managed to lisp out an "O, how are you?"

"This is a most important affair to both countries," said the Frenchman.

"What affair?" inquired the other, partially recovering himself from the frightful reverie to which he had been giving way.

"Why the great battle," observed Monsieur.

"The great battle! What great battle?"

"The battle of Waterloo."

"You are surely dreaming. I have not heard a word about it: the newspapers make no mention of any battle having been lately fought."

"I dare say they do not. How could they? Intelligence of it has only reached town within the last two hours. The foreign secretary and the French ambassador alone know any thing of it. Government have received the tidings of it by telegraph: it is not an hour since I parted with the French ambassador, from whom I had the information: Napoleon is signally defeated."

Mr. F—— felt as if he had started from a deep sleep. He felt as if he had become a new man. The advantage to which such important

intelligence might be turned on the Stock Exchange, the scene of so many disasters and so much degradation to him, immediately shot across his mind.

"And the battle was an important one?"

"Most important," said the Frenchman, with great emphasis. "It will prove fatal for ever to the prospects of Bonaparte. His usurpation is at an end," he added, with evident joy, being a great adherent of the Bourbon family.

"Were the numbers on either side great?"

"I have no idea of the exact numbers, but the battle was the greatest which has been fought in modern times, and it lasted a considerable part of three days."

"Mr. F—— cordially shook the Frenchman by the hand, and said he would call on him in a day or two. Hastily returning to the city, he hurried to a certain firm on the Stock Exchange, informed them that he had just become exclusively possessed of some important information, and expressed his readiness to communicate it to them on condition that he should receive the half of whatever profits they might realise on any operation they might have in the Stock Exchange in consequence of that information. They agreed to his proposal: he told them the result of the battle of Waterloo: they rushed into the market and purchased consols to an enormous amount. In the meantime Mr. F—— proceeded to another large house, and told them also that he possessed information of the most important character, of which he was sure they had heard nothing. They admitted they knew of nothing that was not in the public prints. He made the same proposal to them he had done to the other firm; they also, not supposing Mr. F—— had spoken to any other party on the subject, at once closed with the offer, and, on the intelligence being communicated to them, one of the partners called the other aside—there were only two in the counting-house at the time—and whispered to him, not on any account to let Mr. F—— out of his sight, lest he should allow the important intelligence to transpire to some one else—adding that he would that instant hurry to the Stock Exchange, and employ various brokers to purchase consols to a large amount. "You'll recollect what I have said," he observed to his partner, as he hastened out of the counting-house. "I'll take special care of that," said the other. "Leave such matters to me," he added in his own mind. A thought struck him. "Mr. F——, will you just step into the parlour," pointing the way, "and have a lunch?" Mr. F—— assented. They both proceeded to an apartment in another part of the house. A lunch was brought. Mr. F——, whose state of mind had deprived him of all appetite for some days past, now eat rather heartily. While busy with the things set before him, the other, rising from his seat said, "You'll excuse me for a moment, Mr.

F——, while I transact a small matter in the counting-house." "Certainly," said Mr. F——, "take your time." The other quitted the room, and, on getting to the outside, locked the door, unknown to Mr. F——, and put the key in his pocket. In about half an hour the first partner returned from the Stock Exchange, and stated that the funds had already, from some cause or other, risen in an hour two or three per cent. The cause, it is unnecessary to say, was the immense amount of consols which had been purchased by the first house to whom Mr. F—— gave the information. Both partners proceeded to the apartment in which they had shut up their prisoner, and apprised him of the rise which had taken place, adding that they did not think it advisable to purchase at the advanced price. He urged them to do so, expressing his firm belief

that when the news of so important a victory by the allied powers had been received, the funds would rise at least ten or twelve per cent. The parties acted on his advice, and made immense purchases. The event justified the soundness of Mr. F——'s counsel, and the accuracy of his opinion: for on the day on which intelligence of the battle was made general, the funds rose to the amazing extent of fifteen per cent., which is the greatest rise they were ever known to experience. Mr. F——'s share of the profits between the two houses in one day exceeded 100,000*l*. He returned next day to the Stock Exchange, and very soon amassed a large fortune, when he had the wisdom to quit the place for ever, and went and purchased the estate I have alluded to, which he still possesses.—(Vol. ii. pp. 64—71.)

THE ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

Our readers are all acquainted with the fact of the decease of our venerable and beloved monarch William IV., and the happy accession of our lovely queen Victoria. We have judged it desirable to place on record the following articles referring to these events; the first of them was written by one of our own correspondents for a morning paper; for the latter we are indebted to the pages of the "Athenaeum."

THE DEATH OF KING WILLIAM IV.

THE shades of death have closed around our king,
He with his fathers sleeps, in hope reposing,
And British hearts their mournful tribute bring,
In tears of love their grief sincere disclosing.

His sway, benignant, merciful, and kind,
Will long to grateful memory endear him;
History his amaranthine wreath shall bind,
And generations yet unborn revere him.

The negro free, his broken chain surveys,
Thinks of the monarch who so nobly saved him,
And in the falling tear his love displays,
Forgets the tyranny that long enslaved him.

The culprit doomed to die his mercy knows,
And lives to bless that pity which restored him;
Before his Maker's footstool lowly bows,
Seeking the grace which life and hope afford him.

The father of his people, and the friend
Of all mankind, justice to none denying;
His subjects' equal rights proud to defend,
Corruption's herd of sycophants defying.

Reform—the lasting glory of his reign,
And Britain's long-despaired regeneration:
Tyrants shall now confederate in vain
To trample down the bulwarks of the nation.

Reform—the key-stone of that lofty arch,
Fixed on our ials to his renown immortal,
Through which the sons of freedom dauntless march,
And leave oppression dying at the portal.

Camdenwell, June, 20, 1837.

R. S.

THE YOUNG QUEEN.

"THIS awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly, and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden, were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it."—*The Queen's Declaration in Council.*

THE shroud is yet unspread
To wrap our crowned dead;
His soul hath scarcely hearkened for the thrilling word
Of doom;
And death, that makes serene
E'en brows where crowns have been,
Hath scarcely time to meeten his for silence of the
tomb.

St. Paul's king-dirging note
The city's heart hath smote.
The city's heart is struck with thoughts more solemn
than the tone—
A shadow sweeps apace
Before the nation's face,
Confusing, in a shapeless blot, the sepulchre and
throne.

The palace sounds with wail,
The courtly dames are pale,
A widow o'er the purple bows, and weeps its splendour
dim;
And we who clasp the boon
A king for freedom won,
Do feel eternity rise up between our thanks and him.

And while all things express
All glory's nothingness,
A royal maiden treadeth firm where *that* departed
trod.
The deathly-scented crown
Weighs her shining ringlets down;
But calm she lifts her trusting face, and calleth upon
God.

Her thoughts are deep within her;
No outward pageants win her
From memories that in her soul are rolling wave on
wave;

Her palace walls enring
The dust that was a king ;
And cold beneath her tender feet she feels her father's
grave.

And one as fair as she,
Unreck'd of cannot be,
Who held a lifeless babe instead of all a kingdom's
worth.
The mourned, blessed one,
Who views Jehovah's throne,
Aye, smiling to the angels, that she lost a throne on
earth.

And eke our youthful Queen
Remembers what has been,
Her childhood's peace beside the hearth, and sport
upon the sod !
Alas ! can others wear
A mother's heart for her ?—
But calm she lifts her trusting face, and calleth upon
God.

Yea ! call on God, thou maiden
Of spirit nobly laden,
And leave such happy days behind, for happy-making
years !
A nation looks to thee
For stedfast sympathy—
Make room within thy bright clear eyes, for all its
gathered tears.

And so the grateful isles
Shall give thee back their smiles ;
And as thy mother joys in thee, in them shalt thou
rejoice ;
Rejoice to meekly bow
A somewhat paler brow,
While the King of kings shall bless thee by the
British people's voice !

E. B. B.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

"O maiden, heir of kings,
A king has left his place ;
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face.

And thou upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown—
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best."
The maiden wept ;
She wept, to wear a crown.

They decked her courtly halls—
They reined her hundred steeds—
They shouted at her palace gate,
"A noble Queen succeeds !"
Her name has stirred the mountains' sleep,
Her praise has filled the town :
And mourners, God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep !
Alone she wept,
Who wept, to wear a crown !

She saw no purples shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes :
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries !
And while the heralds played their part
For millions shout to drown—
"God save the Queen," from hill to mart—
She heard through all, her beating heart,
And turned and wept !
She wept, to wear a crown.

God save thee, weeping Queen,
Thou shalt be well beloved !
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
As those pure tears have moved !
The nature, in thine eyes we see,
Which tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties.
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept,
Yea, wept, to wear its crown.

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine ;
And fill with better love than earth's
That tender heart of thine ;
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A pierced hand may give to thee,
The crown which angels shout to see.
Thou wilt not weep,
To wear that heavenly crown. E. B. B.

REVIEW.

THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

ARTICLE III.

We have in this section of the work several striking facts illustrative of Mr. Hill's great success as a preacher, especially in awakening consideration and deep feeling in the minds of the thoughtless and careless. The following presents an affecting scene, drawn by the person who witnessed it.

"After Mr. Hill had preached for the Missionary Society in Princess-street chapel, Devonport, two tall, venerable-looking men, upwards of seventy years of age, appeared at the vestry door. After a short pause they entered, arm-in-arm, and advanced towards Mr. Hill, when one of them, with some degree of trepidation, inquired, 'Sir, will you permit two old sinners to have the honour to shake you by the hand ?' He replied, with some reserve, 'Yes, sir ;' when one of the gentlemen took his hand, kissed it, bathed it with tears, and said, 'Sir, do you remember preaching on the spot where this chapel now stands,

fifty years ago ?' 'Yes I do,' was the reply. The old man then proceeded to say, 'O sir, never can the dear friend who has hold of my arm or myself forget that sermon. We were then two careless young men in his majesty's dockyard, posting to destruction as fast as time and sin could convey us thither. Having heard that a young clergyman was to preach out of doors, we determined to go and have some fun ; we loaded our pocket with stones, intending to pelt you ; but, sir, when you arrived our courage failed ; and as soon as you engaged in prayer we were so deeply impressed, that we looked at each other and trembled. When you named your text, and began to speak, the word came with power to our hearts ; the tears rolled down our cheeks ; we put our hands into our pockets, and dropped the stones one after another, until they were all gone ; for God had taken away the stone from our hearts. When the service was over we retired, but our hearts were too full to speak until we came near to our lodgings, when my friend at my elbow said, 'John, this will not do, we are both wrong. Good night.' This was all he could utter. He retired to his apartment, I to

mine; but neither of us dared to go to bed, lest we should awake in hell. From that time, sir, we humbly hope we were converted to God, who, of his infinite mercy, has kept us in his ways to the present moment. We thought, sir, if you would permit us, after the lapse of half a hundred years, to have the pleasure of shaking you by the hand before we go home, it would be the greatest honour that could be conferred on us.' Mr. Hill was deeply affected, the tears rolled down his venerable cheeks in quick succession; he fell on the necks of the old men, quite in the patriarchal style; and there you might have seen them, locked in each other's arms, weeping tears of holy joy and gratitude before the Father of mercies. The writer is aware he cannot do justice to the scene, though he feels, at this distance of time, something like celestial pleasure in recording what he witnessed."—(pp. 272-274.)

Early in the present century Mr. Hill felt deeply interested on the subject of vaccine inoculation. He wrote a pamphlet in its defence, became a member of the Royal Jennerian Society, and enjoyed the pure satisfaction of knowing that, next to Dr. Jenner, he had personally saved more lives than any other living person. This is his testimony: "I have now solemnly to assert, that having inoculated, in different places, not less (fewer) than 4,840 subjects, besides 3,720 and upwards which have been inoculated in the Surrey chapel school-room, I have not as yet met with one single failure."

Mr. Jones tells us, that Mr. Hill "was the decided friend of liberal men and liberal measures; and we are glad to find him ranging himself with the advocates of religious liberty. On the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, Mr. Jones relates an amusing anecdote. Among his congregation, on this point, there were different opinions entertained. There were a few who greatly feared that this measure would be followed by the fires of Smithfield.

"The lions are now safe," said they, "let us not let them out of confinement." There were others who took different views of the question, and had no fears as to the effect of the measure. The press, they thought, was their protection against the waning power of the pope. At that time the discussions in parliament greatly excited the public mind. Mr. Hill was requested, by both parties, to preach a suitable sermon on the subject. Each side expected an advocate of his own peculiar views. The good man, on the Sabbath morning, took a suitable text, and dwelt on very general topics. Just before the close of the sermon he archly remarked, "There are some of you saying, We should like to hear the old gentleman's opinions on the subject of catholic emancipation. Should you, —oh? The old gentleman is too old to give them. If he should do so, and they were not like your own, you might say, Poor, dear man, he gets old, and his intellects are rather dull." Then raising himself in the pulpit, and appearing as if anxious to lull the fears of the timid, he added, in a deep and mellow majestic tone, "But, to tell you the truth, beloved, I don't think that the faggot will grow for the next hundred years, which will burn the next protestant martyr to popish intolerance in our country."—(pp. 366, 367.)

Mr. Hill was the uncompromising foe of slavery; and employed against it all the power and influence he could command. He once stated the following fact:—

"A poor negro called on me some years since, and told me that 'his massa beat him very bad,' and inquired what he should do. 'Do!' said I, 'why, run away from your cruel master as hard as you can.' 'Ah! massa,' replied the negro, 'we cannot run away, for me poor slave.' 'Slave! no such thing; the moment you touched British ground you were free; we have no slaves here.' The poor negro, delighted with the intelligence, said, 'Then me will run away, as good massa say;' and off he went accordingly."—(pp. 372.)

Mr. Jones justly remarks, "The History of Mr. Hill is intimately connected with the rise and progress of many of the religious and benevolent institutions of the times in which he lived." These, especially such as were associated with the congregation at Surrey chapel, he has enumerated. This part of the work conveys some information, and details a full proportion of twaddle and gossip. This indeed is the great blemish of the memoir. Mr. Jones was not sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Hill's contemporaries; we therefore read venerable names, but there are no

reminiscences of these men, no traits of their character.

It is recorded in these pages, highly to the honour of Mr. Hill, that "immediately after the erection of Surrey chapel he was anxious to train up his newly formed congregation to the habit of 'devising liberal things,' and he did not labour in vain in effecting his object. His church became a local blessing,—a fountain whence the waters of life flowed to refresh the neighbouring wilderness. It was a repository to which the lame, the halt, the sick, and the blind repaired, and met with a rich supply for all their temporal necessities. The annual contributions at Surrey chapel, for many years averaged nearly £2000, in addition to the subscriptions for supporting the preaching of the Gospel."

The biographer of Mr. Hill has devoted a chapter to the exhibition of his opinions on ecclesiastical polity.

No doubt the subject of this Memoir was, in principle and feeling, a churchman; and if he had followed the natural bent of his mind, and commenced his ministry as a regular clergyman, in all probability he would have been as stiff and as exclusive as the generality of the evangelical clergy of the present day. An impulse which he could not resist, at the beginning of his career, stamped irregularity upon his clerical name, drove him out of his course, and compelled him for ever after to move in an eccentric orbit. His opinions of ecclesiastical polity naturally arose out of his practice: we regard with admiration and gratitude the latter; and though we are far from adopting, we are not disposed very severely to censure the former. It was well for thousands of sinners, perishing for lack of knowledge, that Mr. Hill had not the fear of bishops, nor the love of filthy lucre, in the form of preferment, before his eyes, when he determined to go every where, and to consecrate every place by preaching the Lord Jesus. For our parts, we should be glad to see hundreds of his clerical brethren following his example. While the necessity, instead of diminishing, rather grows upon us, and an ignorant, unchristianised population are increasing by thousands, and perishing in a tenfold ratio, surely the clergy who undertake the cure of these souls, and who must answer for them another day, may be well excused if they are found in highways and hedges, in courts and allies, in garrets and in cellars, labouring in their proper vocation. Official regularity, a nice conformity to clerical etiquette, may be pleaded by the mere man of the world, but bishops, rectors, and curates, who are moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon them the office of spiritual shepherds, must be also moved like their great Exemplar to go forth, to seek and to save those sheep which are lost. Mr. Hill, acting under the pressure of this necessity, made the world his parish, and resembled more the good Samaritan than his brother priests and Levites, who affected to be shocked at his clerical operations. But though in this he was encouraged by the conduct of the Dissenters, and availed himself of the toleration afforded them by the state, we are persuaded that he cordially hated dissent; and though he cultivated a catholic spirit towards his dissenting brethren and coadjutors, he would have found this a less difficult task if they had been Clergymen. It always appeared to us that, in all his intercourse with Dissenters, and especially with Dissenting Ministers, Mr. Hill regarded them with a patronising air. So have we seen a bishop stretch out his sleeve of lawn, and give his lordly hand to some hard-working brother of the craft. We say not this disparagingly of Mr. Hill; it was the infirmity of a good man, and to which, on some occasions, he rose superior. Nor did it ever affect his practical co-operation with any denomination of Chris-

tians who had catholicity enough to act with him on a scale of general usefulness. In every society, and among all religionists, he was a Christian; but among Churchmen he appeared a Dissenter, and among Dissenters a Churchman.

In the following passage we catch a glimpse of the man, in the anomalous position in which he delighted to place himself:—

"When I speak of episcopacy, I beg at all times to be understood as pleading for such a reduced episcopacy as was recommended by those learned and pious episcopalians, the archbishops Usher and Leighton, which they conceived was the episcopacy of the primitive church. Bishops then claimed no other power than was delegated to them by the elective voice of the presbyters and people at large. In the purer days of the church this election naturally fell on the most spiritual and wise of the body. Around him they voluntarily collected, as toward a centre; they gave an affectionate submission to him, as a father; and their government was thereby both strengthened and simplified.

"A mere shadow of such an episcopacy still remains in the English church; for upon the death of a bishop, the king gives his *coze d'éclire*, or leave to elect, to the presbyters of the cathedral church, at the same time recommending a person for their choice; which recommendation they no more dare refuse than they dare to eat a red-hot salamander. One extreme generally produces another. However I might be disposed to vote for the reduction of the episcopacy of the English church, yet I had much rather be under the right reverend fathers in God with us, than under the jurisdiction of the most reverend mothers in God among the stricter Independents."—(pp. 456, 451.)

In the next chapter,—which treats of the kind of church order and discipline adopted at Sarrey chapel, and which, to be sure, is practical dissent, with one *real* ruling elder, and *that* the minister, with several nominal ones to agree with him in all things,—we have several useful hints; and we are not disposed to find fault with a system which, for more than half a century, has worked well, and united thousands together in the bonds of Christian fellowship, for their mutual advantage, and the wider diffusion of true religion around them.

The following is amusing:—

"At the time when Mr. Hill had completed his plan for building almshouses for the reception of aged female Christians, there was an alleged revival of religion among the venerable women, some of whom were anxious to join the church. On one occasion a poor female made her appearance at the church-meeting, when Mr. Hill made his usual inquiry, 'Is there any friend present who wishes to be proposed as a member?' The aged dame rose, and made an unusually low courtesy. The following dialogue then took place:—

"Minister. So you wish to join the church?
 "Applicant. If you please, sir.
 "Min. Where have you been accustomed to hear the Gospel?
 "Ap. At your blessed chapel, sir.
 "Min. O, indeed! at my blessed chapel! dear me! and how long have you attended with us?
 "Ap. For several years.
 "Min. Do you think you have got any good by attending at chapel?
 "Ap. O, yes, sir! I have had many blessed seasons.
 "Min. Indeed! Under whose ministry do you think you were led to feel yourself to be a sinner?
 "Ap. Under your blessed ministry.
 "Min. Indeed! And do you think your heart is pretty good?
 "Ap. O, no! sir, it is a very bad one.
 "Min. What! and do you come here with your bad heart, and wish to join the church?
 "Ap. O! sir, I mean that my heart is not worse than others; it is pretty good on the whole.
 "Min. Indeed! that's more than I can say; I'm sure mine's bad enough. Well, have you heard that we are going to build some blessed almshouses?
 "Ap. Yes, sir, I have.
 "Min. Should you like to have one of them?
 "Ap. Dropping a very low courtesy, Yes, sir, if you please.
 "Min. I thought so. You may go about your business, my friend, you won't do for us."—(pp. 475, 476.)

Though an enemy to indiscriminate communion, yet, we are told, he could unite with *all* Christians at the table of the Lord:

"Still it would have been well," adds his biographer, "had he believed that conscientious motives alone induced his strict-

communion Baptist brethren to keep him from their fellowship. On one occasion he had preached for a Baptist minister on the ordinance Sabbath, and afterwards took his seat in one of the pews. 'I am sorry, sir,' said one of the deacons, 'you cannot sit down at our table.' 'At your table!' replied Mr. Hill, 'I thought it was the Lord's; and I know I should be welcome there.' He then retired from the place."

We cannot follow the *Memoir* through all its topics, criticisms, and observations; but we feel ourselves detained and delighted with those portions which relate to the closing scenes of the life of this venerable servant of Christ. The last letter written with his own hand is exceedingly interesting, on account of the calm view which the writer takes of his past ministerial labours:—

"Wotton-under-edge, Aug. 2, 1831.

"My dear friend,

"Long as I have been enabled to resist the imperious consequences of old age, yet I find at length I must submit; and no wonder—before the conclusion of this month I shall pass into the eighty-eighth year of my age. During this last winter I have been visited with such an inflammation in one of my eyes, that I can scarcely see what I write, nor can I read the plainest-printed chapter in the Bible but with difficulty, unless by a previous recollection of its contents; add to this, an injury done to the shin-bone, during the missionary week, has greatly crippled me, while a small open wound still continues to demand attention and care. I am at length compelled to have a young friend with me to attend to the short services belonging to this place alone, while a few efforts, occasionally, to serve some of the smaller congregations in the vicinage, seem to be the utmost my exhausted strength will admit. After this, you will naturally expect me to add, that an autumnal visit to Bristol cannot be expected from me, as I now feel it cannot be accomplished by me. I now feel that I cannot do the things that I would, and it grieves me that I must at length give up; and while I am obliged to cease from what is called labour, may I wait with holy patience for my eternal rest in Christ. That day, with me, I am now sure, is very near at hand. That Gospel which I have preached, I may say, many thousands of times to others, is now the only solid resting-place of my soul; though in this letter I scarcely see what I write, yet in this I feel what I write. Though I don't lament over what I have preached, yet I greatly lament that I have not preached the same truths with more spirituality, fervour, and devotedness of heart. Though I cannot charge myself as having been a lazy drone, yet, as a busy bee, O that I had been better taught how to collect the sacred honey from those hills from whence all our hopes of salvation come.

"Though, while I write, I scarcely see what I write, yet one word shall further be written, as flowing from the heart of

"Yours, very affectionately,

"ROWLAND HILL.

"Love to your family and friends."

—(pp. 593, 594.)

The April of 1833 was a memorable period to Mr. Hill and his numerous and affectionate friends. From the second of that month till the eleventh, he was rapidly declining to the tomb, or rather, hastening towards his crown of heavenly glory.

"On the Wednesday before his death," remarks Mr. Weight, "I enjoyed much conversation with him. He told me, if he could live over his life again, he would preach the very same truths as those he had been accustomed to deliver. 'I have to deplore nothing but that I have not preached them with more of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.' I asked him if he felt his personal interest in Christ. 'I can see more of the Saviour's glory than of my interest in him. God is letting me down gently into the grave, and I shall creep into heaven through some crevice of the door.'

"In the evening his mind occasionally wandered. He called up his servant, and desired him to read to him. He read the 8th chapter of 2 Corinthians. Mr. Hill commented on the fourth and seventeenth verses. About ten that night he sent for me to conduct family prayer by his bedside, refusing to rest until I had done so. On Thursday the collection of phlegm in his chest prevented his speaking very audibly; but I could hear him softly repeating verses of Scripture and hymns, particularly 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him;' and, 'Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us unto God.'

"About ten o'clock that morning I repeated to him a verse that had often been on his lips—

'And when I'm to die,' &c.

He showed me that he understood what I was saying, but he could not articulate. And this was the last evidence of sensibility he gave. At half-past five the same day, (11th of April,) without a sigh, groan, or struggle, he gently expired.

* First Journal, p. 108.

"How bless'd the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

—(pp. 617-619.)

We have no wish to sketch the character of the Rev. Rowland Hill; we may, however, observe, that its features are strongly marked, that its lights and shadows are equally prominent: if he was generous, he was also apt to exact obsequiousness for kindness; if he was zealous, he was likewise vain, and remarkably open to flattery; if he was sincere in his attachments, there are those who, for twenty years, were made to feel that he was equally vindictive in his resentments; and it is well for Mr. Jones that the good man whose eulogy he has pronounced, with some slight reference to his frailties and imperfections, is in a world where his book will not reach him, or where, if its contents be known to him, he is equally above its praises or its censures.

Mr. Jones has made a passing allusion to an admonitory epistle which was addressed to Mr. Hill in consequence of his publishing a second edition of his "Sale of Curates." This subject, if introduced at all, should have been fairly and honestly treated. Mr. Jones's quotation from Mr. Ball's pamphlet is not so creditable to his candour as we could wish. The statement it contains is substantially false. Mr. Hill was cognisant of the publication of the second edition of the "Spiritual Characteristics;" it was printed by a sycophant who was always hanging about Surrey Chapel-House, the printer and counsellor of Mr. Hill at the time; and copies of this very edition were distributed, at Mr. Hill's residence, to his personal friends, and disposed of more openly in a more sacred place. The admonitory epistle, which originated in no personal enmity to Mr. Hill, was, in part, the production of a very young man, who afterwards withdrew it from circulation, out of regard to Mr. Hill's feelings, and who, at the same time, declared that he had the highest respect for Mr. Hill, and had, in the publication in question, merely treated him as he had treated the clergy of his own church; and that as Mr. Hill viewed it as a personal attack, likely to affect his usefulness, he was willing, in every way in his power, to neutralise the wrong he had unwittingly inflicted. His regret, we have reason to know, was sincere; but his offence was never forgiven. The admonitory epistle contains nothing more severe, either in spirit or manner, than is at least insinuated by Mr. Jones in the following passages, which we extract from the Memoir:—

"Dr. Jamieson, perhaps, was not far from the truth when he called our departed friend, 'a bigot for liberty!'"

"Mr. Hill was conversing with an Independent minister, when he remarked, with much feeling, (*temper*), 'I hate Independency.' 'Yes, sir,' replied his Congregational friend, 'and you hate dependency just as much.' This was about the truth." —(p. 342.)

"Amidst all that was 'lovely, and pure, and of good report,' there were some things that for a season appeared to cast a cloud over this 'burning and shining light.' He certainly too often listened to flatterers, who sometimes made him an easy prey to their cunning and designing purposes. At Surrey chapel there were a few persons who kept near this weak side of the holy man. Hence they always expressed their regret to him at his absence; and asserted that no supply preached like him. After these premises, out came some unkind expressions against certain individuals; and in this way they often succeeded in their object. If they knew that Mr. Hill had an unfavourable opinion of a minister, they would assiduously collect all the news about him; and the pastor's mind becoming prejudiced, he appeared to possess an unforgiving spirit. His antipathies became very strong when once they had possession of his mind. On the other hand, he was often unguarded in the selection of

his friends, and received, more than once, a scorpion into his bosom. There are many persons at Surrey chapel who can remember a lamentable instance of this kind, which, for a season, led Mr. Hill to appear in an unfavourable light to several esteemed clergymen." —(pp. 339, 340.)

"In intercourse with the venerable man, it was found that he expected that his friends should possess some practical knowledge of the doctrine of passive obedience. In reference to a devoted minister whom he had been the means of leading to God, and who possessed much independence of mind, Mr. Hill shrewdly remarked, 'He is a nice lad, but he will have his own way.'" —(p. 341.)

Earwiggers and toad-eaters gained too easy access to the interior of Surrey Chapel-House; and we could "tales unfold" of their pernicious influence over a mind naturally candid, and a heart more than usually susceptible of the kindlier feelings of humanity. The history of the admonitory epistle would furnish two or three of these, which, if publicly known, would involve the parties in utter disgrace.

We refer to the work from which we have quoted thus copiously, for what appear to us the most correct views of Mr. Hill's talents as a preacher, and works as a writer.

One anecdote Mr. Jones has not correctly reported, and we will, therefore, give it as we heard it from Mr. Hill's own lips. It refers to his travelling with Mr. Whitefield, and to a circumstance highly characteristic of that extraordinary man. On one occasion Mr. Hill remarked, "I accompanied Mr. Whitefield to visit a poor woman whose clothes had caught fire, and who was languishing in a sorry apartment, to which access could only be obtained by means of a ladder. We ascended together. Mr. Whitefield endeavoured to amuse the poor sufferer, who appeared to be in a state of stupor; but after various vain attempts, he left her bedside, which she perceiving, earnestly called out to him to return. He kindly obeyed; but, exhausted with the effort, she had sunk again into apparent insensibility. The good man prayed, and then renewed his endeavours to call her attention to her fearful condition and prospects, but with no better success. Several times he essayed to quit the scene, and as often was he detained by the momentary excitement and imploring cries of the woman. At length," said Mr. Hill, "I gently urged him to depart, when, hearing the same request, urged in the same affecting manner, he replied to my entreaties, 'No, I cannot go, she still calls me back; is it not said, 'He is able to save to the very uttermost?' and who but a God can tell how far the uttermost of a God can go?' These words reached not only the ear, but the heart of the dying person, and she was enabled to listen to the words of life eternal."

Mr. Jones's version of this incident is in the fifty-second page of the Memoir.

Among the specimens of Mr. Hill's extemporaneous and unstudied addresses, the following ought to obtain a place:—

"One Friday morning, when he was surrounded by his old women, as he was accustomed facetiously to call his hearers on those occasions, he was familiarly describing the difference between a merely superficial profession and its reality in the heart, when tried by tribulation and suffering. 'The empty professor of religion,' said he, 'is a butterfly—all surface; the pattering shower of a summer's day will beat it hither and thither; and after a vain struggle it descends, tangled and soiled, to the earth, from whence it cannot rise again. But the Christian is a dove, a strong-plumaged bird; she will meet the thunder-storm in her course, and will tack about and tack about, and give even the winds to know that she has a nest, a home,—that her heart is there, and that she must gain it.'"

It is to be regretted that Mr. Hill has not yet met with a biographer who has given us any notion of his colloquial powers. His table-talk, properly winnowed, and judiciously managed, would place him high among the extraordinary men of his age.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Be not alarmed, gentle reader; we shall not renew the dispute, as to whether the new world was first reached from the old, by Christopher Columbus, by Amerigo Vespucci, or by the Cambrian Madoc, whose vessel, according to Southey,—

“Labour’d on the labouring sea;”

and, according to those who have “judgment” without any “vision,” was delivered of an idle story, but who, according to the pedigree, is said to have cultivated leeks in Arkansas, before the Atzec eagle crossed “the river of separation,” (Behring’s Strait?) or the children of the sun made their avatar on the banks of Titicua, to teach the red men of the south to make conquests and—cotton night-caps.

These matters, and all matters on which, from their indeterminate nature, words may be spoken without end, are no doubt

“Mighty motes to microscopic eyes,”

and precious in the sight of those who love a subject the better the more incomprehensible it is, well knowing that, though the javelin of truth can and may pierce through the plated mail of the most stubborn error, it cannot so much as “play dirl” on the flimsy and unreal shade of absolute ignorance.

We waive those small matters of antiquarian wrangling, the decision of which, one way or the other, would not benefit the world or any of its inhabitants a single chaff, which the winds have winnowed round the globe; and we shall conclude that the truly illustrious Columbus *was* the first navigator whose keel so divided the waters of the Atlantic as to reveal the wonders of America to the nations of the east. But still, after having thus put aside and thus admitted, one question remains in its full force.

“Did Columbus discover America?” Was this addition to the world, as known to the nations of the east, a matter of what we call mere human discovery; or did it form a link in that more mighty chain of events, in which we can alike trace the physical and the moral government of the Omniscient and Almighty Ruler? We do not deny that Columbus was the instrument in this; and we think that any one who reads the memoirs of Columbus will be ready to admit that there was in him a disposition toward this work, and a preparation for the accomplishment of it, which cannot be accounted for upon any theory of mere human nature. It would not, we think, be difficult to prove from these memoirs alone, that Columbus was an instrument specially prepared, because specially appointed for this work, inasmuch as the events of his life

cannot be brought into a connected series of causes and effects, upon the ordinary judgment and doctrine of experience, which is the only rational foundation that we can have for actions which are wholly of human origin.

This, however, would be limiting to the case of one individual an argument which we feel to be perfectly general, and as important as it is general, though one which has been, rather unaccountably, overlooked, by those who could, and who should, have used it to very great advantage. Let us therefore, take the range of it a little wider; and in order that we may have a fixed centre, toward which all the parts of it may converge, let us state our proposition in a direct and categorical manner. It will stand thus:—

Before Columbus discovered America, there was a preparing of the people of the east to be fit colonists for America; and there was a preparing of that country for their reception.

It must be admitted, that there could be no human purpose or design in either of these preparations. That the people of the eastern continent could have any design or purpose of preparing themselves for the colonisation of the western, when they were in utter ignorance of its existence, is so monstrous an absurdity, that any attempt at its refutation would be quite thrown away. Yet we have illustrative instances upon a smaller scale, in the case of every man who, honestly and meritoriously, wins a distinguished name, of himself, and without the assistance of what we call the ordinary means; which means, by the way, often fail, and where they do succeed, the success is very often owing to causes which the parties are most solicitous to keep out of view.

It would be, if possible, still more absurd to suppose that the American continent prepared itself for the reception of the Europeans; for, besides the fact that countries can have no knowledge, *our* experience of countries is all the other way. If man slackens the hand of his working, wild nature returns and obliterates all the traces of his art. It is true that the earth must be adapted for his working, otherwise his labour will be in vain; but still he must work—there never was a civilised people who lived, or who could live on the produce of wild nature; and thus, whatever the natural capability of the earth may be, man must “know and do,” in the way of cultivation, and of every other means by which the comforts of civilisation, and the stimuli to improvement are obtained, otherwise he must remain in the wretchedness of the savage, which produces no comfort at the time, and is barren of every germ of improvement.

Still, there is a preparation of the earth for the labour of man; and if this has not been

made the labour is in vain. The grape and the fig from the cultivated trees are very different from these in wild nature; but still man must have the vine and the olive plant before he can improve them by culture. The evil, too, may be ameliorated, and the wild ox may be trained to labour on the farm; but in these cases, and in every case, there must be a preparation for man, before his labour can in any way prosper in his hands. This preparation cannot, in the nature of things, be of man himself, because it is of necessity prior even to the very first glimmering of knowledge on his part; and we need not add, that it cannot be of that which man is to improve, be it soil, plant, animal, or any thing else; for that these should have any knowledge, would be contrary to their very nature. There is but one other source to which we can look for the cause of this preparation; and, though we are sometimes prompted by our ignorance or our vanity to lose sight of it, it holds in every case, the small as well as the great—the moments of a humble man's life, as well as the discovery of a new continent, or the commanding of a world or system of worlds to arise out of nothing.

But though the glory of the working is to God alone, the tracing of the progress is for man's instruction, as well as the result, properly used, is for his advantage; and if we look with an eye of understanding at the history of the human race previous to the discovery of America, we shall find that these were the forecast shadows of something too mighty for having proper scope on the eastern continent and all its islands. The weights of military and mental slavery had pressed upon the human mind, and compressed it beyond the point of endurance; and it had begun to react, and gave proof that the time was on the wing when it should become the master principle, and be, in its turn, the instrument in ruling the world. This involves a consideration which ought never to be lost sight of, because there is consolation in it, both for individuals and for nations, even in the depth of the most grievous oppression that can be inflicted upon them by human means. In the antagonist powers of nature, where both are equally and immediately from and of the law of the Creator, we find that there invariably is a reaction, and that the excess of the one tends directly to awaken and give strength to its antagonist. The recession of the planet from the sun involves in it the cause of the return; and the return involves in it the cause of a new recession. The summer of nature actually brings on the winter repose; and the repose of the winter is the beginning of a new summer. It is the same whithersoever we turn; the one power accumulates a surplus which it hands over to the antagonist; and in the alternation of the two the life and action of the system consist.

Much more must there be a reaction in the

human mind against the slavery, whether of the sword or of superstition. These powers, which depress it, are wholly human, and partake of the finitude, the frailty, and the perishableness of all that originates with man. The mind, on the other hand, is the creature of God, and as such partakes of that inherent principle which, diversified according to their several natures, he has given to all his creatures as the law of their very being. Therefore, though it has not perhaps been studied to that extent which would bring it within the scope of our ordinary philosophy; and it is no easy study, we can easily see that there is a point at which the human mind must react, though the way in which this reaction displays itself is quite another matter. The reaction against the wand of the tyrant does not consist in drawing the sword of rebellion; and the fetters of superstition are not broken by arguments addressed to the abettors of that superstition. In many attempts of this kind the cure has proved to be worse than the disease, and in none has it been better. The elasticity must display itself in something new, which shall draw the mind out of the fetters; and men, the most essential human agents in this, may be, and indeed generally are, ignorant of the result of the mighty work which is so effectually forwarded by their labours.

This was very remarkably the case in that preparation of the people of Europe which preceded the discovery of America by Columbus. The induction might be made from the whole recorded history of the people of Europe, Western Asia, and Northern Africa; for though these people were often at war with each other, yet, in so far as they were civilised and knew each other, they were one people, their history was one history; and much as they fought and squabbled, they really worked together for one progress of the race, in what direction soever that progress might appear to be at any particular time.

To go into the details of this progress, in any thing like a satisfactory manner, would require years of labour and volumes of writing, for the subject is ample, and this view of it is wholly new, we must, therefore, content ourselves with the mere mention of a few points in the history of that century, the fifteenth of the Christian era, in which the discovery of America took place. In doing this we shall not notice the conflicts of kings or the squabbles of parties, for though these form the conspicuous part of the written works, they are the mere bubbles on the stream of history, borne by it, but not in any way originating or affecting its current.

In the early part of this, the fifteenth century, the spirit of inquiry led to the establishment of various universities which, though they now lag somewhat behind the tide of the present times, were useful in their day, and their institution is

still useful, as indicating a thirst for knowledge when they were founded. About the same time, the doctrines of the Reformation which had been taught by Wickliffe in England, forty years before, were kept alive by John Huss and Jerome of Prague. Painting in oil; and engraving and copperplate printing were invented. Printing from types, the grand means of giving extension and duration to knowledge, was invented. Engraving on wood was invented. The Portuguese felt their way along the vast coast of Africa, and discovered and doubled the Cape of Good Hope; and four years after this Columbus landed on St. Domingo. We have mentioned but a few particulars; but in the printing, the engraving, and the more extended navigation, we have the substantial rudiments of much of the greatness of modern times; and we must not omit, that the light which the early reformers had shown from the sacred volume caused the publication of the celebrated work, called "The Vulgate." Such were some of the means by which the people of the east were prepared; and they were by and for the people, without any apparent reference, *pro* or *con*, to their rulers, or to the system of government, civil or ecclesiastical. Had these been aware of the power of a fount of types, the name of John Guttenberg would have been on the list of martyrs.

The preparation of America for the reception of Europeans, is a matter in the history of which the facts are comparatively few; but few as they are, they are very striking. South and central America are the portions which have had the greatest influence on the character of the human race; and, therefore, it is to them chiefly that we must look. With the conduct of the Spaniards toward the native Indians in the mining countries, or with that of the agricultural colonists, of whatever nation, toward the most iniquitously imported people of Africa, we have, in the meantime, nothing to do; for, whatever atrocity there may have been in the management, there can be no question that the products of those veins and of that agriculture, gave a new and wonderful impulse to the human race, an impulse, the effects of which are increasing daily, even at the present time.

Now, we say, that there was a very obvious preparation in that part of the world. The mines we leave out of the question; because we are totally ignorant of the time when, and the process by which, metals are collected into veins or lodes, so that they may be available to the miner. In respect of the soil or surface of the country, the case, though still shadowy in itself, and perfectly indeterminate as to dates, is more within those analogies which have been established by observation.

In South America and the West India Islands, at the time of their discovery, there was a soil of the greatest fertility. But there were other

elements of successful cultivation wanting, and these could be supplied only by importation. The plants were wanting, and so were the animals. Sugar, now the most profitable in the agriculture of those parts of the world, is an importation; and so is coffee, and one of the cotton plants. There might, perhaps, have been found among the native plants all that was requisite in the way of vegetables; and the potato, with the dahlia, and countless other leading beauties of the garden, show that in the vegetable kingdom, South America had much to give, both for use and for ornament. But of no one of these did the natives avail themselves to the proper extent, until they were visited by Europeans; and even now many of the plants which have been introduced from that country are far superior in Europe to what they are in their native localities. This circumstance alone speaks volumes; because it shows that there is a preparation of distant parts of the earth for a growth of the plants of each other, superior to what each can have in its own; and as the transfer cannot be made without the intervention of man, the purpose of the Almighty would be incomplete, if we did not admit that he prepares the discoverer, and guides him on his way, whether the discovery be the first knowledge of the existence of a country, or the knowledge of how any one of its productions may be turned to valuable account on the spot, or what it can give and what receive, in order to increase the general value of the globe as the residence of civilised man, and make man stimulate man for mutual advantage, in every land which is visited by the sun.

Thus, when we examine this question, even in its merest beginnings, as we have very briefly done, (for our object is to stimulate the reader to reflection, not "to lull him with lectures,") so many results spring out of it, not only above all human anticipation, but beyond, and often contrary to, all human expectation, that we must come to the conclusion, that man is a mere instrument, even in those cases in which we are most disposed to give him full credit for being, of his own powers and without higher assistance, a discoverer or an inventor.

When we consider, with this view, the progressive history of the human race, and of the earth as adapted for their habitation, and for stimulating their powers, we cultivate a branch of what is called "Natural Theology," but ought to be called "The Harmony of Nature and Revelation," which is of far more importance than that which is drawn from one part of nature taken singly from all the parts together, without reference to man, or from the mere structure of the human body.

The progressive adaptation of central and South America for those animals which are indispensable in the right cultivation of the soil,

and their total absence from that part of the world previous to their introduction by Europeans, forms a very important part of the argument for a Divine Providence, in the discovery, the discoverer, and all the results, as affecting

the progress of the whole human race; but it is by much too important for being made a subordinate part of any one paper, we shall, therefore, take occasion to revert to it as a principal subject.

LADY HAMILTON'S GRAVE.

THE only thing respecting which I felt interested when passing through Calais, on my route for Italy, was to find out the spot where this female—who was under the protection of Lord Nelson, and the once-admired, courted, and flattered beauty—was interred, which is little known; and, alas! after having lived to experience want, disgrace, and scorn; and as to whom much had I heard in many parts of the Mediterranean.

The fate of this unhappy and—truth compels me to add—most unprincipled woman, might have supplied Johnson with a striking illustration for his admirable imitation of Juvenal's Satire; his nervous pen would have compressed into a few couplets her follies and infamies, the triumphs of her earlier career, the deep and bitter wretchedness of her closing life. To the pseudo liberal this will appear to be unwarrantably harsh, but the really charitable require not to be informed, that to hold up such characters to reprobation, to exhibit them as wholesome warnings to the inconsiderate and inexperienced, is not unjust severity to the dead, but mercy to the living. Let those of her sex who may be thrown into circumstances at all similar, profit by that lesson she has bequeathed to them. With such an example before their eyes, let none flatter

themselves that they shall be able to tread the same path without encountering similar perils. So flattering was the aspect of Lady Hamilton's fortune, it would have been considered as an act of madness to predict, at its zenith, the reverse that afterwards overwhelmed her, leaving her to perish in the most horrible state of destitution, cut off from all sympathy. Nor let it be urged that hers was a most extraordinary fate. Quite the reverse, for it is in the common course of events that profligacy and misconduct should lead to misery and wretchedness. It is the success of vice that forms the exception to the general rule; and if it appears to be otherwise, it is because we take no note of the myriads who perish in their folly, while envy or curiosity fixes men's gaze on every instance of prosperous profligacy.

The grave of the once lovely and adored Emma, who ruled this great commander of the British navy, and made so distinguished a figure at the court of Naples, might sober even the giddiest into serious reflection. She was actually buried in a ditch outside of the walls of Calais, and by a subscription from her countrymen. "Sic transit," &c.—*Rae Wilson's Travels in France and Italy.*

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES. No. VI.

MRS. SPENCER SMITH.

CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning, at breakfast, the marquis had to inform Mrs. Smith that the hopes of that night had been thwarted. She endeavoured to calm him. But he was not only mortified by the failure of his hopes: he was disappointed in his friendship; a wound which his young and ardent mind felt most sensibly. They stayed at Verona, till the following morning. Then the little caravan took the road to Brescia, where it arrived on the first of May 1806.

I have now to communicate the details of a most extraordinary romance, and one which is the more interesting inasmuch as every fact recorded in it is strictly true, and satisfactorily authenticated.

The refusal of count Grimani was the more vexatious, as there remained for the fugitives no asylum to elude pursuit, allowing that they could steal away from the gendarmes. This circumstance

above all others increased the difficulties; for it was in the chateau of count Grimani that the marquis reckoned upon concealing Mrs. Smith. Suddenly, however, a thought crossed his mind. The lake of Guarda occurred to him with its shady banks, and above all its boats—those boats which had so often, the preceding year, conveyed him to parties of pleasure at Riva. A few moments sufficed for him to arrange every thing in his mind; and he communicated his plan to Mrs. Smith in English. On arriving at Brescia he endeavoured to obtain lodgings which might be favourable to the execution of his project. He wished to obtain apartments on a ground floor; but in this he did not succeed, and he was obliged to content himself with a very inferior lodging, at the Due Torre inn. It was on the first floor.

When Mrs. Smith had retired to her chamber,

the marquis sent for Amédée, the chief of the four gendarmes. He was an honest fellow, and always fond of a joke, especially if a woman was mixed up in the matter.

"My dear Amédée," said the marquis, "I cannot tell you how much I repent the step I have taken in thus accompanying Mrs. Spencer Smith. We shall soon be at Milan—I shall find myself in the presence of Prince Eugène! Judge of the awkward situation in which I am placed. He has rendered me very great services; and I owe him many obligations. What will he think when he finds me escorting a prisoner of state? I am alarmed for my property in Naples. In fact, I am alarmed for myself. In short, Amédée, I believe the best thing I can do, is to separate here from Mrs. Smith. I will join her again, but it must be beyond Milan."

"I have long wished to speak to you on this subject," answered Amédée, with an air of importance. "After all, what can you do for the poor lady? We will take care of her: I do not say," continued he, with a horse-laugh, "that we shall be as useful to her as you. But at least, she will be safe, and with this assurance you may depart."

"Yes," said the marquis, "but I cannot tell her this myself. Do me the favour to inform her, my dear Amédée, that I am going to make preparations for my departure. On my return, I should wish to bid her farewell; but without a witness; you understand."

"Perfectly," said the gendarme, winking his eye. "You may take your farewell without interruption."

The marquis immediately procured a horse, rode to Salons, and hired two boats. One of these boats was for himself and Mrs. Smith, the other was to convey the post chaise which was also ordered with the horses. These arrangements occupied nearly three hours. On the other bank of the lake were the passages of the Tyrol, Saltzbourg, and the frontier of Styria.

The marquis returned to Brescia, made several purchases, wrote a long letter explaining all to Mrs. Smith, and then went to her. Amédée kept his word, she was alone though still guarded. The marquis could say but little for the day was advancing. The poor captive trembled and wept. The marquis trembled too on seeing the height of the windows. At length they separated, after some final instructions given by the marquis, the most important of which was, that Mrs. Smith should fasten a cord to her window at nine o'clock that night, for the purpose of drawing up a packet and a rope-ladder.

The marquis employed the rest of the day in preparing this ladder. He was far from expert at his task, but determination surmounts difficulties. Before evening he had completed a ladder of ten or twelve feet long, and sufficiently strong to bear the fugitive.

At nine at night, he repaired to a little narrow

obscure passage, opposite to the inn of the Due Torre. From thence he saw a light in Mrs. Smith's apartments. The window on the left belonged to the chamber adjoining her own, and which the gendarmes never quitted. Her own window was softly opened, when the nearest clock struck nine, and the marquis saw a cord descend. He approached with caution, but it was scarcely necessary, the street being deserted by that hour, and the weather was bad. The marquis tied a packet to the cord, and it was quickly drawn up again. He then returned to his hiding place. This was a barn, in which was the cabriolet and the horse which he had ordered for forty-eight hours. The barn was close to the gate, through which they must pass to go to Salons. The marquis threw himself upon the straw to endeavour to sleep, for he foresaw, that if he was not shot the following morning, he must remain many days without rest. The packet which he had carried to Mrs. Smith contained a suit of boy's clothes, the rope ladder, the letter explaining every thing she would have to do, and a phial, in which were five and twenty drops of laudanum. The laudanum was intended as a narcotic for the waiting woman, if she should decline to aid the flight of her mistress. The hour appointed for Mrs. Smith's escape was eleven. The anxiety which the marquis suffered during the interval from nine o'clock till eleven, it is impossible to describe. At length the clock struck half-past ten, and the marquis ventured from his retreat. He had on a large military cloak, and a three cornered hat, and he walked with the greatest confidence in order to avoid suspicion.

On reaching the narrow lane opposite the inn of the Due Torre, which had already served to conceal him, he trembled, and fancied for a moment that all was discovered. The window next to Mrs. Smith, which belonged to the room occupied by the gendarmes, was open, and no light appeared. Was this done the better to surprise them? He was overwhelmed at the thought of being wrecked so near to port. At the instant eleven o'clock struck from all the churches of Brescia. The marquis then saw a light glimmer through the white curtains of Mrs. Smith's window. The sash was raised, and the lady appeared in the balcony dressed in male attire. Louise threw a packet to the marquis, and then lowered a casket which contained Mrs. Smith's jewels. All this was done in profound silence. At length came the moment which the marquis dreaded. Mrs. Smith, after a short prayer, got over the balcony, and placing her feet on the ladder began to descend, but the unsteadiness of the ladder, the height of the window, the danger to which she was exposed,—all made such an impression upon her, that she felt her senses failing. Shutting her eyes, whilst at the same time she clung with all her strength to the lad-

der, she exclaimed in an under-tone to the marquis:—"I am lost, I can neither descend nor go up again!"

"Courage, madam, and all will be well. See how well every thing has succeeded thus far. Try to descend a few more steps. Fear nothing, throw yourself down, and I will catch you." The lady hesitated, footsteps were heard in the street. "We are undone," exclaimed the marquis, "we are lost if you do not instantly follow my advice. Some one approaches."

Agitated by the dread of falling, and the fear of being discovered, Mrs. Smith let go her hold of the ladder, and dropped into the arms of the marquis, who fell to the ground with her, but without sustaining any hurt. Whilst they were both recovering themselves, two men passed singing on the other side of the street, without even noticing them. In a few moments the fugitives reached the barn in safety.

"Oh!" exclaimed the unfortunate lady, as she threw herself upon the straw, "what a night of horror. If you knew all!" In uttering these words, she appeared to shudder at some terrible recollection.

"Compose yourself," said the marquis, "I conjure you, in the name of your children, of your mother, of your sisters. Do not create any obstacle to the success of an enterprise which has proved thus far so fortunate."

Mrs. Smith wept. "Oh poor Louise! if you knew how nobly she has acted. She at first wished to follow me, but afterwards, when she saw that was impossible, she told me that lest she should make any answers which might lead to a discovery of my track, she had drunk the laudanum. 'This,' said she, 'will make me sleep, and will prevent my saying a single word which may endanger you.' And before I could prevent her," continued Mrs. Smith, "she had swallowed the whole contents of the little phial. I am alarmed for the consequences."

After they had reached the barn, the marquis recollected that he had left the rope ladder at the window of the inn. He hoped that Louise had removed it before break of day; but after what he had just learned, he thought it was not likely she could have done so, and the first person passing by might give the alarm. He ran to the inn of the Due Torre; but the ladder was gone from the window, Louise had returned to the balcony to see if her mistress was out of

danger, and perceiving the ladder, she immediately understood all that was to be done.

On his return the marquis found Mrs. Smith more calm, and more mistress of herself. She remarked that it was nearly three o'clock.

"Shall we depart?" said she.

"How can we?" said the marquis. "Brescia is a closed town. We cannot get out before the opening of the gates. But stay, a thought strikes me!"

He took from the cabriolet a blue cloth cap, with a gold band and tassel, and having put it on his head, he handed the lady into the cabriolet. Mrs. Smith, it will be recollected, was in male attire. He seated himself by her side, wrapped up in his cloak, and the cabriolet was in a few moments at the gates of the city.

"Hollo! how is this?" exclaimed the marquis, with an oath.

"What, the guard of the gates not at his post! I will cashier him."

The man appeared half undressed, with the keys in his hands. "Who is there?" cried he in an affrighted tone.

"The colonel of the third regiment," answered the marquis, assuming a gruff tone of voice. "You received notice last evening that I was going into the country to-day. I will break you."

"Colonel, I assure you that I knew nothing of the matter."

"Go and open the gates, and do not stand babbling there."

The guard opened the gates, holding his cap in his hand, and closing them again he returned to his bed, whilst the fugitives drove rapidly to Salons.

On arriving there they entered their boat, and took the direction of Riva. They now breathed again, and were able to render thanks to heaven for their success of their attempt.

Day was dawning, and the first rays of morning sparkled on the surface of the lake, whose limpid waters and luxuriant banks presented a picture of unusual beauty. The lake of Guarda is more picturesque than either the lake Maggiore or the lake of Como. It is one of those remarkable spots which are always visited by travellers in Italy. Mrs. Smith had not before seen it, and she admired it with the enthusiasm of an elevated mind and a poetic imagination. They landed at Riva.

THE COSMOGONY OF MOSES.

PART IV.

ON a review of the events which we have sketched with a rapid hand, a multitude of thoughts crowd upon the mind: a few of which we will proceed to exhibit and arrange, as subjects for profitable meditation. And,

First, What an impressive manifestation is afforded by the creation, of the existence, the greatness, the wisdom, and the goodness of the Supreme Being. The Cosmogony of Moses expressly recognised one first intelligent Cause

of all things, self-existent and eternal, at a period of almost universal idolatry; when the true God was unknown, and religious worship had degenerated into the most debasing and abominable superstition. His account of the works of the Almighty seems to have a special reference to the existing and most prevalent idolatries of his time. Whatever was an object of veneration and devout homage among the besotted nations, the writer of Genesis singles out and describes as the mere creature of that Power, whose worship he was anxious to revive. The heavens, the earth, and the seas, with all their inhabitants, are traced to one origin. They have a maker, and that maker is God. The voice of Moses, in this revelation, was but the echo of the universe. Yet men heard it not. Alas! they hear it not at this moment. They all worship, but they know not what; and give the glory of the Creator to the creatures, to four-footed beasts, and even to reptiles and creeping things. Yet where is the people, where is the language in which nature does not speak and proclaim her divine Original?

Oh! that, with a poet's eye and a Christian's heart, man would but walk abroad amidst the grandeur and the loveliness of creation. Then would even the desert become a paradise—and the bleak and hoary mountain the bright seat of the enthroned Divinity. He is not to be envied; indeed, he is an object of the deepest pity, who can abandon himself to the persuasion that the universe has no parent—who is unconscious of the pervading presence and influence of that awful Being who is nature's essence mind, and energy. Oh! for the spirit of him, in his happiest mood, who, standing in Chamouny's vale, with Mount Blanc above him, and his five incessant torrents rushing at his feet, could thus, in strains so like inspiration, that when we repeat them the divine afflatus seems to come over us, invoke the voice of sweet song:—

“Thou first and chief, sole sov'reign of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or, when they climb the sky, or when they sink;
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's ROSY STAR, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake and utter praise!
Who sunk thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous black jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded, (and the silence came)
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?
Ye icefalls! Ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge;

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! Let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo God!
God! sing ye meadow streams with glad some voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds;
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow
And in their perilous fall shall thunder—God!
Ye livery flowers! that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats! sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise.
Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! Thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, Oh! over rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit! throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador! from earth to heaven.
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices praises God!”

The greatness and majesty of God are wonderfully conspicuous in his works; and thus manifested, he is entitled to the adoring-reverence of all intelligent creatures.

Revelation leads us to the origin of only one system of worlds; and it rather announces the existence of that system than describes it; but Philosophy has taken up the question where Revelation abandoned it, and has introduced us to the knowledge of a universe, which the more we contemplate astonishes us still the more, and impresses us with the idea of the utter inconceivableness of the greatness of the Divine power, wisdom, and goodness. I know not whether the discoveries of the microscope or the telescope convey the most overpowering impressions of the Divine majesty: whether a drop of water and a star of the first magnitude are not equal miracles of creating and sustaining energy. Here we have an inhabited world, teeming with myriads of beings; we conclude that the other is the same and no more; the creation of either or of both supposes infinity in the agent by whom it is accomplished. By the eye of observation, assisted by the latter instrument, how are we amazed at the variety, the profusion, and the multitude of those objects which display the sagacity of creating wisdom, and the munificence of all bounteous Providence!

St. Pierre observes in reference to his great work, “that after he had collected with the greatest industry and perseverance all the materials necessary to a History of Nature, he found himself in the condition of a child, who

with a shell had dug a hole in the sand to hold the water of the ocean." "Nature," he continues, "is of unbounded extent, and I am a human being limited on every side. Not only her general history, but that of the smallest plant far transcends my highest powers. Permit me to relate on what occasion I became sensible of this:—

"One day in summer, while I was busied in the arrangement of some observations which I had made, respecting the harmonies discoverable in this globe of ours, I perceived on a strawberry plant, which had been accidentally placed in my window, some small winged insects, so very beautiful that I took a fancy to describe them. Next day a different sort appeared, which I proceeded likewise to describe. In the course of three weeks, no less than thirty-seven species, totally distinct, had visited my strawberry plant: at length they came in such crowds, and presented such variety, that I was constrained to relinquish this study, though highly amusing, for want of leisure, and to acknowledge the truth for want of expression. The insects which I had observed were all distinguishable from each other, by their colours, their forms, and their motions. Some of them shone like gold; others were of the colour of silver and of brass; some were spotted, some striped; they were blue, green, brown, chesnut-coloured. The heads of some were rounded like a turban; those of others were drawn out into the figure of a cone. Here it was dark as a tuft of black velvet; there it sparkled like a ruby. There was not less diversity in their wings: in some they were long and brilliant, like transparent plates of mother of pearl; in others, short and broad, resembling network of the finest gauze. Each had his particular manner of disposing and managing his wings. Some disposed theirs perpendicularly, others horizontally, and they seemed to take pleasure in displaying them; some few spirally, after the manner of butterflies; others sprung into the air, directing their flight in opposition to the wind, by a mechanism somewhat similar to that of a paper-kite, which in rising, forms with the axis of the wind an angle, I think of twenty-two degrees and a half.

"Some alighted on the plant to deposit their eggs; others merely to shelter themselves from the sun. But the greatest part paid this visit from reasons totally unknown to me; for some went and came in an incessant motion, while others moved only the hinder part of their body. A great many of them remained entirely motionless, and were like me, perhaps, employed in making observations.

"I scorned to pay any attention, as being already sufficiently known, to all the other tribes of insects which my strawberry plant had attracted: such as the snail, which nestles under the leaves; the butterfly, which flutters around;

the beetle, which digs about its roots; the small worm, which contrives to live in the *parenchyme*, that is, in the mere thickness of a leaf; the wasp and honey-bee, which hum around the blossoms; the gnat, which sucks the juices of the stems; the ant, which licks up the gnat; and, to make no longer an enumeration, the spider, which, in order to find a prey in these, one after another, distends his snares over the whole vicinity.

"However minute these objects may be, they surely merited my attention, as Nature deemed them not unworthy of hers. Could I refuse them a place in my general history, when she had given them one in the system of the universe? For a still stronger reason, had I written the history of my strawberry plant, I must have given some account of the insects attached to it. Plants are the habitation of insects; and it is impossible to give the history of a city, without saying something of its inhabitants. Besides, my strawberry plant was not in its natural situation, in the open country, on the border of a wood, or by the brink of a rivulet, where it could have been frequented by many other species of living creatures. It was confined to an earthen pot, amidst the smoke of Paris. I observed it only at vacant moments. I knew nothing of the insects which visited it during the course of the day, still less of those which might come only in the night, attracted by simple emanations, or perhaps by a phosphoric light, which escapes our senses. I was totally ignorant of the various species which might frequent it at other seasons of the year: and of the endless other relations which it might have with reptiles, with amphibious animals, fishes, birds, quadrupeds, and above all with Man, who undervalues every thing which he cannot convert to his own use.

"But it was not sufficient to observe it from the heights of my greatness, if I may use the expression, for in this case my knowledge would have been greatly inferior to that of one of the insects, who made it their habitation. Not one of them, on examining it with his little spherical eyes, but must have distinguished an infinite variety of objects, which I could not perceive without the assistance of a microscope, and after much laborious research. Nay, their eyes are inconceivably superior even to this instrument; for it shows us the object only which are in its focus, that is, at the distance of a few lines; whereas they perceive, by a mechanism, which we have no conception, those which are near and those which are afar off. Their eyes therefore, are at once microscopes and telescopes. Besides, by their circular disposition round the head, they have the advantage of viewing the whole circuit of the heavens at the same instant, while those of the astronomer can take in, at most, but the half. My winged insects accord-

ingly must discern in the strawberry plant, at a single glance, an arrangement and combination of parts, which, assisted by the microscope, I can observe only separate from each other, and in succession. On examining the leaves of this vegetable with the aid of a lens, which had but a small magnifying power, I found them divided into compartments, hedged round with bristles, separated by canals, and strewed with glands. These compartments appeared to me similar to large verdant inclosures, their bristles to vegetables of a particular order; of which some were upright, some inclined, some forked, some hollowed into tubes, from the extremity of which a fluid distilled; and their canals, as well as their glands, seemed full of a brilliant liquor. In plants of a different species, these bristles and these canals exhibit forms, colours and fluids entirely different. There are even glands, which resemble basins, round, square, or radiated.

"Now, Nature has made nothing in vain; wherever she has prepared a habitation, she immediately peoples it. She is never straitened for want of room; she has placed animals furnished with fins in a single drop of water, and in such multitudes, that Leeuwenhoek, the natural philosopher, reckoned up thousands of them. Many others after him, and among the rest Robert Hook, have seen, in one drop of water as small as a grain of millet, some ten, others thirty, and some as far as forty-five thousand. Those who know not how far the patience and sagacity of an observer can go, might perhaps call in question the accuracy of these observations, if Lyonnot, who relates them in Lesser's *Theology of Insects*, had not demonstrated the possibility of it, by a piece of mechanism abundantly simple. We are certain, at least of the existence of those beings whose different figures have actually been drawn. Others are found, whose feet are armed with claws, on the body of the fly, and even on that of the flea.

"It is credible, then, from analogy, that there are animals feeding on the leaves of plants, like the cattle on our meadows, and on our mountains; which repose under the shade of a down imperceptible to the naked eye, and which, from goblets formed like so many suns, quaff nectar of the colour of gold and silver. Each part of the flower must present to them a spectacle of which we can form no idea. The yellow anthers of flowers, suspended by fillets of white exhibit to their eyes double rafters of gold in equilibrio, on pillars fairer than ivory; the corolla, an arch of unbounded magnitude, embellished with the ruby and the topaz; rivers of nectar and honey; the other parts of the floweret, cups, urns, pavilions, domes, which the human architect and goldsmith have not yet learned to imitate.

"I do not speak thus from conjecture; for having examined one day by the microscope the

flowers of thyme, I distinguished in them, with equal surprise and delight, superb flagons, with a long neck, of a substance resembling amethyst, from the gullets of which seem to flow ingots of liquid gold. I have never made observation of the corolla simply, of the smallest flower, without finding it composed of an admirable substance, half transparent, studded with brilliants, and shining in the most lively colours.

"The beings which live under a reflex thus enriched, must have ideas very different from ours, of light, and of the other phenomena of nature. A drop of dew, filtering in the capillary and transparent tubes of a plant, presents to them thousands of cascades; the same drop, fixed as a wave on the extremity of one of its prickles, an ocean without a shore; evaporated into air, a vast aerial sea. They must, therefore, see fluids ascending, instead of falling; assuming a globular form, instead of sinking to a level; and mounting into the air, instead of obeying the power of gravity.

"Their ignorance must be as wonderful as their knowledge. As they have a thorough acquaintance with the harmony of only the minutest objects, that of vast objects must escape them. They know not, undoubtedly, that there are men, and among these learned men, who know every thing, can explain every thing, who, transient like themselves, plunge into an infinity on the ascending scale, in which they are lost; whereas they, in virtue of their littleness are acquainted with an opposite infinity in the last divisions of time and matter.

"In these ephemeral beings, we must find the youth of a single morning, and the decrepitude of one day. If they possess historical monuments, they must have their months, years, ages, epochs, proportioned to the duration of a flower; they must have a chronology different from ours, as their hydraulics and optics must differ. Thus in proportion as man brings the elements of nature near him, the principles of his science disappear.

"Such therefore, must have been my strawberry-plant and its natural inhabitants in the eyes of my winged insects, which had alighted to visit it; but supposing I had been able to acquire with them an infinite knowledge of this new world, I was still very far from having the history of it. I must have previously studied its relations to the other parts of nature; to the sun which expands its blossom; to the winds which sow its seeds over and over; to the brooks whose banks it forms and embellishes. I must have known how it was preserved in winter, during a cold capable of cleaving stones asunder; and how it should appear verdant in the spring, without any pains employed to preserve it from the frost; how, feeble and crawling along the ground, it should be able to find its way from the deepest valley to the summit of the Alps, to

traverse the globe from north to south, from mountain to mountain, forming on its passage a thousand pieces of chequered work, of its fair flowers and rose-coloured fruit, with plants of every other climate; how it has been able to scatter itself from the mountains of Cachemire to Archangel, and from the Telices, in Norway, or Kamschatka; how, in a word, we find it in equal abundance in both American Continents, though an infinite number of animals is making incessant and universal war upon it, and no gardener is at the trouble to sow it again.

"Supposing all this knowledge acquired I should still have arrived no farther than at the history of the *genus*, and not that of the *species*. The varieties would still have remained unknown, which have each its particular character, according as they have flowers single, in pairs, or disposed in clusters; according to the colour, the smell, and taste of the fruit; according to the size, the figure, the edging, the smoothness, or the downy clothing of the leaves. One of our most celebrated botanists, Sebastian le Vailant, has found, in the environs of Paris alone, five distinct species, three of which bear flowers without producing fruit. In our gardens we cultivate, at least, twelve different sorts of foreign strawberries: that of Chili, of Peru, the Alpine or perpetual, the Swedish, which is green, &c. But how many varieties are there to us totally unknown? Has not every degree of latitude a species peculiar to itself? Is it not presumable, that there may be trees which produce strawberries as there are those which bear peas and French-beans? May we not even consider as varieties of the strawberry the numerous species of the raspberry and of the bramble, with which it has a very striking analogy, from the shape of its leaves, from its shoots, which creep along the ground, and replant themselves; from the rose form of its flowers, and that of its fruit, the seeds of which are on the outside? Has it not, besides, an affinity with the eglantine and the rose tree as to its flower; with the mulberry as to its fruit: and with the trefoil itself as to the leaves, one species of which, common in the environs of Paris, bears likewise its seeds aggregated into the form of a strawberry, from which it derives the botanic name of *trifolium fragiferum*, the strawberry-bearing trefoil? Now, if we reflect that all these species, varieties, analogies, affinities, have in every particular latitude necessary relations with a multitude of animals, and that these relations are altogether unknown to us, we shall find a complete history of the strawberry plant would be ample employment for all the naturalists in the world."

If observation, assisted by the microscope, be thus prolific in discovery, how immensely is the field enlarged, when we avail ourselves of the telescope. Without its aid, and to a mind unacquainted with the science of these enlightened

times, the heavens present a great and an elevating spectacle—an immense concave reposing upon the circular boundary of the world, and the innumerable lights which are suspended from on high, moving with solemn regularity along its surface. What a sublime spectacle is unveiled by a nocturnal sky when the moon and stars are visible! How does it lift the soul to pious contemplation! That moon and these stars, what are they? they are detached from the world, and they attract you above it. You feel withdrawn from the earth, and rise in lofty abstraction from this little theatre of human anxieties. The mind abandons itself to reverie, and is transferred in the extasy of its thoughts to distant and unexplored regions. It sees nature in the simplicity of her great elements, and it sees the God of Nature invested with the high attributes of wisdom and majesty. But what can these lights be? The curiosity of the human mind is insatiable; and the mechanism of these wonderful heavens has in all ages been its subject and its employment. It has been reserved for these latter times to resolve this great and interesting question. The sublime powers of philosophy have been called to the exercise, and astronomy may now be looked upon as the most certain and best established of the sciences. We all know that every visible object appears less in magnitude as it recedes from the eye. The lofty vessel as it retires from the coast shrinks into littleness, and at last appears in the form of a small speck on the verge of the horizon. The eagle with expanded wings is a noble object, but when it takes its flight into the upper regions of the air, it becomes less to the eye, and is seen like a dark spot upon the vault of heaven. The same is true of all magnitude. The heavenly bodies appear small to the eye of an inhabitant of this earth only from the immensity of their distance. When we talk of hundreds of millions of miles, it is not to be listened to as incredible. For remember that we are talking of those bodies which are scattered over the immensity of space, and that space knows no termination. The conception is great and difficult, but the truth is unquestionable. By a process of measurement, which it is unnecessary at present to explain, we have ascertained first the distance, and then the magnitude of some of those bodies which roll in the firmament; that the sun which presents itself to the eye under so diminutive a form is really a globe, exceeding by many thousands of times the dimensions of the earth which we inhabit; that the moon itself has the magnitude of a world; and that even a few of those stars which appear like so many lucid points to the unassisted eye of the observer, expand into large circles upon the application of the telescope, and are some of them much larger than the ball which we tread upon, and to which we proudly apply the denomination of the universe.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE BY THE STATE.

(From the second volume of Lord Mahon's History of England.)

During the reigns of William, of Anne, and of George I., till 1721, when Walpole became prime minister, the Whigs and Tories vied with each other in the encouragement of learned and literary men. Whenever a writer showed signs of genius, either party to which his principles might incline him was eager to hail him as a friend. The most distinguished society, and the most favourable opportunities, were thrown open to him. Places and pensions were showered down in lavish profusion; those who wished only to pursue their studies had the means afforded them for learned leisure, while more ambitious spirits were pushed forward in parliament, or in diplomacy. In short, though the sovereign was never an Augustus, almost every minister was a Mæcenæus. Newton became master of the mint; Locke was a commissioner of appeals; Steele was a commissioner of stamps; Stepney, Prior, and Gay, were employed in lucrative and important embassies. It was a slight piece of humour at his onset, and at his introduction—the “City and Country Mouse”—that brought forth a mountain of honours to Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and first lord of the treasury. When Parnell first came to court, Lord Treasurer Oxford passed through the crowd of nobles, leaving them all unnoticed, to greet and welcome the poet. “I value myself,” says Swift, “upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry.” Swift himself became dean of St. Patrick’s, and, but for the queen’s dislike, would have been bishop of Hereford. Pope, as a Roman catholic, was debarred from all places of honour or emolument; yet secretary Craggs offered him a pension of three hundred pounds a-year, not to be known by the public, and to be paid from the secret service money. In 1714, General Stanhope carried a bill, providing a most liberal reward for the discovery of the longitude. Addison became secretary of state. Tickell was secretary in Ireland. Several rich sinecures were bestowed on Congreve and Rowe, on Hughes and Ambrose Philips. Looking to those times, and comparing them with ours, we shall find that this system of munificent patronage has never been revived. Its place has, however, in some degree, been supplied by the large increase of readers, and the higher price of books, and, consequently, the far superior value of literary labour. A popular writer may now receive a liberal income from the sale of his works; and, according to the common phrase, needs no other patron than the public. It is often boasted, that the latter state of things far exceeds the former in independence; yet, however plausible this assertion, it is not alto-

gether confirmed by a closer survey. I cannot find that the objects of such splendid patronage were at all humbled by receiving it, or considered themselves, in the slightest degree, as political or private bondsmen. I cannot find that Swift or Prior, for example, mixed with the great on any other footing than that of equal familiarity and friendship, or paid any submissive homage to Lord Treasurer Oxford, or Secretary St. John. In Bolingbroke’s “Correspondence” we may still read the private notes of *Mat* to *Harry*, and of *Harry* to *Mat*. The old system of patronage in literature was, I conceive, like the old system of patronage in parliament. Some powerful nobleman, with large burgage tenures in his hands, was enabled to place in the House of Commons any young man of like principles and of promising abilities. That system, whether for good or for evil, endured till the Reform Bill in 1832. But, whatever difference of opinion may exist concerning it, there is one point which will be admitted by all those who have observed its inward workings—although we often hear the contrary roared forth by those who never saw it nearer than from the strangers’ gallery—that a man brought into parliament from his talents felt no humiliating dependence on him by whose interest he was elected—no such dependence, for example, as would be imposed among gentlemen by what seems a far less favour, a gift of fifty pounds. The two parties met on equal terms of friendship. It was thought as desirable for the one, that his principles should be ably supported, as for the other, that he should sit in the House of Commons. Thus, likewise, in literary patronage, when Oxford made Swift a dean, or Bolingbroke made Prior an ambassador, it was considered no badge of dependence or painful inferiority. It was, of course, desirable for Swift to rise in the church, and for Prior to rise in the state; but it was also desirable for the administration to secure the assistance of an eloquent writer, and of a skilful diplomatist. It may, moreover, be observed, that literary profits do not in all respects supply the place of literary patronage. First, there are several studies, such as many branches of science or antiquities, which are highly deserving of encouragement, but not generally popular, and therefore not productive of emolument. In these cases, the liberality of the government might sometimes usefully atone for the indifference of the public. But even with the most popular authors, the necessity of looking to their literary labours for their daily bread, has not unfrequently an unfavourable effect upon the former. It may compel, or at least induce, them to over-write

themselves, to pour forth hasty and immature productions; to keep, at all hazards, their names before the public. How seldom can they admit intervals of leisure, or allow their minds to lie fallow for a season, in order to bear hereafter a larger and a better harvest! In like manner, they must minister to the taste of the public, whatever that taste might be, and sometimes have to sacrifice their own ideas of beauty, and aspirations of fame. These are undoubted evils, not merely to them, but to us; and as undoubtedly are they guarded against whenever a

fixed and competent provision can be granted to genius. I am therefore clearly of opinion, that any minister who might have the noble ambition to become the patron of literary men, would still find a large field open to his munificence! that his intercourse with them on the footing of equal friendship, would be a deserved distinction to them, and a liberal recreation to himself; that his favours might be employed with great advantage, and received with perfect independence.

TEMPERATURE, AND ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

[The following observations are extracted from the notes to Archdeacon Paley's Works, now publishing by Mr. Smith, of Bouverie-street, in his "Imperial Classics," a series of works which promise to combine more editorial care, beautiful execution, and moderation in price, than any other we have yet met with.]

THE power possessed by man of inhabiting all parts of the earth, bearing all degrees of heat and cold, and differences in atmospheric pressure, is an instance of the adaptation of animated bodies to inanimate nature, worthy of particular consideration. This natural power is alone possessed by man, who having, by the will of his Creator, dominion over the earth and over all animals, was of necessity obliged to be endowed with superior powers, to resist the extremes of heat and cold in all parts of the globe. He is accordingly constituted in a manner different from all other animals; he can dwell in all climates, and at all elevations of the earth's surface.

"The situations occupied by our species," says Mr. Lawrence, "extend as far as the known surface of the earth. The Greenlanders and the Esquimaux have reached between 70° and 80° of north latitude, and Danish settlements have been formed in Greenland.

"Three Russians lived between six and seven years on Spitzbergen, between 77° and 80°. The Negro lives under the equator, and all America is inhabited, even to Terra del Fuego. Thus we find that man can exist and propagate his species in the hottest and coldest countries of the earth."

M. Gmelin, in 1735, observed the greatest natural cold; the quicksilver froze in the thermometer, the sparrows and other birds were all killed. The same was observed by Pallas. At the English settlements in Hudson's Bay the cold is just as extreme; brandy freezes even in rooms where there is a fire. Yet in such a temperature as this the Canadian savages hunt and fish.

"Some of the Dutch," continues Mr. Lawrence, "who wintered in Nova Zembla, under Hemskerk, perished; but those who moved enough, and were in good health at first, with-

stood the dreadful cold which the polar bear, (*ursus maritimus*,) apparently born for these climes, seems to have been incapable of supporting; for their journal states, that as soon as the sun sinks below the horizon, the cold is so intense that the bears are no longer seen, and the white fox (*isatis canis lagopus*) alone braves the weather. The power of the human body to withstand severe cold will seem the more remarkable when we observe what heat it is capable of bearing. The mean temperature of Sierra Leone is 84°; the thermometer is frequently at 100°, and even 102° and 103° in the shade. Adamson saw it at 108° in the sun, at Senegal; and according to Buffon, it has been seen at 117°. When the sirocco blows in Sicily, the thermometer rises to 112°. Dr. Chalmers saw it at 115° in the shade, in South Carolina; and Humboldt at 110° to 115° in the deserts on the banks of the Orinoco."

In some experiments of Dr. Fordyce, Sir Joseph Banks, and others, a room was artificially heated to 260°; into this room these gentlemen walked, in company with several others, and remained some time without inconvenience, although their watch chains were too much heated to be touched without pain; and eggs were cooked in a few minutes by merely remaining on a plate in the room. The oven girls of Germany sustain even still higher temperatures, and this is the true secret of many a feat of legerdemain.

Then, again, as regards resisting diminutions of atmospheric pressure, man is singularly endowed. The ordinary pressure upon the surface of an adult's body is calculated, by Mr. Lawrence, to be equal to 32,325lbs. on a level with the sea, when the barometer is at thirty inches; but at a height of twelve thousand feet, or that of many inhabited plains in South America, the barometer sinks to twenty inches and a quarter, and the pressure is then only equal to 21,750lbs.; yet Condamine and Bouguer lived for three weeks more than two thousand feet higher than this. The city of Mexico is 7475, and Quito 9550 feet above the level of the ocean. The

hamlet of Antisana, in South America, is supposed to be the most elevated inhabited spot in the world, being 13,500 feet above the sea. M. Humboldt ascended Chimborazo to more than 19,000 feet. Gay Luasac, in a balloon, attained to 23,000; and yet some of the peaks of the Himalaya Mountains, in India, exceed even this great elevation.

The power of the human body to withstand increased pressure is equally extraordinary, the barometer often ranges considerably above 30; and in diving into deep waters, as, for instance, in the diving bell, a pressure is sustained equal to several atmospheres.

Thus is man unrestrained by temperature or atmospheric pressure to any particular section of the globe, a freedom which no other being possesses; even vegetation is located to particular spots; the fruits and palms of the equator gradually disappear as we approach the temperate regions of the earth, as those of our climate are

equally unknown in the tropics; and as we still progress in a northerly direction, we find one vegetable product leaves us after another. The rose and the violet, the oak and the elm, speedily depart; the pine and the birch cling to us much longer, but as we travel northward these are no longer seen. The heath and the arctic raspberry, (the *rubus arcticus*;) at last, are our only vegetable companions; but even they cannot live beyond a certain latitude, they, too, disappear; and yet man is still seen hunting and fishing, as if in defiance of the climate, and triumphing over all the obstacles of nature.

Lawrence's Lectures, p. 189; Philosophical Transactions, 1775, pp. 111, 484; Dr. Aiken, Manchester S. M., vol. i., p. 95; Barrow's Voyages, chap. ii.; Chalmers, on the Diseases of South Carolina; Winterbottom on the Native Africans, vol. i., p. 32; Mémoires de l'Académie, 1744, p. 262.

WEDDING RINGS.

INQUIRIES into such of our popular customs as appear to owe their existence to times long gone by, have often afforded me an interesting and, I may add, in most cases a profitable amusement, during the hours of relaxation from severer studies.

The use of a ring in the nuptial ceremony is one of those established customs which lay claim to very ancient origin. We find that with the Romans it was usual to present one to their betrothed wives even before the day of marriage, as appears from the following passage in Juvenal:—

"Digito pignus fortasse dedisti."

"Perhaps you have already put the ring upon her finger."

Pliny informs us that the ring used on such occasions was a plain one, unadorned with jewels, and made of iron; but Tertullian observes, that at one time it was made of gold, which being the purest metal, and continuing the longest without rust or tarnish, might perhaps indicate that permanent affection which ought to subsist between married persons: and for the same reason, no doubt, the ring was selected as a gift in preference to other ornaments, the circle being that figure which the ancients used as an emblem of eternity.

It is further remarkable, that the ring is to this day placed on the same finger of the same hand, on which it was worn by the Roman matrons. The reasons given, why the fourth finger of the left hand is chosen for this purpose, are various; some supposing the ring to be least exposed to injury and at the same time most conspicuous when on that finger; thus Alexander ab Alex. "Former ages placed the wedding ring on the left hand, that it might not be worn

in pieces:" whilst others think that it was worn there under the idea of a nerve proceeding from that finger to the heart. This latter opinion seems most favoured by those authors who have noticed the custom; particularly Aulus Gellius, who has a passage in the tenth book of his "Attic Nights," to this purport:—"Apion says, that, in dissecting bodies, previous to their being embalmed, the Egyptians have found a nerve running to the heart, from the finger we have mentioned, and from none else, wherefore it seems proper that this, being so intimately connected with the heart, should be distinguished from the rest by such an ornament." Of these two reasons, however, the former is without dispute the more probable, especially as the latter is founded on an anatomical error.

The Jews, also, had a custom of this sort in their marriages, as well as the Romans, which I believe is continued by their descendants to the present day; and what is more worthy of notice, they made use of rings bearing some short and applicable motto, generally the words, *Mazal tob*; that is, "Be it done in a good hour;" an admonition which may prove as useful in our days, as it was thought appropriate when first inscribed on the ring of a Jewish bride.

Thus it appears, that we still retain, in all its peculiarities, a custom of universal use amongst the Romans and the Jews, to the latter of whom the invention may be attributed, if not with certainty, at least with great probability; one thing we may be assured of, from the knowledge we have of that once-favoured people, that they would not be likely to adopt such a custom in imitation of those by whom they had been subjugated, whilst, on the other hand, it

cannot be supposed that the Romans, fully aware of the rank which the Jews once held in the scale of nations, would think an imitation of their ceremonies derogatory to their own dignity.

What were the emblematical significations of the "wedding ring," has been shown above, but its real use was as the token of a covenant made between the parties, and binding them to each other for life; in this sense we retain it, and with this signification it was used by the primitive Christians.

The actual as well as the allegorical meanings of the "wedding ring" still continue, though

their institutions are no more remembered; and notwithstanding the inscription, *Mazal tob*, no longer appears upon it, yet its import ought to remain firmly impressed upon the mind. Engagements which are to last for life should be made "in a good hour;" they should be undertaken with cautious reflection. Were this always attended to, I am enthusiast enough to believe that they who entered on the married state, would find it a real Utopia; as the beginning would be propitious, so its continuance would be happy.

S. I. L.

SANGUINARY PUNISHMENTS.

TRAVELLING one morning in autumn in a stage-coach across a neighbouring country, I was pleased with a view from a hill near Sheffield of the wide expanse around me. My pleasure was increased by the appearance of a suffusion in the cloudless horizon, modestly intimating the approach of the rising sun. Before his actual appearance my eye strayed over the objects in the west, and was richly rewarded with witnessing the effects of the morning light on the remaining foliage in a half-grown plantation. As the sun slowly advanced, his rays, far exceeding in effect the pencil of the most eminent artist, gradually heightened the colouring of the different objects, till admiration itself was satisfied.

Through the anatomised forms of the ash and the larch might be seen the dark shade of the lofty elm and the darker hue of the Scotch pine, serving as a back-ground. Interspersed between these and the former, appeared at irregular distances the various yellows occasioned by autumnal frosts, from the lively citron to the dark tinge of the tenacious oak, burnishing into gold by the action of increasing light upon the dewy surface of the leaves. To be fully appreciated, these and the surrounding beauties must be seen: they reminded me of Addison's "sweet but fading graces of inspiring autumn," and excited a feeling in unison with that of the poet,

—"Thyself how wondrous then!"

Losing the wood, not the emotions it had raised, I turned my eye to the east, and perceived that the sun had completely risen from beneath the horizon, and was smiling on every object ready to receive him. A stately mansion, surrounded with trees, appeared on my right, and received, in common with the poorest cottage, the cheering influence of the morning beams. Transition of thought from the edifice to its inhabitants was easy. Certainly, said I, the good will of their Creator daily solicits their acceptance, as the sun every morning courts entrance at their windows, and possibly these

elevated characters may, at this moment, be opening avenues for them both.

On my left I could discern the humbler shed of the labourer, whose door and windows had been long thrown open, to anticipate the earliest dawn of day. May this class of men be increased, and each individual duly weigh the advantages of the station, for above most others it is favourable to the attainment of the best riches, as opposing fewer barriers to the rays of the Sun of righteousness. On a summit stood a farm-house flanked with a group of corn-stacks, neatly thatched with straw. And what preserves these fruits of the field from the malice of the incendiary?—so much exposed,—so easily destroyed.—The law? Alas! why then, in the face of the law and within the hearing of its dreadful language,—*hanged, drawn, and quartered*—why have the infatuated criminals, left for execution in this county, imagined wicked devices against their fellow-men?

I love society, I honour the government, I respect law, but I detest its sanguinary punishments. Must my country be the last? ought Britain to have been second in ceasing to apply these inefficient remedies? O that her governors would substitute in the place of them the fear and the love of God.—But is this possible? In one sense it is: they can give by not withholding, as they can bestow life by not taking it away.

But shall this ever come to pass? Will governors become promoters of the truth? Why not? This newly-risen sun shall in due time attain his mid-day glory,—and Britain will reach hers. Her light is already reflected on her infant poor, from the systems of Bell and of Lancaster. Her rays have entered the noisome prison of the felon, and the dreadful bastiles of the insane. She is penetrating into various other recesses of the poor, which have been too long concealed in darkness. She has illumined the dark shores of Africa, and is sending round the globe rays of pure scripture-truth, the best of all written

testimonies to the only true source of everlasting light.

Let her proceed; let her learn war no more, that she may have leisure to proceed in these acceptable services. Let her cause the heart of the oppressed poor, of every class, to glow with thankfulness for the improvement of their condition. Let labour and confinement be substituted for banishment and death. Let her discourage theatrical performances. Let her lessen the

revenue rather than adopt ways and means inimical to the best interests of the people; and who can say that it will not please the Disposer of all events to accept these first-fruits of her righteousness, and to give to her rulers the power to dispense to the people (so far as it is required of rulers to dispense) those precious, powerful, and certain preventives of all crimes—the fear and the love of their Creator?

THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

THE sun of truth has poured its radiance here;
The captive soul is freed from error's chain;
Those hills the melody of heaven-hear,
That once re-echoed to the battle strain;
And they who raised the war-whoop's deadly wall
Now lift the voice of prayer. Nor e'er again
Shall trembling crowds within the idol fane

Adore; while men shall shudder at the fearful tale
Of dark infanticide. The passing gale
Shall waft the song that youthful voices raise,
While answering hills prolong the notes of praise.
Now dove-like Peace is brooding o'er each vale,
And to the sons of southern isles is given
The hope that breathes of endless life in heaven.
T. W. A.

ENGLAND AND ITS MANNERS.

ANCIENT ENGLAND.—Gildas, an ancient British author, who wrote about 1160 years ago, thus describes his country:—"The Island of *Britaine* placed in the balance of divine poising hand (as they call it) which weigheth the whole world, almost the uttermost bound of this earth towards the *south* and *west*, extending it self from the *south-west*, out towards the *north* pole, eight hundred miles in length, and containing two hundred in breadth, besides the farre outstretched forelands of sundry promontories, embraced by the embowed bosoms of the ocean sea; with whose most spacious, and on every side (saving only the southern straits, by which we sail to *Gallahelpike*) unpassable enclosure (as I may call it) shee is strongly defended; enriched with the mouths of two noble floods, *Thames* and *Serwa*, as it were two arms, (by which outlandish commodities have in times past been transported into the same) besides other rivers of lesser account, strengthened with eight and twenty cities, and other castles, not meanly fenced with fortresses of wals, embattled towers, gates, and buildings (whose roofs being raised aloft with threatening hugeness were mightily in their aspiring toppes compacted) adorned with her large spreading fields, pleasant seated hills, even framed for good husbandry, which overmastereth the ground, and mountains most convenient for changeable pastures of cattell, (whose flowers of sundry colours, trodden by the feet of men, imprint no unseemly picture on the same,) as a spouse of choice, decked with divers jewels; watered with cleere fountaines, and sundry brookes, beating on the snow white sands together with silver streams sliding forth with soft sounding noise, and leaving a pledge of sweet savours on their bordering bankes, and lakes gushing out abundantly in cold running rivers."

A LANCASHIRE ROAD IN 1770.—In Arthur Young's "Tour in the North of England," published in 1770, we find the following statement as to the condition of the turnpike road between Preston and Wigan, a spot which is now become a centre for railway operations. This description of a turnpike-road exhibits an extraordinary contrast with the safety, comfort, and celerity presented by the more modern improvement. "I know not in the whole range of language terms sufficiently expressive to describe this infernal road. To

look over a map, and perceive that it is a principal one, not only to some towns, but even whole counties, one would naturally conclude it to be at least decent; but let me most seriously caution all travellers who may accidentally purpose to travel this terrible country to avoid it as they would the devil, for a thousand to one but they break their necks or their limbs by overthrows or breakings down. They will here meet with ruts, which I actually measured, four feet deep, and floating with mud, only from a wet summer;—what, therefore, must it be after a winter? The only mending it in places receives, is the tumbling in some loose stones, which serve no other purpose but jolting a carriage in the most intolerable manner. These are not merely opinions, but facts, for I actually passed three carts broken down in these eighteen miles of execrable memory."—*Companion to the Almanac for 1837.*

FACTORY CHILDREN.—There are hundreds of thousands of people whose condition is that of twelve hours' toil in an occupation which exercises only the very lowest of the faculties of human intelligence. They are mere watchers upon the work of the steam engine. They are for ever poring upon the whirling spindles, "piecing" the thread when it gives way, walking backwards and forward, or rather from side to side, within a few yards' space, from twenty to twenty-five miles every working day! This is done even by children of twelve years' old, done in an atmosphere artificially heated to a high degree, with the clank and whirr of machinery on every side, and with minute, impalpable fibres of cotton floating in the air, which are inhaled at every breath.

WILLIAM III.—When Lord Molesworth published his celebrated account of Denmark, many passages in that work were found extremely offensive to the reigning monarch, who by his ambassador, complained of the insult, and demanded from our William III. the head of the author. "Tell his Danish majesty," said King William, "that I cannot by my own authority, dispose of the heads of my subjects, nor can I grant to his majesty any redress, except that I can communicate to Lord Molesworth the nature of this application, who will, I dare say, insert it in the next edition of his book."

MR. CANNING.—The following instance of Mr. Canning's eccentricity is given in the "Foreign Quarterly Review." It relates to a proposed commercial treaty betwixt the government of the Netherlands and our own. The negotiation languished, and Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson were tired out. In January, 1826, Sir Charles Bagot, our ambassador at the Hague, received, while attending the King's Court, a despatch in cipher, very short, but accompanied by every indication of urgency and importance. Unfortunately he had not with him the key of the cipher, and he was kept in a state of great anxiety during the interval occupied in procuring it; at last the letter was deciphered, and the following is a literal copy of the important communication, made by the command of his Britannic Majesty to his minister at the Hague:—

"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch,
Is giving too little and asking too much;
With equal advantage the French are content,
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.
Twenty per cent.
Twenty per cent.
Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.

"GEORGE CANNING."

FEMALE EDUCATION.—One of Daniel De Foe's projects was an academy for the education of women; on the evils resulting from the want of it, he expressed his opinion in the following terms:—"A well-bred woman and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments, her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly; she is all softness and sweetness—peace, love, wit, and delight; she is every way suitable to the sublimest wish; and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but rejoice in her and be thankful. On the other hand, suppose her to be the same woman, and deprived of the benefit of education, and it follows thus:—If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy; her wit, for want of teaching, renders her impertinent and talkative; her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical. If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse; and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud. If she be passionate, want of manners makes her a termagant and a scold. If she be proud, want of discretion (which is ill-breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous."

STUDENTS AT CAMBRIDGE IN FORMER TIMES.—In a sermon preached in 1550, by T. Lever, fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, he has drawn the following interesting picture of that university, when they had been deprived of some of their revenues:—"The small number of poor godly students now remaining in Cambridge, be not able to tarry and continue their study in the university, for lack of exhibition and help. There be divers there, which rise daily betwixt four and five of the clock in the morning, and from five until six of the clock use common prayer, with an exhortation of God's word, in a common chapel, and from six until ten of the clock use ever either private study or common lectures. At ten of the clock they go to dinner, where they be content with a penny piece of beef among iiiiij, having a few porridge made of the broth of the same beef, with salt and oatmeal and nothing else. After this splendid dinner, they be either teaching or learning until five of the clock in the evening, when they have a supper not much better than their dinner. Immediately after which they go either to reasoning in problems, or unto some other study, until it be nine or ten of the clock; and then, being without fire, are fain

to walk or run up and down half an hour to get a heat on their feet, when they go to bed."

USE OF FORKS IN EATING.—A foreigner remarks, in his work on Great Britain, that an Englishman may be discovered any where if he be observed at table, because he places his fork upon the left side of his plate; a Frenchman by using the fork alone, without the knife; and a German by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian by using it as a toothpick. Holding the fork is a national custom, and nations are characterised by their peculiarity in the use of the fork at table. An affectation of the French usages in this respect seems now to be gaining ground in this country.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF WINCHESTER.—During the minority of Edward III., a Parliament was held in the castle of this city, by appointment of the queen-dowager, before which Edward Plantagenet, third son of King Edward I., and Earl of Kent, was arraigned for high treason, and through the machinations of the dowager, and the Earl of March, condemned to lose his head, without being allowed the liberty of pleading, or of attesting his innocence. On the eve of St. Cuthbert's day, A.D. 1330, he was brought to the scaffold, erected in the middle of the market-place, where he stood till five in the afternoon, before any one could be prevailed on, either by threats, or the promise of reward, to undertake his execution. At length, a notorious condemned criminal, one who had laid a long time under sentence of death, in consideration of being rewarded with his liberty and life, undertook the cruel business, which was accordingly executed, but in a most barbarous and butcher-like manner, amidst a numerous multitude of weeping spectators.

WEARING STOCKINGS.—Two centuries ago, not one person in a thousand wore woollen stockings: one century ago, not one person in five hundred wore them; now, not one person in a thousand is without them; yet, William Lea, the inventor of the stocking-frame, could get no person to patronise his invention, and he died of a broken heart.

COINING.—We sometimes behold that singularity of character which joyfully steps out of the beaten track for the sake of being ridiculous; thus the barber, to excite attention, exhibited in his window green, blue, and yellow wigs; and thus *Noah Bullock*, enraptured with his name, that of the first navigator, and the founder of the largest family upon record, having three sons, named them after those of his predecessor, *Shem, Ham, Japhet*; and to complete the farce, being a man of property, built an *Ark*, and launched it upon the Derwent, above St. Mary's Bridge: whether a *Bullock* graced the stern, history is silent. Here Noah and his sons enjoyed their abode, and the world their laugh. But nothing is more common than for people to deceive each other, under a mask. If they publicly ridiculed him, he privately laughed at them: for it afterwards appeared he had more sense than honesty, and more craft than either; for his disguise and retreat were to be a security to coin money. He knew justice could not easily overtake him; and if it should, the *deep* was ready to hide his crimes and his utensils. Sir Simon Degge, an active magistrate, who resided at Babington Hall, was informed of Noah's proceedings, whom he personally knew; the knight sent for him, and told him, he had taken up a new occupation, and desired to see a specimen of his work; Noah hesitated. The magistrate promised that no evil should ensue, provided he relinquished the trade. He then pulled out a sixpence, and told Sir Simon, He could make as good work as that. The knight smiled; Noah withdrew, broke up his ark, and escaped the halter.—*Hutton's History of Derby.*

GUILDFORD DOWNS AND FARNHAM.

Few relaxations from town labour, or town occupation of any kind, are more delightful, or more conducive to health, and the inspiring of fresh activity for the winter campaign, than drives over the surface of the more diversified parts of England; and though Margate, Ramsgate, and some other coast towns have, time out of mind, been the summer or early autumn retreats of the Londoners, until these places have become "London all over," and literally *urba in ruris*, yet in as far as locomotion is concerned, and pure air, health, and pleasure during that locomotion, which are the valuable parts of the whole matter, ten thousand reekings and rockings on board a Margate steam-boat are not worth one little mile over the inland countries to the south-west of London.

I am to speak chiefly of a district very limited in extent, but remarkably, and I may say delightfully diversified in its character,—the district between Guildford and Farnham, and the environs of the latter town. As the crow flies the distance, from centre to centre of these two towns is not above eight or nine miles; but so varied is the character of the country, that it is as great as would be met with in crossing the country in many other directions,—much greater indeed than one meets with on the whole line from Dover to Liverpool, or from London to Berwick-upon-Tweed.

Chalk, chalky loam, peat bog, and a deep and hungry sand, which is stratified, but little consolidated, are the prevailing characters; and though they alternate with each other, often at very short distances, each is so predominating in the place where it is found, that it gives a character to the whole vegetation.

In that particular spot the sand is the highest, and forms a considerably elevated ridge, more than three-fourths of the whole distance, with the public road along the summit of it. This forms what is called Guildford Downs. It lies nearly in the direction of east and west, and its cross section is short as compared with its length. The upper slopes of this are covered with very vigorous plantations of larches and other members of the pine family. But this occurs only in patches, though there is little doubt that the larch, which is a sturdy mountaineer, and by no means particular as to soil, would grow well over the greater part of the Downs. That this would be a great advantage to the inhabitants of a district where coal is expensive on account of its long carriage, notwithstanding the navigation of the Wey, through Guildford and Godalming, and so on by the Wey and Arun canal, and Arun to the English Channel. It would be also especially valuable at the Farnham extremity of the Downs, though Scotch fir rather than larch is the prevailing coniferous tree which has been planted there. The reason is as follows: the neighbourhood of Farnham is a hop country, not

in breadth indeed, but in patches of considerable extent, and admirably fitted for this species of crop, both in their soil and their exposure. Hop poles are a necessary and by no means a cheap article in hop culture; and the poles at present in use are chiefly, if not exclusively, grown in holts or copses, consisting of deciduous trees only. These must be grown on good soil, in order that they may shoot up with sufficient rapidity; and in order to draw them up in single stems, and prevent them from branching, they must be grown as close as possible. This mode of growth adds not a little to the beauty of the scenery in the summer season; because a very thick copse has the compound property of at once harmonising better with the field, and contrasting more strongly with it than a forest of large timber in which the trees stand much farther apart from each other, and daylight gets in between the naked boles, and causes the margins of such a forest to look ragged. Landscape gardeners are sometimes in the habit of trying to correct this, by letting the forest down upon the field: by means of an intervening copse, but neither the forest itself, nor they who use its timber, have any reason to be grateful for this species of ornamenting, in as much as thereby the trees are deprived of the free circulation of air, and the wood is of an inferior quality.

Copse grown poles of deciduous timber are, from the rich soil and the close shelter, of very weak and spongy texture; and they very soon fall at the wet and dry line, or just at the surface of the ground; at which line they are of course constantly exposed to the weather, from the time that they are required till the hops are ready for picking. Larch poles would be in a great measure free from this objection; they could be easily drawn up if planted thick enough; and as they would require to be planted, as larches do not stool at the roots, like deciduous trees, they might perhaps require longer time before they were drawn up to the requisite height; but still the ground which would suffice for growing larches is quite unfit for deciduous copses; and, therefore, there would be a gain at once in the value of the land; while the larch plantations would prevent the bleak places from being washed by the rains and scourged by the winds, almost down to the substratum of sand, as they are in their present exposed state.

This, however, is a small advantage compared with the greater durability of larch poles; and something also may be said in favour of their more elegant and appropriate shape. The pole of a larch is a perfect cone; and therefore a larch stuck root end into the ground is far more stable against the winds than a deciduous pole of the same dimensions. The greater durability of the larch, especially in the ground, and at

the wet and dry line, is its grand recommendation however, and it is no exaggeration to say that it would last ten times as long as a common copse pole; so that, without any reference to the advantage of occupying inferior land, and leaving the superior land for other purposes, it would not cost the hop grower above a fifth, or, at the most, a fourth of what the other costs. This, however, is a matter for the people themselves to consider; and though it would not be amiss to keep the words "get larch poles!" ringing in the ears of all who are interested in hop growing, we are not sure that the growing of larches would add much to the beauty of the district, or the pleasure of a drive across it, and that is my purpose in the meantime.

Bath, Guildford, and Farnham are situated on the Wey, which passes about northward through the former, between steep banks on both sides, but with the greater part of the town on the east, or right hand bank. Guildford, though a town of some size, in a fine situation, having an excellent county market, and presenting a great deal of business and bustle, is not a very pretty town. The descent to the bridge is very steep, and the bridge itself is awkward and ugly, so that after getting fairly across it, and beginning to ascend toward the Downs, one instinctively gives a shake to the shoulders to ascertain what approach there has been made to a laxation of any of the cervical vertebra.

The Wey comes to this bridge in a sweep around the left side of the Downs; and the banks up to Godalming, and a little beyond it, are finely wooded; but they are soon lost sight of, as the old road, which, according to the old fashion of pack-horse engineering, took the bull by the horns on the eastern slope, now proceeds gradually, in a slanting direction along the north; and for some space no view southward is obtained. When the top is gained, it is certainly fine, and finer in August, or early in September, than at any other time of the year. It is a carpet of brown heather, which would do no discredit to the Grampians, and certainly put Drumthwacket to utter shame. The soil is as poor, certainly, as is that abomination of Scotland, and it is perfectly incorrigible, at least for every useful vegetable except potatoes, in consequence of the depth and unquenchable thirst of the sand below. But it has a southern climate, and the soft gales from the Atlantic are upon it, instead of the weeping breath of the weary north-east, which is always raining upon Drumthwacket, unless when it snows. The heath is but stunted, it is true, but then it is beautifully close, and I found it of one unbroken purple, softened a little by the brown green of the foliage, and exceedingly fragrant with honey, the odour of which, with the air, otherwise delightfully sharp and pure, was perfectly indescribable, and unobtainable in any other kind of situation.

The views from those elevated Downs are extensive; and they are beautifully diversified, quite refreshing as contrasted with the frowzy fields, and ragged hedge-rows on the clays to the northward of the Thames. In these last, fields, forests, and common, are so jumbled together, that there is no repose or relief about them—no grouping, no *chia oscuro*, to give character to the different features, and lead the mind to generalise and remember them. The trees, too, are often pollarded, which gives them the appearance of skeletons, or perhaps of trees turned upside down; and assuredly if the tops were stuck in the earth, and the roots turned up to the sky, they could not look more unseemly. In the landscapes around those south-western Downs the case is very different, because the diversity to which I have alluded, in the nature of the subsoil, determine a variety of characters. In one place, there are meadows of the finest grass, and sheep-walks of more scanty herbage, upon the chalks. Then, every slope and ravine too steep for the plough, has its copse; forest trees are by no means wanting in some places, the grass and corn lands rise into fine swells, and are scooped into equally fine hollows in the alternate parts, the hedge rows are neat, the highways are like a bowling-green; and as one looks round with almost indescribable enjoyment, a large patch of brown heather, sometimes more and sometimes less elevated, gives all the richer parts the contrast arising from the very last approach to sterility which one is prepared for in a temperate climate.

The Farnham end of the Downs is, as we have said, more wooded than the other, and the prevailing tree on much of the high ground is fir. In passing along where the improvement of the roads has cut down the sand bank from those firs, the roots have played freaks which I at least never saw played by the roots of the same trees. The removal of the soil from the one side, first, by the cutting down, and then by the embanking, has not only deprived the roots next the road of all nourishment, but has acted as a complete drainage to those which go the other way. In consequence of this, the top root has struck downwards in the open air to a considerable length, and acquired a diameter not much less than that of the bole above; and from the lower extremity of this a number of new roots have been put out in a horizontal direction, so that, as seen from the bank, the tree presents the curious spectacle of an upper and a lower story of roots, with a foot and a half, or two feet, of straight bole between them.

This is a curious habit of the fir, and one which is well worthy the attention of those who wish to improve those surfaces over deep sand, which will not bear the expense of any species of farming. The lower story of roots, which the tree has put out, to serve its necessity, go into

the pure sand, and the trees (for I observed several) are as healthy and vigorous as any of the rest; therefore it establishes the fact, that firs will grow in pure sand. The same fact is established in those places of Bagshot heath, and other expanses of heather, which have been planted with this kind of timber, only the trees must be planted in masses, so that the one may shelter the other, as planted firs seldom or never are worth any thing, either in shape or size when they stand singly.

One is apt to wonder why all the choice honey contained in the blooms of those extensive heathy districts is suffered to be washed away by the autumnal rains, and carried to the ocean. We send to Narbonne, and Cape Roses, and many other heathery districts of the Pyrenees for honey, and pay a high price for it, at the same time that we allow to be lost from our own heaths a hundred weight, yearly, for every pound that is imported. If this is wisdom, where shall we look for folly in such matters? There are a good many hives about the margins of some of these expanses of heather; and where there are cottages there are some spotted over here and there; but they are comparatively few, and the honey which is obtained is not a drop in the bucket as compared with that which is lost; and therefore, if government, or whoever else may have the control of those places, will not turn them to any better purpose, surely, they might contrive to stock them with bee-hives while the heather is in bloom, as the rest of the country is rich and flowery enough for preserving the stock of bees during the rest of the year.

In escaping from the fir plantations on the western slope of the Downs, one speedily comes in sight of Farnham. The grounds here are very beautiful. The surface is much diversified and so is the soil. There are still some naked heights in view, and there are hanging woods and copses, and osier beds, and a great variety of legumeous vegetation. But there are very fine open glades, rich fields in good cultivation, and hop gardens to a considerable extent, and apparently of the best soil, and kept in the finest order. The hop ground in most of this part of England is a light coloured clayey soil, but at the same time containing a considerable admixture of chalk and flint earth. I believe a great

part of it is formed of the substance of a white splintery rock below, which moulders with the rain and frost. It is of course expensive to farm, as all hop grounds are, but it pays well. In the present year, I was informed that many of the gardens have been sold at one hundred pounds an acre, the purchaser to pay the expense of gathering and preparing the crop. The rents and expenses of those first rate gardens are of course both high; but still in favourable years the profit to the grower must be very great. I heard that some of the very choice gardens are worth twenty pounds an acre in rent, but I cannot speak to the fact as of my own knowledge. It seems, however, that the present is an extraordinary hop season, at least in that part of England, and that there has been nothing like it for ten years at the least. The hop gardens are certainly exceedingly beautiful, the poles are high, the binds fine and strong, the leaves, where they can be seen for clusters, are perfect, the produce is exceedingly abundant, there is no trace of blight or of fly, and the whole crop is a perfectly uniform and fine colour. Of course there are differences, arising from difference of soil and management, but I allude only to those gardens which are held to be of first rate quality.

In such a season, the hop picking time is a joyous one. Men, women, and children from all parts of the country, and women and children especially, in waggon-loads from London, were thronging towards Farnham, or crowding round the habitations of the hop growers; then there was a general carrying of those barrow trussels, across which the poles are laid, and a falling and carrying of poles—the labour chiefly of the men; while the hands of the women and children were nibbling and picking, and the whole was going on with no lack of heartiness and glee. Autumn is the season for the country, just when decay tips the extremities of the trees with their first tint of russet; the country air at this time is also more healthy than in the season of growth, and the labour is more delightful, because the reward is now in the hand of the labourer. Farnham is beautifully situated and remarkably clean; and a ride along the Downs from Guildford to Farnham would amply repay the two or three hours which it requires from an admiring visitor.

T. E.

MENTAL AND MORAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

As the child advances in age, new passions and affections call daily for our notice; and as its mental education simultaneously progresses, and it is constantly acquiring an increased knowledge of external objects, we are furnished by this pro-

gress and knowledge with additional and powerful instruments for influencing its moral nature. He displays but a small acquaintance with the human heart who hopes by an apothegm to extinguish the passion of jealousy, or to repress

the cravings of ambition by a dry statement of the unquestionable truth that all is vanity. But still the natural feeling of emulation, which is the commencement of jealousy, can be restrained within just and wholesome limits, by calling into play the family affection and compassion, which are equally original elements of the moral constitution: and the love of reputation may be prevented from growing into a dangerous ambition, by encouraging, along with the affections just mentioned, a development of the conscience, or moral sense, and of the sense of property, both of which we conceive to be inherent in our nature. The child may in this way be practically shown, that while a generous rivalry in its sports and lessons is not forbidden, still that benevolence and natural affection for its brothers and playmates teach it to stop short, in every instance, of carrying this so far as to wound the persons or feelings of others; and, again, that while it may be lawfully anxious to obtain credit and praise from its teachers, still that its sense of property forbids it to seek for either, by making an unpermitted use of the labour of others, and its conscience peremptorily interdicts any advantage which might be attained by the assertion of an untruth. In this way we avoid overtaxing nature,—we do not vainly denounce or attempt to obliterate forces which are as much part of our moral frame as hunger is of our physical;—we do not tell the hungry man he shall not eat, because gluttony is a vice, but we furnish him with a guide as to the quantity and quality of food which is wholesome and necessary. Above all, the restraining principles, (if one may be preferred to another,) we should be inclined to endeavour with most care to bring into activity the sense of property and conscience, or the moral sense, as Dr. Chalmers terms it. Upon these the well-being of society mainly depends: if not encouraged in early childhood, they are of all others the most likely to remain dormant; but if once well developed in the child, they require a long course of vice for their overthrow.

The progress of mental knowledge may be brought into useful operation, by directing the growing faculties of the child to such portions of the general plan of nature as may be within its comprehension. Admiration for the skill of Providence may, at a very early age, be excited, by calling attention to the more obvious adaptations of means to ends in the forms of animals, in the benefits conferred by the mode of distribution of water over the earth, &c., and a perception of beauty can be called up in a very young mind, by the colours and fragrance of flowers, and the influence of music. From all these the watchful parent can derive practical lessons of humility and love, which would be sought in vain in the maxims of a dry morality. To work out in practice the principles which we have attempted to lay down, we are well aware

would require qualifications, on the part of the parent or teacher, of no ordinary kind; but the nearer we can approach to them, the more likely are we to produce the *mens sana*, which we feel confident is fully as certain of producing as of inhabiting the *corpus sanum*.

We have not spoken of religious instruction as a part of moral education, because we have been considering the management of the moral faculties as they exist in the natural man; we are deeply convinced, however, of its necessity and importance; and we are firmly of opinion, that in no way can we promote the interests of an individual, both as regards himself and his relations with society, so effectually as by encouraging in him early habits of religious observances; in no way can we so surely call forth and strengthen his best affections, as by early setting before his view the living truths of revelation.

During the period of childhood, (that is, until the eighth year,) education should have for its main object the cultivation of the moral qualities; and that, during the same period, the intellect will be pretty fully occupied in obtaining such most necessary information as can be acquired by the use of the senses without much *formal* assistance, and therefore that schooling, properly so called, should not be commenced, at the very earliest, before the termination of the sixth year. Until then, the confinement of a school is injurious to the bodily health, and not required for the mental improvement of the child. In coming to these conclusions, we may appear to undervalue those useful inventions of late years—infant schools. We conceive, however, that they have a specific purpose, and that, when well regulated, they effect that purpose usefully—namely, to take charge of the children of the poor in large cities, when their parents are engaged in their daily labour, and unable to attend to their wants. In this view, their value is inestimable; but still they are but the substitution of a lesser for a greater evil; all the ties of social affection, of well regulated obedience, and of mutual co-operation, which constitute the bonds of society, are learned by the infant in the domestic circle, and can be learned no where else; and if we can leave it in the care of an intelligent mother, and in the society of its brothers and sisters, we should not send it to an infant school, where it is governed by and associated with strangers, with none of whom it is likely to have natural sympathies. What the child may be expected to gain specifically in these schools, beyond mere protection, can only be regularity of habits, which certainly is of great importance, but not so great as to counter-vail the advantages of a well regulated domestic circle. We conceive that infant schools, though most serviceable in large cities for the poor, are totally unfitted for children of more opulent parents. With the latter, the system might be

characterised, as Dr. Chalmers has done another artificial system, as "a taking to pieces of the actual framework of society, and re-constituting it in a new way or on new principles—

which is altogether fruitless of good, and often fruitful of sorest evil, both to the happiness and virtue of the commonwealth.

BEGGARS AND PAUPERISM.

"But why," said Erich to his neighbour, "are you disgusted with most of the works of the Flemish school here?"

"Because they represent so many tatterdemalions and beggars," answered the rich man, "nor are these Netherlanders the sole objects of my dislike; I hate particularly that Spaniard, Murillo, on that account, and even a great number of your Italians. It is melancholy enough that one cannot escape this vermin in the streets and market places, nay, even in our very houses; but that an artist should require me besides to amuse myself with this noisome crew upon a motley canvass, is expecting rather too much from my patience."*

"Perhaps, then," said Edward, "Quintin Matsys would suit you, who so frequently sets before us, with such truth and vigour, money-changers at their counters, with coins and ledgers."

"Not so either, young gentleman," said the old man; "that we can see easily, and without exertion in reality. If I am to be entertained with a painting, I would have stately royal scenes, abundance of massy silk stuffs, crowns, and purple mantles, pages, and blackamoors; that, combined with a perspective of palaces, and great squares, and down broad straight streets, elevates the soul; it often puts me in spirits for a long time, and I am never tired of seeing it over and over again."

"Undoubtedly," said Erich, "Paul Veronese, and several other Italians have done many capital things in this department also."

"What say you to a marriage of Cana in this manner?" asked Edward.

"All eating," replied the old man, "grows tiresome in pictures, because it never stirs from its place; and the roast peacocks and high-built pasties, as well as the cup-bearers half-bent double, are in all such representations, annoying things. But it is a different case when they are drawing a little Moses out of the water, and the king's daughter is standing by, in her most costly attire, surrounded by richly dressed ladies, who might themselves pass for princesses, men with halberds and armour, and even dwarfs and dogs: I cannot express how delighted I am when I meet with one of these stories, which in my youth I was forced to read in the uneasy confinement of a gloomy school-room, so glo-

riously dressed up; but you, my dear Mr. Walther, have too few things of this sort; most of your pictures are for the feelings, and I never wish to be affected, and least of all by works of art; nor, indeed, am I ever so, but only provoked."

"Still worse," began young Eisenschlicht, "is the case with our comedies. When we leave an agreeable company, and, after a brilliant entertainment, step into the lighted theatre, how can it be expected that we should interest ourselves in the variety of wretchedness, and pitiful distress that is here served up for our amusement? Would it not be possible to adopt the same laudable regulation which is established by the police in most cities, to let me subscribe once for all for the relief of poverty, and then not be incommoded any farther by the tattered and hungry individuals?"

"It would be convenient, undoubtedly," said Edward, "but whether absolutely laudable, either as a regulation of police, or a maxim of art, I am not prepared to say. For my own part, I cannot resist a feeling of pity towards the individual unfortunates, and would not wish to do so, though, to be sure, one is unseasonably disturbed, impudently importuned, and, sometimes, even grossly imposed upon."

"I am of your opinion," cried Sophia, "I cannot endure those dumb blind books, in which one is to write one's name, in order placidly to rely upon an invisible board of management, which is to relieve the distress as far as possible. In many places even it is desired that the charitable should engage to give nothing to individuals; * but how is it possible to resist the sight of woe? When I give to him who complains to me of his distress, I, at all events, see his momentary joy, and may hope to have comforted him."

"This is the very thing," said the old merchant, "which, in all countries, maintains mendicity, that we cannot and will not rid ourselves of this petty feeling of soft-headed vanity and mawkish philosophy. This it is, at the same time, that renders the *better*† measures of states abortive and impracticable."

"You are of a different way of thinking from those Swiss whom I heard of," said Edward, "it

* Surely H. B. must have read this.

† This is the very essence of the new blasphemy. This general system will be found to require modification in a small parish of fifty souls; how can it be enforced throughout a whole nation without frightful suffering?—S. T. C.

* This man was an economist of the worst kind, without knowing any thing of political economy.

was in a Catholic canton, where an old beggar had long been in the habit of receiving his alms on stated days, and, as the rustic solitude did not allow much trade and commerce, was accounted, in almost every house, one of the family. It happened, however, that once, when he called at a cottage, where the inmates were extremely busied in attending a woman in labour, in the confusion and anxiety for the patient, he met with a refusal. When, after repeating his request, he really obtained nothing, he turned angrily away, and cried as he departed, 'Well, I promise you, you shall find I do not come again, and then you may see where you can catch another beggar.'

All laughed, except Sophia, who would have it that the beggar's threat was perfectly rational, and concluded with these words, "Surely if it were put out of our power to perform acts of benevolence, our life itself would become poor enough. If it were possible that the impulse of pity could die in us, there would be a melancholy prospect for our joy and our pleasure. The man who is fortunate enough to be able to bestow, receives more than the poor taker. Alas, it is the only thing," she added with great emotion, "that can at all excuse and mitigate the harshness of property, the cruelty of possession, that a part of what is disproportionately accumulated is dropped upon the wretched creatures who are pining below us, that it may not be utterly forgotten that we are all brethren."*

The father looked at her with a disapproving air, and was on the point of saying something, when Edward, his beaming eyes fixed on the moist eyes of the maid, interposed with vehemence, "If the majority of mankind were of the same way of thinking, we should live in a different and a better world. We are struck with horror when we read of the distress that awaits the innocent traveller in wildernesses, and deserts of foreign climes, or of the terrible fate which wastes a ship's crew on the inhospitable sea, when in their sorest need, no vessel or no coast will appear on the immeasurable expanse; we are struck with horror when monsters of the deep tear to pieces the unfortunate mariner. And yet do we live in great cities, as upon the peak of a promontory, where, immediately at our feet, all this woe, the same horrible spectacle displays itself, only more slowly, and therefore the more cruelly?"† But from the midst of our concerts and banquets, and from the safe-hold of

* I know nothing so ludicrous, and, at the same time, so affecting, as this little incident, and the after remarks of Sophia: the very essence of femininity seems to speak in the few and delicate, yet true and touching words. I am not ashamed to say, that when I first read them, the tears came into my eyes, and often, as I have read them since to others. I cannot refrain from praying inwardly that the time may be far distant when such sentiments shall be scouted by our women.—S. T. C.

† Say selfishness, for the opulent have not a monopoly of cruelty.

our opulence, we look down into this abyss, where the shapes of misery* are tortured and wasted in a thousand fearful groups, as in Dantes' imagery; and do not venture even to raise their eyes to us, because they know what a cold look they meet, when their cry rouses us at times out of the torpor of our cold apathy."

"These," said the elder Eisenschlicht, "are youthful exaggerations: I still maintain, the really good citizen, the genuine patriot, ought not to suffer himself to be urged by a momentary emotion to support beggary. Let him bestow on those charitable institutions as much as he can conveniently spare; but let him not waste his slight means, which ought, in this respect, also to be subservient to the higher views of the state. For in the opposite case, what is it he does? He promotes by his weakness, nay, I should be inclined to call it a voluptuous itching of the heart, imposture, laziness, and impudence, and withdraws his little contribution from real poverty, which, after all, he cannot always meet with or discern. Should we, however, be willing to acknowledge that overcharged picture of wretchedness to be correct, what good, even in this case, can a single individual effect? Is it in his power to improve the condition of the wretch who is driven to despair? What does it avail to give relief for a single day or hour? The unfortunate being will only feel his misery the more deeply, if he cannot change his state into a happy one; he will grow still more dissatisfied, still more wretched, and I injure instead of benefitting him."

"Oh, do not say so," exclaimed Edward, "if you would not have me think harshly of you, for it sounds to me like blasphemy. What the poor man gains in such a moment of sunshine! Oh, sir, he who is accustomed to be thrust out of the society of men,—he, for whom there is no holiday, no market-place, no society, and scarcely a church; for whom ceremony, courtesy, and all the attentions which every man usually pays to his neighbour, are extinct; this wretched creature, for whom, in public walks and vernal nature, there shoots and blossoms nothing but contempt, often turns his dry eye to heaven and the stars above him, and sees there even nothing but vacancy and doubts; but in such an hour as that which unexpectedly bestows on him a more liberal boon, and enables him to return to his gloomy hovel, to cheer his pining family with more than momentary comfort, faith in God, in his Father, again rises in his heart; he becomes once more a man, he feels again the neighbourhood of a brother, and can again love him and himself. Happy the rich man who can promote this faith, who can bestow with the visible the

* Say, rather, the punishments the selfish seek to inflict upon those by and through whom they have the opportunity of punishing. All men might be improvident, and all would be better if all were lavish, profuse, and generous. It would not be possible for all to be selfish and grasping.—S. T. C.

invisible gift; and woe to the prodigal who, through his criminal thoughtlessness, deprives himself of those means of being a man among men; for most severely will his feelings punish him, for having poured out in streams in the wilderness, like a heartless barbarian, the refreshing draught, of which a simple drop might have cheered his brother who lay drooping under the

load of his wearisome existence." He could not utter the last words without a tear; he covered his face, and did not observe that the strangers and Erich had taken leave of their host; Sophia too wept, but she roused herself and recovered her composure, as her father returned.—*Coleridge*.

BRITAIN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SAXO-BRITISH PERIOD.

THE Saxons, who spoke a dialect of the Teutonic, and who, like the Greeks and Egyptians, boasted of being god-descended, obeyed the invitation of the Britons; for Hengist and Horsa, in three rude ships, were soon in the channel,—served their masters six years, and, when weary, invited other Saxons, to the number of about five thousand; who, having placated the Picts, and wanting provisions, attacked the natives, and,

after much bloodshed, founded the kingdom of Kent. Success encouraged others, who, when weary of plunder, colonised; but it was one hundred and fifty years before the last swarm, under Credda, had seated themselves in the fair fields of Britain.

The following table exhibits several things of importance relative to the heptarchy, that is, seven kingdoms, or octarchy, (Northumbria at first having been named Deira,) as sometimes the Saxon government was called:—

1. The kingdom of Kent, founded by Hengist in . . . 475 and ended in 823	} including	Kent.	It had seventeen kings in its
2. West Saxons, or Wessex, founded by Cerdic 575 ended 1060			
3. East Angles, founded by Uffa 575 ended in 793	} including {	{ Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, Hants, Berkshire.	} It had nineteen kings.
4. South Saxons, or Sussex, founded by Ella in 491 ended in 600			
5. East Saxons, or Essex, founded by Erchwin 527 ended in 746	} including {	{ Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, and Isle of Ely.	} It had fourteen kings.
6. Northumberland, founded by Ida 574 ended in 792			
7. Kingdom of Mercia, founded by Credda 582 ended in 847	} including	Sussex and Surrey.	Governed by ten kings.
	} including	Middlesex and part of Hertford,	had thirteen kings.
	} including {	{ Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Northumberland, and Scotland to the Frith of Edinbro',	} had twenty-four kings.
	} including	All the middle of Britain.	It had twenty kings.

Among these, one was often superior to the rest; and out of the Saxon kings, seven are mentioned who had the title of Bretwalda, or Britain-wielder,—namely, Ella, Ceardlin, Ethelbert, Redwald, Edwin, Oswald, and Oswin.

The Britons resisted their settlement with irregular, heartless, and infatuated forces; and were so mutually at variance, and lost to patriotic feeling, that while the Saxons were pillaging their fields, gardens, orchards, and vineyards, burning their towns and libraries, destroying their churches, statues, and fortifications, steeping their land with blood, and crowding it with idols, and laying in the roots of eight distinct kingdoms, the Britons were engaged against the Visigoths on the continent. From the foolish multitude must be excepted Natanleod, Ambrosius, a Roman-Briton, Dorniu, Arien, and Arthur, the

burden of poets, who, having despised the wretch Vortigern, yet, for want of the co-operation of their countrymen, resisted in vain; for in a battle at Wippidfeet, twelve British chiefs fell, and thousands of the people; and in a few years after, in another as fatal battle, Hengist established himself, and finally broke the spirit of the natives. Tillage was neglected, the trades were useless, the merchant was afraid, and the scholar, and multitudes besides, withdrew to Britany, while the old British population, slaughtered in frightful heaps, melted gradually to the banks of the Severn, and ultimately beyond the Welsh mountains, where, with time to repent of their pusillanimous expatriation, they slid back again to savagism. Others, who escaped this happiness, and fell to the Saxon, of whatever sex, age, or station, were made absolute slaves, and either

sold, given, or chaffered about to the victors, with the lands which they had lately owned. These never rose in defence of their rights, but the emigrants to Wales made desperate efforts, till 858, to force themselves back upon their pillaged houses, which was impossible. Temporary advantages they indeed gained, and many thousands of the Saxons perished in these incursions; but the roots of their power lay too deep to be easily eradicated; for having ruined the Roman-Britons, they stuck fast to the soil, living in hovels of mire, on mutual plunder, for nearly two centuries after they had arrived, before they emerged either from their idols or their barbarity.

Before the Saxons went to war, they had numerous tricks of divination; hence the diviner, sorcerer, and the augur, were common but powerful characters, and charms, omens, and presages, were countless. They often tried to procure one of their enemies, and matching him with one of themselves, found out his modes of warfare. Before a war or a piratical expedition, even after they became Christians, they would confess to their priest, fast, and take the sacrament. They advanced to battle in wedge-like form, with yells, songs, and the utmost uproar they could raise with their arms.

The Saxons were of gigantic stature, of sanguine complexion, of beautiful shapes, (so fine were the shapes of these Saxons, that prisoners and criminals were often, on this account, liberated,) haughty and hospitable, had reddish hair, blue eyes, were capable of any fatigues, were long lived, desperately courageous, and credulous. They had no cavalry. When they first came, their ships were planks sided with osiers and skins. Their weapons were a target on the left arm, a spear, a sword, and a heavy battle-axe. Afterwards they used the war horse, which they almost worshipped, but slit his nostrils and plugged his ears, to make him insensible to the noise of battle; and they soon constructed a rude description of war-ships. They were all bound to some chief, than whose countless and ferocious contests nothing can be more tedious. The nobility was at first a rabble, whose distinction depended on chance and power, which as often sunk them to disgrace as raised them to command; which it was a rare fortune indeed for one to retain. The Saxons wore their beard till they had slain an enemy; breeches of woollen; belts, often studded or gilt, in which their swords hung; a close tunic, ornamented with bits of skins of beasts; and the great wore bandages and wood shoes; others were barefoot and without stockings; the monks, often, not excepted. The women were very attentive to their hair, which was not bound up till after marriage; and adultery was punished, among other things, by the loss of the hair. The men also wore their hair long, which the envying monks, ashamed of their own tonsure, often de-

nounced. A square, thick mantle, fastened on the right shoulder, served the Anglo-Saxon for a surtout, which was discountenanced by Charlemagne. This garment was of purple, scarlet, or blue cloth, or of silk, according to the station of the wearer. The difference was little between the dress of the sexes, except that the female used more linen, and went open-breasted; but their tunics more completely covered them. Bracelets were worn on each arm by both sexes, and furs, from those of the cat and lamb, upward. Many of them appear to have been abstemious, often making only *four* full meals in a day, at which, in all forms, they had that ancient luxury horse-flesh; and if strangers were present they were served before the inmates. At the same time, the Britons in Wales had but one meal in the day, and were inordinate fasters. Among the drinks used in the tenth century, were ale, mead, wine, cyder, morat, and pigment, which was the nectar of the age; and morat was honey and mulberry juice, which they drank in abundance. With these they used but one cup; and the not knowing how much was drunk by each, often produced quarrels and death. At length Edgar had the cup marked by little metal protuberances at certain intervals; and if any one dipped into his neighbour's measure he was fined. A barrel or palmas of mead was then sold for £15 of our money; as much spiced ale for half that sum, and common ale for one-fourth. They sat on benches round the oblong square table, still preserved in our halls and kitchens, in an order which was not more formal than rigidly observed, for if any one took a wrong seat he was pelted with bones, without redress. The male members of a family were called the "spear-side," and the females the "spindleside."

The sports of many of the Saxons necessarily resembled those of the ancient Britons, especially running, both equestrian and pedestrian, swimming, leaping, wrestling, dicing, chess, and, some say, backgammon, riding and fighting, rowing, throwing the lance, skating, dancing among the points of swords, and hard fits of drinking, which, while they continued pagan, were thought to be the pastimes of the gods. But the satraps only condescended to indulge in hawking, hunting, and in racing the horse "with a bit of yellow gold in his mouth," which, it is to be feared, often occurred on the Sabbath. Hawks—no improper emblem—were inseparable companions of the nobility, who never parted with them. The Anglo-Saxon hawk-laws were manifold, and highly ludicrous. One of these sacred birds a slave might not possess; and an ordinarythane could possess only one particular kind of hawk.

A chariot was now as rare as it had been before common. Wells and fountains of water had an iron or brass cup chained to them for passengers. The monasteries, in later times, were the

inns where the great were sure of a welcome and the best tables and company. Kings travelled with a swarm of housecarles or attendants, who pillaged the country through which they passed, although they bore his tuffa or standard, which was a round ball on a pole, crowned with feathers, and intended to guarantee his subjects. As a further picture of the seventh century, it may be mentioned, that of all the towns of Roman-Britain only twenty-seven in the south existed, no one of which—Winchester and London excepted—contained ten thousand inhabitants. York had one thousand four hundred and eighteen houses, of which five hundred and forty were unoccupied; Warwick two hundred and twenty-three, and Exeter two hundred and fifteen.

Marriages, at first, resembled, in some things, the practice of the Britons. Every woman was under a guardian, whose permission was first sought, then her own, by gifts settled by rule; which required only half as much for a widow. Her guardian was her nearest male relative; and if she had none, the king. Consent obtained, a delay only of a few weeks intervened, during which the man found sureties for his good behaviour, settled the lady's usufruct or pin-money, and invited their mutual relations within the third degree of consanguinity to their marriage-feast. When this occurred, the presence of the mundbode was essential, because he uttered the binding words, which the flamins, and afterwards the clergy, only confirmed by a benediction in the church, to which they went with music, &c. The previous night having been spent in feasting the friends of the bridegroom, they went, on the morning of this day, with their arms, to the bride, whom they conducted with all possible pomp, and accompanied by an elderly woman called the bridewoman, and younger ones as the bridesmaids.

They returned from the church covered with garlands (for it was mostly in summer) to the best feast the husband could afford; when he received a gift from each attendant, and opened the festivities of the day, which at night were closed by good wishes, a formal introduction of the newly-married to their bedchamber, when the marriage-cup of the best drink they possessed was freely used by all the party, and the bridal dresses were laid up to be no more used.

The wives of the Saxon grandes were not nurse their own children, for which they were reproved by pope Gregory, and preached against by the priests; the common women, from necessity and other causes, followed the advice of that excellent but much-neglected gentlewoman—nature, and nursed their own children. The courage of children was tried by putting them on the roof of a house; if they cried they were fore-doomed cowards, if not, heroes. The husband could, by law, give his wife three blows any where, if she slandered him, wasted his property, or plucked his beard. The education of children was confined to war, riding, wrestling, hunting, and the games.

The dead were buried on the level ground, in the midst of great lamentations, and feasts, and apparent mirth, and that even in churches; and heaps were, when possible, raised upon them, and called "barrows." This abuse of the churches made the floors incapable of use, and was soon protested against by councils; and afterwards, the dead of the poor were buried according to the present method—below the surface. Kings were, for a long period, mostly buried at the monasteries. No person dying could make a valid will without the permission of the king, or the thane to whom he did homage.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

[We extract the following hymn from Mr. Conder's recently published beautiful volume "The Choir and the Oratory," a book which abounds in genuine poetry, and amply deserves extensive patronage. This hymn, beautiful as it is, is far from being the best in the volume; but as the law of marriage has just been changed, it is quite probable that singing at the celebration of that rite will be more frequent than it has been heretofore.]

O God! who didst an equal mate
For Adam of himself create,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,
That both might feel and love as one,
Make these thy servants one in heart:
Whom thou hast joined let no man part.

Lord of the church! whose bleeding side
Gave life to thy redeemed bride,
Whose grace, through every member spread,
Joins the whole body to its Head,
O, let thy love the model be
Of this their nuptial unity!

O Thou who once, a guest Divine,
Didst turn the water into wine!
Thy presence, not unsought, afford;
Fill thou their cup, and bless their board
And while each heart thy word obeys,
May all their joy be turn'd to praise!

Spirit of grace and holiness!
Who dost these vital frames possess
As living temples, which to stain
Were God's own temple to profane,
May these thy servants, honouring thee,
Be kept in love and purity!

Now to the undivided Name
The church adores, her rites proclaim—
Seal'd with the gift of pentecost—
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All praise be given,—in every state
Be soul and body consecrate.

CAUCASIAN ANECDOTES.

(From the "*Voyage aux Indes Orientales*," &c. By M. C. Belanger.)

THE LESGHIS.

LIKE all the Caucasian highlanders, the Lesghis are savage, cruel, and of predatory habits. They are considered as among the bravest of the Caucasian nations, and are always ready to serve as mercenaries in the wars of their neighbours; and their fidelity may be relied on so long as they are regularly paid. The pay of an armed horseman is, besides food and forage, about two pounds, English money, for a campaign, the duration of which never exceeds four months. The Beladi, or commander on these occasions, having been selected, all who desire to serve under him present themselves, and each offers to him a piece of rotten wood or firebrand, saying, "May I become such if I betray the fidelity to which I am now swearing, or if I abandon you." He then takes the right hand of the chief, and presses it between his palms, so long as the latter speaks to him on the subject of his visit. If there be two or three brothers in the same family, one only is permitted to join a predatory expedition; should the family be more numerous, one out of every three brothers may absent himself. As among all savage and half-civilised people, personal courage with the Lesghis is the highest virtue, the mother excites her son to valour, from his tenderest age, by constantly relating to him the achievements of his ancestors, and those of his parent; and she herself arms him for his first expedition, and conducts him to the limits of the tribe's territory, exhorting him to remember the reputation of his family, and either to return covered with glory and laden with spoil, or die the death of the brave. Before the Russians occupied the Caucasian isthmus, the alliance of the Lesghis was courted by all the belligerent princes in the neighbouring countries, and their intervention in a quarrel was generally decisive. The major part of the Lesghian tribes are Mohammedans of the Soonni sect; but, amongst a few, faint vestiges of Christianity may be discovered. The weak bonds of society are maintained only by hospitality and the law of retaliation.

COOBISHA.

COOBISHA is a large town, on which depend eight villages. The inhabitants are known throughout the east under the name of Zer Kherans, or manufacturers of mail-coats. Some writers have asserted that they are Frenghi, or Europeans, but they resemble in every respect the Lesghis, who surround them; and their language is but a dialect of that of Acoosha.

They manufacture splendid arms, which, as well as their cloth, called *Coobisha shawl*, are highly prized, not only in the Caucasus, but even in Persia, and the countries beyond the Caspian. It is indeed strange to find in the midst of the rude barbarians who inhabit these highlands an industrious and laborious population. The Coobisha, however, neither till the ground, nor rear cattle, but exchange the produce of their industry for the necessities of life. As the Coobisha furnish the other Lesghis with arms, they always live with them on good terms, and court their friendship. Notwithstanding this harmony, the Coobisha are constantly on their guard, and carefully watch the only two passes which lead to their habitations, and which are defended by fortifications provided with small copper cannons cast by themselves. They never make war or pay any tax or impost whatever, and are governed by a council of twelve ancients, chosen by themselves. Their disputes are settled by arbitrators, to whose decisions they submit without murmuring.

THE MISTDJEGHIS OR KISTES.

These tribes occupy that portion of the Caucasian chains which lies between the mountains of the Lesghis, the Soodja, and the Upper Terek. The Chechenzies are the more powerful of these, and are nearly as great robbers as the Lesghis. The Russians have never been able to subjugate them. To keep them in check, General Yermoloff, who was long Governor-General of the Caucasian provinces, established a military line defended by forts and redoubts, but, notwithstanding, they continued to make inroads on the Russian Territory. It is, in consequence, even now necessary to send an escort of 150 men to protect a courier bearing official despatches from Mozdok to Vladicavcas; from thence to Tiflis there is less danger. M. Belanger had a narrow escape from these barbarians. Whilst engaged in botanizing, he had strayed from his escort, which no sooner disappeared behind a rock round which the road wound, than he heard the tramp of horses, and was immediately surrounded by a dozen armed highlanders, many of whom had already dismounted in order to secure him, when the escort, alarmed at his absence, returned and drove them from their prey. They usually undertake their predatory excursions into the Russian territory in small parties. Having crossed the Terek, they conceal themselves in the woods which grow on its banks. As soon as they dis-

cover a traveller without an escort, they seize on him, put a gag into his mouth, drag him to the river; and having put goat skins inflated with air under the captive's arms, and a rope with a noose round his neck, they throw him into the water. To avoid being strangled, the wretched prisoner is obliged to hold fast with his hands to the rope, and he is thus drawn to the opposite bank. They rarely kill those prisoners from whom they expect ransom, but they treat them with great barbarity.

THE OSSETES.

THE Russians have made several attempts to subdue them, but have not yet succeeded in establishing their authority, except over a few villages, situated in the valleys of the Terek, through which passes the military road leading from Russia to Georgia. In the reign of the Empress Elisabeth, the Russian clergy formed a project to bring the Ossetes under the denomination of Russia, by converting them to Christianity; and a petition was presented to the empress, from which the following is an extract:

—“The Ossetes, a nation rich in gold and silver, who inhabit the Caucasian highlands, and who, since the overthrow of the kingdom of Georgia by the Turks and the Persians, are left without a master, were formerly converted to the Christian religion, but they have unfortunately relapsed into paganism. Some travellers, who have visited their country, inform us, that the Ossetes are very anxious to return to Christianity,” &c. In consequence of this petition, an ecclesiastical commission was appointed to meet at Mozdok, in 1752. The commission proceeded to build a convent in the highlands, and established missionaries there, whose apostolical labours, however, consisted simply in baptising the pagans,—most of whom repeatedly presented themselves to go through the ceremony, because the Russian government granted to every convert twelve arshines of coarse linen, some salt fish, and a metallic cross. Mineralogists were, at the same time, sent by the government of Russia to examine the mines of the country; and as soon as it was discovered that the riches which had been anticipated did not exist, they ceased to take interest in the salvation of the highlanders.

TO THE DEPARTING BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Why do you leave us beautiful birds
On your pinions wild and free?
What is the charm that lures ye hence
To the isles of the far-off sea?

Are not our flowrets rich and rare,
And our groves as green and high
As those that wave to the spicy breath
Of the glowing eastern sky?

“Bright is your land and beautiful,
Ye favoured of the earth,
But your many crimes have cast a shade
O’er its glory and its mirth.

“And though its forests be green and high,
Yet no longer may we stay,
For our hearts are yearning to regain
Our homes so far away.

“We hasten from the stormy blast
Of the coming wintry hours—
From the leaves now falling mournfully
And the sadly fading hours.”

Alas! ye are false friends, dear birds,
For ye bask in the summer’s shine;
But flee like thoughtless flatterers by,
From her slow and sad decline.

“Nay, call us not false friends, we fly
In the parting summer’s train;
But when winter hath called off the snow,
We shall herald the spring again.

“And ever are our wings be spread,
— From a true and grateful heart,
We warble forth our sweet farewell
To the land whence we depart.

“For we love it, though its bloom be o’er,
And its summer-glories dying,
But brighter far than the shores we leave,
Is that to which we’re flying.”

Oh! true sweet birds, is the tale ye tell,
There are fairer lands than ours,
Shadowed by more majestic trees,
And decked with lovelier flowers.

But there is a land more glorious far
Than all this earth can show,
Where the sunshine reigneth eternally,
And the flowrets for ever blow.

Thither our fainting hopes we turn,
When all earthly comforts fail,
When the stricken-heart mourns silently,
And the care-worn cheek is pale.

Oh, may we learn from you, sweet birds,
Mid these dim scenes to dwell,
As strangers waiting patiently
To bid them a last farewell.

So when our earthly task is done,
And life’s brief summer o’er,
We shall speed our flight, on joyful wings,
To a brighter and better shore! — W. G.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.—No. VI.

MRS. SPENCER SMITH.

CHAPTER III.

BUT new disasters awaited the fugitives. In order to obtain fresh horses at Trent, it was necessary that Mrs. Smith's passport should be shown. That of the marquis bore his real description, but it contained the word *Cameriere*, which he had altered to *Cameriera*. Mrs. Smith having resumed her female attire, the officer would probably have let them pass, but it happened to be the commissary of police who examined the passport. Probably out of humour at being roused from his bed, he discovered that the passport was almost a false one. However, as he must have a more careful examination of the parties, and as by not giving the order for the horses which were required, he was very certain to find them again on the following morning, he postponed until eight o'clock the further examination of the passport, and returned to bed.

"There is no time for hesitation," said the marquis, "we must proceed on foot; otherwise we are lost."

Mrs. Smith was overcome with fatigue; but on seeing the imminent danger in which she stood, she determined to follow the advice of the marquis. He had observed the countenance of the master of the inn; he appeared to be a kind-hearted man. He went to him and made some inquiries about the road they were to take. The worthy man looked at the travellers with interest and pity. A thought which might naturally occur under such circumstances, perhaps, at that moment crossed his mind.

"It is impossible that the young lady can undertake the journey on foot in the middle of the night," he observed. "You are not here under any *surveillance*," added he; "and if you will give me your word of honour that you have committed no offence against the government of my country, I will sell you a cabriolet. I can also spare you a horse, which will very well bear a long journey. Depart then, and may heaven protect you."

He himself put the horse to the vehicle, and mounted it himself, in order to answer his name to the guard at the gates. In this manner they passed without difficulty. It was two o'clock in the morning when they left Trent. The good landlord of the inn, delighted at having saved them, left them at a distance of one league from the city. Mrs. Smith did not complain; but at every jolt of the vehicle, the marquis saw pain depicted in her countenance. Towards the morning she felt herself so weak, that she implored the marquis to drive at a slow pace, but he did not think it safe to do so. At intervals

they heard at a distance an indistinct sound like the rolling of a carriage, and the smacking of a whip. This sound proceeded from the direction of Trent. At length it came so near upon them that Mrs. Smith became greatly terrified.

They were then at the top of a very deep valley, at the foot of which flowed a little river or rather a torrent. On the other side was a steep and well wooded mountain. The marquis did not hesitate; he saw at some distance behind them a calèche full of men in uniform. Were they then pursued? This was probable, if not certain. From the position of the two carriages, the marquis could clearly distinguish every thing, whilst the sun shone in the eyes of those who approached, so that they could not perceive him.

"Do not be alarmed," said he to Mrs. Smith, and taking the horse by the bridle, he led him down rapidly to the bottom of the valley, and having urged the animal across the little torrent, he entered a thicket, formed by the young trees, which grew at the foot of the mountain. He penetrated it with some difficulty, and then imparted to Mrs. Smith the reason for the course he had adopted. "Heavens!" exclaimed she, clasping her hands "why, should I thus struggle to save a miserable existence? Why not have waited for them! What have I to hope for?—I cannot always escape. The whole of Europe is under the dominion of that man, and I must submit to my fate. Monsieur de Salvo, let us return to Milan; you will leave me at the entrance of the city, and you can afterwards go to some other part of Italy!"

The marquis represented to her, that, of all expedients, the worst was that which she had just suggested. The flight had commenced fortunately, and its termination might be equally happy. "Think, above all, of your children, of your mother, of your husband. It is your duty to preserve yourself for their sakes."

"At that moment the rolling of the carriages was heard on the heights. The noise was at first loud, then it became more distant, and at last it ceased altogether. Mrs. Smith again clasped her hands and offered thanks to God. "Let us go on," said she; "Providence has ordained that I shall escape them! But how are we to get out of this thicket?" Truly it was no easy matter: the marquis sallied forth to reconnoitre. On his return, he said, "I have found a footpath, it may almost be called a road. The carriage can pass through it; we must take this way, for it is advisable we should avoid the towns and high roads."

He then explained to Mrs. Smith that his object was to gain the frontier of Styria, by passing along the border of the territory of Saltzbourg. The trial which they had made of their passport at Trent was not calculated to give them confidence on passing through the cities. It was necessary then to proceed by bye roads, and, above all things, to guard against being met and recognised. The escape had been known for three days past. A description had been circulated of their persons, and the situation of the fugitives was in every respect more perilous than it had been before their flight from Brescia. Mrs. Smith was aware of this, and she gave renewed proofs of that fortitude of mind which she had evinced throughout her misfortunes. She suffered much from fatigue, but one might say of her:—

In corpore debile, anima forte!

She ascended the mountain on foot. When they had reached the summit, they perceived with delight a solitary house which appeared to be a farm. The heat was excessive, and the unfortunate lady had nothing to quench her thirst but a little water, so heated by the sun, that it was scarcely drinkable. They arrived at length before the door of the house. It was closed, and the barking of two or three dogs was at first the only answer they could obtain. At length, a window above the door was opened and a young woman asked them in no gentle tone what they wanted.

"We wish to rest here for a little time, and to have, upon paying for it, some milk, and something to eat."

"This house is not an inn," replied the woman. "And how did you find your way here? The road by which you have come is known only to my husband, and some of the inhabitants of the other valley." And saying this, the young woman cast a glance of curiosity and distrust at the two fugitives.

"I am the professor of botany at the university of Pavia," answered the marquis, "My wife accompanies me always in my journeys. This has been a longer one than usual, and we have lost our way. But open the door, and give us something to eat,—you shall not repent it."

The woman was prevailed upon to let them in; she showed Mrs. Smith into a parlour well furnished, the refreshing coolness of which restored her failing strength. Whilst she washed the dust from her hands and face, the young woman served up dinner. They had just finished their repast, when a man presented himself at the door. He was armed, as it is necessary to be in those solitary mountains. His countenance was unprepossessing, and an expression of dissatisfaction, which he could scarcely conceal on perceiving the two strangers, alarmed

Mrs. Smith. The young woman explained to him that the persons he saw were their guests. He divested himself of his arms, that is to say, his sabre and his pistols, retaining on his person a long poniard. While he paced sulkily up and down the apartment, he suddenly cast his eyes on the little casket of jewels which Mrs. Smith always carried about with her. It contained diamonds of great value. By a sudden movement, which it was impossible to prevent, he took up the casket which was closed by a small golden key then in the lock. He opened it, and the jewels sparkled before the astonished eyes of the man and his wife.

"Ah! ah!" he exclaimed, "then I am not deceived.—Your timid manner—your appearance in a place which can only serve as a retreat from justice,—all made me suspect you to be adventurers. But this is a more serious matter.—You are thieves! and possibly," added he, "you may be murderers."

Mrs. Smith fell back in her chair, and uttered a shriek, the distressing tone of which went to the heart of the young woman. She flew to her aid, and gave her a little water.

"You are not common travellers," continued the husband. "It is my duty to arrest you, young man, and to go to the neighbouring town to find assistance to conduct you to the prison of Trent."

He advanced towards the marquis, whose pistols were in the cabriolet, and who now trembled on thinking of the consequences which might result from being conveyed under such suspicious circumstances to Trent, whence he had fled on the preceding night.

"Hear me," said he, to the man, drawing him aside, "take care of what you are doing." And with ready invention fabricating a story, he told them that they were emigrants, that the jewels were his wife's property, and concluded by offering him twenty piastres to allow them to depart.

"If you would give me forty, I would not," answered the man. "It is plain that you are eluding justice. Come, go before me," pursued he, at the same time taking one of his pistols. "Obey, or I will shoot you."

The marquis refused to move, and the man was about to take him by the arm to force him forward, when his wife threw herself at his feet, supplicating him to allow the strangers to depart. The tears of Mrs. Smith had moved her, and she was under the influence of that powerful spell which the beautiful outlaw exercised over all who saw her, and conversed with her. The woman interceded so urgently in their behalf, that at length her husband's pity was moved, and he himself put the horse to, with which they were to resume their journey. It was already late; but in spite of all the offers and entreaties of Mrs. Smith, he refused to allow them to pass the night in his house.

"Begone!" he said. "All I can do for you is to let you depart. May heaven pardon me if you are guilty!"

The marquis and Mrs. Smith resumed their journey; it was then quite dark. They travelled on until nearly day-light amongst the mountains, and in the morning found themselves near a fortified farm, of which there were many at that period in the Tyrol. At this farm they breakfasted. They then again set out on their melancholy and dangerous pilgrimage.

They bent their course towards Berthold-Scalden, which is a watering place. It was necessary to avoid passing through the town. The marquis was slightly acquainted with the suburbs of Berthold-Scalden, and drove towards the lake of Zell. They arrived at a small inn situated on the margin of the lake. The master of the inn was a great news-monger, and had a variety of journals upon his table. Eager to see if any description had been given of them, the marquis seized the first which lay before him. It happened to be a Trent paper. He read, under the head Milan, that the police of Trent declared Mrs. Spencer Smith and the Marquis de Salvo to be fugitives, and authorised any of the inhabitants of the kingdom of Italy to arrest them, if they should be discovered, and to send them under a safe escort to Milan, where the marquis would be brought to trial for having favoured the escape of a prisoner of state of the French empire. Unwilling to alarm Mrs. Smith by explaining to her the new danger that had arisen, he merely informed her that they must immediately depart.

"We shall turn Berthold-Scalden," said he, "and probably reach the frontier of Styria to-night."

At this moment the sound of military music was heard. The marquis advanced to the window, and beheld in a little meadow near the house several squadrons of cavalry. On inquiring of the landlord of the inn, he learned, that they were troops that had been about a week in Berthold-Scalden, and that they occasionally came to do their exercise on the banks of the lake. The marquis knew a great many officers in the Bavarian as well as the French regiments. He was obliged to renounce all idea of passing these troops;—a fatality seemed to pursue the unfortunate fugitives.

"What is to be done?" ejaculated Mrs. Smith, weeping. "I will deliver myself up, and do you save yourself in the Tyrol; a man may easily escape."

The marquis's countenance showed that this new proposition to abandon her was almost offensive, and Mrs. Smith held out her hand, at the same time asking his pardon for having wounded his feelings. The unfortunate lady knew nothing of the Trent journal, which the marquis had thrown into the fire.

"We must cross the lake," said he, "and find refuge in the neighbouring mountains. Courage, I beg of you, and all will be well again." But at that moment he himself had not such hope.

They crossed the lake, and steered their boat towards the hermitage. The marquis's plan was to solicit an asylum of the clergyman, which he knew he could grant without peril to himself. This was their only alternative. They passed two days in the chapel, which was situated in the midst of a wood of fir trees, and but little frequented by the inhabitants of Berthold-Scalden. In the evening of the second day they heard the sound of military instruments. As soon as the sun had gone down, the marquis crossed the lake to obtain some information. The regiments had continued their march towards Saltsbourg, and the fugitives could now proceed. They determined to depart immediately, and, cautioned by the advice of the hermit, they avoided Berthold-Scalden, by going round it. Next day they passed through Rastadt, a large town, in which they stopped to dine. They were then not more than two leagues from the frontier of Styria.

"At length we are safe!" ejaculated the marquis.

Alas! they were now less safe than ever. They cheerfully resumed their route, after having dined, and reached without difficulty an interior barrier which opened on the road to Styria. They confidently presented their passport. The guard read it, then began to laugh, ran to his desk, took out another paper, compared them together, and again laughed very heartily. When people laugh, there is generally nothing alarming; nevertheless the fugitives inquired the reason of this hilarity, and the man still laughing, presented to them the paper, which he had compared with the passport, and on reading it, they commenced laughing as heartily as he did. The marquis thought they were mystifying him. At length he learned the truth, which was sufficiently amusing.

The young Princess de F——g had fallen in love with a bookseller's clerk at Vienna. This feeling of tenderness was mutual, and the two lovers had fled, in order to escape from the power of the lady's family, and from the imperial authority, which is always exercised to punish unequal matches of this kind. The Austrian government had sent a description of the two fugitives to all the large cities of Germany, France, and Italy, accompanied by an order to the chief authorities to transmit the description of the two individuals to all the places through which they were likely to pass.

The guard of the barrier of Styria had received this description in common with others. It represented the young lady to be fair, and the young man dark. This circumstance had excited his risibility; for he thought it droll that

they should have come so unsuspectingly to deliver themselves up, especially the young man, who had reason to apprehend severe chastisement. Mrs. Smith showing to the guard the two descriptions, explained to him that the fair and the dark complexions were the only points of resemblance between the fugitives and themselves, who were unoffensive travellers. The man was convinced of the truth of what she said, but nevertheless would not take upon himself the responsibility of letting them go.

"Hark ye," said he, "Saltzbourg is not far off, go thither—get your passport examined there, and then you shall pass. But you must be aware that a passport from Venice, which has

not been examined at any place, since it was given, looks a little suspicious.

The man was certainly right.

"We are lost," said Mrs. Smith, "difficulties seem to multiply. I have no longer any hope! What is to be done?"

"A very simple thing," replied the marquis. "This is the season when the flocks quit their winter for their summer pastures. They go in large flocks. We must disguise ourselves as shepherds. We will leave the cabriolet and the horse, and set off in the middle of the night with one of these flocks of sheep. The shepherds will not know but what we are of their party."

REVIEW.

The Monk of Cimici. By MRS. SHEERWOOD.

THIS work is one of a most numerous class which in the present day have sprung up, and which have to a certain extent obtained a respectable number of readers, owing to the fortuitous circumstance that they are written in a light and sketchy manner, and, therefore, make but little demand upon the faculties of thought and reflection. The professed intent of the writers of this style of fiction may be, we doubt not, a most praiseworthy one; they consider that the Catholic axiom, which implies that the means sanctify the end is quite sufficient for them; that however dark and dismal the scenery, and however revoltingly degenerate may be the characters which they delineate, the one will assuredly be brightened, and the other rendered spotless ere they pass from the imagination of the reader, and the last successful issue, and mental regeneration of the hero, or heroine, as it may be, is quite calculated to enchant the reader, and absolutely to blind his perceptions to all the vice and wickedness through which he has passed in order to arrive at the full fruition of his perfection. The above error, into which almost every writer of this class has fallen, is undoubtedly a great one; but it becomes trifling when we compare it with another—we mean that of bringing in the honest sentiments of religion, and the most sanctified revelations of truth, to assist in the display which it is their wish and object to make. The characters which they delineate are in their outward actions all just and good; but at heart they are talented hypocrites of a most fearful and vicious order; outwardly they are clad in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. They hesitate not, upon every occasion, to take the words of Scripture upon their lips, and the fearful repetition of such, which we have met with in this volume, leads us almost to the painful conclusion that they must be regarded by the author as pass-words, to be casually employed upon every worldly and irreverent occasion.

The results to which the perusal of such senseless works of fiction as these must lead are also of the very worst description. We can suppose it highly probable that a parent, at a casual glance over such a volume may see very many pages abounding in scriptural quotations, and relying on this circumstance, that the work is a good one, may place it in the hands of a young person, whose future welfare may be an object of the greatest interest and solicitude, fondly believing that in such a young heart and mind it may be the means of working much good, that the soil of the

young spirit may become rich and fertilised, and bring forth fruit abundantly. But instead of the truths of religion being placed in a clear and attractive light, (which the dark and sinful state of our moral natures requires,) there will be such an abundance of abstruse theological argument and doctrine, and a commingling of all the lights and shadows of human character sufficient to puzzle even minds of greater depth and judgment than those for whose benefit we presume these works were written, but for whom we hesitate not to assert that they are most decidedly unsuited.

The sanctity of religion should ever be kept inviolate; and its truths should not be brought forward in all times and at all seasons without some preparation by prayer and solemn meditation. The design of such works as "*The Monk of Cimici*" would be, we are apprehensive, to level and degrade it; to bring it into a revolting contact with the things of "the earth earthy;" to make it subservient to the worst and vilest of purposes; and to render it as a cloak for the darkest and most treacherous designs.

We have said that in these works the strange scenes of vice and iniquity, through which the reader is led, are generally rendered subservient to the illumination which in the last twenty pages of the volume generally breaks in upon the miserable creature, whose previous darkness and delusion has been made the object of such absurd and meretricious display; but it so happens that the ignorance of the writers generally prevents the accomplishment of their desires; they make their characters, at best, but respectable moralists—leaning to heaven, but clinging all the while to the earth, unwilling to lose the one, and loth to forego all chance of the other.

We have been led to make these remarks from a perusal of the work whose title stands at the head of this article. Its hero, Edmund Hetherington, is placed before the reader as a young man of most ambitious character, the son of a high dignitary of the church, with a mind naturally weak and indolent, and incapable of either understanding or appreciating the shallow theological doctrines which are instilled into him every day by his parent. We may here remark, that the power of delineating or describing character is evidently not the authoress's forte; and where we find the exception occurring to this rule, it is generally from the predominance of the more evil principles in those characters described that she succeeds. We shall enlarge on this topic more fully presently. A very great error of judgment is evidenced in describing the hero, as allured by the more seductive doctrines of a

Dr. Watson, (to what class of church or dissent this gentleman belongs we know not,) whose arguments generally fall on those points which have involved a larger share of biblical controversy than any other; whilst the simple church doctrines of the hero's parent seem as little relished as understood by him. The first bold essay which our hero makes before the reader is to fall in love, and in the very worst manner, for he loves one sister lightly, that he may the more easily loosen the coil in favour of the other, should her physical and mental qualifications prove superior. This eventually proves the case, and he is afterwards described as tortured by the basest and most unholy feelings and passions, and forms altogether a fine example of filial disobedience and shameless vice. Surely when we read such descriptions as these, on which the authoress has displayed the weakness of her power, (for we can describe it in no better manner,) we cannot abstain from expressing regret that a volume such as this should be placed for perusal before those whose minds are yet young, and happily inexperienced in the pestilential anatomy of vice. Surely such baneful principles of guilt and evil are not those which an affectionate parent would desire to inculcate into the minds of his children. Ambition, deception, falsehood, and fraud, can never be painted so bright as to cover the hideous and unnatural deformity inherent in them; and we would fain shrink from the consideration of what that mind must be whose imaginative powers could set before its young readers no brighter example of a young man just entering upon life, with the blushing honours of an early priesthood thickening around him. The natural inherent weakness of our hero forms an appropriate peg on which to hang a species of temptation, which we have found few fictitious heroes able to withstand—we mean that of a jesuitical and crafty Catholic priest, who puts many artful contrivances in his way, to withdraw him from the pure Protestant faith of his forefathers. In this he succeeds to a certain extent, but finding the footing on which he stands somewhat insecure, this gentle creature, who is denominated the Abbé Beauregard, summons to his assistance another spirit, more deceitfully vile and crafty still. To ensure the snare more securely, this second deceiver, Saciepaate, (who is a very bad copy of the Schedoni of Mrs. Radcliffe's "Italian,") is introduced as the ghostly counsellor and adviser of Edmund Hetherington, whilst the latter is sleeping on a sofa in a drunken dream. This is the first instance which we have met with of intemperance being rendered subservient to the cause of religion. Having premised thus far, our readers will not be surprised that iniquity and impiety, though robed in the brightest garments, occupy many of the ensuing chapters of the narrative, which here terminates this part of the story, by the hero's flight from England, in the melancholy character of a fratricide. A convent, among the Italian Apennines, is the chosen abode of Saciepaate, and thither our hero proceeds in his company; he is of course admitted as a reclaimed heretic, "a brand plucked from the burning," although the sequel proves him to be but a very mediocre Catholic, and altogether a man of no fixed or steady principle, which (though the authoress does not even allude to it) is the evident cause of his thorough degradation and downfall. From a monk he is raised to the office of officiating priest, and is appointed confessor of the neighbouring nunnery of La Madonna. Here we are again introduced to one of the sisters, whose earlier affections he had trifled with. The constancy of woman's affection leads her to take the veil

in this nunnery, that she may be near him; and we are introduced to a very singular conversation, in the confessional box, in which the priestly virtues of the confessor do not shine in the most orthodox light. Jealousy now occurs between Saciepaate and our hero, and he in consequence, through the instrumentality of the porter, is obliged to fly from the convent, on the eve of the interment of the young English nun, whose affections he had so basely returned. He is directed, by the *fides Achates* of the convent, to the monastery of Cimiés, near Nice; where, after remaining for a short time, he again elopes, and meets with some friends, who had been sent from England to search him out, and once more reaches his native shores, a happier and a better man.

The above is a mere outline sketch of the adventures of the principal character, whose weak and deluded mind seems throughout the entire narrative to be rendered purposely subservient to the crafty designs of those immediately around him. We have before alluded to the predominating portraiture of vicious feeling and design which this volume shows, and this remark is amply justified by the base characters of Beauregard and Saciepaate being constantly held up before the reader's attention; and, as an apology for the puerility of style, which the authoress so frequently betrays, and a proof of her partiality for the doctrines of the Catholic religion, we find many pages more than half occupied by long extracts from the French Theological Catechism of the Jesuits; generally inserted with the view of proving the truth of every assertion which she puts in the priest's mouth. Whilst on this topic, we may remark, that from those persons best acquainted with the authoress and her writings, we have heard many observations which go far to prove that she inclines more closely to the Catholic than to the Protestant orthodoxy,—a circumstance much strengthened by our perusal of the "Monk of Cimiés." We might here allude, did our space permit, to the numberless errors, both of style and diction, which this volume displays; her powers of description are evidently her best, and we might instance the hero's flight by night, from the monastery, as a proof of this, which contains the finest touches of graphic description in the volume. The outline of the narrative is good, but the manner in which it is filled up is decidedly worthless—it is one thing to plan an idea, and another thing to execute it. We suppose that the volume has been written *to order*, as a companion to her previous volume of "The Nun," for in no other way can we reconcile to ourselves the numberless evidences of hastily-written pages which it displays.

We have regretted much being obliged to deprecate the evil principles which this volume disseminates, where the authoress's intention might doubtless have been good; but if it is our duty to hold up the good and virtuous principles which literature may spread abroad to the admiring gaze of the world; so it is equally incumbent upon us not to shrink from the painful task of severely reproofing those errors which in the present day so unusually abound in the pages of our modern literary works. The interests of religion are our own individual interests, and we shrink no more from supporting the one than we should from advocating the other. If Mrs. Sherwood would take as example for her future volumes from the pages of such works as "No Fiction," and "Father Clement," or the yet more recent "Pictures of Private Life," by Miss Stickney, our task will for the future be the more agreeable one of praise, rather than the more painful one of censure.

BRITAIN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SAXONS were idolaters when they first came, and persecuted the British Christians severely. Their gods were Odin, or Woden, who had about one hundred and twenty-eight laudatory titles. He was the father of all the gods, and ruler of the seasons; and was worshipped on Wednesday, supposed to be the true god under some mythic name. Frea, his wife, the mater deorum, was the earth; she was the Saxon Venus, and did the offices of Lucina to the Saxon ladies, and was worshipped on a Friday.

Hence the names of the days:

1. Sunday, or, Sun's day.
2. Monday, or, Moon's day.
3. Tuesday, or, Tico's day.
4. Wednesday, or, Woden's day.
5. Thursday, or, Thor's day.
6. Friday, or, Frea's day.
7. Saturday, or, Seterne's day.

Thor, their eldest son, was god of winds, meteors, thunder, lightning, &c. his palace was fabled to have five hundred and forty halls.

The months were thus named by the Saxons: Balda was the god of light.

Niord, of fishermen and waters.

Tyrr, of heroes.

Heimdall, of rainbows, and janitor of the gods.

Brage, of scholars, orators, and poets.

Lothe was a pest to the gods, a Shakspearian Puck.

Eira was the goddess of medicine.

Gefone virginity.

Fulla dress.

Vara vows.

Lofra reconciliation.

Snotra politeness.

All these gods had many songs, rites, and sacrifices sacred to them. Of the last the following are some—(See the *Voluspa*, translated in *Turner's Saxon History*):—The falcon, cock, the bull, the dog, and horse, were daily offered to Odin, to whom there was an old town called Wodensburg (Wednesbury) dedicated.

The best swine Frigga.

Horses, and fat bulls . . . Thor.

Such were their sacrifices; which were slain near the altar, where their blood was caught and sprinkled on the people, while from the entrails the priest spelled out the popular fortunes. Their feasts were frequent, but some of the most important were at the winter solstice, Yule, or Iule, which was the beginning of the Saxon year. This feast, at which there was much mirth, was dedicated to Thor.

Another feast was in the second moon, and a third, sacred to Odin, was in the spring. At these the worshippers drank largely to the healths

of their gods, to whom they attributed their successes, for which they drank and worshipped more, to requite them. If unfortunate they also attributed it to the gods, whom they then defied, spit at, and discharged their weapons and jests at the heavens, and used the most menacing threats in speech and gesticulation. At this time the priesthood was hereditary. Each division of the heptarchy had a leading priest who, though obliged to follow the camp, was neither allowed arms nor horses: it was also his duty to flog the soldiers. They were no great zealots, as the old Britons, having neither statues nor temples, had little to teach, and less to do; for their creed was sublimely laconic, being only to do no harm, to worship the gods, and fight bravely. When, afterwards, they worshipped in rude circles of unhewn stones, the altar was covered with sheet-iron, on which a ceaseless fire burnt; while near stood the blood vessel and the sprinkling brush. They had their statues of Odin in armour, of Frigga, and of Thor, which was garlanded with stars, and had in his hand a large club. The Saxons had also priestesses, who were ladies of rank, very powerful, esteemed oracular, and addressed their worship and services to the goddesses. The Anglo-Saxon heaven was called Valhalla, which was filled with the delights which they valued on earth. It was the abode of warriors, who spent their time in hacking each other to pieces, though, at the end of the fight all fell, according to the Lucretian hypothesis, into their right places again.

Their hell was called Nifheim, whose threshold they named Precipice, the palace Anguish; the table Famine; the waiters Expectation; the appearance Terror; the bed Leanness, &c. Both, with all their inmates, had the prospect of conflagration, from whose ashes Gimle, another heroic heaven, made of gold, and Nastrande, a Tartarus built with snakes, were to rise. The worst part of this mummary passed away when they received Christianity.

When Germanus left Britain, his two disciples taught schools, and raised other competent Christian teachers, who, without any thing extraordinary in the toils of such a life, preached with comparative success, and enjoyed considerable peace.

At length Austin, with forty Gaulish and Italian companions, after having turned back, and been threatened and coaxed by Pope Gregory, arrived in the isle of Thanet. They were introduced to Ethelbert, who, to disarm their potential charms, received them under an oak; and from regard to his Christian wife, and his British slaves, who were also Christian, he gave them temporary

support, liberty to preach, and an old British church, called St. Martin, in Canterbury, of which they took possession in train, chaunting "By thy great mercy, O Lord, turn away, we beseech thee, thine anger from this city and thy holy temple, for we are sinners: Hallelujah." This had its effect, roused the attention of the Saxons, who, visiting them, admired, felt, believed, and followed their doctrines; and in the following year Ethelbert himself and ten thousand of his subjects were baptised on Christmas day. Austin, ordained by the Archbishop of Arles, and endowed with Canterbury by the king, repaired the old church for his palace, built a monastery for his monks, and, having sent to the pope, was dignified with the pallium; received several coadjutors, among whom were Paulinus, Justus, and Militus; also books, the customary paraphernalia, wondrously potent relics, and instructions about the future church of England, one of which was, that the popular prejudice and usage should be as little as possible disturbed. Austin, who was a vain, cunning, tyrannical, and passionate man, strictly obeyed the pope in this last command; for the heathen temples became churches, the idol statues stood for saints, and the feasts and rites received a more Christian nomenclature: as a specimen of which we may mention, that it was an old Saxon custom to pledge their gods when drinking, but, instead of continuing this, they were allowed to drink to the health of St. Peter, the Virgin, and Jesus Christ! The bishoprics of Rochester and London were soon founded, where Ethelbert built churches. Paulinus received a house, land, and church at York, from Edwin, and the pallium from the pope. The British bishops, however, did not acknowledge the power of Austin, until seven of them, together with the abbot of Bangor and a hermit, had stoutly disputed with them; for by this time Austin had set about their reformation. The disputes were concerning the time of keeping Easter, and the form of the tonsure, the British wearing it crescent-wise, and the Romans in a circle; about which they disputed with great learning at Whitby, where, after much magnificent nonsense and spiritual foolery, with Oswin on their side, the Austinites are thought to have won; and at the point of the sword, from motives of war, gain, pride, regard to women, with the ruling passions in their favour, Christianity was under the new form in a sense forced upon the people. Thus the south of the isle, but chiefly Kent, was evangelised by the missionaries from Rome, and the northern parts from Scotland, whose clergy were much hated by the others, which originated the different customs for a long time practised in the English church. The order in which the kingdoms of the heptarchy are said to have received the gospel is Kent, Essex, Northumbria, East Anglia, the West Saxons, Mercia, and Sussex: the political conversion of nearly all which originated from

intermarriages and conquest. Before this was achieved, countless were the feuds, battles, and murders. Councils in 465, 512, 516, and 519, were called, sees were established and destroyed, and Lichfield and other places possessed a temporary archbishopric. Great good, however, resulted; for while the priests spent too much of their time in dressing the newly baptised in white robes and chrismal fillets, which they wore eight days; in settling their barbarous casuistry and new-born distinctions, even the partial effects of their doctrines began to make it fashionable to compassionate and manumit the slaves, to open and endow schools, to acquire the little real knowledge of their teachers, to build in better taste, to cultivate the softening arts, and to follow gainful pursuits. For the clergy were at first itinerants, living either with their bishops and preaching to their neighbourhood, or engaged in long journeys. They scattered the little knowledge they possessed, gained other places of settlement, which in turn became centres of similar influence. Besides, the clergy were early taught some mechanic art, and were obliged to pursue it and teach it to their inferiors; which, added to the fact that they were not allowed arms, made them certainly, though not innocent, by far the most useful men of their age, which would have been more their debtors if the following things could not have been said.

Every church had a painted image of its patron saint, and many had Saxon idols in them; for this superstition was far from being destroyed in 625, when there stood one of their great temples at Godmandham, of which Cerfic the priest, after railing on the Saxon gods for their ingratitude to him—a long and self-denying worshipper who had suffered great reverses—became a Christian. But long after the reception of Christianity by the Saxons, so imperfectly were they informed, that when, in the twenty-second year of Oswin, a solar eclipse, in the beginning of May, occasioned a dry summer, a fiery appearance of the sky, and the yellow plague, they attributed these evils to the anger of their old gods. The plague ravaged Ireland, though not Scotland, and destroyed numbers of eminent persons in church and state. At that time archbishops and the other clergy claimed exemption from all taxes and assistance to the state; and of one of them it was said by the pope to an English king, that he could raise souls from the bottom of hell to the port of heaven. All decrees of councils were then signed with the cross, without which they were effete. At the death of a bishop the people were required to sing thirty psalms in the church, then covered with paintings; while the other bishops and abbots were to say one hundred and twenty masses, and six hundred psalms. The clergy, then called *mass thanes*, were keepers of the weights, managers of ordeals, and *oafas*, (valued according to the

station of the swearer,) and had to protect the slaves, apportion their labour, confer with the judges, and to "prevent the sprouts of pravity from springing up." Churches were then built of wood, wicker work, and mire, and covered with reeds; such was the first York Cathedral, which, when a few years subsequent it was built of rude stone, was thought to be prodigiously effectual on that account, and unequalled in the island.

About this time it was appointed that fifty psalms should be sung at the church on Friday for the king, that children should be dipped in baptism instead of sprinkled, which was the ancient practice; then, also, pilgrimages to Jerusalem, to Rome, and other places, celebrated in the evangelic history, were in great repute, especially among the English, who thronged the roads to such a degree that princes through whose lands they went derived fortunes from their tolls.

New councils were held A.D. 664, 673, 701, 705, 747, and 850, from which, however, little is to be learnt, except the creeping of the ecclesiastical power through all the roots and branches of the state; and except as they cast a lateral light upon the age, in which we see occasionally the mangled bodies of some exemplary monks, hundreds of whom often resisted the bishops' bowing their flocks for the first time to auricular confession; the seditious Wilfred shaking the kingdom with his devout antics for nearly forty years; the first imposition of the kirk-scot demanded from every village, and which, with

intermissions, continued till Ethelwolf gave the tenth of the lands to the church, confirmed by Edwin in 928; the first appointment of week services; swarms of rogues trooping over the country in the monk's garb; the busy relic-trade, which left no one without a thumb, a toe-nail, a nose, or a tooth, of some saint; the bustle of a thousand rising churches; the ceaseless roar of the rude organ; or the dismal monotony of a thousand priories and nunneries, barred and moated, and containing kings and queens among their inmates; the Grecian artist with his ideal of beauty which none courted; the expatriated Roman mechanic with his grand art which no one relished; and the broken-hearted genius in tears over the dark ages in which he was cast; the scholar without a press or a pen, and the pupil without a teacher; the king crossing for his signature, and the queen commending herself for her great learning, because she could read the *pater noster*; hundreds of men, on the whole devout, publicly spiritualising dreams, and giving serious credit to visions; the people given to all sorts of sorcery, jabbering out Latin prayers to which Boniface had allowed them to affix any signification; the mass-priest, without shoes and stockings, administering the sacrament in horn and wooden cups; an age in which satire was in its cradle, and liberty confined in the castle's keep; science a fugitive upon the plains of Europe, and true religion shut up in the triple mail of superstition, where, if her ethereal spirit had been possibly mortal, she must have expired.

A SWISS TRADITION.

In the course of an excursion, during the autumn of last year, a traveller through the wildest and most secluded parts of Switzerland took up his residence, during a stormy night, in a convent of Capuchin friars, not far from Altorf, the birth-place of the famous William Tell. In the course of the evening one of the fathers related, in an impressive manner, the following tradition, which, in some of its characteristic features, bears a striking resemblance to Lord Byron's drama, "Manfred."

"His soul was wild, impetuous, and uncontrollable. He had a keen perception of the faults and vices of others, without the power of correcting his own; alike sensible of the nobility, and of the darkness of his moral constitution, although unable to cultivate the one to the exclusion of the other.

"In extreme youth, he led a lonely and secluded life in the solitude of a Swiss valley, in company with an only brother, some years older than himself, and a young female relative, who had been educated along with them from her

birth. They lived under the care of an aged uncle, the guardian of those extensive domains which the brothers were destined jointly to inherit.

"A peculiar melancholy, cherished and increased by the utter seclusion of that sublime region, had, during the period of their infancy, preyed upon the mind of their father, and finally produced the most dreadful result. The fear of a similar tendency in the minds of the brothers, induced their protector to remove them, at an early age, from the solitude of their native country. The elder was sent to a German university, and the younger completed his education in one of the Italian schools.

"After the lapse of many years, the old guardian died, and the elder of the brothers returned to his native valley; he there formed an attachment to the lady with whom he had passed his infancy; and she, after some fearful forebodings, which were unfortunately silenced by the voice of duty and of gratitude, accepted of his love, and became his wife.

"In the meantime, the younger brother had left Italy, and travelled over the greater part of Europe. He mingled with the world, and gave full scope to every impulse of his feelings. But that world, with the exception of certain hours of boisterous passion and excitement, afforded him little pleasure, and made no lasting impression upon his heart. His greatest joy was in the wildest impulses of the imagination.

"His spirit, though mighty and unbounded, from his early habits and education naturally tended to repose; he thought with delight on the sun rising among the Alpine snows, or gilding the peaks of the rugged hills with its evening rays. But within him he felt a fire burning for ever, and which the snows of his native mountains could not quench. He feared that he was alone in the world, and that no being, kindred to his own, had been created; but in his soul there was an image of angelic perfection, which he believed existed not on earth, but without which he knew he could not be happy. Despairing to find it in populous cities, he retired to his paternal domain. On again entering upon the scenes of his infancy, many new and singular feelings were experienced—he was enchanted with the surpassing beauty of the scenery, and wondered that he should have rambled so long, and so far from it. The noise and the bustle of the world were immediately forgotten on contemplating

"The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

A light, as it were, broke around him, and exhibited a strange and momentary gleam of joy and of misery mingled together. He entered the dwelling of his infancy with delight, and met his brother with emotion. But his dark and troubled eye betokened a fearful change, when he beheld the other playmate of his infancy. Though beautiful as the imagination could conceive, she appeared otherwise than he expected. Her form and face were associated with some of his wildest reveries,—his feelings of affection were united with many undefinable sensations—he felt as if she was not the wife of his brother, although he knew her to be so, and his soul sickened at the thought.

"He passed the night in a feverish state of joy and horror. From the window of a lonely tower, he beheld the moon shining amid the bright blue of an Alpine sky, and diffusing a calm and beautiful light on the silvery snow. The eagle owl uttered her long and plaintive note from the castellated summits which overhung the valley, and the feet of the wild chamois were heard rebounding from the neighbouring rocks; these accorded with the gentler feelings of his mind, but the strong spirit which so frequently overcame him, listened with intense delight to the dreadful roar of an immense torrent, which was precipitated

from the summit of an adjoining cliff, among broken rocks and pines, overturned and uprooted, or to the still mightier voice of the avalanche, suddenly descending with the accumulated snows of a hundred years.

"In the morning he met the object of his unhappy passion. Her eyes were dim with tears, and a cloud of sorrow had darkened the light of her lovely countenance.

"For some time there was a mutual constraint in their manner, which both were afraid to acknowledge, and neither were able to dispel. Even the uncontrollable spirit of the wanderer was oppressed and overcome, and he wished he had never returned to the dwelling of his ancestors. The lady was equally aware of the awful peril of their situation, and without the knowledge of her husband, she prepared to depart from the castle, and take the veil in a convent situated in a neighbouring valley.

"With this resolution she departed on the following morning; but in crossing an Alpine pass which conducted, by a nearer route, to the adjoining valley, she was enveloped in mists and vapour, and lost all knowledge of the surrounding country. The clouds closed in around her, and a tremendous thunder-storm took place in the valley beneath. She wandered about for some time, in hopes of gaining a glimpse, through the clouds, of some accustomed object to direct her steps, till, exhausted by fatigue and fear, she reclined upon a dark rock, in the crevices of which, though it was now the heat of summer, there were many patches of snow. There she sat, in a state of feverish delirium, till a gentle air dispelled the dense vapour from before her feet, and discovered an enormous chasm, down which she must have fallen if she had taken another step. While breathing a silent prayer to Heaven for this providential escape, strange sounds were heard, as of some disembodied voice floating among the clouds. Suddenly she perceived, within a few paces, the figure of the wanderer tossing his arms in the air, his eye inflamed, and his general aspect wild and distracted; he then appeared meditating a deed of sin; she rushed towards him, and, clasping him in her arms, dragged him backwards, just as he was about to precipitate himself into the gulf below.

"Overcome by bodily fatigue and agitation of mind, they remained for some time in a state of insensibility. The brother first revived from his stupor; and finding her whose image was pictured in his soul lying by his side, with her arms resting upon his shoulder, he believed for a moment that he must have executed the dreadful deed he had meditated, and had waked in another world. The gentle form of the lady was again reanimated, and slowly she opened her beautiful eyes. She questioned him as to the purpose of his visit to that desolate spot: a full

explanation took place of their mutual sensations, and they confessed the passion which consumed them.

"The sun was now high in heaven, the clouds of the morning had ascended to the loftiest Alps, and the mists—into their airy elements resolved—were gone. As the god of day advanced, dark valleys were suddenly illuminated, and lovely lakes brightened like mirrors among the hills; their waters sparkling with the fresh breeze of the morning; the most beautiful clouds were sailing in the air, some breaking on the mountain-tops, and others resting on the sombre pines, or slumbering on the surface of the unilluminated valleys. The shrill whistle of the marmot was no longer heard, and the chamois had bounded to its inaccessible retreat. The vast range of the neighbouring Alps was next distinctly visible, and presented to the eyes of the beholders 'glory beyond all glory ever seen.'

"In the meantime a change had taken place in the feelings of the mountain-pair, which was powerfully strengthened by the glad face of nature; the glorious hues of earth and sky seemed indeed to sanction and rejoice in their mutual happiness. The darker spirit of the brother had now fearfully overcome him; the dreaming predictions of his most imaginative years appeared realised in their fullest extent, and the voice of prudence and of nature was inaudible amidst the intoxication of his joy. The object of his affection rested in his arms in a state of listless happiness, listening with enchanted ear to his wild and impassioned eloquence, and careless of all other sight or sound.

"She, too, had renounced her morning vows, and the convent was unthought of and forgotten. Crossing the mountains by wild and unfrequented paths, they took up their abode in a deserted cottage, formerly frequented by goatherds and the hunters of the roe. On looking down, for the last time, from the mountain-top, on that delightful valley in which she had so long lived in innocence and peace, the lady thought of her departed mother, and her heart would have died within her, but the wild glee of the brother again rendered her insensible to all other sensations, and she yielded to the sway of her fatal passion.

"There they lived, secluded from the world,

and supported, even through evil, by the intensity of their passion for each other. The turbulent spirit of the brother was at rest; he had found a being endowed with virtues like his own, and, as he thought, destitute of all his vices. The day-dreams of his fancy had been realised, and all that he had imagined of beauty or affection was embodied in that form which he could call his own.

"On the morning of her departure the dreadful truth burst upon the mind of her wretched husband. From the first arrival of the dark-eyed stranger, a gloomy vision of future sorrow had haunted him by day and by night. Despair and misery now made him their victim, and that awful malady which he inherited from his ancestors was the immediate consequence. He was seen, for the last time, among some stupendous cliffs which overhung the river, and his hat and cloak were found by the chamois hunters at the foot of an ancient pine.

"Soon, too, was the guilty joy of the survivors to terminate. The gentle lady, even in felicity, felt a load upon her heart; her spirit had burned too ardently, and she knew it must, ere long, be extinguished. Day after day the lily of her cheek encroached upon the rose, till at last she assumed a monumental paleness, unrelieved save by a transient and hectic glow; Her angelic form wasted away, and soon the flower of the valley was no more.

"The soul of the brother was dark, dreadfully dark, but his body wasted not, and his spirit caroused with more fearful strength. 'The sounding cataract haunted him like a passion.' He was again alone in the world, and his mind endowed with more dreadful energies; his wild eye sparkled with unnatural light, and his raven hair hung heavy on his burning temples. He wandered among the forests and the mountains, and rarely entered his once-beloved dwelling, from the windows of which he had so often beheld the sun sinking in a sea of crimson glory.

"He was found dead in that same pass in which he had met his sister among the mountains; his body bore no marks of external violence, but his countenance was convulsed by bitter insanity."

SLAVERY.

MINUTES OF A CONVERSATION BETWEEN ALEXANDER, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, AND THOMAS CLARKSON, ESQ.

Saturday, Sept. 23, 1815.

WHEN I arrived at Paris, the Emperor of Russia had just left it to review his armies on the plains of Vertus, which occupied some days.

On his return to Paris, I wrote him a letter, stating therein, in substance, that having heard when he was in London, from the Duke of Gloucester, from Mr. Wilberforce, from Mr. Robert Wilson, and from the three good men of the

religious society called Quakers, Mr. Grillet, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Allen, to whom he had granted an audience of two hours, of the interest which he, the Emperor, had taken in the abolition of that traffic so oppressive to the unhappy Africans, I had sent him a complete set of my books through the hands of Lady Waven, which she delivered to Count Nesselrode, as a small testimony of the respect and esteem I felt for him on that account; but that on a further consideration of the subject, I had not been satisfied with myself, and that hearing he was at Paris, which was comparatively but a short distance, I had determined to go thither, in order to thank him in person for all his efforts on behalf of this injured people, and to implore, should any future opportunity offer, a continuance of his favour towards them.

This letter I carried to the Baroness Rendem, a Russian lady, and sat and conversed with her upon the subject of it for nearly an hour. The Baroness is a lady of most exemplary merit; she devotes her time to religion. The Emperor of Russia generally calls upon her every evening at 7 o'clock, in order to converse with her on spiritual subjects. It was on this account I carried my letter to her, and also one from the Duke of Gloucester to the Emperor, which was intended as an introduction of me to the latter person.

The Baroness assured me she would deliver them both into his Majesty's hands, as soon as she should see him. In the course of two days, I received a message from the Baroness that the Emperor had received and read both the letters in her presence, and seemed much pleased with them. He desired her to instruct me to thank the Duke for his letter; and, with respect to my own letter, that part of it had given him peculiar satisfaction wherein I had mentioned the names of those three good men whose conversation had so much interested him when in England. He desired her to add, that he was exceedingly occupied, but that in a short time he would make arrangements for seeing me.

On Friday, September 22nd, I received a message from the Lady Rendem, that the Emperor desired my attendance at her house, the next morning, at eleven o'clock. Accordingly, I attended, and expected to find him there; but it appeared he had sent there one of his own domestics to show me the way to him. This servant I followed closely to the Palais des Bourbons. When I arrived there, he conducted me through several rooms, and at length left me in a spacious apartment, in which were two or three Russian officers, who were on guard for the day. Here I remained, till another of his domestics came up, and desired me to follow him. He led me through three other rooms into a fourth, in which was a gentleman, who said "The Emperor is in the next room and expects you."

I felt a little embarrassed as to what I should say; but I was instantly relieved from this feeling, by the affability and condescension of the Emperor. He came to meet me to the very door; he then took my hand into his own, led me into the room, and immediately broke silence by addressing me in English. He said (still continuing to hold my hand) that he considered I had done him honour by coming from England expressly to see him: he was not in the habit of making compliments, he meant what he said, he should not easily forget my visit.

I had only done him justice in considering him to be the friend of the poor Africans. He had always been an enemy to the slave trade. He had, indeed, formerly known nothing more of it than other people; he knew only that the Africans were taken from their country against their will, and that they were transported to the colonies of foreigners, for whom they were made to work under a system commonly reported *cruel*; but this he considered to be an outrage against human nature, and this alone made him a determined enemy to the slave trade; but when in after-time he had read those books which had furnished him with particulars on the subject, and when he had seen the print of *the slave ship*, he felt he should be unworthy of the high station he held, if he had not done his utmost, in all the late conferences on that subject, to wipe away such a pestilence from the face of the earth. After this he let go my hand, and we stood talking face to face. There was no other person in the room. I told him I had long ago understood that his disposition towards the oppressed Africans had been such as I now had the satisfaction of learning from his own mouth; that his kind disposition was now generally known and duly appreciated by the friends of the cause in England—that it had gratified them beyond measure to find that this injured people had so powerful a protector and friend; and that I could not doubt (should any opportunity yet offer) the Emperor would continue to advocate their cause. He replied, he would never desert it.

In the original treaty with France, he had taken a very active part in their behalf—but the obstacles were so very great on behalf of the French Government, which at that time had great, extravagant schemes in prospect, that he found it impossible to realise his wishes. In a period succeeding this, viz. during the Congress at Vienna, he had exerted himself again, and had united himself with the British Ministers in their favour; and though new and great obstacles had risen up on the part of the other nations concerned in the odious traffic, he trusted that some further advantages had been gained there. Something like the foundation of new treaties on this important subject had been laid there; and at a subsequent period (very lately) since

his arrival in Paris, he had again taken up their cause, and in conjunction with the British Minister, had been so successful, that France had agreed to give up four years' continuance, being the remaining term of this trade. So that another nation had been added to the list of those who had already abandoned the infamous traffic. I replied, that we were all of us sensible that *great* things had been done, for which we could not be too thankful, and that the Emperor had been a most powerful instrument, under Providence, in accomplishing them; but those in England who had been the means of developing and bringing to light the mass of crimes and sufferings contained in the slave trade, and whose feelings had been more than ordinarily excited upon this subject, *and whose feelings* had perhaps led them to be so sanguine in their expectations, had been disappointed—(I hoped his Majesty would excuse the freedom with which I was going to speak.—Here he nodded assent). I then resumed,—*had been disappointed* at finding the Allied Sovereigns at Vienna had not proclaimed the slave trade to be *piracy*. This would have been a noble declaration in the face of the world in favour of *justice* and *religion*, and it would only have accorded with principles which all of them were obliged to confess daily, in the administrations of their respective governments. They were all obliged to *punish*, and thus try to put an end to *robbery* and *murder*. This was essentially necessary, or their governments could not go on, but the slave trade was a complication of robbery and murder; and it was deeply to be lamented, in my opinion, under this and every other view of the subject, that such a noble decree had been overlooked.

The Emperor, with great condescension, admitted the truth of what I had said.

He admitted it would have been more worthy the Congress to have passed the decree now mentioned; and, moreover, that the continuance of the slave trade by the Allies was at variance with their own principles as governors; but we could not cure great evils at once; besides, the difficulties at Vienna were much greater than I had any notion of. The decree that I had suggested might have passed, if some of the most powerful of the sovereigns had agreed upon it, and if at the same time they had agreed to use force. But the Congress at Vienna consisted of sovereigns united, and in alliance for one great object, viz. the future safety, peace, and tranquillity of Europe, where harmony was essentially necessary, as far as it could be obtained. This harmony must have been broken, if such a decree had been insisted upon.

He trusted, however, that one great object would be finally accomplished, in consequence of what had already taken place; indeed, he did not doubt it. Great progress had been made. A new nation (France) had now fully come into

the measure. He did not doubt, from what he had heard, that *Spain* and *Portugal* would follow. If any other exertions were necessary on his part, it was only for us to point them out, and he should attend to our suggestions on the principle of duty. I might return to England with the assurance from himself, that he would never desert the cause of the injured Africans. He would never disappoint our hopes, and if I myself, as one of the individuals who had laboured in the glorious cause, should be disposed to write to him, I was at liberty so to do; but I must write to him *freely* and without ceremony, as to a *friend*, acting in unison for the same great object. He added, "I trust we have so laboured in the Congress, that the result will be very satisfactory to all Christian people."

This last sentence was uttered in a pause, and as if it had come out unexpectedly, so that I was at a loss to determine whether it related to the slave trade, or whether to some arrangements at Paris, respecting religious toleration, or any other religious subject. While I was reflecting upon it, the Emperor turned to another subject, and asked me how Mr. Allen, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Grillet were, and where they now were. I replied, that the two former were in England, and were well when I saw them; but the latter had gone home to America to the bosom of his family.

The Emperor then said, that the two hours' conversation which he had held with them in London were among the most agreeable hours he had spent while in England. The religious opportunity which he then had with them had made a very serious impression on his mind, such as he believed he should never forget; and he could not but have a high regard for the society to which three such good men belonged. With respect to the society itself, it appeared to him as if its members, taken in the plainness of their dress and appearance, and the simplicity and yet independence of their manners, approached nearer to the primitive Christians than any other people.

He might say the same of their doctrine—their first *grand doctrine* of the influence of the Holy Spirit was the very corner-stone of religion. Here he abruptly asked me, if I myself were a Quaker. I replied, I was not so in name, but I trusted I was in spirit—I was nine parts out of ten of their way of thinking. They had been fellow-labourers with me in the great cause; the more I had known them the more I had loved them.

The Emperor said, putting his hand to his breast, I embrace them more than any other people—I consider myself as one of them.

I told him, as he had such a value for the Quakers, I would furnish him with one or two anecdotes, which I had no doubt would please him to hear, but more particularly if he had not

heard them before. His predecessor, Peter the Great, had professed an attachment to the Quakers, similar to what the Emperor had just expressed. He was acquainted with the great William Penn, and others of the first founders of the Society, and when he worked at the Dock-yard at Deptford, in order to learn practically the rudiments of naval architecture, he frequently attended the Quakers' Meeting, where he conducted himself with due solemnity and decorum.

The Emperor said he had known this anecdote before. I said that, with his permission, I would relate another. The same Peter the Great, about 16 years after he had left England, went with his army to Frederickstadt; on his arrival there, one of the first questions he asked was, whether there were any of those good men called Quakers in the place? and being told there were, he signified his intention of attending one of their meetings. He accordingly attended, accompanied by his suite; he heard the discourse that followed, with great attention and interest, and bestowed his commendation upon it. The Emperor might remember this was precisely his own case, when last year he attended the Quakers' Meeting-house in St. Martin's-lane; so that he had, probably, without knowing it, trodden in the footsteps of his great predecessor.

The Emperor thanked me for this anecdote, which was new to him, and said he could not follow a better example than that of Peter the Great, and desired to follow him in whatever he had done that was good.

He then asked me if Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Allen were of any profession? I replied, that Mr. Wilkinson was a preacher of the gospel, and that he devoted himself to his religious office; and that Mr. Allen was in trade, but that he spent his time chiefly in doing good. Here I could not resist the impulse I felt to do justice to the character of my friend by an eulogium, in which, however high it may appear, I did not exceed the bounds of truth. After which I said that, of the many objects which occupied Mr. Allen's attention, that of forming public schools was among the foremost, and that I knew he wished that similar establishments might be formed in the Emperor's dominions. He replied, abruptly, that he supposed I knew there were schools in Russia, but, perhaps, they were not so improved a plan as those in England.

I answered him by saying, the difference lies there. I then said a few words on the methodism of the English schools, and that in consequence of the great number of boys which one master could teach, education became cheap, so as to be even within the power of the poor. I then enlarged on the benefits of education. I observed, his own empire was great and powerful; but what would it be if his subjects were improved by a wise and universal education? his Empire would be more powerful, more permanent, and more happy. Nothing contributed more to make subjects useful, orderly, virtuous and happy, than an acquaintance with the truths of the Gospel and education, inasmuch as it taught them to read, and was one of the outward means of enabling them to know those truths. In this point of view, these schools were of inestimable value! He replied, that there was no sure foundation for peace, order, and happiness, among men, but the Christian religion, and added, this is quite as necessary for kings as for people. I then informed him that Mr. Allen, and those who laboured with him on this subject, were not labouring for a private or particular good, their views extended to the whole world, and for this purpose they were educating foreigners of different nations to qualify them to carry the system of the British education into the countries to which they severally belonged. They had lately educated one from Denmark, and another from France, and they would be very glad to educate one from Russia, with the same design.

On hearing this, the Emperor seemed to be well pleased, and said, *You may be sure I should be glad to promote the system in Russia. He said he was very sorry to take his leave of me so soon; and he had more engagements than, he feared, he could perform while he stayed in Paris.*

He added, "Remember me kindly to Mr. Allen, and his good friends the Quakers; and tell Mr. Allen I wish him to write to me on the subject of his schools. He may depend upon my countenance in Russia." He then took hold of my hand again, saying, "My best wishes accompany you to England, and if I can at any time be useful to the cause of the poor Africans, you may always have my services by writing me a letter."

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES. No. VI.

MRS. SPENCER SMITH.

CHAPTER IV.

"HEAVENS!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, with the feelings natural to an elegant and refined woman, "how do you imagine I could put on the filthy

cast-off clothes of those miserable shepherds? I should prefer the prison of Valencienne to that."

The *marquis*, however, insisted upon returning to *Rastadt* to purchase their disguises. They arrived there at sunset, and they had to depart again at midnight, in order to meet the flocks at the moment of their passing, which was generally at break of day. The *marquis*, who undertook the office of making up the story, told the hostess that, wishing to surprise his sister, whom they were going to meet, his wife and he wished to dress themselves as shepherds. He requested her to purchase the two costumes, and gave her several pieces of gold. The good hostess speedily executed the commission. By one of those unlucky chances which happen but too often to the unfortunate, the man of whom the dresses were purchased was attached to the police of the little town of *St. Maria*, two leagues from thence. He questioned the woman; she told the truth, and that truth was sufficient to warrant the arrest of a whole town. He said nothing, but sold her the two dresses. Scarcely had she turned her back when he saddled his horse, and hastened to *St. Maria*, to give information of what had occurred.

The disguises were put on amidst bursts of laughter; the fair fugitive enjoyed one of those moments of quiet which frequently, it is said, precede misfortunes. At midnight, having liberally rewarded their good hostess, they were about to step into the cabriolet to drive to the Styrian frontier; but as they were passing through an obscure corridor, which led from the parlour to the court-yard, the *marquis* felt the points of two bayonets touch his sides, whilst *Mrs. Smith* was rudely seized by two soldiers, and dragged back to the parlour. There a commissary of police was seated. He eyed the lady for a long time with an air of insolence. "What is your name?" he at length inquired.

"*Mrs. Spencer Smith*, the daughter of *baron Herbert*, the internuncio from *Austria* to *Constantinople*, and the wife of the ambassador from *England* to *Stuttgart*."

Mrs. Smith immediately perceived that she could only serve herself and her companion by avowing the truth. She was now upon the *Austrian* territory. The government might not be sufficiently strong to save her, but the subalterns might be overawed by her tone of authority, and let her go. In fact, the commissary seemed for a moment overwhelmed by this litany of great names, though he looked as if he did not believe she was telling truth.

"And why this costume?"

"Because I choose to wear it; this is a matter which does not concern you."

"Humph! And where are you going?"

"To the residence of my sister, the Countess *Strassoldo*, at *Gratz*, in *Styria*."

"Who is this man who accompanies you?"

"My valet-de-chambre."

"I cannot come to any decision in your case,"

said the commissary; "If you must accompany me to *St. Maria*."

All this time the *marquis* was under guard in an adjoining chamber; but he had heard the questions and answers, and that was sufficient for his guidance in his examination. Next morning they all departed for *St. Maria*, *Mrs. Smith* in a carriage, and the *marquis* on foot, between two soldiers.

St. Maria is a very small garrison-town of the *Tyrol*. On arriving there, the commissary related the affair to a superior officer who was commandant of the town, whose first impression was, that this female was an adventurer. He went to *Mrs. Smith*, and interrogated her himself.

It happened that, during the preceding year, *Mrs. Smith* had been at *Innsbruck* with her husband. They had given a ball; the room was small, and they were obliged to refuse many applications. I mention this fact that the reader may be the better enabled to understand what follows.

The officer questioned *Mrs. Smith* with that politeness which a man naturally shows to a pretty woman; but he seemed to change his tone when she described herself to be *Mrs. Smith*.

"You assume a respectable name, madam," said he, "and this imposture may bring you into trouble. You are not *Mrs. Smith*. Tell me the truth, and perhaps I may serve you."

Mrs. Smith was very near-sighted; she therefore had not at first remarked the officer's countenance; but by degrees it struck her that she had seen him before, and she was speedily assured of the fact.

"And am I not *Mrs. Spencer Smith*, sir?" said she with a smile; "have you, then, so treacherous a memory? Can you have forgotten, sir, that when *Mr. Spencer Smith*, the *English* ambassador at *Stuttgart*, came last year to *Innsbruck*, his wife, who was with him, gave a ball, to which many officers were invited? Several of them could not get admittance, in consequence of the smallness of the apartments; and one of those gentlemen, *Baron de —*, yourself, sir, came recommended by a lady of *Innsbruck*, his relative; through that recommendation he obtained a preference over many of his friends."

"Madam, madam!"—exclaimed the *baron*, dropping on his knee before *Mrs. Smith*, and kissing her hand, for he now recognised the graceful form and beautiful face of the enchantress who had given so many delightful parties at *Innsbruck*—"madam, can you pardon me; I am a most unfortunate man. Deign, then, to be as kind as you are amiable and beautiful, or I am lost."

Mrs. Smith raised him, and, laughing, assured him that every thing was forgotten. "But," said she, "I am very anxious to reach my sister's, and the day is advancing. I hope I shall be

permitted to continue my journey," added she, smiling.

"I should like," exclaimed the baron, "to see any one prevent you. I am now your champion."

"He went to the commissary of police, to whom he certified, upon his word of honour, that this lady was Mrs. Spencer Smith.

"Indeed!" said the commissary, "so much the worse for her; I have just been reading the Trent Gazette, which my secretary has handed to me. Read this paragraph."

The baron here read the paragraph which the marquis had seen at the inn on the lake of Zell. He knew not what to do. France had then such long arms that she could reach her victims wheresoever they might fly.

"We must not compromise ourselves in this affair," said the commissary of police; "I must send the lady and her valet-de-chambre to Saltzbourg. But it is needless to make enemies anywhere; therefore you had better conduct her thither, as a mark of respect."

"Not I," said the baron; "I will not play the part of gendarme to so lovely and amiable a woman."

"Would you wish her to have four soldiers and a corporal for her escort?"

"Certainly not."

"It must be you or they, there is no choice. I will inform her that we cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of allowing her to proceed."

They departed for Saltzbourg, which, by the recent treaty of Presbourg, belonged to Austria. The marquis mounted the box along with the coachman, and during the journey, which lasted a day and a half, he waited at table as expertly as if he had been accustomed to the duties of a valet. On arriving at Saltzbourg, the prisoner—for such she still was—was conducted to the principal inn in the town; and the baron went to apprise the authorities of Mrs. Smith's arrival, having first placed two sentinels at her door.

The director-general of the police at Saltzbourg was a shrewd, clever man; he probably thought it ridiculous that a woman should be charged with political offences; and though very polite, he threw a little sarcasm into his interrogatory.

"Who is the man who accompanies you, madam?"

"My valet-de-chambre."

"His name?"

"Francesco Raimondo."

"How long has he been with you?"

"Three months."

The director-general left the apartment, making a very low bow.

The marquis was guarded in one of the chambers of the house. He was conducted to the hotel of the police, where an interrogatory was

commenced which threatened to prove dangerous to him. This he well knew, but he was upheld by a noble and generous feeling, which, under such circumstances, is a great support. The room in which the director-general and himself were, looked out upon the Saar, which runs at the foot of the castle, and surrounds the town of Saltzbourg. On the opposite side were beautiful hills, clothed with the most delightful vegetation. The marquis having answered the questions put to him, looked out upon the prospect, and exclaimed, "What a beautiful country! it is almost as fine as Italy!" The director-general smiled; he asked no questions, but he rang a bell, when a tall thin old man entered, who, by his bunch of keys, might be recognised as a jailor. The marquis was consigned to his safeguard, and, in a few moments, he was in a chamber, or rather a cabinet, ten feet long by seven feet wide, under the castle, at two hundred feet below the ground. They brought him some soup, bread, and water, and then left him to enjoy himself at his ease. Towards evening a man entered his prison, and said to him in Latin, "Your mistress is saved, my friend; she has departed for Lintz."

"Is it true?" exclaimed the marquis; "Heaven be praised!"

"Truly," said the man—smiling at the facility with which the prisoner understood his Latin,—“you are a very attached and devoted servant; but for yourself, who will save you, my friend?"

"God," answered the marquis, making an allusion to the motto of his house.*

"He is, doubtless, a good protector; but we are ourselves frequently the arbiters of our destiny. You would do well to speak the truth."

The marquis made no reply. Some moments after, he was ordered to ascend to the cabinet of the director. "Do you know the Marquis de Salvo?" he inquired abruptly.

"Certainly, I know him well; he is my master," said the marquis, without appearing disconcerted.

"Why did you leave him?"

"By his order, to follow Mrs. Smith, and to endeavour to save her; and my only regret is, that I have not entirely succeeded."

"At what town did you leave your master?"

"At Venice."

They remained in silence for some time; the director of the police then rang a bell in a peculiar way, as he had done on the first occasion, and immediately a man came in whose looks were not more propitious than those of his late jailor. He conducted the marquis to another place of confinement, which was entered by a low wicket door. The dungeon contained only two seats and a litter of straw; it had all the

* *In Deo salus*,—the device of the Salvo family, and the origin of their name.

appearance of a place whence a prisoner could hope to be released only by death. For the first time, the Marquis de Salvo felt his fortitude begin to fail him; he stretched himself on the straw litter, and fatigue and anxiety of mind soon threw him into a profound sleep. He had slept for a considerable time, when the jailor entered, and respectfully requested him to follow him to the director of the police. The latter, as soon as the marquis entered his cabinet, flew to embrace him—"My dear marquis," said he, "why did you oblige me to treat you with such severity? this was not fair."

The marquis, fearing that this was a snare laid to entrap him, at first denied that he was himself; but the director showed him a letter from Mrs. Smith, who had arrived at Lintz, where she was to remain until the receipt of Count Stadion's answer, and where the marquis was to join her. Nothing could have happened more luckily, for the marquis had well nigh paid for all, inasmuch as the police of both Venice and Milan were in pursuit of him. A description of his person had been posted up in all the public thoroughfares, and those who might conceal him were threatened with severe punishment. He was now liberated, and he immediately set off for Lintz, where he joined Mrs. Smith; and after the lapse of two or three weeks the answer arrived from Vienna. It was arranged that Mrs. Smith should assume the name of Muller, and embark at one of the northern ports. She immediately left Lintz,

and proceeded to Gratz, where she joined her sister, the Countess Strassoldo.

It will be recollected, that when at Venice, Mrs. Smith rejected the offer of the Marquis de Salvo; he assured her of his disinterestedness by promising, that as soon as he should have restored her to her family, he would not even ask the reward of spending another hour in her society. As soon as they arrived at Gratz, the marquis hired a post-chaise and went to fetch Mrs. Smith's children, Edward and Sydney, who were at some little distance from the town. Presenting the two boys to their mother, he said, "Here are your children and your sister; you are now safe under the roof of your family, I therefore bid you adieu. I leave you, and I hope I have convinced you that a man of honour is capable of performing a generous action without the hope of a reward."

Mrs. Smith, overpowered by her feelings of gratitude, held out her hand to him; she begged that he would remain in safety under her sister's roof, and not again expose himself to the dangers which he had incurred for her sake. He complied with her request. Shortly after, they proceeded to Russia, and embarked at Riga on her return to England.

On his arrival in London, the Marquis de Salvo received the thanks of Mrs. Smith's family; and Queen Charlotte, the consort of George III., publicly expressed her satisfaction of his conduct.—*Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes.*

LORD BYRON AND MRS. SPENCER SMITH.

At Malta, Lord Byron became acquainted with Mrs. Spencer Smith, the "Fair Florence" of his "Childe Harold." Struck with her romantic history, and charmed and interested by her manners, and even her eccentricity, she became one of those beings who were mixed up with the poetry of his life and thoughts; and his remembrance of her produced many beautiful stanzas expressive of his admiration and regard; the following, which were addressed to her, were written at Malta:—

TO FLORENCE.

"Oh, Lady! when I left the shore,
The distant shore, which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth:

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark-blue main;
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again.

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime and varied sea,
Though Time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:

On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh! forgive the word—to love.

Forgive the word in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am—thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wanderer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be—
The friend of Beauty in distress.

Ah! who would think that form had past
Through Danger's most destructive path,
Had braved the death-winged tempest's blast,
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?

Lady! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose;
And Stamboul's oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
That glorious city still shall be—
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity :

And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wondrous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'Twill soothe to be where thou hast been."

He also apostrophises the same lady in the stanzas beginning "Chill and mirk is the nightly blast," published in vol. vii. p. 311, of his "Life and works;" they were written during the thunder-storm which he encountered at Zitza, in the mountains of Pindus; and in a letter to his mother, he says:—"This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary lady, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. S— S—, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been

shipwrecked; and her life has been, from its commencement, so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Bonaparte, by taking a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet ~~four~~ and-twenty. She is here, on her way to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Bonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in danger if she were taken prisoner a second time."

THE BITER BIT.

"THERE," said he, "you'll see the great Daniel Webster. He's a great man, I tell you; king William, No. 4, I guess, would be no match for him as an orator; he'd talk him out of sight in half an hour. If he was in your House of Commons, I reckon he'd make some of your great folks look pretty streaked; he's a true patriot and statesman, the first in our country, and a most particular 'cute lawyer. There was a Quaker chap too 'cute for him once, tho'. This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver, had a cause down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his case for him; so, says he, 'Lawyer Webster, what's your fee?'"

"Why," says Daniel, "let me see; I have to go down south to Washington, to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company; and I've got to be at Cincinnati, to attend the convention; and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island without great loss and great fatigue; it would cost you, may be, more than you'd be willing to give."

Well, the Quaker looked pretty white about the gills, I tell you, when he heard this; for he could do nothing without him, no how, and he did not like this preliminary talk of his at all; at last he made bold to ask him the worst of it, what he would take.

"Why," says Daniel, "I always liked the Quakers, they are a quiet, peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it; and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it; I never seed or heard tell of any harm in 'em except going the whole figure for General Jackson, and that everlastin', almighty villain, Van Buren. Yes, I love the Quakers; I hope they'll go to the Webster ticket yet, and I'll go for you as low as I can

any way afford; say one thousand dollars." The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heard this, but he was pretty deep too; so says he, "Lawyer, that's a great deal of money; but I have more causes there; if I give you the thousand dollars will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you?"

"Yes," says Daniel, "I will, to the best of my humble abilities."

So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case, and carried it for the Quaker. Well, the Quaker, he goes round to all the folks that had suits in court, and says he, "What will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me one thousand dollars for a fee; but, now, he and I are pretty thick, and as he is on the spot, I'd get him to plead cheap for you." So he got three hundred dollars from one, and two hundred from another, and so on, until he got one thousand one hundred dollars, just one hundred dollars more than he gave.

Daniel was in a great rage when he heard this. "What!" said he, "do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse, to hire?"

"Friend Daniel," said the Quaker, "didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine."

Daniel laughed out, ready to split his sides, at this. "Well," says he, "I guess I might as well stand still, for you to put the bridle on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence, any how." So he went good-humouredly to work, and pleaded them all. *Slick, of Slickville.*

REVIEW.

Melanie and other Poems. By N. P. WILLIS. Edited by Barry Cornwall.

ARTICLE I.

THE poems in this volume are divided into three parts, each part being inscribed to some English friend of the author—an American by birth and education, and now resident in this country. It consists of several new poems, the longest of which are "Melanie," and a dramatic sketch called "Lord Ivon and his daughter;" and a copious selection from Willis's earlier poems, most of which were previously familiar favourites of his countrymen. In our comments upon these poems, we shall follow the order in which the author has seen fit to publish them.

"Melanie" is a simple tale, but very gracefully told; the scene is laid in Tivoli, and the story related during a walk round the Cascatelles, by the hero of it—a lonely traveller, who has revisited Italy, and while gazing around him, upon scenes familiar to his eye under other and happier circumstances, narrates the incidents on which the poem is founded. He had previously visited Italy, accompanied by a young and lovely sister, his only remaining relative. While wandering among the beautiful scenes of that classical region, they meet by accident a young painter, between whom and the sister a sudden attachment springs up. The lonely wanderer feels his loneliness increased and his sorrows deepened, by the near prospect of losing a sister so dear to him. This mood of mind is very happily conceived and gracefully described by the poet. The attachment is finally to be consummated by a marriage. On the morning of the appointed day they repair to the convent of St. Mona, where the bridal ceremonies are to be performed. Among the listeners there is a nun whose profoundest attention is given to the sacred ceremonial; suddenly she catches a view of the brother's face, and wildly asks, "De Brevern, is it thou?" The painter is the child of the ann, the offspring of her shame. The seducer was the father of De Brevern and his sister. The sudden horror of this *éclaircissement* is too much for the delicate frame of the lady, and she drops dead on the spot. Out of the incidents of this slight sketch Mr. Willis has woven a very interesting tale. His verse has a smooth and melodious flow, well suited to the subject and the scene; and the picture of human emotions is heightened by the graceful tracery of allusion and imagery which the poet has skillfully thrown around it.

The following lines are exceedingly beautiful:—

We came to Italy. I felt
A yearning for its sunny sky:
My very spirit seemed to melt
As swept its first warm breezes by.
From my and cheek a chilling mist,
From life and soul a frozen rime,
By every breath seemed softly kissed—
God's blessing on its radiant clime!
It was an endless joy to me
To see my sister's new delight:
From Venice, in its golden sea,
To Pestum in its purple light,
By sweet Val d'Arno's united hills,
In Valldimbrosa's convent gloom,
And Terni's vale of singing rills,
By deathless lairs in solemn Rome,
In gay Palermo's 'golden shell,'
At Arethusa's hidden well,
We loiter'd like th' impassioned sun
That slept so lovingly on all,
And made a home of every one—
Rust, and rime, and waterfall—
And crown'd the dying day with glory
If we had seen, since morn, but one old haunt of story."

And the description of a spring morning at Tivoli, contained in the following lines, gives us a most lively feeling of its beauty:—

"It was a morn of such a day
As might have dawned on Eden first,
Early in the Italian May;
Vine-leaf and flower had newly burst,
And on the burthen of the air
The breath of buds came faint and rare,
And far in the transparent sky
The small, earth-keeping birds were seen
Soaring deliciously high,
And through the clefts of newer green
Yon waters dash'd their living pearls,
And with a gayer smile and bow
Troop'd on the merry village girls,
And from the Contadino's brow
The low-slouch'd hat was backward thrown,
With air that scarcely seemed his own,
And Melanie, with lips apart,
And clasped hands upon my arm,
Flung open her impassion'd heart,
And bless'd life's mere and breathing charm,
And sang old songs, and gathered flowers,
And passionately bless'd once more life's thrilling hours."

In a different strain, and on a higher theme, are the following exquisite lines:—

"But, Melanie, I little dream'd
What spells the stirring heart may move;
Pygmalion's statue never seem'd
More changed with life than she with love.
The pearl tint of the early dawn
Flush'd into day-spring's rosy hue;
The meek, moss-folded bud of morn—
Flung open to the light and dew;
The first and half-seen star of even
Waxed clear amid the deepening heaven;
Similitudes perchance may be,
But these are changes oftener seen,
And do not image half to me
My sister's change of face and mien;
'Twas written in her very air—
That love had passed and entered there."

"Lord Ivon and his Daughter" is a dramatic sketch of great beauty and power, and the moral, we think, is very successfully evolved; it is, however, merely a sketch, and a rapid one. Lord Ivon calls his daughter to his side and shows her a portrait—the portrait of that daughter's mother. The dialogue proceeds, and Lord Ivon relates the events of his life. He was born a peasant, but in early boyhood his latent ambition was roused by

"A book of poetry,
With which he daily crept into the sun
To cheat sharp pain with the bewildering dream
Of beauty he had only read of then."

He resolved to better his condition, and wandered—with a proud heart beating beneath a minstrel's garb—to the lofty palace, which was afterwards his own. He became the favourite and attendant of the noble lady Clare, the youthful and beautiful mistress of that splendid mansion. He falls desperately in love, of course; and his manner of declaring his passion is described in the following spirited lines:—

"A summer, and a winter, and a spring,
Went over me like brief and noteless hours.
For ever at the side of one who grew
With every morn more beautiful; the slave,
Willing and quick, of every idle whim;
Singing for no one's bidding but her own,
And then a song from my own passionate heart,
Sung with a lip of fire, but ever named
As an old rhyme that I had chanced to hear;
Riding beside her, sleeping at her door,
Doing her maddest bidding at the risk
Of life—what marvel if at last I grew
Presumptuous?"

"A messenger one morn
Spurr'd through the gate—'A revel at the court!
And many minstrels, come from many lands,
Will try their harps in presence of the king;
And 'tis the royal pleasure that my lord
Come with the young and lovely lady Clare,
Robed as the queen of faery, who shall crown
The victor with his bays."

"Pass over all
To that bewildering day. She sat enthroned
Amid the court; and never twilight star
Sprung with such sweet surprise upon the eye
As she with her rare beauty on the gaze
Of the gay multitude. The minstrels changed
Their studied songs, and chose her for their theme;
And ever at the pause, all eyes upturn'd
And fed upon her loveliness.

"The last
Long lay was ended, and the silent crowd
Waited the king's award, when suddenly
The sharp strings of a lyre were swept without,
And a clear voice claim'd hearing for a bard
Belated on his journey. Masked, and clad
In a long stole, the herald led me in.
A thousand eyes were on me, but I saw
The new-throned queen, in her high place, alone;
And, kneeling at her feet, I pressed my brow
Upon her footstool, till the images
Of my past hours rush'd thick upon my brain;
Then, rising hastily, I struck my lyre,
And, in a story woven of my own,
I so did paint her in her loveliness,
Pouring my heart all out upon the lines
I knew too faithfully, and lavishing
The hoarded fire of a whole age of love
Upon each passionate word, that, as I sunk
Exhausted at the close, the ravish'd crowd
Flung gold and flowers on my still-quivering lyre;
And the moved monarch, in his gladness, swore
There was no boon beneath his kingly crown
Too high for such a minstrel.

"Did my star
Speak in my fainting ear? Heard I the king?
Or did the audible pulses of my heart
Seem to me to articulate? I rose,
And tore my mask away; and as the stole
Dropped from my shoulders, I glanced hurriedly
A look upon the face of lady Clare.
It was enough! I saw that she was changed,
That a brief hour had chilled the open child
To calculating woman; that she read,
With cold displeasure, my o'er-daring thought;
And on that brow, to me as legible
As stars to the rapt Arab, I could trace
The scorn that waited on me. Sick of life,
Yet, even then, with a half-rallied hope
Prompting my faltering tongue, I blindly knelt,
And claim'd the king's fair promise.

ISIDORE.

For the hand
Of lady Clare?

LORD IVON.

No, sweet one; for a sword."

After this he went to the wars, and returned with
brilliant renown, having performed miracles of valour;
but returned only to be pitted by her, the hope of
whose favour had spurred him desperately on.

"She knew her sometime minion,
And felt that she should never be adored
With such idolatry as his, and sighed
That hearts so true beat not in palaces.
But I was poor, with all my bright renown,
And lowly born; and she—the lady Clare!"

His wanderings were again renewed, in search of
wealth. Twenty years after he stood, an old man, at
the same palace gate.

"I had been a slave
For gold that time. My star had wrought with me,
And I was richer than the wizard king,
Throned in the mines of Ind. I could not look
On my innumerable gems, the glare
Pain'd so my sun-struck eyes. My gold was countless."

He met upon the threshold—not the lady Clare,
but her young and lovely daughter.

"Her very self—all youth, all loveliness,
So like the fresh-kept picture in my brain,

That for a moment I forgot all else,
And staggered back and wept. She passed me by
With a cold look."

He proceeds to describe the change that his bound-
less wealth had wrought in the manner of lady Clare
towards him:—

"But what a change
Waited me here! My thin and grizzled locks
Were fairer now than the young minstrel's curls;
My sun-burnt visage and contracted eye
Than the gay soldier in his gallant mien;
My words were wit, my looks interpreted,
And lady Clare—I tell you—lady Clare
Lean'd fondly—fondly! on my wasted arm.
O God! how changed my nature with all this!
I, that had been all love and tenderness,
The truest and most gentle heart, till now,
That ever beat, grew suddenly a devil;
I bought me lands and titles, and received
Men's homage with a smooth hypocrisy;
And—you will scarce believe me, Isidore—
I suffered them to wile their peerless daughter—
The image and the pride of lady Clare—
To wed me.

ISIDORE.

Sir, you did not!

LORD IVON.

Ay; I saw
Th' indignant anger when her mother first
Broke the repulsive wish, and the degrees
Of shuddering reluctance, as her mind
Admitted the intoxicating tales
Of wealth unlimited. And when she looked
On my age-stricken features, and my form
Wasted before its time, and turned away
To hide from me her tears, her very mother
Whispered the cursed comfort in her ear
That made her what she is.

ISIDORE.

You could not wed her,
Knowing all this!

LORD IVON.

I felt that I had lost
My life else. I had wrung, for forty years,
My frame to its last withers; I had flung
My boyhood's fire away, the energy
Of a most sinless youth, the toll, and fret,
And agony of manhood; I had dared,
Fought, suffered, slaved, and never for an hour
Forgot or swerved from my resolve; and now,
With the delicious draught upon my lips,
Dash down the cup.

ISIDORE.

Yet she had never wrong'd you!

LORD IVON.

Thou'rt pleading for thy mother, my sweet child,
And angels hear thee; but if she was wrong'd,
The sin be on the pride that sells its blood
Coldly and only for this damning gold.
Had I not offer'd youth first? Came I not
With my hands brimm'd with glory to buy love?
And was I not denied?

ISIDORE.

Yet, dearest father,
They forced her not to wed?

LORD IVON.

I called her back
Myself from the church threshold, and, before
Her mother and her kinsmen, bade her swear
It was her own free choice to marry me;
I showed her my shrunk hand, and bade her think
If that was like a bridegroom, and beware
Of perjury her chaste and spotless soul,
If now she loved me not.

ISIDORE.

What said she, sir?

LORD IVON.

Oh! they had made her even as themselves;
And her young heart was colder than the slab
Unsun'd beneath Pontelicus. She pressed
My withered fingers in her dewy clasp,
And smiled up in my face, and chid 'my lord'
For his wild fancies, and led on.

ISIDORE.

And no

Misgiving at the altar?

LORD IVON.

None. She swore
To love and cherish me till death should part us,
With a voice clear as mine.

ISIDORE.

And kept it, father.

In mercy tell me so.

LORD IVON.

She lives, my daughter.

Long ere my babe was born my pride had ebb'd,
And let my heart down to its better founts
Of tenderness. I had no friends, not one.
My love gush'd to my wife. I rack'd my brain
To find her a new pleasure every hour,
Yet not with me; I fear'd to haunt her eye,
Only at night, when she was slumbering
In all her beauty, I would put away
The curtains, till the pale night-lamp shone on her,
And watch her through my tears.

One night her lips
Parted as I gazed on them, and the name
Of a young noble who had been my guest,
Stole forth in broken murmurs. I let fall
The curtains silently, and left her there
To slumber and dream on; and, gliding forth
Upon the terrace, knelt to my pale star,
And swore, that if it pleased the God of light
To let me look upon the unborn child
Lying beneath her heart, I would but press
One kiss upon its lips, and take away
The life that was a blight upon her years.

ISIDORE.

I was that child."

After his daughter's birth, he had prepared to
execute his purpose; but the catastrophe is described
in the following lines:—

"Yes—and I heard the cry
Of thy small 'piping mouth' as 't were a call
From my remembering star. I waited only
Thy mother's strength to bear the common shock
Of death within the doors. She rose at last,
And, oh! so sweetly pale! And thou, my child!
My heart misgave me as I looked upon thee.
But he was ever at her side whose name
She murmured in her sleep; and, lingering on
To drink a little of thy sweetness more
Before I died, I watched their stolen love,
As she had been my daughter, with a pure,
Passionless joy that I should leave her soon
To love him as she would. I know not how
To tell thee more."

• • • Come, sweet! she is not worthy
Of tears like thine and mine.

She fled and left me
The very night! The poison was prepared—
And she had been a widow with the morn
Rich as Golconda. As the midnight chimed
My star rose. Gazing on its mounting orb,
I raised the chalice—but a weakness came
Over my heart; and taking up the lamp,
I glided to her chamber, and removed
The curtains for a last, a parting look
Upon my child.

Had she but taken thee,
I could have felt she had a mother's heart,
And drained the chalice still. I could not leave
My babe alone in such a heartless world!

ISIDORE.

Thank God! Thank God!"

This poem shows, we think, very considerable dramatic power. The character of old Lord Ivon is well conceived, and the gradual development of it, as shown in his narration to his daughter, is admirably executed. The sketch points out a feudal and romantic age, the characteristics of which are well hit off, and the sentiments naturally and beautifully expressed. The influence of youthful ambition on a susceptible mind, chained down to the vulgar walks of life; the uncontrollable ardour of an aspiring passion, kindled by patrician beauty in a low-born though poetic bosom; and the outpouring of that passion by the disguised minstrel at the court revel, are all admirable in their way. The blank verse, in which this sketch is written, is delicately and harmoniously constructed; and, being mostly narrative, is free from that occasional dimness, which weakens the effect of some of Willis's writings.

The remainder of this Part consists of shorter poems, of various degrees of merit. "Birth-day Verses," addressed to the poet's mother, are written in a tone of deep filial tenderness. The lines are free and flowing, and the language is marked by a natural and unaffected elegance, the appropriate and tasteful expression of the profoundest feelings of the heart.

"Florence Gray," is an elegant and graceful little poem, in which the recollection of a child at Rome mingles fancifully with the historic scenes among which the poet wandered.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.—The migration of birds deserves notice, for it is one of the most surprising instances of God's providence for preserving animals in circumstances most conducive to their welfare. This remarkable phenomenon early attracted attention, for, five-and-twenty hundred years ago it was remarked, "the stork knoweth her appointed times, the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming." (Jer. viii. 7.) It is certain that a deficiency of food, a painful alteration of temperature, may render their present abiding-place to them uncomfortable; these circumstances might gradually drive them, without any cause for wonder, from one extremity of a continent to another; but who has taught them that a happier state of things exist at a distance of hundreds of miles across the ocean?—a distance that they traverse with wearied wing, and which proves fatal to many of the companions of their flight. What informed the swallow at Senegal that a genial and desirable climate was, at a particular period, and that period only, to be found in Britain? How

came the Solan goose to conceive, in its high northern home, that there was one diminutive island,—that of the Bass, in the Solway Firth,—and that only, to be found upon our shores, that would be favourable to its residence during the time of incubation? Who, to use our Homer's verse,

"Who bids the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way!"

Let the same great poet answer these queries:—

"Reason raise o'er instinct as you can—
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man."

—Notes to Paley, in Smith's Imperial Classics.

OCEANIC ANIMALCULÆ.—The ocean teems with life; the class of polyps alone are conjectured by Lamarck to be as strong individuals as insects. Every tropical reef is described as bristling with corals, budding with sponges, and swarming with crustacea, echimi, and testacea, while almost every tide-washed

rock is carpeted with fuel, and studded with corallines, actinia, and mollusca. There are innumerable forms in the seas of the warmer zones which have scarcely begun to attract the attention of the naturalist; and there are parasitic animals without number, three or four of which are sometimes appropriated to one genus, as to the *Balsena*, for example. Even though we concede, therefore, that the geographical range of marine species is more extensive in general than that of the terrestrial, (the temperature of the sea being more uniform, and the land impeding less the migrations of the oceanic than the ocean of the terrestrial,) yet we think it most probable that the aquatic species far exceed in number the inhabitants of the land. Without insisting on this point, we may safely assume, as we before stated, that, exclusive of microscopic beings, there are between one and two millions of species now inhabiting the terraqueous globe; so that if only one of these were to become extinct annually, and one new one were to be every year called into being, more than a million of years would be required to bring about a complete revolution in organic life. *Lyell's Geology*.

SILVER.—A correspondent of professor Silliman's journal states, that the mines employed at the amalgamating mines in Mexico are opened after death, and that from two to seven pounds of silver are often taken out of their stomachs. He says that he is in possession of a specimen, which is perfectly pure and white.

MONSTROUS FISH.—In Kilburne's "History of Kent" we find the following story, which, however improbable it may seem, is confirmed by the late reverend and learned Mr. Lewis, in his account of the Isle of Thanet:—On the ninth of July, 1574, a monstrous fish shot himself ashore on a little island called Fishness, where, for want of water, he died the next day. While he lay on the beach, his roaring was heard more than a mile. His length was sixty-six feet; his nether jaw opened twelve feet; one of his eyes was more than a cart and six horses could draw; and a man stood upright in the place from whence his eye was scooped out. The thickness from his back to the bottom of his belly was fourteen feet; his tail was fourteen feet broad; the distance between his eyes was twelve feet. Three men stood upright in his mouth; some of his ribs were sixteen feet long; there were two cartloads of his liver; and a man might creep into each of his nostrils.

INTERNAL TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.—About thirty years ago the late professor Leslie expressed the opinion that the earth was surrounded by a crust from thirty-eight to forty miles in thickness, and that the rest of the internal element was liquid fire or luminous ether. He was, at the time, almost singular in this opinion; but Dr. Buckland, of Oxford, appears to have adopted the theory, which was then regarded as something very fanciful. The French professor, M. Arago, has taken great pains to put the opinion to a variety of tests, by having registers kept of the comparative temperature of the different Artesian wells throughout the departments of France and elsewhere; and the fact of the temperature increasing by descent has been satisfactorily established. Some of the Artesian wells (wells made by boring to a great extent) throw the water to a very considerable height; and the quantity is so large, as to supply towns of five or six thousand inhabitants, and turn mills besides. Another circumstance which goes very far to establish the fact that the temperature is increased by descending into the bowels of the earth, is, that some of the

most valuable silver mines in South America have been abandoned in consequence of the heat becoming so great that the workmen could no longer bear it.

THREAD OF THE SPIDER.—The thread of the silk-worm is so small, that many folds are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but that of the spider is smaller still, for two drachms of it by weight would reach from London to Edinburgh, or four hundred miles.—*Arnott's Physics*.

MANNA.—In the month of June it drops from the thorns of the tamarisk upon the fallen twigs, leaves, and thorns which always cover the ground beneath that tree in the natural state. The manna is collected before sunrise, when it is coagulated; but it dissolves as soon as the sun shines upon it. The Arabs clean away the leaves, dirt, &c., which adhere to it, boil it, strain it through a coarse piece of cloth, and put it into leathern skins; in this way they preserve it till the following year, and use it, as they do honey, to pour over their unleavened bread, or to dip their bread into. I could not learn that they ever make it into cakes or loaves. The manna is found only in years when copious rains have fallen; sometimes it is not produced at all, as will probably happen this year. I saw none of it among the Arabs; but I obtained a small piece of last year's produce in the convent, where, having been kept in the cool shade and moderate temperature of that place, it had become quite solid, and formed a small cake. It became soft when kept some time in the hand; if placed in the sun for five minutes it dissolved; but when restored to a cool place it became solid again in a quarter of an hour. In the season at which the Arabs gather it, it never acquires that state of hardness which will allow of its being pounded, as the Israelites are said to have done. (Numbers xi. 8.) Its colour is a dirty yellow; and the piece which I saw was still mixed with bits of tamarisk leaves. Its taste is agreeable, somewhat aromatic, and as sweet as honey. If eaten in any considerable quantity, it is said to be slightly aperient.—*Burckhardt*.

SHIRT TREE.—The numerous and well-known voyages to the South Sea Islands, &c., have made us all well acquainted with what is called the "bread-tree," as well as another kind, known under the name of the "butter-tree." But it remained for the indefatigable M. Humboldt to discover, in the wilds of South America, a tree which produces ready-made shirts. "We saw on the slope of the Cerra Duida," says M. Humboldt, "shirt-trees fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment which resembles sacks of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of marima in the rainy season; they have the form of the ponchos and ruanos of cotton, which are so common in New Grenada, at Quito, and in Peru. As in these climates the riches and beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary causes of the indolence of the inhabitants, the missionaries do not fail to say, in showing the shirts of marima, 'In the forests of the Oronoko garments are found ready made on the trees.' We may add to this tale of the shirts the pointed caps which the spathes of certain palm-trees furnish, and which resemble coarse net-work." *Tilloch's Magazine*.

AN EXTRACT FROM MY MEMOIRS.

No. 254. From the years 1815 to 1821, I was in the neighbourhood of F—n—y, where existed the extensive cotton factories of the late Sir Robert B——, baronet. I was much interested in the machinery, but all my pleasure was destroyed when I turned my attention to the work-people—squalid and white-faced wretches, all of stunted growth, many of them crooked in form, and decrepid at twenty-five or thirty years of age; in short, a blighted population without protectors, huddled together by hundreds in mill-houses, whose only comfort appeared to be derived from the clandestine pleasures of an almost indiscriminate sensuality. These mills, out of which their baroneted proprietor extracted nearly the whole of his colossal fortunes, were worked by successive supplies of what were called "parish apprentices." I could never ascertain what number of them was actually penned up in the "prentice-house," but I know there were sometimes brought, from the distant parishes of large towns, two or three hundreds of orphan or friendless children, varying from the ages of seven to ten years, of both sexes, to be bound apprentice to Sir Robert till they were twenty-one years of age. They were, after the first day or so, sent into the mills, and at once initiated in the most unhealthy trades, and the most vicious society in the neighbourhood. I have often seen, from my bed-room window, their little images moving about at work in the thousand-windowed mills, till ten, eleven, and even twelve o'clock at night; and when trade was good, a relay of similar infant workers was then brought into the mill, while the little jaded creatures who, from fatigue, could scarcely walk away from the "jinney," or the spinning-wheel, went to the warmed beds which their fellow-slaves had just left, to snatch a little hurried slumber, till their companions were equally worn out, and were then driven to the same places of repose. On an average, however, I learned they worked less than sixteen hours a day, and frequently I have seen all the mills at work till towards the evening of Sunday. Their food was correspondent to their employment, for they lived only on porridge, gruel, broths, and the coarsest fare that was compatible with enabling them to work. The boys were dressed in coarse grey cloth, and the girls in blue-striped cotton gowns, with hempen aprons; and their stench was invariably so disagreeable, that I have often found myself unable to eat after having been near them. They were, to all intents and purposes, in my view, as perfect slaves—abating the limited time which they were bound to Sir Robert—as the blacks in the West Indies. They had overseers over them, who were rewarded according to the work they could extract from the "cotton children," who

were also flogged, pinched for food, or confined, according to the overseer's pleasure. They were sometimes walked to church on a Sunday in a body, under control, and they sat in church altogether, in a corner, much after the fashion of many of the culprits whom I have seen in the prison chapels. As they grew older they were allowed a pittance for what was properly enough called "overwork;" and as the poor girls were without mothers to teach them, or instructors as substitutes, they always spent that money in procuring the finery which the son of their baroneted proprietor has described by—

"Where tawdry colours
Strove with dirty white."

What struck me as the most awful part of this cotton paradise, out of which Sir Robert drew all his fortunes, was, that in the course of six years' observation of it, during which I lived within "a gunshot of the 'prentice-house," though several thousands of these female apprentices entered and left the mill in that time, I scarcely ever heard of one who possessed the reputation of being a virtuous woman. The number of illegitimate births was in awful disproportion to the number of the whole population of F—n—y; and though I have reason to believe that there were not many cases of infanticide, a very small number of the children survived the age of two years. A great portion of the boy-and-girl parents (for they were not men and women) were evidently syphilitic, and the females were considered a pestilential nuisance to the neighbourhood. The proportion of deaths among the apprentices was, I should think, four to one to the ordinary proportion of similar ages; and by the period they were "out of their time," they were often worn out; and I never could actually tell who became of them, but they always disappeared. A few were left, and worked for wages in the mills; many ran away before the expiration of their apprenticeship; and, I suppose, some of the more spirited went to the great cotton marts of Lancashire; and a very minute fraction indeed laudably abandoned the life-absorbing mill, and either went to service or to some of the trades. From the better looking girls that remained in the parish, and who either became prostitutes or the wives of those who had been brought up in the same school, there arose such a progeny as I shall never forget; for they were often knock-kneed, bow-legged, crooked, crippled, or paralysed, which was mostly the result of overworked mothers or hired nursing. Oh, I have often thought, as I saw Pickford's wharf crowded with the bales of printed calicoes, if we could but bring the British women to see how their sisterhood here produce the finery which sets

off their beauty, they would teach their children to turn the name of cotton-mill into a synonyme for transportation, dub Sir Robert "Jack the Giant Killer the Second," and would mob the parliament with petitions to look into the condition of the cotton factories, the workwomen of which even an agricultural labourer, or an artizan, when I was at F—, always considered it a disgrace to marry. In those six years, more than fifty serious accidents occurred in the mills, which either ended in the loss of life or limb, or to the permanent detriment of the poor victims of the wheel. Since that time I have visited other mills in various parts of the country, and I found the same evils substantively predominant in them all. I make these remarks for the benefit of my children; and I hope they will never fail to lift up their voices against such slave establishments in the land of freedom; nor be discouraged if they are often answered, as I have profoundly been, "Oh, the poor creatures are used to it." Of all the orphanised population, that streamed through the mills of Sir Robert, in the above mentioned years, I never became acquainted with more than two cases where there was any approach to mental superiority; one was the case of Henry Clegg, and the other that of Mary White. The first is soon told. He had a taste for music, and was religiously disposed; and after striving against the host of temptations in his unpropitious station, he escaped from the mill, and became a sad pluralist in the church; for he held the offices of singer, sexton, door-keeper, and errand-boy for the clergyman. Mary White's tale is somewhat longer. She was tall, slim, very straight, and had such a symmetry and gait as would, I am certain, have made Chantrey immortalise her form, if he had once beheld her; her features were somewhat large, but very fine; and there was so much of the supernatural about her, when compared with the pigmy creatures that were yet her spindle companions, that I often thought her parents must have been superior persons, who, either from shame or necessity, had thus disposed of their offspring. My suppositions were the more confirmed when I remembered, that a tall handsome man, of gentlemanly bearing, mustachoe and spurred, occasionally went to the mill and desired to see Mary White, the interview with whom was, however, never private. Still the stranger left Mary at the mill, and there she continued lifting her fine neck and head above the cadaverous dwarfs of the sisterhood, as the stately palm in Palestine does above the juniper bushes. I saw many of the other girls die, and all of them wither shortly, in this palace-royal of disease; but still the beauty of Mary White appeared to brave the midnight lamps, and the monotonous din of ten thousand wheels; but, in 1819, she was seduced by —, a gentleman who, in passing over the works, had been enamoured of her

charms. The hedges of virtue once broken, new gaps are easily made; especially when its possession is considered no merit: and from Captain —, she descended to be the criminal companion of one of the overseers. But still there was no ordinary vigour about the character of Mary White. She appeared to become sensible of her degradation; and by one noble effort of courage, she returned to her former circumspection; but the struggles, the persecutions, and sufferings, which followed her restoration, were too much; and she became insane. In this condition, I was called to see her, and I can never forget her voice quivering, at a supernatural elevation, while she continued to sing, over and over again, the following song, which, for composition, I could never explain. Nor did I know that Mary White could read, until, on inquiry, I found that she wrote beautifully also, and some of the girls said, "her could talk French as well."

"Hark! see the boiler's steam,
It is music mellowing;
And the thunder-crash, and the gleam
Of lightning revelling.
The mountain storm,
A haggard form,
A cloud surcharged,
A demon enlarged,
Are my choice company.

The lofty cataract's war,
Plunging down fearfully;
The eagle's dauntless soar,
Sweeping on endlessly;
A witch with her scream,
A horrible dream,
The gurgling groan,
And the guilty moan,
Are sweet to a thing like me.

The blaze and the night-fires of war,
The wail of the sorrowing;
The earthquake's crooked jaw,
A city engulfing;
The madness of famine,
A cave with its ravine,
The torches by night,
The mildew and blight,
Are sweet to a thing like me.

The tumult and throes of the sea,
Groaning in agony;
The ship far away from the bay,
Foundering suddenly;
Or a fire at sea,
Despairing glee;
The shipwreck'd crew,
The floating fow,
Are sweet to a thing like me.

Are sweet to a thing like me;
With an eye mindless
I none see, and none see me;
A Spirit restless.
Come, yell and shout,
Come maniac rout;
Bosoms bare,
Dishevell'd hair,
Are seen by a thing like me."

POCKETS.

(From the "Doctor." Vol. I.)

"La tasca è proprio cosa da Christiani."

BENEDETTO VARCHI.

My eldest daughter had finished her Latin lessons, and my son had finished his Greek, and I was sitting at my desk, pen in hand and in mouth at the same time, (a substitute for biting the nails, which I recommend to all onychophagists,) when the Bhow Begum came in with her black velvet reticule, suspended, as usual, from her arm by its silver chain.

Now, of all the inventions of the tailor, (who is, of all artists, the most inventive,) I hold the pocket to be the most commodious, and, saving the fig-leaf, the most indispensable. Birds have their craw, ruminating beasts their first or antestomach, the monkey has his cheek, the opossum her pouch; and so necessary is some convenience of this kind for the human animal, that the savage who cares not for clothing, makes for himself a pocket, if he can. The Hindoo carries his snuff-box in his turban. Some of the inhabitants of Congo make a secret fob in their woolly toupet, of which, as P. Labat says, the worst use they make is to carry poison in it. The Matolass, a long-haired race who border upon the Caffres, form their locks into a sort of hollow cylinder, in which they bear about their little implements: *certainly*, a more sensible bag than such as is worn at court. The New Zealander is less ingenious; he makes a large opening in his ear, and carries his knife in it. The Ogres, who are worse than savages, and whose ignorance and brutality is in proportion to their bulk, are said—upon the authority of tradition—when they have picked up a stray traveller or two more than they require for their supper, to lodge them in a hollow tooth, as a place of security, till breakfast; whence it may be inferred, that they are not liable to toothach, and that they make no use of toothpicks. Ogres, savages, beasts, and birds, all require something to serve the purpose of a pocket. Thus much for the necessity of the thing. Touching its antiquity much might be said, for it would not be difficult to show—with that little assistance from the auxiliaries *must*, and *have*, and *been*, which enabled Whittaker of Manchester to write whole quartos of hypothetical history in the potential mood—that pockets are coeval with clothing; and as erudite men have maintained that language, and even letters, are of Divine origin, there might, with like reason, be a conclusion drawn from the twenty-first verse of the third chapter of the book of Genesis which it would not be easy to impugn. Moreover, nature herself shows us the utility, the importance, nay, the indispensability, or, to take a hint from the pure language of our

diplomats, the *sinequanonniness* of pockets. There is but one organ which is common to all animals whatsoever: some are without eyes, many without noses, some have no heads, others no tails, some neither one nor the other, some there are who have no brains, others very pappy ones, some no hearts, others very bad ones; but all have a stomach; and what is the stomach but a live inside pocket? Hath not Van Helmont said of it, "*saccus vel pera est, ut ciborum olla*?"

Dr. Towers used to have his coat pockets made of capacity to hold a quarto volume, a wise custom, but requiring stout cloth, good buckram, and strong thread well waxed. I do not so greatly commend the humour of Dr. Ingenhouz, whose coat was lined with pockets of all sizes, wherein, in his latter years, when science had become to him as a plaything, he carried about various materials for chemical experiments, among the rest, so many compositions for fulminating powders in glass tubes, separated only by a cork in the middle of the tube, that if any person had unhappily given him a blow with a stick, he might have blown up himself and the doctor too. For myself, four coat pockets of the ordinary dimensions content me; in these a sufficiency of conveniences may be carried, and that sufficiency methodically arranged. For, mark me, gentle or ungentle reader, there is nothing like method in pockets, as well as in composition; and what orderly and methodical man would have his pocket-handkerchief, and his pocket-book, and the key of his door, (if he be a bachelor living in chambers,) and his knife, and his loose pence and halfpence, and the letters which, peradventure, he might just have received, or peradventure he may intend to drop in the post-office—twopenny or general—as he passes by, and his snuff, (if he be accustomed so to regale his olfactory conduits,) or his tobacco-box, (if he prefer the masticable to the pulverised weed,) or his box of lozenges, (if he should be troubled with a tickling cough,) and the sugar-plums and the gingerbread nuts which he may be carrying home to his own children, or to any other small men and women upon whose hearts he may have a design;—who, I say, would like to have all this in chaos and confusion, one lying upon the other, and the thing which is wanted first fated away to be undermost?—(Mr. Wilberforce knows the inconvenience)—the snuff working its way out to the gingerbread, the sugar-plums insinuating themselves into the folds of the pocket-handkerchief, the pence grinding the lozenges to dust for the benefit of the pocket-book, and the door key busily employed in unlocking the letters?

Now, forasmuch as the commutation of female pockets for the reticule leadeth to inconveniences like this, (not to mention that the very name of "commutation" ought to be held in abhorrence by all who hold daylight and fresh air essential to the comfort and salubrity of dwelling-houses,) I abominate that bag of the Bhow Begum, notwithstanding the beauty of the silver chain upon the black velvet. And per-

ceiving at this time that the clasp of its silver setting was broken, so that the mouth of the bag was gaping pitifully, like a sick or defunct oyster, I congratulated her as she came in upon this further proof of the commodiousness of the invention; for here, in the country, there is no workman who can mend that clasp, and the bag must, therefore, either be laid aside, or used in that deplorable state.

THE ANCIENT FAMILY CLOCK.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

So, here thou art, old friend,
Ready thine aid to lend,
With honest face;
The gilded figures just as bright
Upon thy painted case,
As when I ran with young delight
Thy burnish'd robe to trace;
Forbidden still thy garniture to touch,
I gazed with clasped hands, admiring long and much.

But where is she who sate
Near, in her elbow chair,
Teaching, with patient care,
Life's young beginner, on thy dial-plate,
To count the winged minutes, fleet and fair,
And mark each hour with deeds of love?
Lo! she hath broke her league with Time, and found
The bliss above.

Thrice welcome, ancient crone!
'Tis sweet to gaze on thee,
And hear thy busy heart beat on.
Come, tell old tales to me,
Old tales such as I love, of hoar antiquity.
Young lips their love have told
Into the thrilling ear,
Till midnight's watching hour waxed old,
Deeming themselves alone, while thou wert
near.
In thy sly corner hid, sublime,
With thy "tick! tick!" to warn how Time
Outliveth Love, boasting itself divine,
Yet fading like the leaf which its fond votaries twine.

Th' unutter'd hopes and fears,
The deep-drawn rapturous tears
Of young paternity,
Were chronicled by thee.
The nursing's first faint cry,
Which from a bright-hair'd girl of dance and
song,
The idol, incense-fed, of an adoring throng,
Did make a mother, with her quenchless eyes
Of love, and truth, and trust, and holiest
memories,
As Death's sharp ministry
Doth make an angel when the mortal dies.

Thy quick vibrations caught
The cradled infant's ear,
And while it mark'd thy face with curious fear,
Thou didst awake the new-born thought,
Peering through the humid eye,
Like star-beam in a misty sky;
Though the nurse, standing still more near,

Saw but the body's growing wealth,
And praised that fair machine of clay,
Working, in mystery and health,
Its wondrous way.

Thou uttered'st the death-knell,
Chiming in sadness with the funeral-bell,
When stranger-feet came, gathering slow,
To see the master of the mansion borne
To the last home—the narrow and the low,
From whence is no return.

How slow thy movements to the anxious breast,
The expecting maiden, or the waiting wife!—
"He comes to-morrow," but the day unblest,
Still like a wounded snake its length did draw;
Then wert thou watched and blamed, as if the
strife
Of wild emotion should have been thy law,
Though thou wert pledged, in amity sublime,
To crystal-breasted Truth, and sky-reporting Time.

Thou hast the signal given
For the gay bridal, when, with flower-crown'd
hair,
And glowing brow, the youthful pair
Stood near the priest, with reverent air,
Dreaming that earth means heaven.
And thou hast heralded, with joyance fair,
The green-wreathed Christmas, and that other
feast
With which the hard lot of colonial care
The pilgrim-sire besprinkled; saving well
The luscious pumpkin and the fatted beast,
And the rich apple, with its luscious swell,
Till the thanksgiving sermon duly o'er,
He greets his children at his humble door,
Bidding them welcome to his plenteous board,
While, gathering from their distant home,
To knit their gladden'd hearts in love, they come,
Each with his youngling brood, round the grey father's
board.

Thou hast outlived thy maker, ancient clock!
He in his cold grave sleeps, but thy slight
wheels
Still do his bidding, yet his frailty mock,
While o'er his name oblivion steals.
O, man! so prodigal of pride and praise,
Thy works survive thee,—dead machines per-
form
Their revolution, while thy sithe-shorn days
Yield thee a powerless prisoner to the worm;
Thou darest to sport with Time, while he
Consigns thee sternly to eternity—
Make peace—make peace with Him who rules above
the storm.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BONAPARTE, appointed in the beginning of 1796 to the command of the army of Italy, after having gained the bloody battles of Lodi and Castiglione, heard that General Wormser had concentrated his forces near Roveredo. This well-built town in Tyrol, in the valley of the Adige, with about twelve thousand inhabitants, is, by its situation, of great military importance. Bonaparte, fully aware of this, resolved to surprise Wormser before he could unite all his forces; and taking but a part of his army under General Massena, he left his baggage and every thing which could impede his rapid march, and attacked suddenly the camp of the Austrians, at seven o'clock in the evening of the third of September, 1796. Not having succeeded in carrying the position, both armies slept on the battle-ground, and at daybreak the bloody work began again to rage, which was decided on the fourth of September, at about sunset. General Wormser was completely beaten, with the loss of about six thousand men and thirty-two canons, and retired in disorder toward the mountains.

The French army having made forced marches, and worn out with fatigue and hunger, could scarcely stand on their feet; Bonaparte perceiving this, and being himself very much fatigued, ordered that the army should remain for the night to rest on the gained battle-ground.

As their march had been rapid, and lasted five days, in order to surprise General Wormser, Bonaparte had left waggons and baggage behind, and ordered a distribution of rations for four days, which each soldier carried with him as well as he could. The soldier, like the sailor, cares not much for what might happen the next day; his principle is, "To-day alive and healthy, to-morrow wounded or shot; let us enjoy the present moment, be merry, and eat and drink as long as it will last." In consequence of this soldier-philosophy, there was in the whole French army a great scarcity of provisions. Bonaparte and his generals, without any retinue, were destitute of the usual means of subsistence; the soldiers soon lighted large bivouac fires, but searched in vain for food. It was exposing one to the pain of death to go in search of provisions, as the peasantry were armed against the marauders, and had already given striking proof of their military spirit. The soldiers found some water, but nothing to eat; but, satisfied with their victory, they laid quietly down on the grass, their knapsacks serving for pillows, and were soon fast asleep.

As there was in the neighbourhood neither city, town, farm, nor even a single hut, Bonaparte, attended by one servant, chose a retired spot under a tree, and tried to sleep, after having made his usual tour to inspect the outposts,

piquets, grand guards, &c., so as to render a surprise impossible. In vain did he search for sleep, he could not. For twenty-four hours he had not found any thing to eat; his servant brought him some dirty water, which he drank with great reluctance, but no food. The servant was like his master, exhausted, weak, hungry, and scarcely able to move; he laid down under another tree, and was soon fast asleep. Bonaparte called him at various times in vain; he heard him soon snoring heartily. Not wishing to disturb him, the general stood up and directed his steps towards the nearest camp fire. There he found one single soldier awake, very busily engaged in opening his knapsack, searching with great precaution and looking carefully around him, as if fearing to be observed. As soon as he saw the general approaching, he hastily shut up his knapsack, and stretched himself on the ground, putting carefully the sack under his head, and beginning to snore lustily, as if asleep. Bonaparte, who had observed this whole manœuvre, curious to know the reason of such strange behaviour, advanced and shook the grenadier rudely by the arm, whispering into his ear, "I command you, on pain of death, to rise immediately; I wish to speak with you."

The grenadier, on opening his eyes, saw, by the rays of a sparkling fire, the well-known features of his commander, sprang up, and said to him in a whisper, "My general, make no noise, do not speak so loud, awake not my comrades, if you do I lose all."

"What all?"

"Only a poor ration of bread which I have saved three days in my knapsack; and if the company, as hungry as myself, had known it, how could I have divided it among so many? I waited, therefore, until they were fast asleep, so that I might eat in peace these crusts of bread, though I am much fatigued, but could not sleep for hunger."

"And so am I, my brave; I was just coming amongst you in search of something to put under my tees."

"What! you hungry, my general? Here, here, take all, take my whole ration; I am sorry you had not spoken sooner."

And in saying this he kneeled on the grass, emptied his knapsack, and handed him the whole piece of bread. "Take it, my general, you are heartily welcome to it. I feel not the least hunger any more."

Bonaparte, highly pleased, took the soldier's short sword and cut the whole in two pieces. "Choose, grenadier, the largest piece," said the general, "and let us eat; we are both hungry. I accept your offer on condition that you take one

part, and I the other, for which I am much obliged to you."

They separated highly pleased with each other.

The great importance of the following events had entirely effaced the generous action of this grenadier from the mind of Bonaparte.

In 1805, being at the camp of Boulogne, after having passed the review of his fine guards, a sergeant of the second regiment of the Chasseurs on foot found an opportunity to remind the emperor of the above-mentioned circumstance.

"Is it you, then, who that evening had divided your supper with your general?"

"Yes, my emperor, it was me; I am only sorry that the *liquids* were wanting, for both of us were very dry!"

"It is true! I remember," said Napoleon, smiling. In saying this, he made a sign to Berthier, who approached. Napoleon said some words to him in a whisper, after which he advanced towards the sergeant, detaching from his button-hole the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

"Tell me, how long serve you now?"

"Eleven years, my emperor, nine wounds, eight campaigns, and—"

"It's well! It's well! Have we been together in Egypt?"

"My emperor, we were a short time together in Egypt, and the best proof is, that when you came to visit the quarter of those attacked with the pest, it was I to whom you first spoke. Do you remember?"

"Yes, yes, certainly; I do now recollect you perfectly well. Well, my brave, it is just now that I in my turn divide with you; I have two crosses, that of the Legion of Honour, and of the Iron Crown, thou hast none; here, take this," (and thus saying, he fixed his own cross, in our presence, at the button-hole of the sergeant's uniform.) "But this is not all; if sometime ago I have been the cause of thy bad supper at Roveredo, to-day I wish you should have a good dinner. Berthier will take care to let you drink my health, if perchance the *liquids* may not fail," added the emperor, smiling.

"Oh! certainly—my emperor!—they surely are not wanting here!" stammered the sergeant.—"The liquids!—Oh!—never may they be wanted—to drink the health of—my—emperor!"—He could scarcely speak, being so greatly moved and excited.

Some hours after an aid-de-camp of Major General Berthier came in search of him, to call him to dine with Berthier. In removing his napkin he found on his plate the brevet by which he was named Knight of the Legion of Honour.

TRUTH.

ARTICLE I.

THERE have been, perhaps, few subjects of mental inquiry which have involved the admirers of accurate metaphysical definition in more intricate labyrinths of discursive speculation than the simple inquiry—"What is truth?" From the olden days of the Jewish economy, when Pilate put this celebrated question, even down to our own, the same diversity of opinion on this subject has existed. We purpose in this and another paper to bring before our readers a few condensed remarks on this question, as well as on its bearings generally on the understanding, as a source of pleasurable perception.

"What is Truth?"—Truth has been defined to be an agreement of the mental perceptions with things seen and known; and when expressed in language, it gives to the hearer or the reader the conception which the words represent. However simple Truth as viewed in the abstract may be, and therefore difficult accurately to define, its origin may be traced, or rather the circumstances may be stated, under which a feeling of truth arises in the mind. The earliest recorded sensation of any thing is called consciousness, and however slight this may be, it has been argued, that it is more than suf-

ficient, as regards the first development of truth within the mind. It has been stated, that "truth is no real being, but it is a relation perceived between certain feelings and the facts which they indicate,"—so subtle, so exquisitely fine is this attribute to be considered—this moral sensation within us, emanating from the Father of all spirits. The judgment and the understanding assist us in forming our ideas of truth, and aid us (as in all other processes of mental reasoning) in deducing conclusions from previous relations. We are fully aware that the religion of Christ is true, and the reasons for our adapting our powers of belief to the revealed words and testimonies of the prophets and apostles are numerous and manifold. We believe that the inspiration which awoke the loftiest mental energies in the minds of the writers in the Old and New Testaments, bade them reveal facts and circumstances which were both obvious to their senses, and of which their memory gave them the most assured confidence and certainty. The predictions of the prophets were not the revealed testimonies of the past, but of the future; the power that was upon them was from above, and that which to the mass of mankind was a dark

and cloudy future, was to them as clear, bright, and shining as the radiance and glory of the noonday sun. The lapse of succeeding ages since the periods of the prophets has fully revealed the truth of their predictions, and thus we may assert that the volume of inspired revelation is the volume of Truth. But why we place the faith of our belief in that for which we have only the evidence of our mental and visual impressions—or why we confide in the recorded testimony of others, we cannot (speaking according to strict metaphysics) tell. When we thus arrive at this part of our argument, we are lost—we can penetrate no further—our pilgrim-guide here leaves us—the stream we have thus far wandered by is lost—the beautiful fountain is dried up, and the refreshing banks are buried in the interminable oasis of a wilderness. An able writer has summed up this portion of the inquiry by observing, that “truth is a mere relation of coincidence,” which the judgment or understanding can alone perceive, and the final decision which is to be arrived at is simply this, “that one thing is not another, or that truth is not falsehood.”

It may, however, be useful, and in many instances most appositely available, that some signification corresponding with the ideas generally received of truth, should be employed, and to minds of unequally balanced and corresponding sentiment, it may be convenient to describe truth as “the correspondence and agreement of our words or ideas, with the actual nature, existence, and state of things.” Such a definition of an abstract principle or sentiment may be very useful as serving aptly to illustrate the meaning of the term “truth,” amongst those whose penetrating glance and close grasp of the subtleties of human reasoning may enable them to attain to the reach of each other’s powers of mental perception, as well as to qualify them for the attainment of a clearer notion of the subject in question, which is, in itself, a pre-existent requisite for the proper understanding of all science, whether physical or moral. The above definition is, however, in itself of too complex a nature and construction for the beautiful and subtle simplicity of the term, as its abstract meaning involves. In its employment as an active exercise of the mental economy, we bring to our aid the relative assistance of those powers which are implied by the terms of judgment,

reason, and understanding; but to analyse and dissect the precise meaning of truth as a simple essence may be, perhaps, as difficult as to premise a pure and exact meaning to consciousness itself.

That same understanding, however, to which we have alluded, and which we consider as a concomitant to truth in its active state, informs us of its high power of immutability. Truth and falsehood, youth and age, summer and winter, cannot be co-existent at one and the same time, in simple and single relationship. These premises rest on the unshaken foundation of truth itself—truth indivisible and eternal. Knowledge and truth are here in undivided union; they mutually embrace and strengthen one another, and give a brighter aspect and a richer value to the principle we are now contemplating, and cannot fail to secure and retain for it the highest feelings of love and admiration. The principle, as thus developed, is calculated to arouse and enchain the hearts of thousands; its progress through the world would be like that of a conqueror; falsehood and ignorance would be bound to its chariot-wheels, and the multitudinous declamations of all ranks and ages of mankind, would increase and swell the pomp and magnificence of its triumph. Sensations and thoughts are the active and energetic portions of our minds. We cannot for one moment doubt of the nature and reality of the impressions which they convey to us. But beyond this we are forbidden to proceed—these impressions are not susceptible of analysis. We are not sure that the ideas which we receive through the operations of sight, sound, and smell, are correct. We believe them to be so, but can avail ourselves of no further account or information respecting them. We can only use our senses in proportion to the power in them which has been vouchsafed to us, and can only judge through their media of the external relationship of all things around us. But these arguments do not operate to the prejudice of that truth which makes an ideal impression on the mind through the exercise of the internal and external sensibilities. The only solution which can be placed between things which are, and things which might be, is to believe that the powers of judgment which are given to us are sufficient for the purposes which our Creator had in view in granting them to us. EPHON.

BRITAIN.

CHAPTER VII.

MUCH as we could rake up from the dunghill of history to the dishonour of the clergy in that age, they were the main lights of the world. The

monastery had a library, tempted the incipient scholar, sought out and rewarded the artist in glass, in music, in weaving, in dyeing, and in

architecture; it had a sanctity about it, which oaths could not give to the castle, nor spears to the court; and was often spared when some horde of savages swept over the lands in a night, like a waterspout, which left the morning to look upon an unexpected deluge and ruin. It was through the monastery that a road to Rome was always kept open, by which a savour was brought from the sepulchres of the pagans and the Christian prodigies, which successively vitalised the mind and sublimed the manners of the Anglo-Saxons. It was in the monastery that the fragments of the encyclopædia of antiquity were preserved from the horny hands of the Goths, and the puerile zeal of the Iconoclasts, that the orators and poets of Greece, the lawgivers and prophets of Judea, the sublimely severe spirits of Rome, enshrined in their own tombs of taste, stood patient, in tongues almost unknown, for a thousand years, till the *effete* taste of Europe had been reinvigorated from the young veins of a new age. Let the monks then be forgiven that they magnified themselves, that they got all clever men into the monastery, that they amassed by infamous means half the wealth of the kingdom, that none might speak against them with impunity, that they gave it out in the tenth century that the judgment was dawning, and profited by the dismay, *which charters yet prove*; that one of them made a Danish chieftain drunk, and cajoled him of his estate, that another preached against lawful love, that a third published indelicate sermons, and that another was ashamed of the tonsure, and played the fable of the tailless fox. Many of them were perfectly studious and domestic in their habits, and interfered not with the commotions of the time, as the extraordinary longevity, induced by temperate diet and pacific minds, will prove.

Father Clarenbald, at Crowland, *obit* about 973, *etate* 168.
 Father Swarling - - - - - 142.
 Father Turgar - - - - - 115.

The church then had for its support the following voluntary offerings:—

A tithe of young animals, at Pentecost;
 The plough-alsms, fifteen nights after Easter;
 Peter-pence, at Lammass;
 A church-scot, at Martinmas;
 A corn-tithe, at All Saints;

And a light-scot, and a soul-scot, and an alms fee at other times;

Besides the produce of the third of the English land which it then possessed, the immense presents often made to the clergy, the proceeds of their legal trade, teaching, and the gains of relics, consecrated oil and unction.

A list of sins which the notorious Dunstan, who from 961 to 969 expelled great numbers of the married, that is, of the secular clergy, appointed to be confessed:—

All sins committed by the body; the flesh;

the bones; the skin; the reins; the sinews; the gristle; the tongue; the lips; the palate; the teeth; the marrow, and the hair.

For which the following are some of the appointed penances:—

If a layman, his arms were to be removed;

Long pilgrimages were to be performed;

A fresh bed to be used every night;

Never to cut the hair, nails, or beard;

Never to bathe in warm water—a necessary to a Saxon;

Never to eat flesh nor drink strong liquor;

To build or endow churches and monasteries;

To fast for several years. Happily for the penitent, however, he could fast by proxy, and commutations for the rest were not impossible.

About the same time, the church officers in an ordinary church were—

1. An ostiary, or door keeper.

2. The lector, who read God's word.

3. The exorcist, or dispossessioner of devils.

4. The acolyth, or taper holder at the mass, and reader of the Gospels.

5. The deacon, who baptized, and read the Scriptures.

6. Subdeacon, who kept the sacred vessels, relics, &c.

7. The mass-priest, who did the higher offices of the church.

And the following were some of the books necessary for such a priest—

1. The Gospel book. 7. The passional.

2. The Epistle book. 8. The kalendar.

3. The psalter. 9. The penitentiary.

4. The mass book. 10. The reading book.

5. The hand book. 11. The legend book.

6. The song book. 12. The martyr's book.

Most of these books were on parchment, written; some in wretched Latin, and others in Saxon. The priests were obliged to sing the seventide songs, in the following order:—

1. The night song, at an early hour.

2. The prime song, at seven o'clock, A.M.

3. The undern song, at nine, A.M.

4. The mid-day song, at twelve, A.M.

5. The none song, at three, P.M.

6. The night song, at nine, P.M.

Among other miscellaneous notices of the time, it may be proper to mention that the priests were at ordination obliged to find twelve sureties that they would pay the fines; on Good Friday the people kissed the cross; on Easter day the priest consecrated bread enough for a year's mass; about the year 1000 the English churches did not receive transubstantiation; Sunday was kept from Saturday at noon till Monday. An arm of Austin, of Hippo, sold for 60 lb. of gold.

The Anglo-Saxon population consisted of about eight classes.

The lowest division of people were slaves, of whom there were three kinds.*

The villain, or those who lived in the country.

The domestic slave, who was a household servant.

The mechanic slave, frigalin, or freed slave.

The ceorl, the lowest freeman or husbandman, called also fingalin.

The thanes, or nobles, of which there were four or five kinds, but substantively the same.

The cliones, or princes, of which the elder was called the Atheling.

The King.

The official persons and courts of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy, after the times of Alfred, may be seen in the next paragraph, which begins with the lowest court and its officers.

I. The borseholder, or tithing man, whose authority was over a decennary, or ten families, by whom a court was held, of which the tithing man was president; who, with the rest, by vote, (used in all the Saxon courts,) settled their contentions, received new, or dismissed, with a testimonial, old residents. From this decennary, the clergy, thanes, and slaves, who were all in separate fraternities, were excluded. The members were bondsmen for each other's good conduct.

II. The hundreder, or centenary, who governed ten tithings; he was mostly athane; the office was gainful, because he had a third of the fines which were imposed; his duties were similar to those of the borseholder.

The hundred was governed by him, and had a monthly meeting, when the members, armed, were to be present; and from the examination of their weapons, it was called the weapon tak, or wapen tac, because all touched the hundredary's weapon with theirs, which was a renewal of their obedience. The bishop, and occasionally the arch-deacon presided; and matters, either civil or spiritual, were discussed. No person, however, was to lose his life, from the authority of these courts.

III. The town-grieve, or port-grieve, had simi-

* The Saxon slavery was worthy of its name. Mutual strife, wars, crimes, debts, poverty, games of chance, misfortune, and propagation, increased the number of slaves which the Saxons found here. They might be sold, whipped, given away, branded, killed by the owner for a trifle, and by any one else for a pound, and they were forbidden the use of arms, or the harp, and some of the games. But when Christianity began to elevate the general mind, to the eternal praise of the Anglo-Saxon bishops, they did perhaps all in their power to procure their emancipation. For it was then forbidden to sell a slave to a Jew, or to transport him beyond the sea; and at the death of a bishop, the protector of the slaves in his diocese, three of his own slaves, and the same number of each of the other bishops and abbots, were liberated. There is not a more refreshing page among the barbarities of the age than that which informs us with what zeal and eloquence Wulfstan went monthly to preach to the inhabitants of Bristol, then the most notorious slave-market, to which their agents were collecting them by purchase from poor parents out of all parts of England.

lar authority in a town to the hundredary in the country.

The court, in the town, was called the burg, or folk-mote; it assembled monthly, and oftener if the mote bell rung, when the arms were examined, disputes settled, bargains made, and criminals were punished.

IV. The trithing man, who governed in a similar manner three or four hundreds, or laths. At his court appeals from the three inferior were judged, wills were read and acknowledged, and estates were sold.

V. The heterogen, duke, or earl, who presided at the shire motes, the third of whose fines he claimed. It was very powerful over all subjects. Several of these courts some of the ambitious thanes possessed, and hence at length the presidency became hereditary.

The heterogen, assisted in this office by the shire grieve, who was responsible for knowing the laws, was at first chosen by the king, afterwards by the shire gemote.

This court was held in full in the spring and autumn; but in an inferior mode monthly, when the bishop, the inferior officers of the other courts, the thanes, the clergy, the lawyers, and the landowners, attended. It was opened by a speech from the bishop on spiritual subjects, and by a lawyer on the laws; and contests, ecclesiastical, regal, and local, were then judged, and the business of the other courts was reviewed, and the laws read for the instruction of the people.

The disputes of these courts originated the lahymenræd boran, or the law explainers, who assisted the shire grieve, who at first had three, afterwards seven, and then twelve, in that employ, to which they were admitted by oaths, which were made on the relics.

The Witanegemote national parliament, or mickle mote, assembled at the three great festivals, and if necessary oftener, was summoned by the king, who appointed the place of meeting, which was in a plain, on the sands, in a church, or wherever was the court, then always migratory.

The members of this council were the great thanes, the cliones, the most important officers of the other courts, the influential clergy, and not unfrequently ladies; though it appears there were seldom, in all, present sixty, often not more than thirty, members. The work of the witanegemote, or assembly of the wise, was to choose the king, to pass laws, to levy taxes, to determine on wars or peace, to appoint the chief officers of the other courts, to regulate the mint, though they gave also to large towns, to kings, and to archbishops, power to issue coin. The qualification of membership was at first the possession of five hides of land, and in the time of the Confessor forty; either of which, if a ceorl, by chance, good conduct, industry, or talent, could obtain, (though the lowest freeman,) he was en-

titled to be of the witangemote, which might explain the fact, that many of its members were well-known, infamous robbers.

The infantry were the lowest class of freemen, the ceorls, who had a right to carry a spear until the endless accidents among such a testy people made it penal. The cavalry were of the higher classes, who had a shield, a spike, and often a club. Their saddles were without cruppers and stirrups. Numbers of carts followed the camp, and at night made its safeguard. The troops, as they went to battle in the wedge form, often sung, which sometimes decided the contest, as did single combat, or the harper's tune.

The king, though president of this court, was by no means absolute, for he had no power to revoke its decisions, or those of any other judge, though he might commute the punishment; nor could he grant hereditary titles of honour, or dispose of the crown lands. He named his successor, commanded the army, and, after the appointment became dangerous to the kingdom, chose the great ecclesiastics, and disposed of the confiscated and conquered lands. His revenues were the usufruct of the crown lands, his own personal inheritance, forfeitures, hereotage, the produce of vacant sees, presents, a third of the national punishments, which were pecuniary fines, and, from 991 to 1136, when it was abolished, the Danegeld, or a shilling on each of the two hundred and forty-three thousand six hundred hides of land in England, which made a sum equal to the present currency of 365,000*l.*; soon after its imposition it rose to 2*s.* a hide, and subsequently 7*s.*, which made it equal to 2,555,000*l.* of our money. The design of it was to repel the Danes.

The king had about him a number of powerful persons divided into thirds, of which each party served him four months, and constituted his constant council. To this court a president was afterwards appointed, called Justiciary, who occasionally took the name of half king, and answered to the present Lord Chancellor.

Dr. Henry states, in his valuable though imperfect history, that the officers of the Welsh court were at that time like those of the English king, who then had the following dignitaries under him.

1. A mayor of the palace; he was supreme among the attendants.

2. The priest of the household, who gave thanks at the table, and chanted the paternoster.

3. The steward, whose duty was to rule in the king's cellar and kitchen, to locate the guests, to set one dish at the head and another at the foot of the table, to taste all the king's liquors before drunk; he had a tax-free estate, and as much of every barrel of ale as he could reach with his middle finger, &c.

4. The hawk master, who was only allowed to drink thrice at table. When he was successful the king did him great honours, and held his stirrup.

5. The household judge, who was obliged to be learned, and not cut his beard. His office was to compose the strifes of the household, to decide the merits of the contesting poets, musicians, and other judges.

6. The hall stere, or master of the horse, who with the five preceding had a seat at the royal table.

7. The chamberlain, who slept in the royal bed-room: he provided clean rushes and straw for the beds, and fuel for the fire, and preserve the king's rings, horns, cups, and other trinkets.

8. The bard, whose daily duties were to sing the Divine praise, the king's virtues, and a general theme: hence their popularity. In Wales it was his duty to head the incursions into England for plunder, and to sing a song called the "Old British Monarchy," which is supposed to have been commendatory of their ancestors and their own right to the soil.

9. The silence keeper, who called for silence when any uproarious tendencies appeared.

10. The huntmaster, who attended the court from Christmas to February; and it was his privilege in a court to swear by his horse or dogs!

11. The feet-warmer, whose duty it was to sit against the fire with his majesty's feet in his bosom to keep them warm during the time he dined.

12. The master-cook, who served up the last dish with his own hand,

13. The candle-holder, who held a taper near the dish from which the king eat. These officers had three suits of clothes at the great festivals, when the king found the woollen, and the queen the linen cloth.

14. Another great personage was the chief smith, who had right to a draught from every cup of drink which came into the hall when he was present.

PERPETUITY OF MORAL EVIL.

We shall here endeavour to show that it is the natural tendency of moral evil to extend and perpetuate its debasing influence; and that this

circumstance is fitted to suggest and perpetuate itself, is as much a matter of experience as it is the declaration of Scripture, nor can it, in fact,

be otherwise among apostate and depraved creatures; and it is equally undeniable, that, in consequence of this very tendency, the guilt of one individual may go to aggravate that of multitudes with whom he never had an opportunity of being brought into contact. To what extent such an individual may be directly chargeable with the iniquity which he has thus contributed to augment, or on what principle he will be reckoned with when all the consequences of his crimes are laid open, and the connexion between these and the offences of others is distinctly traced, are questions which we presume not to determine. The Judge of all the earth will do that which is right. But that such a connexion does exist, and that it is recognised, too, by Him who will render to every man according to his deeds, is most distinctly taught in the history before us; and when we represent this connexion as contributing to swell the amount of personal delinquency, we only state what the testimony of conscience will be found to confirm; for we do not hesitate to assert, that if the sinner is ever awakened to a sense of his guilt, one of the bitterest and most agonising of his reflections will be, that he has contributed to corrupt or to harden others, without the possibility of repairing the injury that he has done them.

But neither is the application of the subject to be confined to such as have, either by deliberate attempts or the influence of a vicious example, succeeded in corrupting others, and have thus given a new impulse, as it were, to the strength of prevailing iniquity. Upon the principle which is laid down in the text, and which we have now endeavoured to illustrate, it is evident that, from every unholy action that is performed, and every unsanctified expression that is uttered, there must be going forth a corrupting and debasing influence;—that, though the effects of this influence may not be immediately perceived, it may, nevertheless, have left impressions that will never again be effaced; and that if it has once taken effect, no human wisdom can estimate or foretell the consequences. And if this principle be admitted, then where is the man—let his past life have been as free of flagrant transgressions, and the sphere of his influence as limited as it may—who will venture to allege that he has never contributed to the moral and spiritual injury of his fellow-men, that none have ever imbibed from him an unholy sentiment, or that none have been encouraged, by his example, to persevere in the ways of sin? So long as he is a stranger to the power of the Gospel, there will be something in his character which, in spite of all the decencies of an external profession, will indicate a spirit of hostility to vital godliness; and though the symptoms of this hostility may seldom or never be perceived by those with whom he holds only a slight or occasional intercourse, yet they will manifest them-

selves in a thousand ways to his more intimate associates, and may be exercising an influence over them which, though unseen by others, and scarcely felt by themselves, will as effectually estrange them from divine things as if they were exposed to an apparently stronger and more dangerous temptation. The very tone and manner in which divine truth is spoken of, may weaken the impression of reverence that was once felt for its authority; one expression of levity, or a single profane allusion, may lessen the abhorrence that was entertained for the deformity of sin; and a conversation which to him might appear too trifling to be remembered, may have made a fearful inroad on the moral principles of others, and loosened the salutary restraints which conscience imposes on the sinful propensities of the heart. In all this, indeed, he may see nothing wherewith to upbraid himself; and while he is not chargeable with having deliberately attempted to draw others into the actual commission of gross and flagrant immoralities, he may flatter himself that he has never incurred the guilt of injuring the spiritual interests of any. Very different, however, is his character in the sight of God, and very different will it be in his own estimation, should he ever be awakened from his dream of self-security. He will then see that it is no light thing to have ministered to the delusion of a fellow-sinner, and contributed to strengthen him in his alienation from God;—that the life which he once thought so blameless has not only been unprofitable, but positively mischievous;—that every day which he spent in a state of estrangement from his Maker was productive of injury to others as well as to himself; and that the amount of this injury is such as he cannot estimate, and never will be able to repair.

These, I think, are reflections which can hardly fail to occur to the Christian, on looking back to that period of his life when he was living without God and without hope in the world; and though he may never have made any deliberate effort to corrupt or mislead a fellow-sinner, yet he will still have enough to remind him how unprofitable it was to himself, and how injurious it must have been to others. He knows that in all the intercourse which he then held with his fellow-men, he was as little inclined as he was qualified to attempt advancing their spiritual interests; and though it is but comparatively little of that intercourse that he can now remember, he cannot doubt that much of it was calculated to efface, rather than to strengthen, their impressions of divine things; and that the influence of many a sentiment and action which he has long ago forgotten, may yet be operating on the life and character of those with whom he associated. And while these reflections awaken feelings of the deepest humiliation and self-abasement, need I urge upon believers the powerful motive which

they suggest, to be active and diligent in labouring to counteract that principle of evil which is so fearfully prevalent, and which they themselves have been instrumental in strengthening? Were their own unaided efforts, indeed, the only agency that is to be looked for to give success to such an attempt, it would assuredly prove a very hopeless enterprise, as the very subject which we have been considering does abundantly testify; and they might be ready to resign themselves to the desponding reflection, that while every sinful action of their lives may have contributed to strengthen the opposition of others to the government of God, they will never be able to effect any thing in the way of disarming that opposition. They are not abandoned, however, to the feebleness of their own strength, nor left to dwell with unavailing complaints on their own helplessness; the Spirit of God has himself undertaken to counteract this malignant principle; their own deliverance from the dominion of a depraved heart is itself a proof that his agency is at work; and if sinners, in their unregenerate state, do mutually minister to one another's spiritual debasement, they are employed as instruments, also, in effecting one another's spi-

ritual regeneration. And can believers reflect on the unsearchable wisdom, and the marvellous condescension of such an order of things, without feeling and habitually acting under a sense of the obligations hereby laid on them to labour for the spiritual welfare of others? Though the infectious example of moral evil among creatures already depraved is more than sufficient to resist the efforts and counteract the influence even of the holiest of the children of God, yet the Spirit can impart to the latter a power and an energy before which that resistance will give way; the Christian is encouraged to believe that, through this divine influence, he may carry with him a purifying, as he once did a corrupting, influence among his brethren around him; opportunities are thus afforded him of redeeming the time that he misspent, and remedying, in some measure, the evils which he occasioned; and while the Scriptures tell him of the retribution that awaits those who have not only sinned, but also made others to sin, they tell him likewise that "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."—*Gordon.*

THE BRECHE DE ROLAND.

(From Murray's "Summer in the Pyrenees.")

LET the reader imagine a wall of rock, from three to seven hundred feet high, raised between France and Spain, and actually separating them; let him then suppose that Roland, mounted on his war-horse, and anxious to pass the barrier, has cut, near the centre, with a stroke of his sword, a breach three hundred feet in width, and he will then have an idea of what the mountaineers have called the "*Breche de Roland.*"

Here the wind, compressed by the sides of the breach, acquires, at times, so tremendous a force, that its rage and roar may be heard at the distance of many miles. Our travellers passed through it at such a time.

The haze increased in thickness and the wind in force, as we ascended the side of the gorge; and by the time we arrived at the chamber of the murdered Spaniard the blast was fearful; the loosened stones were rolling down the precipices, and the wall above seemed shaking with its violence. We entered the cave, for a moment, to avoid the storm, while we considered of the best mode of passing through the Breche. This place I had quitted the preceding day, and exposed myself to the scorching sun, rather than look upon its blood-stained walls. Four-and-twenty hours after, wet and cold, I sought its shelter, and felt grateful for its existence.

There was now no time to think about the danger of the undertaking, or the chance of one or all of us being blown down the glacier, or over the precipice; it was too late to retreat, and advance we must, or remain where we were, and die of cold. Frenchmen, talkative as they are, can be silent on some occasions; and, upon this, our arrangements were made as quietly and silently as if we were about to commit an act in which we were afraid of being discovered.

Rondo's plan of walking arm in arm was now adopted, and we sallied towards the Breche. The plan was excellent: no single man could have stood the fury of the blast, and, linked together, we staggered like drunken men before it. The wall of the Breche once gained, we crept through the gateway, clinging to the projections of the rock, until, turning round its flank, we were in a moment completely sheltered from the wind. I had heard the wrathful wind whistling through the rigging of a vessel, and rushing through a forest; but through this funnel of the mountains it roared, and, wreaking its fury upon the narrow plain of snow between us and the commencement of the glacier, it carried whole layers of it before it, tossing and whirling them about ere they disappeared in the mist.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WALKING THE HOSPITAL.

(From Sir A. Halliday's "West Indies.")

ALL knowledge which the natives possess of the virtues of plants has been handed down by tradition. They have no written language, yet they can cure ulcers, destroy the poison of venomous snakes, and allay the symptoms of various diseases, with perfect success. Their doctors are a distinguished and a greatly privileged class; they are called "Peijmen," pronounced *Pe-ai-men*; and before the young aspirant can obtain his degree, he has to undergo a rather severe apprenticeship. It is thus described by my excellent friend Dr. M'Turk, who was at pains to make himself master of the whole proceeding:—

"The person who is desirous of learning the art, or whatever it may be called, applies, either personally or through his father, to the elders of the family of the peijman who is to teach him. The peijman hears the applicant patiently, who relates to him his history, and that of his family, and where he resides. These statements proving satisfactory, the peijman takes his pupil, the first night, apart from every house or dwelling, and sings and bellows over him the whole night, occasionally puffing tobacco-smoke in his face. This ceremony being over—which commences at six o'clock in the evening, and continues till six o'clock in the morning, without intermission—he is put into the peij-house—a house built and used for no other purpose, closed in at top and sides, leaving only a small aperture for a door, which, when shut, renders the inside quite dark. Here the new initiated remains for a

week, seated night and day on a block of wood, no bed, hammock, or any article of furniture whatever allowed in the house. In this condition he is attended by the peijman every night, who performs the same ceremony as at the beginning; he also visits him daily, on which occasions he gives him to drink a quantity of tobacco-water, which vomits him until he is quite exhausted. The only food that is allowed him is about an ounce of cassava-bread, and about the same quantity of dried fish, and a little water, daily, which he can seldom use, from the disturbed state of his stomach. At the end of the week the peijman gives him, by way of a finale, a calabash full of paiwary—a drink made from toasted cassava-bread steeped in water, which forms a fermented, intoxicating liquor. This quantity (about a gallon) he has to drink at one draught, which is sure to vomit him. He is then taken out of the peij-house, looking more like a spectre than a human being. It takes some time before the new peijman can walk about, and until his strength is restored, or that he can take his departure for his home.

"The peij-houses are now very rare. About twenty years ago there was a large establishment of this sort on the Abanacary Creek, in the Essequibo River, where, at stated periods, the peijmen assembled to perform their exorcisms, and examine the younger peijmen. A father cannot teach a son, nor a son a father; at least, it is not the custom."

REVIEW.

Melanie and other Poems. By N. P. WILLIS. Edited by BARRY CORNWALL.

ARTICLE II.

THE first poem in Part Second, is the "Dying Alchemist." The title indicates the tone and character of the piece. The struggling aspirations of the visionary after an unattainable object, and his despair when the death damp steals over his brow, and the icy chill reaches his heart, are powerfully conceived, and powerfully, nay painfully, described. The whole scene is full of horror. The next poem is one of those celebrated Scripture-pieces, which are almost unique in our literature, "The Leper." The description of the Judean noble, in the pride of his beauty and the glory of his youth, is drawn with a most skilful hand; and then the coming on of the leprosy, and the contrast between the leper's present and his former state, are movingly described. We cannot forbear quoting the conclusion of the poem, which is conceived in Mr. Willis's best style.

"It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, 'Unclean! unclean!' and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
'Helon!'—the voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
'Helon! arise;' and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

"Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in his mien

Command sat throned serene, and, if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to, in his hair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the sereneest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, 'Be clean !'
And, lo ! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him."

"*Parrhasius*" is founded on a story told in Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," of an Athenian painter, who bought an aged captive, and subjected him to the most dreadful tortures, for the purpose of observing his expression and transferring it to the canvass. The subject is a shocking one; and, though we feel the poet's genius, in the fearful minuteness and horrible distinctness with which he goes through the scene, (a scene from which we start back with shuddering,) yet we must say we are sorry the poem was not left out of this edition.

The "*Wife's Appeal*" is a highly finished and delicate production. The scene is conceived in a style of brilliancy and beauty which bear the closest scrutiny. The description of the study, in which a wealthy and accomplished gentleman is pondering over "a volume of old time" is perfect. The approach of "the wife," who is met at the entrance by "a graceful hound," the little incidents of the interview, and her appeal to his latent ambition, are represented in a very delicate manner. The passage containing the husband's reply is in a high strain of poetry; and the conclusion is full of touching sentiment, heightened by an impressive moral. He has yielded to his wife's appeal, and gone out among the throng of men, and now for the issue.

"A year—
And in his room again he sat alone.
His frame had lost its fulness in that time;
His manly features had grown sharp and thin,
And from his lips the constant smile had faded.
Wild fires had burned the languor from his eye;
The lids looked fevered, and the brow was bent
With an habitual frown. He was much changed.
His chin was resting on his clenched hand,
And with his foot he beat upon the floor
Unconsciously the time of a sad tune.
Thoughts of the past preyed on him bitterly.
He had won power and held it. He had walked
Steadily upward in the eye of Fame,
And kept his truth unsullied—but his home
Had been invaded by envomed tongues;
His wife—his spotless wife—had been assailed
By slander, and his child had grown afraid
To come to him—his manner was so stern.
He could not speak beside his own hearth freely.
His friends were half estranged, and vulgar men
Presumed upon their services, and grew
Familiar with him. He 'd small time to sleep,
And none to pray; and, with his heart in fetters,
He bore deep insults silently, and bowed
Respectfully to men who knew he loathed them!
And when his heart was eloquent with truth,
And love of country and an honest zeal
Burned for expression, he could find no words
They would not misinterpret with their lies.
What were his many honours to him now?
The good half doubted, falsehood was so strong—
His home was hateful with its cautious fears—
His wife lay trembling on his very breast,
Frighted with calumny!—And this is FAME."

"The Scholar of Thebet Ben Khorat" contains a good deal of wild, impassioned poetry, touched with an Oriental hue, that appeals strongly to the imagination. But we must pass on to the "Healing of the

Daughter of Jairus." This is another of those "Scripture-pieces" of which we have spoken. The opening of this poem is exceedingly fine:

"Freshly the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance,
Her thin pale fingers clasped within the hand
Of the heart-broken ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And as it stirred with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turned upon her pillow. He was there—
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she looked
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears, and, with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness, murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kissed it as she wept. The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face—
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure, and he could not hear
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils, and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse, and at her mouth
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ached with its deathly stillness."

And the passage following immediately upon this, containing a description of the scene, in which the Ruler found Jesus teaching, is finished with exquisite beauty. The conclusion of the poem is a perfect picture.

"Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in her tapering nails.
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life,
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins—
And on her cheek the jet black overlay,
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said
'Maiden! Arise!'—and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied colour ran,
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirr'd in the linen vesture, and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance—arose!"

The address "*To a City Pigeon*," is one of the sweetest poems in the volume. The train of thought running through it is delightfully refreshing. The metrical flow is rich, and fills the mind with a sense of surpassing melody. The poem "*On a Picture of a Beautiful Boy*," is in a very different, but an exceedingly beautiful strain. The following, "*On the Picture of a Child tired of Play*," we think absolutely faultless.

"Tired of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done this lvely day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeples and trees;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves,
Twilight gathers, and day is done—
How hast thou spent it—restless one!"

"Playing? But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at even tide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?
Whom hast thou plied, and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learned by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and by singing still?"

"There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired—but not with play!
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and an aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
Well for thee, if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well.
If thine open hand hath relieved distress—
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with penitence—
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
With their holy meanings eloquently—
If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove—
If never a sad, low-spoken word
Hath pined with thy human heart unheard—
Then, when the night steals on as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast."

We pass over two or three little poems, breathing the finest spirit of grace and beauty, for the sake of extracting the beginning of one addressed to "The Belfry Pigeon." The thoughts and images are exquisitely natural, and the language cannot be surpassed.

"On the cross beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till cross the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
"Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon—
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon—
When the clock strikes clear at morning light—
When the child is waked with "nine at night"—
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with dimed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies."

The conclusion of the poem we do not like. It is prettily expressed, but the sentiment is not only unmanly in itself, but out of keeping with the preceding part, and with all the associations of the subject.

The "Blind Mother," the "Stolen Ring," and the lines addressed to the poet's mother from the *Apennines*, abound in fine images, and melodious expression; but we have no space for a particular criticism on each of them; and we pass now to the third and last division of the poems. This part contains a selection from Mr. Willis's early poems, and on some accounts is the most interesting portion of the volume.

"The Shunamite" is a beautiful poem, founded on the simple and affecting story in the second book of Kings. The whole scene, in its minutest and most touching circumstances, stand before us. We feel the heat of the "sultry day of summer time." We feel

"As if the air had fainted, and the pulse
Of nature had run down, and ceased to beat."

How finished is the following picture!

"Thy father is ahrast—and from the depths
Of the cool well under the leaning tree
She drew refreshing water, and with thoughts

Of God's sweet goodness stirring in her heart,
She blessed her beautiful boy, and to his way
Committed him. And he went lightly on,
With his soft hands press'd closely to the cool
Stone vessel, and his little naked feet
Lifted with watchful care, and o'er the hills,
And through the light green hollows, where the lambs
Go for the tender grass, he kept his way,
Whiling its distance with his simple thoughts
Till, in the wilderness of sheaves, with brows
Throbbing with heat, he set his burthen down."

The following picture presents us with a touching picture of maternal distress over a dying child.

"They bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!
She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon
The dreamy languor of his listless eye,
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
And kissed his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned
To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy—

—"So still!

'Tis a soft sleep! How beautiful he lies,
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
How could they say that he would die! O God!
I could not lose him! I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart, and even now,
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Counting like treasures all his winning ways—
His unforgotten sweetness.—

—"Yet so still!—

How like this breathless slumber is to death!
I could believe that in that bosom now
There were no pulse—it beats so languidly!
I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!
Death would not be so very beautiful!
And that half smile—would death have left that there?
—And should I not have felt that he would die?
And have I not wept over him!—and prayed
Morning and night for him? and could he die?
—No—God will keep him! He will be my pride
Many long years to come, and this fair hair
Will darken like his father's, and his eye
Be of a deeper blue when he is grown;
And he will be so tall, and I shall look
With such a pride upon him! *He to die!*
And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,
And smiled, as if 'twere mockery to think
That such fair things could perish—

—"Suddenly

Her hand shrunk from him, and the colour fled
From her fixed lip, and her supporting knees
Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touched
His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—
And it was cold—like clay! Slow, very slow,
Came the musing that her child was dead.
She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed
In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she took
His little hand and pressed it earnestly—
And put her lip to his—and looked again
Fearfully on him—and then, bending low,
She whispered in his ear, "My son! My son!"
And as the echo died, and not a sound
Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still
Motionless on her knee—the truth would come!
And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
Were crushed, she lifted him and held him close
Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
As if death had no power to touch him there!"

"Absalom" is another fine delineation of a Scripture theme. The introductory lines contain an exquisitely worded night-piece, ending with this noble thought:—

"How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world."

The description of King David's mourning for his lost son, the princely rebel Absalom,—the sketch of Absalom, as he lay "straightened for the grave,"—and the lament of David over the dead body, are conceived and uttered in a tone of lofty poetry.

"Hagar in the Wilderness" is almost the finest

poem in the volume. It is wrought up to a higher point of elaboration, is full of higher passion, and flows with more earnestness and freedom than the others. It has, indeed, the germ of a tragedy. It delineates wounded affections, and blighted love, and deep despair. An injured woman, sent abroad to suffer and perhaps to die; with a son reduced to all the woes of orphanage, while his father yet lives; the sinking heart of a helpless and deserted one; these are the themes which fill this magnificent piece with a surpassing interest. The descriptive passages are finished with a more than usual skill; they are introduced with a more delicate perception of propriety; and the whole poem is wrought up with a finer sense of proportion, than any of the other pieces we have spoken of. The following passage, in energy of expression, and force of passion, reminds us of the *Medea* of Euripides.

"Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
O no! by all her loveliness—by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness; yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh! estrange her once—it boots not how—
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not."

"The Widow of Nain" is the last of the Scripture pieces. It is marked by the same characteristics as the others; fine description, delicate imagery, and minuteness of finish. We quote the following beautiful lines:

"'Twas now high noon.
The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
Unmixed with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide street along whose paved way
The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier;
And by the crowd that in the burning sun
Walked with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
Mourned with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers passed
Bending beneath their burthen. There was one,
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier
Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,
Followed an aged woman. Her short steps
Falterd with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Followed apart, but no one spake to her.
She had no kinsman. She had lived alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the world wide—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her."

The remainder of the volume is filled with shorter pieces, delicate trifles, which are all familiar to American readers of occasional poetry. "The Annoyer" is an exquisite little song, and universally popular in the musical circles. "André's Request to Washington" is remarkable for a terseness of expression, beyond any other in the collection.

We have thus gone over Mr. Willis's Poems in a cursory manner. The passages we have cited prove the truth, we trust, of the praises we have bestowed upon them. Upon a general view of these poems, we think we are justified in pronouncing Mr. Willis a poet of great and varied powers. In some attributes of the poetic character, we should hardly know where to look for his superior. His sensibility to beauty, whether of external nature, or of the human form, is ever alive. He enjoys richly and freely the breath of heaven, the sunshine, and the splendour of the star-crowned night: earth and sky are perpetual ministers

to his imagination. His language is almost always choice and descriptive. By the power of finely selected words, he brings every variety of landscape before us: and the myriad voices of nature seem to be uttered in his magical tones. Such is the richness, so captivating the sweetness of his verse, that many readers fail to discover the depth, variety, and power of his poetry. There is sometimes an over-daintiness of expression, that naturally enough makes a fastidious delicacy, rather than strength, to be regarded as his leading characteristic. But if we do not greatly err, the passages we have cited, bear incontestible evidence of the vigour and variety, as well as delicacy, of Mr. Willis's poetical genius. The dramatic sketch of "Lord Iyon and his Daughter," and the Scripture piece, "Hagar in the Wilderness," show his power of entering into, and nobly expressing, the higher passions of human nature. Still it must be acknowledged, that Mr. Willis has too strong an inclination for finely turned lines, and repeats too often a few favourite expressions. It must also be conceded, that fine phraseology sometimes, though rarely, tempts him away from the beaten path of distinct meaning. But this fault, Mr. Willis has in common with the most distinguished poets of England; in fact it belongs to the poetical character of the times. In other respects, his language is possessed of extraordinary beauty. In simplicity, force, and freshness, in descriptive power, and in the elegant blending of the Saxon and Latin elements of English, we know not where we should look for a style superior to it. In brilliancy of imagination, richness and variety of associations, and delicate transitions from the description of natural scenery, to human passions connected with it or breaking out in the midst of it, or to simple emotions growing out of the contemplation of it; in a nice feeling of just proportion, and a quick eye for small traits which individualise a scene or a person; and in an ever-varying richness of melody, the poetry of Mr. Willis may be compared to advantage with almost any writings of this age.—*North American Review*, No. 93.

THE STUDY OF INSECTS.—Is any thing that proceeds from the hands of the Great Creator too insignificant for man to investigate? A moment's reflection will apprise us that the most minute insect must necessarily be as fully perfected in its structure, in its wonderful apparatus of nerves, muscles, respiratory organs, and organs of the senses, and all their functions, and its system of circulation, (proved by recent discoveries,) as the largest, and, according to its rank in nature, the most gigantic animal, over which it possesses an infinite superiority of muscular strength; and when we find that there are insects scarcely discoverable without a lens, must we not exclaim, with wonder and admiration, at the stupendous power evinced in their construction, and should not this stimulate us to learn as much as we can concerning these miracles, that we may be better able to appreciate the marvellous power displayed in their creation, although we can scarcely hope to arrive at the perfect comprehension of their least attributes, the complexity of their organisation when even most simple, the multiplicity of their instincts, the quality of those instincts, and their very powerful agency in supporting the universal equilibrium of nature? Who then is bold enough to say, even to what his arrogance and assumption have dared to style a contemptible insect, "Thou art beneath my notice," when he feels that the pigmy might reply, "Thou, with all thy boasted superiority, dost not comprehend me!" Humility is the crown of humanity, and let us follow the words of Solomon, and learn wisdom from the ant.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

SELF EDUCATION.

CHAPTER I.

ONLY think of our temerity! To risk the credit of a new periodical on such a cast-off and charmless subject as education, in an age when every thing sober is very *justly* scouted, and when wisdom, to get an audience, must appear in the harlequin's dress, or resort to the style of the troubadours! Self education withal! Is that a blow at the craft? or a device of democracy? Is it not an heretic phrase? Has it no allusion to the destruction of the lords? Would it not bring on anarchy? or overstock the market with schoolmasters? Is it a discovery for educating a man in a week? or for reducing educational expenses from pounds to mites? Is the phrase found in our best writers? Being chary of our space readers, we say "to all and sundry" such inquirists, No. Read on, and let us not be interrupted further till you "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" what we, out of our sultan pleasure, and oracular fulness, deign to communicate to this fiction-loving generation.

Our hearts have long been divided between the passions of pity and contempt, when we have thought of the subject of education: contempt for the majority of the atom-souled beings who make merchandise of mind, and convert their ignorant conceits and magniloquent truisms into capital; and we feel pity for the misled, who are taught to believe that a few words in two or three languages, and a huddle of miscellaneous facts, called "history, geography," &c., with some smattering of the mechanical arts, of writing, and arithmetic, constitute education! Ill-starred word! What dolts and hypocrites have abused thee! In our judgment, education does not mean the acquirement of knowledge which seems to be its general acceptance, but the bringing of the intellectual, *sensible*, and moral faculties of man, into a state that will both qualify him for its acquirement as for its application and use. In other terms, education is not the knowledge in any degree of any subjects, but the proportionate and utmost development of all the capabilities of man. We have known men whose memories were wedged with facts, and whose faculties were almost as little educated or drawn forth as that of the savage; and others whose powers had, from a lack of books or leisure, received no ordinary self-training, but which appeared to great disadvantage for want of more extended acquaintance with facts. In the first instance it was as if a builder should bring an heterogeneous mixture of wood, bricks, stone, mortar, paint, paper, glass, iron, and brass, and pour them down in confusion on the site of his intended house: it was, in the second, as if a skilful workman should attempt to build a palace with a score of bricks

and one door: the abundance of materials does not insure the builder's skill, and his sagacity can never be their substitute: and so in the work of education. Nor is it less important to remember that education is not a mere equipment of the mind for this life, not a device to qualify man for hoarding so much gold, or successfully to manoeuvre for the most power, pleasure, or fame, while he is in his *terrene novitiate*, but a series of improvements, whose effect will, perhaps, never disappear from the character at any period of the duration in which we may have to measure our being by myriads instead of moons; and when the least advanced of the human spirits may bear as little resemblance with the most prescient among us as the eagle's egg does to the full grown bird.

A second error which bears on our subject, and prevents its success, is the general belief that our education is a performance which is *extra* personal, the work of another, and not chiefly our own labour, which we are bound to perform by obligations quite as solid, and more evident. This error is precious to the craft, and fatal to the deceived; and, as long as the opinion is prevalent that we must look to other persons for the best part of our education, instead of attempting it ourselves, the popular mind will carry the scholastic brand, which is like that in some of the Welsh horses.

A third mistake, fundamental to our education, is, that when it is not confined to the mere acquisition of knowledge from such sources as "Catechisms" and "School-books," (most of which are but new editions of "Tom Thumb" and "Cinderella,") but appears to approach to a "*cultivation* of the mind," that the training is disproportionate: the memory is trained by artificial systems, instead of being joined to the affections, its *essential* and natural partners; (for what we love and hate strongly we always remember.) As the judgment is flattered, forced, and separated from the imagination, or the whole of the thinking powers are disassociated from the moral, while the training of the senses, which are as the hands and feet of both, is overlooked altogether, though it is from them that we derive the *radices* of all our ideas. This is really as monstrous, if we could but embody its effects, as if by some disordered physical law the hands or the head should grow to maturity and leave the rest of the bodily frame in the proportions of childhood. Hence the common result: the mathematician and the metaphysician chiefly educate the reflective faculty, and the poet, the imaginative, the artist, the imitative powers; the fashionable, the manners, the scientific, the spirit

of inquiry ; and the student of nature, the senses ; while the moralist too often confines himself to the mere actions, and the large and many-hued class of underlings merely cultivate the powers of pleasing. Hence the frequent incongruities which we all meet: the acutest judgment with a mean memory ; the finest sensibilities on some points with a heart unfeeling as lead on others ; a moral sense, remarkable for its keenness, with but the resolutions of a child ; or the courage of a Cesar, with the thoughtlessness of an idiot ; or the foresight of a prophet, with the imprudence of a prodigal ; ingenuity without diligence ; an imagination which, like the golden eagle, with one stroke of its wing fetches a majestic compass about its cloudy nest, but feeding on the foul carrion of vice which pollutes the social atmosphere.

Look at the beautiful growth of the body : as the chest arches into the swell of manhood, the head rises with proportionate dignity, and the myriad and minor parts of the animal machine keep the same symmetries. This would be the method of the mental growth if there were no evil influences from "within and without" counteracting the laws of mind ; and that education alone is right which works in reference to the same law.

We will only refer to one more prefatory subject before we enter on our task. We consider man to be of a threefold nature : his body with its instincts and senses, which constitute him the first animal of creation ; his mind with its intellectual capabilities ; and his moral indisposition ; the union of which triple nature constituted him the miniature image of his Creator. While he continued perfect, his triple nature was an omnipotent mirror, showing him the Infinite Mind, which yet in every perfection surpassed him more than he did the ephemera to which the leaf is a universe, and the hour of their life an everlasting. Whatever interpretation we give of the *revealed accounts* of the depravation of man, we must agree in the fact, that all man's natures have been immense sufferers from hereditary, as well as personal causes, particularly his moral part, which, instead of being the ruler, has become a slave, while the instincts intended to be "the hewers of wood and drawers of water" for his higher faculties, are now generally supreme. Thus we conclude, that the human natures are unbalanced ; and, instead of, like "the sun, moon, and stars," working in silent, but magnificent harmony, we find them in everlasting opposition. This is the first fact of consequence in the *science* of solid education ; and a man who does not understand this will never have the first rudiment of self-knowledge, and never possess the primary qualification to educate ; for he will never aim sufficiently high ; will measure from a wrong mark, and his deepest calculations will be out ; or he will describe from a false centre, and his

circumference will be wrong. He will be in danger of cultivating what he ought to root up, and from his ignorance of moral husbandry, he may often pinch off the blossom-buds of greatest promise. Legitimate education will aim at the restoration of our disordered natures, as well as to develop the faculties and to store them with ideas ; and he will be the best adapted to the work who has the most comprehensive insight of the nature and extent of the damages which man has sustained. All efforts to educate, then, must aim at the re-adjustment of our natures.

We propose to arrange our sentiments on this subject under the following sections :—

I. The education of the intellectual faculties.

II. The education of the senses.

III. The education of the moral powers.

We have hinted at the difference between the acquisition of facts and the cultivation of faculties : the first is easy, and may be done by most imbecile spirits ; the second is a vaster work, demanding patience and continuous diligence, which should be only invigorated by difficulties ; and this, like all great works, is slow of accomplishment. There are not wanting abundant evidences that real education is materially checked by too premature and crowded a collection of ideas ; for the mental powers appear to be of the nature of some vegetables, which to thrive must be thinly planted ; or, like some bodies, which fare the best with scant feeding. Without some knowledge it were impossible to educate at all, because it is the instrument by which the mind works itself into form and vigour ; the compass by which it ascertains its position in the moral universe ; the rule by which it finds its stature ; the balance from which it ascertains its *specific and relative* gravity ; or the stethoscope through which it discriminates the pulsations of health from the smothered sounds of disease. Still few, and those as elementary and substantial facts as possible, should be at first acquired, until the mental powers have found out and learned their respective offices ; for it is of more importance to drill the mind to an accurate habit of thinking, to encourage and rectify that effort, called "imagination," that fugitive something called "taste," than to adorn it with all the beauties of Parnassus, to store with encyclopædian treasures, to bind the memory with the cramps of systems, or confound it with groups of languages. We never knew an exception to the physical law—that an overgorged stomach robs the limbs which it ought to feed ; nor to that of the mind, whose ethereal fire is damped when it is precociously crammed. Too much knowledge at *first* misleads, if it do not discourage ; it fills some with the inflations of prejudice and bombast ; in others it merely inspires wonder, which ends in servile imitations, while in most it issues in a habit of flippant and inaccurate generalisation. A few facts,

though "through and through," often compared, contrasted, or reversed, will *in time* produce more intellectual accuracy and vigour, and render the mind even more prolific, than the reading of a thousand volumes; for we have tried both methods in ourselves and others, and speak experimentally. Take a few specimens. It was from a profound acquaintance with a small number of plain facts in natural history, and with a few general laws of mathematical mechanics, that Newton excogitated that magnificent system of the universe which every subsequent discovery has appeared to corroborate, and which will probably last when the eternal pyramids of Egypt, that have presented their cold and silent front to the tempest for three thousand years, shall have disappeared. And was it not from a thorough digestion of half a dozen common questions in logic and mental philosophy that the plain but wondrous powers of Locke raised his work "On the Human Mind;" *which though certainly of far less consequence* (because less read) *than the meanest of the mawkish novel hordes*, has filled all the schools of Europe with his fame, to such a degree that titles and statues could not augment it? When Shakspeare first began to work off his mental shell, and to pour among his astonished auditors such unheard-of strains of original eloquence and comic satire, and passed at once from the state of stirrup-holder to that of an equal with the more erudite of the Greek tragedians, and the more polished comic writers of Rome, who had enjoyed the undisputed praises of the world for a dozen centuries, he was in most respects an ignorant man; but as a self-educationist he was far trained. Instead of learning nature from the pitiful copies of her beauty, and the grim accounts of her design,

which he found in the works of inferior poets, he "touched, tasted, and saw" every thing for himself, from the gossamer, of which he makes such pathetic use, to the tempest, which he describes in such soul-heaving images as have never been equalled. And instead of trusting for his knowledge of mankind to the mental philosophies of his day, we find him studying with tireless delight the human body, (the face especially,) as the commentary of the mind, and joining to it a keen inspection of all the passions and peculiarities of the heart, as they emerged in the different parts of life's play; and the result was, that he attained such a general acquaintance with all minds, and such special mastery of many, that his own generation attributed his pre-eminence to magic, and some of the critics of this have been more disposed to yield to him inspiration than to Paul or John. We might refer to many such instances; but our *present* limits leave us only room to remark, that if by any catastrophe Newton had had his natural indolence and his natural bias for reflection overcome by his schoolmaster, or if Locke had been "crammed" with the facts of all the systems of education that had ever prevailed, or if Shakspeare had been under the *modelling* of Busby or Lilly, great as they were, the world would most likely have never heard their names; and their works, which have been for the past century among the chief ingredients that have brought on the greater health and action of the national mind, would have been wanting. It is plain that all such men must be self-educated, and a spare feeding of the mind, with foreign ideas, at first ministers to its development, invention, and vigour.

THE LATE DUKE OF KENT.

As every circumstance relative to our youthful Sovereign must be interesting at the present period, when she has ascended the throne of these realms, the following sketch of the character of her illustrious father is given by Mr. Rae Wilson, in his "Travels in the Holy Land," in which the Duke of Kent had taken a marked interest.

The mind of his royal highness was cast in a peculiar mould. He was endowed with a vigorous, and sound practical understanding, to which a lofty and fearless independence of soul gave free scope, and whatever "his hand found to do," it was pursued with an indefatigable ardour and perseverance, in short, "with all his might," regardless of the taunts and frowns he encountered from many who were jealous of his superior talents and growing popularity. It cannot fail to be in the recollection of all who had

an opportunity of hearing him plead in behalf of the circulation of the mighty word of God, and the cause of the wretched, which were always the great objects of his deep solicitude, how much he was interested in them, when his glowing eloquence was rousing, commanding, and distinguished for sympathy, which made the strongest impression on all around. No man stood on higher ground than the duke, in the estimation of the thinking class of mankind, or exhibited a brighter example to persons of all ranks. In him there was nothing of duplicity, or worldly calculation; but an open, urbane frankness, and straight-forwardness characterised his deportment on all occasions.

To enter into particulars. The habits of his royal highness were most regular and systematical. He was the very reverse of a *bon vivant* or gour-

mand, a gambler, horse racer, or squanderer of time. Being highly distinguished for temperance, guarding in his most convivial moments against the slightest degree of excess, so did he reprobate such vices when he found them practised by others. Never was it known that he lent his countenance or company to profligates, or persons of immoral character, but, on the contrary, he courted the society of those who were useful in the world, and of "good report." Indeed I have the best access to know, that when he was forming an acquaintance with any man, the first question put to those who knew him personally was, if he was correct and sober in his deportment; and when he found him to be otherwise, he would withdraw his countenance from him.

Again, like his venerable parent, he rose at a very early hour, and was at his desk, laboriously occupied as a common clerk. For punctuality of correspondence no prince of the blood, nay, few men, in any situation of life, could approach him. His accuracy in this respect was universally acknowledged to be altogether unrivalled, nay, it was proverbial, and although the written despatches his royal highness received daily were often laid before him in heaps, an answer was immediately returned to each; for he had indeed the "pen of the ready writer." To mention merely one proof of his extraordinary activity, during the year previous to his most lamented death, he wrote five hundred and fifty letters on a multiplicity of topics, such as, for instance, his regiment, the benevolent institutions he patronised at home and abroad, and his own private affairs, which were copied into a book, and preserved with all the accuracy of a merchant.

It may in truth be said there never was a more sincere and firm friend; and it was one peculiarly marked trait in his character, which has been universally acknowledged—and would his example were followed by others—that he was never known to desert, under any circumstances, however adverse, those whom he had taken by the hand or befriended. Access to him was at all times easy, and he was the freest of all men from pride or conceit, not puffed up by "the pomp and pride of circumstance." There was no *hauteur* air of superiority, or "vain glory" assumed by him, but a kindness that won the hearts of all who approached him; for although he was a *prince*, yet he never did forget that he was a *man*, and that all were equal in the sight of the great Creator. He was strong in affection, never was the cause of the ruin of any one by a smile; his heart was warm, generous, and benevolent, keenly felt for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and had a "hand open as day for melting charity." The streams of the Duke of Kent's benevolence were poured forth into an infinite number of channels, for he had truly that

"charity which is kind and never faileth," and his ear was always open to those who were distressed "in mind, body, or estate." Would that I could only relate those sums he transmitted to me for the oppressed in those foreign lands through which I have travelled. In a word, he was the noble and tried friend of the lonely and mourning widow, miserable orphan, the brave British soldier, and his offspring. He never at any time could be ranked with those characters who "fashion their doctrines to the varying hour," but most steady to those political and liberal principles which on the fullest conviction he had embraced, and no power or interest on earth could shake or prevail on him to depart from them for one moment. Where, I would ask, is the benevolent institution in this great metropolis which he was solicited to patronise, that he did not support by all that eloquence and influence he could command. He was the mainspring, nay, the very life and soul of them, and those affecting and powerful addresses he delivered, when presiding at their meetings, never, at any time, failed to open wide the purse of all who heard him. In making these observations, let it not be understood that I speak the language of flattery, but of "truth and soberness," and I trust there are thousands who can vouch for the authenticity of this imperfect sketch of one of the first princes of the blood of Great Britain, whose noble example still speaketh from the tomb to persons, not only of his own exalted rank, but to others, to "go and do likewise."

To imitate, then, the virtues of the Duke of Kent will be the best proof of remembering them. Alas! his sun, instead of performing the usual course, set in its meridian; for in the mysterious visit of the Almighty, quickly was his royal highness snatched from us, in the midst of a most benevolent career in the vineyard of his great Master; but his name will be kept alive, and thousands unborn will lip his praise or those indefatigable exertions he had made in the great cause of universal education. Shade of the wise and good! receive this humble tribute so justly due to thee,—the testimony of one who knew, and so highly admired thy virtues, and by whom thy memory will be ever held most dear. Thine ashes will be moistened with the tears of our country, and thy exalted name be embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity, along with those of the other enlightened and distinguished benefactors of their species, amidst associations of the most endearing nature.

— "Perpetuus sopor
Urquet! cui pudor et justitia soror
Incorrupta fides, nullaque veritas.
Quando ullum inveniet parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit."

THE BEGGAR AT THE BARRIER DE PASSEY.

(From the French.)

MANY years since, when I was a young man about twenty years of age, I used very frequently to spend the Sunday with my mother, who resided at Versailles, this being the only day of the week on which I could leave Paris. I generally walked as far as the Barrier, and thence I took a seat in one of the public carriages to my mother's house. When I happened to be too early for the diligence, I used to stop and converse with a beggar, whose name was Anthony, and who regularly took his station at the Barrier de Passey, where, in a loud voice, he solicited alms from every one who passed, with a degree of perseverance that was really astonishing. I generally gave him a trifle, without inquiring whether he deserved it or not, partly because I had got into the habit of doing so, and partly to get rid of his importunities. One day in summer, as I waited for the diligence, I found Anthony at his usual post, exerting his lungs, and bawling incessantly his accustomed form of petition—"For the love of heaven, bestow your alms on a poor man—Messieurs, Mesdames, the smallest trifle will be gratefully received."

While Anthony was in this manner pouring his exclamations into the ears of every one who came within the reach of his voice, a middle-aged man of respectable appearance joined me. He had a pleasant expression of countenance, was very well dressed, and it might be seen at a glance that he was a man in good circumstances. Here was a fit subject for the beggar, who quickly made his advances, proclaiming in a loud voice his poverty, and soliciting relief. "You need not be a beggar unless you please," replied the gentleman, "when you can have an income of ten thousand crowns."

"You are pleased to jest, sir," answered Anthony.

"By no means," said the gentleman, "I never was more serious in my life. Listen to me, my friend. You perceive that I am well dressed, and I tell you that I have every thing that a reasonable man need desire."

"Ah! sir, you are a fortunate man."

"Well, but, my friend, I would not have been so if I had sat and begged as you are doing."

"I have no other means of gaining my living."

"Are you lame?"

"No, sir."

"You are not blind, or deaf, and you certainly are not dumb, as every passer-by can testify. Listen: I shall tell you my history in a few words. Some fifteen or twenty years ago, I was a beggar like yourself; at length I began to see that it was very disgraceful to live on the bounty of others, and I resolved to abandon this

shameful way of life as soon as I possibly could. I quitted Paris—I went into the provinces—I begged for old rags. The people were very kind to me, and in a short time I returned to Paris with a tolerably large bundle of rags of every description. I carried them to a paper-maker, who bought them at a fair price. I went on collecting, until, to my great joy, my finances enabled me to purchase rags, so that I was no longer forced to beg for them. At length, by diligence and industry, I became rich enough to buy an ass with two panniers, and this saved me both time and labour. My business increased, the paper-makers found that I dealt honestly by them; I never palmed off bad rags for good ones; I prospered; and see the result—in place of being a poor, despised beggar, I have ten thousand crowns a-year, and two houses in one of the best streets in Paris. If, then, my friend, you can do no better, begin as a rag merchant, and here," he continued, "is a crown to set you up in your new trade; it is more than I had; and, in addition, please to take notice, that if I find you here another Sunday, I shall report you to the police." On saying this, the old gentleman walked off, leaving Anthony and myself in a state of great surprise. Indeed, the beggar had been so much interested in the history he heard, that he stood with open mouth and eyes in mute astonishment, nor had he even power to solicit alms from two well-dressed ladies who passed at that moment. I could not help being struck with the story, but I had no time to comment upon it, as the diligence had arrived, in which I seated myself, and pursued my way. From that period I lost sight of the beggar; whether the fear of the police, or the hopes of gaining ten thousand crowns a-year, had wrought the change, I was not aware; it is sufficient to say, that from that day forward he was never seen at the Barrier.

Many years after, it happened that business called me to Tours. In strolling through the city I stepped into a bookseller's shop to purchase a new work that had made some noise. I found there four young men, all busily employed, while a stout, good-looking man was giving them orders, as he walked up and down with an air of importance. I thought I had seen the face of the bookseller before, but where I could not for the moment tell, until he spoke, and then I discovered him to be my old friend Anthony. The recognition was mutual; he grasped my hand, and led me through the shop, into a well-furnished parlour; he lavished every kindness on me; and, finally, gave me his history from the time we parted at

the Barrier. With the crown of the stranger he began, as he had advised him, to collect rags; he made money; became the partner of a paper-manufacturer; married his daughter; in short, his hopes were fulfilled; his ambition gratified, and he could now count his income at ten thousand crowns. He prayed every day for blessings on his benefactor, who had been the

means of raising him from the degraded condition of a common beggar. Anthony is so convinced of the evil and sin of idleness, and of subsisting on the alms of others, that, while liberal and kind to those who are willing to work, no entreaties, no supplications, ever prevailed on him to bestow a single sous on those who would not help themselves.

MEDICAL THEORIES.

ARTICLE IV.

[We have in our former numbers presented our readers with three articles on this subject; but we plead our apology for adding another to the number, when we state that it is from the eloquent pen of Dr. Pritchard, of Bristol, the author of a most valuable work on the Physical History of Man.]

If we go back only half a century, or a little further, in the history of medicine, we shall find one decade of years, as it succeeded another, marked occasionally by some revolution in the state of opinion; one conjectural system of pathology superseding its forerunner, and after holding possession for a time of the schools of medicine, and exciting in its rise a surprising degree of proselyting zeal, and in its decline maintained with obstinate adherence, yielding at length to a new system, which was destined, in its turn, to go through the same round. But when we attempt to estimate the solid acquirements of knowledge resulting from the efforts with which each theory has been set forth, and afterwards defended, we shall find reason to doubt whether the exertions of its advocates have not been, in this point of view, altogether in vain. When the humoral pathology gained the ascendancy, it was held to be a successful attempt to substitute rational principles for the fanciful speculations which had before prevailed. The more intelligible methods of explaining phenomena, with reference to agencies for the most part mechanical, and similar to those which are recognised in operation under a variety of circumstances, seemed to place pathology upon a more secure ground than the vague and indistinct theories which had been current in preceding times. But the explanations which the humoral system afforded, were inadequate and conjectural; and the abandonment of this pathology made way for the prevalence of doctrines, the influence of which was still perceptible at the commencement of the present century. Some advantages ultimately resulted from this revolution of opinion, though it may be questioned whether the theories which originated in this country shortly before the period I have just mentioned, and which long continued not only to divide between them the physicians of Britain, but to produce even sharper contests in Italy

and Germany, were more truly philosophical than the speculations of Paracelsus and Van Helmont. They called in not less the aid of mysterious agencies. After generalising hastily a number of observations, and inferring thence a general fact, or law, so termed, of the animal economy, they gave to this general principle a significant name, and converted it into an agent, a designing and operative power. Such was the *vis Medicatrix Naturæ* of Dr. Cullen and his contemporaries. It had the same parentage with the *Spiritus Archæus* of earlier times, or we should rather say, that the "*deus ex machina*" of Van Helmont had only changed its name. But it had been reserved for Stahl and Cullen to advance one step further than the hypothetical theorists who had gone before them. The *Spiritus Archæus* had been the guardian of health, but the *vis Medicatrix* was capable of errors, and it governed occasionally so ill the affairs of the animal economy, that its mistakes came in to complete the explanations of morbid phenomena. An example of this kind is the celebrated theory of fever, so conspicuous among the doctrines of the Cullenian school, in which, after a part of the series of morbid actions had been explained by referring them to the sedative or depressing influence of an external cause, the *vis Medicatrix* was made to complete the result by imposing a spasm on the extreme vessels, and setting up that condition of the system which is termed fever, or *pyrexia*. It was a speculative attempt to assume the existence of a plastic principle organising and governing the structure and functions of the living body; but to proceed further, and to endow this assumed principle with that sort of limited intelligence which belongs to an individual agent, was to venture in too obvious a manner to personify a mere abstraction. Yet this absurdity prevented not the general acceptance, and the long prevalence of the theory, against which Dr. Brown exerted his ridicule, and in opposition to which he created a system equally fantastical. For what can be more fanciful than the scale of degrees, in inverted ratio, of excitability and stimulus, in which every disease was to find its place—apoplexy,

gout, and fever, being arranged like the marks of much rain, changeable, and fair weather, in a barometer? and what more chimerical than an entity, of which greater and lesser quantities were supposed to give existence to such various morbid states?

When we compare these speculations, which may be said to have divided between them, as votaries, the last generation of physicians, we may well ask, (if we can divest ourselves of partiality for the theories which almost belong to our own times, and in the belief of which some of us were educated,) whether they are all preferable to doctrines at least respectable by reason of antiquity, but long ago abandoned? and it is no matter of surprise to find one of the soundest philosophers of the present age declaring, in plain terms, that medicine, considered as a science, has scarcely made any progress since the days of Hippocrates.*

If we inquire by what steps a transition has been made into the way of thinking and reason-

ing on medical subjects, which characterises the present time, we shall find that one main part of this revolution has consisted in a partial abandonment of theoretical systems. It required a long training of the human mind, before it could be brought, in every department of science, to recognise the real boundaries of attainable knowledge. In no department are these boundaries more restricted than in medicine. Ultimate facts present themselves on every side: we neither know by what operation the most powerful morbid causes, such as miasmata, produce their effect upon the human body; nor how the most simple remedies act in restoring a healthy state. Every dose of jalap is given empirically, and is expected to purge, merely on the ground of analogy, and because other doses of jalap have been already known to purge. How, then, in relation to subjects of this nature, can a doctrine of causes and effects, or, in other words, a system of theoretical pathology, be erected on a secure foundation?

A HYMN FOR OLD ENGLAND.

ALL hail to thee, old England !—
The beautiful—the free,—
And thy ancestral glory,
Great empress of the sea !

Thy name hath been a beacon
When war's dark billows rolled,
And shook to their foundations
Proud monarchies of old.

The thunder of thy navies
Deep-sounding, ocean stirred,
And earth's remotest kingdoms
Thy trumpet-echoes heard.

Bowed down their gathered armies,
Like rushes in thy path,
As thou hurld'st upon the mighty
The terrors of thy wrath,

Oppression—demon-featured—
In every guilty land,
Beheld with scowling hatred
Thy gleaming red right hand ;

And fled from thy dread presence
Disordered and aghast,
As leaves before the tempest,
In fury sweeping past.

With thee the homeless exile
A generous shelter found ;
Thy pity sought the captive,
Thy hand his chains unbound :

The sanctity of ages
Is spread around thy throne,

By true affection guarded,
Not hireling arms alone.

From thy majestic altars
The steadfast martyrs came,
To die for their Redeemer,
In torture and in flame.

And still thy deathless pages,
With reverent joy display
Their names 'mid things too holy
And high to pass away.

Land of the kind and noble !
Land of the blazing hearth !
Home of the priceless virtues !
Unquenched be thy mirth !

Still may thy faith be steadfast,
Thy hope be set on high,
So shall thine arm be mighty,
Thy glory never die.

Blessings be on thy mountains,
Upon thy fruitful plains,
Thy towers and hamlet-dwellings,
And round thy time-worn fane.

Plenty and peace be with thee,
Truth in thy gates abound,
Meek Charity and justice
Still guard their native ground.

So midst the wreck of nations,
Upon thine ocean-throne,
Thou shalt survive the tempest,
Triumphant and alone.

W. G.

* Dr. Thompson's History of the Royal Society.

STATISTICS OF ROYALTY.

[For the following paper we acknowledge ourselves indebted to the pages of the "British Annals of Medicine."]

THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.—AGE AT TIME OF ACCESSION, AGE AT DEATH, DURATION OF REIGN, AND FATAL DISEASES.

Kings.	Age at accession.	Duration of life.	Duration of reign.	Disease.
William the Conqueror. ...	42	63	21	Bruise of the belly—slow fever.
William Rufus.	27	40	13	An arrow pierced his heart.
Henry I.	21	57	36	Acute fever—died from eating lampreys.
Stephen.	31	50	19	Disease of the bowels.
Henry II.	22	57	35	Fever.
Richard, <i>Cœur de Lion</i>	31	42	11	Shot by an arrow, in a siege.
John.	32	49	17	Fever or Dysentery.
Henry III.	8	65	57	
Edward I.	34	69	35	Dysentery.
Edward II.	23	43	20	A red-hot iron thrust through a horn up the bowels.
Edward III.	14	65	51	
Richard II.	11	34	23	Starved to death.
Henry IV.	32	46	14	Fits, in which he was deprived of all sensation.
Henry V.	25	34	9	
Henry VI.	10	49	39	Murdered in the Tower.
Edward IV.	18	41	23	
Edward V.	13	13	0	Murdered in the Tower.
Richard III.	33	35	2	Killed in battle.
Henry VII.	31	52	21	Consuming sickness.
Henry VIII.	27	65	38	Consumption.
Edward VI.	10	16½	6½	Had small-pox and measles April 2, 1552; died July 6, 1553.
Mary.	38	43	5	Dropsy.
Elizabeth.	26	70	44	Heaviness, frowardness (affection of brain).
James I. (poisoned ?)	37	59	22	Tertian ague.
Charles I.	25	49	24	Beheaded.
Cromwell (poisoned ?)	52	59	7	Tertian ague.
Charles II. (poisoned ?)	30	55	25	A sudden fit, resembling apoplexy.
William III.	39	52	13	Fall from his horse—fracture of collar-bone.
Anne	38	50	12	Lethargic state.
George I.	55	68	13	Paralytic stroke.
George II.	40	73	33	Rupture of right ventricle of the heart.
George III.	22	82	60	Insanity—disordered bowels.
George IV.	57	68	11	Dropsy—disease of heart—diseased bladder.
William IV.	65	72	7	Inflammation of the heart.

29·97 52·5 22·5

This document possesses considerable interest. It shows the dangers that have surrounded the crown, and it points out, no less distinctly, the progress of civilisation, in the increased security of life enjoyed by those at the head of the government.

Of the thirty-four sovereigns, ten died a violent death, three died of accidents, two in battle, five were put to death.

Accidents.—William the Conqueror, William Rufus, William III.; but William the Conqueror was bruised by his horse starting on the ashes of a town he had laid in ruins; and we agree with Thiers, (*"Conquête d'Angleterre,"*) that the arrow that pierced the heart of William Rufus,

probably flew from a Saxon bow, and was directed by a Saxon eye.

Killed in Battle.—Richard *Cœur de Lion* was shot in a siege, Richard III. died at Bosworth-field.

Of the five put to death, Charles I. was beheaded; Edward II., Richard II., Henry VI. Edward V., were murdered in various ways. Four kings were put to death by kings, one by the people—if the self-constituted tribunal that condemned Charles I. can be conceived for a moment to have represented the nation. Charles I. was condemned after judicial forms, and beheaded; the four others were assassinated secretly and cruelly, by rival sovereigns. No

tions are more merciful than individuals, because the national will is the general result in which all individual decisions merge; and those cruel passions that agitate individuals never extend to the whole mass: humanity is merciful, just, good, and incapable of deliberate cruelty. If the question had ever been put to the people to poison or assassinate a sovereign, it would have been rejected with horror; yet this crime was committed four times by individual sovereigns in the period of these observations; and perhaps the death of Charles I. should be ascribed to men who, at the time, aspired to the crown. Suspicions of poisoning have been frequently entertained; the cases of James I., Cromwell, Charles II., not to mention others of recent date, are in point. Popular report has, perhaps, been wrong in many instances; still it is not improbable that this fatal, insidious instrument—then not easily detected—was sometimes employed. The improved state of medical science and of public feeling, as well as the greater publicity given to

the fatal diseases, are all guarantees of life for the sovereign.

Of the seventeen first sovereigns, seven died violent deaths; of the seventeen last, three only died violent deaths. The lives of the nobles partook of the insecurity of those of sovereigns in the early ages. The nobles were interested in the progress of civilisation, which prevented them from destroying each other.

Nothing appears, at first sight, more uncertain than the duration of kings' reigns; but, like all other organic phenomena yet examined, this is submitted to certain laws. The mean interval between generations was estimated by the ancients to be 33·3 years; they reckoned three generations to the century. This rule was applied to kings; Newton showed that it did not apply to reigns where eldest sons and brothers often succeeded.

The following observations are from Newton's "Chronology:"—

"According to the ordinary course of nature," says Newton, "Kings reign about 18–20 years.

	Years.	Each.
18 Kings of Judah (Solomon, &c.)	390	22
15 Kings of Israel (Solomon, &c.)	259	17½
18 Kings of Babylon (Nabonassar, &c.)	209	11½
10 Kings of Persia (Cyrus, Cambyzes, &c.)	208	21
16 Successors of Alexander, and of his brother and son in Syria, Seleucus, &c.	244	15½
11 Kings of Egypt (Ptolemy Lagi, &c.)	277	25
8 Macedonia (Cassander, &c.)	138	17½
30 Kings of England (William the Conqueror, &c.)	648	21½
24 First Kings of France (Pharamundus, &c.)	458	19
24 Next Kings of France (Ludovicus Babus, &c.)	451	18½
15 Next Kings of France (Philip Valesius, &c.)	315	21
64 All the 64 Kings of France	1224	19½

"189 Kings reigned 3597 years; the mean of all the reigns was 19 years."

The mean duration of the reigns of 34 English sovereigns was 22½ years; during nearly the same period (1060–1823), 31 kings reigned, on an average, 24 years in France; in Germany (1056–1792), 38 emperors reigned, a mean term, of 19 years; in Sweden (1066–1818), 41 kings reigned 752 years = 18 years each; in Russia, there were (1073–1825), 50 sovereigns in 750 years; each reigned on an average but 15 years.

The tenure of the sovereign's life increases as civilisation advances, as the following facts prove:—

	Number of Sovereigns.			
	Eng.	France.	Ger.	Popes.
500 years (800–1300)	29	25	29	96
500 years (1300–1800)	24	22	26	60

From Egbert the Great to Harold II., (800–1065,) 20 kings reigned in England; each reigned on an average 13 years, a shorter period, in this unsettled time, than the Czars of Russia, from Swatoslow II. to Alexander, the predecessor of the present emperor,

William the Conqueror to Edward V., 17 kings reigned 423 years; each 24·9 years.

Richard III. to William IV., 17 kings reigned 343 years; each 20·2 years.

The first 17 kings reigned 24·9 years on an average; the last only 20·2 years; but the mean age of the first 17 kings, at death, was only 48 years; of the 17 last kings the mean age, at death, was 57 years. This apparent contradiction is easily reconciled; the first 17 kings came to the throne at the mean age of 23 years, the 17 last at the age of 37.

The mean age of the 34 sovereigns at their accession was 30 years; and the mean expectation of life at that age is 34·3 years, according to the Carlisle table; they should, therefore, have died aged 64·3, but died actually at the age of 52·5; their life was, therefore 11·8 years shorter than it should have been, according to the rate prevalent among the middle classes of the present day.

17 first Sovereigns. 17 last Sovereigns.	
Age on Accession . 23·2 years.	36·8 years.
Expectation of life . 89·1	29·5
<hr/>	
Should have lived . 62·3	66·8
Actual age at death 48·1	56·9
<hr/>	
Below the standard. 14·2	9·4

The 17 last kings lived nearer the full term than the 17 first by 4·8 years. It may be maintained that Mr. Milne's table is too high, but if Mr. Milne's Swedish table, for males, be employed, the 34 sovereigns should have lived 61 years, while they lived but 52·5; according to the low Northampton table they should have lived 58·3 years. The reign in hereditary monarchies ought to correspond to the expectation of life at the time of accession; it should there-

fore vary with age. This is exemplified by the popes, who are raised to the head of the church at an advanced period of life; 156 successors of St. Peter filled the papal chair in 1023 years, (800-1828). Each continued pope, on an average, 6·56 years; if the charges of poisoning and destroying each other be against these venerable fathers of the church, their crimes have diminished latterly. A.D. 800-1073 each sat 4·71 years; A.D. 1073-1828 the period was prolonged nearly three years (2·94); it was 7·65.

The expectation of life of the dowager queen (age 45) is 24·46 years; if Parliament allows her 100,000*l.* a year, she may expect to receive 2,446,000*l.* from the people of this country.

The expectation of life of her present majesty, Queen Victoria, is 48 years.

THE LATE DR. TURNER,

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

[For the following beautiful epitome of the character of this highly-gifted and excellent man, we are indebted to a well-written Memoir of him by his friend Dr. Christison. The "Address" which follows it was delivered over the grave of departed worth by one who was united to him in the bonds of Christian friendship—the Rev. Thomas Dale.]

Few words are needed to depict a character like Dr. Turner's, in which open sincerity of mind and simplicity of heart were the predominating qualities. He was the very soul of honour in every act and thought; without this quality, indeed, his reputation as a faithful and exact experimentalist never could have been established. Himself, undeviating in probity, and keenly alive to defects in the character and conduct of others, he was, nevertheless, gentle and indulgent to all. Of warm feelings, yet in constant possession of temper; energetic in action and thought, yet mild and winning in his deportment; unpretending, yet without reserve in his address and manner; he seldom failed to gain at once the esteem and confidence of those with whom he came in contact. During the many years we passed in one another's society, I have reason to believe that he never made an enemy, and never lost a friend. In his domestic relations he was a pattern of all that is good. The junior members of his father's family resided constantly with him, and received from him all a father's care and tenderness, as well as a brother's warmest love. Scarcely a scheme did he plan without their interests forming an essential element of it. In every recreation they were his never-failing companions. Throughout all the relations of life, with his pupils, his colleagues, his friends, and the world at large, he exhibited the same kindliness of feeling, the same disinterested conduct.

But in no respect was his character more

strongly marked than by his Christian principles and practice. At all times his mind was deeply imbued with the feeling of true religion; and—far from allowing the pursuit of science to withdraw him from religious contemplation, which has unhappily been the case with too many of its cultivators—his faith grew in purity with his knowledge. In his latter years, his favourite recreation was the study of the history and principles of the Christian church; and his great delight was to follow this study in company with the members of his family. Under such mental discipline, and the hallowing influence of long and increasing illness, his mind was purified of what remained of this earth's corruption. That his faith was as pure as the faith of man can be, we have the testimony of his intimate friend and former colleague, the vicar of St. Bride's, and the internal evidence of his own deportment on his death-bed. That death-bed was, in many respects, so solemn and instructive, as to have been taken by his reverend friend for the subject of a most eloquent and impressive funeral address to his congregation,* from which I need make no apology for borrowing the leading particulars of his closing scene.

During his final illness he had shown throughout the utmost resignation and cheerfulness. When at length told, for the first time, of his danger, he desired to receive the sacrament with his brother and sisters, in presence of the members of his household. Having communicated, he called his brother to his bedside, and bidding him feel his pulse, "Is it not," said he, "perfectly calm?"

* "The Philosopher Entering like a Child into the Kingdom of Heaven: a Sermon preached on the occasion of the Death of Edward Turner, M.D. By the Rev. Thomas Dale, Vicar of St. Bride's, London."

"It is," was the reply.

"Then what can make it so at such an hour? What but the power of religion? Who but the Spirit of God?"

After some time spent in occasional conversation of the same purport, symptoms at last came on whose indications he knew full well. Painfully struggling for utterance, he recovered his speech for a little, and spoke kindly and cheerfully to his relatives of his condition. "I could not have believed," he said, "that I could be happy on my death-bed. I am content my career should close."

The last effort of reason was to answer, soon afterwards, the question—put by an anxious relative—"Is not Christ as good as his word?"

"Yes," he faltered, "quite;" and with these words he became insensible, and expired.

ADDRESS AT THE GRAVE.

HE whom we have now deposited in his last resting-place was a man cast in no common mould, and by no ordinary train of mourners has he been followed to the tomb. On such an occasion, therefore, I may be permitted to address a few words to those who are here assembled to do honour to his memory; and I speak thus, not only with the sanction, but at the special request of the nearest friends and relatives of the departed. They are, indeed, well aware that our concern here is to admonish and impress the living, not to eulogise the dead; but they feel, also, that while he lived, the welfare of the students in his class was among the objects nearest to the heart of their beloved friend and brother; and they are anxious it should be understood, that not only as a votary of science, but as a disciple of Christ, he has bequeathed to those who lament him the invaluable legacy of an example "by which he being dead, yet speaketh."

You will not require from me any mention of his attainments in the science he professed and taught, which all know to have been various, extensive, and profound, and which will be more fitly commemorated in another place than this, and by abler lips than mine; nor yet need I recall his peculiar aptitude in communicating knowledge; or that simple but persuasive energy of manner, the power of which was felt by all, though it could be defined by none; or that affectionate interest in the pursuits and progress of the students by which, while informing their minds, he attracted their hearts, so that it might truly be said, not only that all who knew him loved him, but that those who knew him most loved him best. Still less would I dwell upon his excellences in domestic and kindred relations; *that* were to tear open a wound just inflicted which will be long ere it shall cease to

bleed. Rather let it be mine to speak of him in his best and highest character—that of a Christian; it is thus that his sorrowing friends most desire and delight to remember him, for hence alone can they derive the glad assurance that the loss to them—irreparable upon earth—is to him incalculable, inconceivable, unutterable gain.

It will not be expected that I should now trace our departed friend through the various stages of declining health, and detail the experience of his departing hours; such accounts will be more fitly reserved for that sacred edifice where he was wont, in past years, to receive from my lips the glad tidings of the Gospel of salvation, and where my hands have ministered to him the consecrated pledges of his Redeemer's love. Suffice it to state, that when "the flood came," it was found that he had "built upon a Rock," and that rock was Christ. The same principles of religion which had been the ornament of his life, were the support and solace of his death; and they who had thronged the spacious theatre to hear the philosopher discourse, might, with far greater profit, have gathered around the bed of death to behold in what peace a Christian could die. And of that peace, what was the ground? It may be best expressed in the fervent language of a distinguished statesman whose name is among the brightest that adorn the annals of our country,—"*I cast myself, without reserve, on the mercy of God in Christ.*"

And now that he is taken from the midst of us, and laid in the house appointed for all men living,—now that the eye which hath seen him shall see him no more, though long, very long will it be before the hearts which have known him shall forget,—in what words shall we bid farewell to the mortal relics of one so dearly loved, so prematurely lost? Unlike the enlightened yet dubious heathen, *we* can speak, not of a precarious contingency, but of a sure and certain hope; we know that there is an abode for pious souls, and that the immortal spirit is not extinguished with the perishable clay. You, then, who loved him living, and who have come hither to honour him in death, be not contented with the barren tribute of a few passing tears, which can be profitable neither to him nor to you; but lift up your eyes from the tomb which contains but his ashes, to the heaven in which, we trust, his purified spirit dwells, and be this the language of every heart's desire and prayer,—"*Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.*"

And now, the last honours performed, depart in peace, ever bearing in mind, that the best remembrance of his virtues is the imitation of his example.

REVIEW.

Athens, its Rise and Fall. By EDWARD LYTON BULWER. Two Vols. Saunders and Otley.

THE attempt to bring before the attention of a modern reader a connecting chain of events whose birth and origin may be dated back several thousand years, may be well supposed to argue a richness in historical resource, and a freedom and boldness of composition, which, however well and aptly they may suit the mediocre capacity of that mind whose chief employment, either in labour or pastime, has hitherto been but to compile and arrange a series of romantic tales, will surely not apply with precision to the development of any period of the past history of the world. The Athenian people occupy no place in the map of the world's kingdoms; their lineage and dynasty are amongst the things that have been, and the results attending their resurrection in the present day would not appear to us to hold out any great chances of success. The early origin of every state of Greece, like Greece itself, was enveloped in obscurity; the researches of those great and able historians whose lives and labours have been spent in the historical service of Greece, have thrown the lights and rays of a partial truth over its earlier records; but we cannot give even this meed of praise to Mr. Bulwer, he has not even so much as moved away one single fold of that awful curtain which hides the past from our eyes.

It is, to use the words of another writer,—

"A natural consequence of the progressive civilisation of states, that their first beginnings soon come to be involved in obscurity. Before a people have arrived at such a pitch of importance as renders it interesting, even to themselves, to inquire into their earliest origin, and to commit their transactions to durable records, the circumstances of their infant state have been forgotten, or are preserved only in that uncertain and distorted tradition which becomes, like circles on the water, more variable and undefined the farther it recedes from the centre. The earliest historians of a state are its poets; and it is not often that the works even of these descend to posterity. Besides, the tissue of historical events forms but the woof of poetry, into which allegory and fable are so closely interwoven, that, after the lapse of ages, scarcely the keenest eye can discriminate between them. From this it follows, as a natural consequence, that even the first prose writers of history will crowd their pages with a mixture of facts and fables, of recorded truths and traditional falsehoods; so that the sphere of historical certainty is necessarily circumscribed. It has been the uniform complaint of historians, from Herodotus to Robertson, that the accounts which have been preserved of the earlier ages of different people are confused and contradictory. And when we find Thucydides acknowledging that even in his time it was impossible to do any thing more than form probable conjectures about the earlier transactions of the Grecian states,—when Herodotus, who wrote the first prose history of Greece, declares that the traditions of the Greeks were numerous and ridiculous,—how can we reasonably expect, at this time, to define with any degree of precision, those facts which were unknown more than two thousand years ago?

"It seems to have been the peculiar privilege of Greece, that the most remarkable periods in her history should be recorded by writers of great ability, who were contemporary with the events which they relate, and in which some of them bore a distinguished part. The celebrated expedition of Xerxes, the long and eventful war of the Peloponnese, and the subsequent contentions of rival states, to the battle of Mantinea, have been transmitted to us by a chain of history so luminous and connected, that we feel more familiar with those periods of remote antiquity, than with many of the occurrences of modern times. But of all these illustrious historians of the past, there is none who holds the foremost rank with stricter truth and justice than Herodotus. He is celebrated by Cicero as the first who embellished the dry details of the annalist with the graces and ornaments of language; and he has blended the information which he collected as a traveller, with the events which came before him as an historian. In his remarks on the geography and manners of the several countries through which he travelled, Herodotus has exhibited a minuteness and diligence of research which make his reader familiar with the scenes which are described, and seem to prove, beyond a doubt, that the writer had drawn his descriptions on the spot. But from the times in which he wrote, down to the present, Herodotus has been the mark for the foul envy, the malice, and the calumny of those who were

alike unwilling to bear record to the superiority of his language, or the truth of his remarks. But in spite of all the unjust cavilling and the ungenerous censure with which he has been assailed, the works of Herodotus have descended to the present time entire and un mutilated; the fame which they acquired at the festivals of Elis and Athens, above two thousand years ago, is now associated with feelings of veneration, and it is only justice to the memory of this great historian to allow that the more we have become acquainted, by the means of modern travellers, with the history and customs of the eastern nations, the less are we inclined to doubt whatever might at first excite our surprise or stagger our belief.

"The history of ancient Greece has been frequently written, but never, we think, in a manner worthy of the splendour and importance of the subject. Great industry and considerable talent have, indeed, been displayed; but no author with whose works we are acquainted has given such a comprehensive exposition of Grecian transactions, literature, philosophy, morals, and society, as fully to satisfy the curiosity of the speculative student.

"Political occurrences have been accurately detailed, contradictory dates reconciled, the exact position of places ascertained, motives of action explained, by several of the modern historians of Greece; but a picture of the mind and genius, of the reason and imagination of the most extraordinary people which the world ever saw, has never, we believe, been attempted. Rollin is a writer of merit, he possesses the art of agreeable narration, and his work is therefore well calculated for the perusal of youth; but he is, in general, a mere chronicler of events, and content to move with the current of undisputed facts; he rarely disturbs the calm surface of his narrative by plunging beneath and fathoming the depths of those thoughts and opinions which influenced the actions he describes. The authors of the "Universal History" deserve a large share of commendation for diligence, but no one will accuse them of much philosophy. Dr. Gillies gives us a little insight into the state of literature and art during some periods of the Grecian history, but though his information and erudition be respectable, his reflections seldom rise above the level of an ordinary capacity, and his style is more distinguished for its ambition than its power. In Mr. Mitford's works we meet with the evidences of acuteness and patient investigation; but in the accomplishments of an historian he is singularly deficient. In his writings we find no trace of that philosophical comprehension which can seize remote allusions or disjointed facts, and combine them into irresistible proof or powerful illustration; we regret the absence of that lofty eloquence which can describe, in language worthy of its theme, the triumphs of heroism and of genius; and we look in vain for the expression of that noble enthusiasm which kindles at the recollection of ancient glory, and communicates to the reader the warmth of sympathy and the aspiration to excellence. He confines himself entirely to a narration of the actions of men; he gives us a recital of what they did, but he never informs us how they thought; he describes the working of the animal machine, but he does not attempt to dissect its structure and lay open to our view the complicated organisation which sets it in motion; he brings to his task much acute and unwearied patience, in investigating the probable truth or falsehood of an event, but his history lacks that enlargement of inquiry, and that vividness of imagination, which can present the results of its researches in one luminous point of view, and collect the scattered rays of insulated facts, till they converge into an image of truth, for the delight and instruction of mankind.

"However much, in the earlier days of historical literature, it was deemed sufficient for its every purpose that it should consist merely of a narrative of actions, yet surely, in our present advanced state of labour and research, where, from the rich fields of wealth spread before us, we may gather up rich sheaves of information and instruction on numberless topics connected with the lives and ages of those who dwell in the dark era of the past; it is now high time to assert, for the province of the history, the high prerogative of being the interpreter of the thoughts, as well as the reciter of the deeds, of the eminent men who lived in the days of old. The spirit of philosophy is now pouring a flood of light upon this, as upon most other subjects of human investigation; it has already guided the researches of several able and excellent writers, and it is preparing the way for greater and more important improvements in this department of knowledge. The student is becoming wearied and tired with the trite and oft-repeated tale of wars and state-intrigues, and he now desires and expects to meet, in his historical researches, with personages more interesting and intellectual than mere commanders of armies and leaders of cabalists.

"History, conducted on the enlarged and enlightened principle to which we have alluded, will go far towards correcting those erroneous opinions and abuses which have been transmitted to us from age to age without examination; it will exalt our ideas of human nature by a picture of its beauties, instead of lowering them by an exposition of its deformities; it will give a place in its annals to those most worthy of commemoration, but who have hitherto been rarely introduced, or, if even ad-

mitted, have been dismissed with haste and impatience, in order to make way for personages of more splendour and pretension; it will carry us to the closet of the philosopher, and there exhibit him to our view engaged in speculations for the improvement of his fellow-creatures; it will discover the first conception of heroic and virtuous sentiment in the feelings and expressions of the poet, and trace it through the obscurity of ages, until its truth and efficacy are proved by the actions of the patriot. This is, no doubt, a task of some difficulty, but it becomes a necessary one if we would investigate the causes of things, and give the meed of commendation to those who deserve it. Why should we perpetuate misrepresentation in history, by attributing to the last agent that which is due to the prime mover? The firm resolve, the daring valour which win the battle, are engendered and nourished by the civil and literary institutions of a country, as much as by the mind of a commander. It is the eloquence of those who—from the fulness of their intellectual stores—pour forth exhortations to virtue, and reprobations of vice, that really restrains the bulk of mankind from crime, and not the warrant of the magistrate. It is the intercourse of original and creative minds that prepares the public disposition for improvement, and guarantees the success of change, and not the formal decrees of the minister. Public men do little more than take off the impression and perpetuate the traces which have been marked by preceding and superior minds. In short, if, instead of wasting much laborious investigation in tracing political events to their causes, when, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it is manifest that the events have depended upon causes beyond all human calculation and control, historians were to follow the first thoughts of reflecting and philosophic understandings through their varying processes and evolutions, and ascertain the degrees of influence which they exerted on different periods and societies till, matured by time, they expanded into the vigour of positive law and active benevolence, to coerce and ameliorate mankind; if they were to watch the first feeble efforts of imagination, slowly unfolding its faculties from its embryo state to its perfect development, and estimate the gradual change in public sentiment and feeling, and, consequently, in action, which such a transmutation would produce, their works would be infinitely more instructive, and the palm would be assigned to those who really deserved it. It would then appear that many of those who have hitherto usurped the first places on the roll of history, are, in fact, not entitled to that pre-eminence; it would be shown that they have acted only a subordinate part in promoting the advancement of their species; and the great civilisers, the real benefactors of mankind, would be found amongst that class which the historian in general passes by unnoticed—that class which, in silence and solitude maturing the fruits of its speculations, prepares, by its writings, the community for the reception of those truths which confirm its improvement and advance its happiness."

This is the high ground which most modern critics agree that history should vindicate to herself. Mr. Bulwer, however, appears to consider a lower level as more easily attainable; and in this he has, therefore, indulged himself. We shall not, however, give our close attendance upon him through the whole course of his somewhat disjointed narrative, but extract such passages as, with all their faults, may place both the author and his work in the fairest light before our readers.

The earliest recorded inhabitants of ancient Greece were the Pelasgi, whose language contained the early elements of that which we now recognise as the Greek. They have been described as a vast race, divided into numerous tribes, varying in rank and civilisation. In one portion of the land they continued in their early state of savage barbarism, whilst in another, the inhabiting tribe would be found cultivating all the arts of civilised communities, exemplifying themselves, in the majestic language of Isaiah, as "dwellers in the wilderness, setting up the towers and the palaces thereof." Our author sums up his account of this nation by describing them as—

"A restless and various people, over-running the whole of Greece, found northward in Dacia, Illyria, and the country of the Getæ, colonising the coasts of Ionia, and long the master-race of the fairest lands of Italy. They have passed away amidst the revolutions of the elder earth, their ancestry and their descendants alike unknown; yet not indeed the last: founding their language and kindred with the blood of the later and more illustrious Hellenes, they still made the great bulk of the people in the various states, and through their most dazzling age. Enslaved in Laconia, but free in Athens, it was their posterity that fought the Medes at Marathon and Plataea,—whom Miltiades led, for whom Solon legislated, for whom Plato thought, whom Demosthenes harangued."

There are many evidences extant, both among the now majestic ruins of the eastern world, and in the

pages of historical writers, to prove that the first approach of civilisation among the Hellenes was from the inroads of the inhabitants of Egypt. Mr. Bulwer has given some very eloquent descriptive passages respecting the early origin and rise of the Grecian mythology, with its effects upon them as a social people: some of these we may, on a future occasion, transfer to our pages, they will afford the best examples of that style of composition in which he alone excels. We are at present considering his work as one of history, and can, therefore, only quote those passages which bear upon that point. The subjects of the heroic age when Greece first put on the helmet and awoke the world by the martial echoes of her renown, are slightly passed over; as are also the heroes of those times, Theseus and Minos; respecting the latter of whom it is ambiguously asserted, that "all accounts are uncertain." The constitution of ancient Sparta, and the life of Lycurgus, are but slightly dwelt upon; the narrative of the Spartan war is tamely told; the martial deeds of those heroes of a thousand fights find no responsive echo in the writer's bosom. But if, in the historical part of the narrative, we do not consider Mr. Bulwer as successful, we are happy to meet with some passages in the chapter on the state of letters in Greece, which abound with that beautiful prose-poetry which is so peculiarly his own. Of the lyrical poetry of Greece he thus writes:—

"The peculiar character of the Greek lyrical poetry can only be understood by remembering its inseparable connexion with music; and the general application of both, not only to religious, but political purposes. The Dorian states regarded the lyre and the song as powerful instruments upon the education, the manners, and the national character of their citizens. With them these acts were watched and regulated by the law, and the poet acquired something of the social rank, and aimed at much of the moral design of a statesman and a legislator; while, in the Ionian states, the wonderful stir and agitation, the changes and experiments in government, the rapid growth in luxury, commerce, and civilisation, afforded to a poetry, which was not, as with us, considered a detached, unsocial, and solitary art, but which was associated with every event of actual life—occasions of vast variety—themes of universal animation. The eloquence of poetry will always be more exciting in its appeals—the love for poetry always more diffused throughout a people in proportion as it is less written than recited. How few even at this day will read a poem!—what crowds will listen to a song! Recitation transfers the stage of effect from the closet to the multitude—the public becomes an audience, the poet an orator; and when we remember that the poetry thus created, embodying the most vivid, popular, animated subjects of interest, was united with all the pomp of festival and show—all the grandest, the most elaborate, and artful effects of music—we may understand why the true genius of lyrical composition has passed for ever away from the modern world."

The second book in the first volume opens with the conspiracy of Cylon, the democrat, who, by stratagem, and the voice of the Delphic Oracle, was enabled to overturn the oligarchic government of Athens—to conquer the Archons, who then possessed the supreme power and control. This brings us to the first appearance of Solon, "a man of distinguished birth, indirectly descended from the last of the Athenian kings." He was supposed to have incurred the consecrating misfortune of insanity, and appeared in the market-place wearing a cap—the peculiar badge that distinguished the sick. He addressed the assembled multitude in a poem, upon the loss of Salamis, reproving the people for their cowardice, and inviting them to war. Weak and degenerate as was the temper of an Athenian mob in those days, he was applauded to the very echo of the popular applause. A maritime expedition was immediately decreed and planned, and Solon was invested with the command. This was the first decisive step taken by him to obtain the supreme command over the state and the city. His life, and the adventurous narrative in which it is clothed, is well described, and the summary of his character affords a favourable specimen of the author's style of composition.

"Agreeably to the theory of his favourite maxim, which made moderation the essence of wisdom, he seems to have generally favoured in politics the middle party; and, in his own actions, to have been singular for that energy which is the equilibrium between energy and rashness. Elevated into supreme and unquestioned power—urged on all sides to pass from the office of the legislator to the dignity of the prince—his ambition never passed the line which his virtue dictated to his genius. His natural genius was versatile and luxuriant. As an orator he was the first, according to Cicero, who originated the logical and brilliant rhetoric which afterwards distinguished the Athenians. As a poet, we have the assurance of Plato, that could he have devoted himself solely to the art, even Homer would not have excelled him. As a soldier he appears to have been a dexterous master of the tactics of that primitive day in which military science consisted chiefly in the stratagems of a ready wit and bold invention. As a negotiator, the success with which, out of elements so jarring and distracted, he created an harmonious system of society and law, is an unanswerable evidence, not more of the soundness of his theories, than of his practical knowledge of mankind. He was no gloomy ascetic, such as a false philosophy produces, affecting the barren sublimity of an indolent seclusion; open of access to all, free and frank of demeanour, he found wisdom as much in the market-place as in the cell. He aped no coxcombical contempt of pleasure, no fanatical disdain of wealth, hospitable, and even sumptuous, in his habits of life, he seemed desirous of proving that truly to be wise is honestly to enjoy. However he might feign or dissimulate, the end before him was invariably excellent and patriotic; and the purity of his private morals harmonised with that of his political ambition. What Socrates was to the philosophy of reflection, Solon was to the philosophy of action."

We have already spoken of the character of Herodotus, as considered by some eminent critical authorities; our readers will be enabled to judge wherein Mr. Bulwer differs from them, by the subjoined extract:—

"It was nearly a century after the invention of prose, and of historical composition, and with the guides and examples of many writers, not uncelebrated in their day, before his emulation, that Herodotus first made known to the Grecian public, and according to all probable evidence, at the Olympic games, a portion of that work which drew forth the tears of Thucydides, and furnished the imperishable model of picturesque and faithful narrative. This happened in a brilliant period of Athenian history; it was in the same year as the battle of Ænophyta, when Athens gave laws and constitutions to Boeotia, and the recall of Cimon established for herself both liberty and order. The youth of Herodotus was passed while the glory of the Persian war yet lingered over Greece, and while the ascendancy of Athens commenced a new era of civilisation. His genius drew the vital breath from an atmosphere of poetry. The desire of wild adventure still existed, and the romantic expedition of the Athenians into Egypt had served to strengthen the connexion between the Greeks and that imposing and interesting land. The rise of the Greek drama with Æschylus, probably contributed to give effect, colour, and vigour to the style of Herodotus. And something, almost of the art of the contemporaneous Sophocles, may be traced in the easy skill of his narratives, and the magic, yet tranquil energy of his descriptions."

"Though Dorian by ancient descent, it was at Halicarnassus, in Caria, a city of Asia Minor, that Herodotus was born; nor does his style, nor do his views, indicate that he derived from the origin of his family any of the Dorian peculiarities. His parents were distinguished alike by birth and fortune. Early in life, those internal commotions, to which all the Grecian towns were subjected, and which crushed for a time the liberties of his native city, drove him from Halicarnassus; and, suffering from tyranny, he became inspired by that enthusiasm for freedom which burns throughout his immortal work. During his exile, he travelled through Greece, Thrace, and Macedonia,—through Scythia, Asia, and Egypt. Thus he collected the materials of his work, which is, in fact, a book of travels narrated historically. If we do not reject the story that he read a portion of his work at the Olympian games, when Thucydides, one of his listeners, was yet a boy, and if we suppose the latter to have been about fifteen, this anecdote is calculated to bear the date of the 81st Olympiad, B.C. 456, when Herodotus was twenty-eight."

"The chief residence of Herodotus was at Samos, until a revolution broke out at Halicarnassus. The people conspired against their tyrant Sygdamis. Herodotus repaired to his native city, took a prominent part in the conspiracy, and finally succeeded in restoring the popular government. He was not, however, long left to enjoy the liberties he had assisted to acquire for his fellow-citizens: some intrigue of the counter-party drove him a second time into exile. Repairing to Athens, he read the continuation of his history at the festival of the Panathena. It was received with the most rapturous applause; and we are told that the people solemnly conferred upon the man who had immortalised their achievements against the Mede, the gift of ten talents. The disposition of this remarkable man, like that of all travellers, inclined to enterprise and adventure,—his early wanderings, his later vicissitudes, seem to have confirmed a temperament originally restless and inquisitive. Accordingly, in his forty-first year, he joined the Athenian emigrants, that in the south of Italy established a colony at Thurium."

"At Thurium, Herodotus apparently passed the remainder of

his life, though whether his tomb was built there, or in Athens, is a matter of dispute. These particulars of his life, not uninteresting in themselves, tend greatly to illustrate the character of his writings. Their charm consists in the earnestness of a man who describes countries as an eye-witness, and events as one accustomed to participate in them. The life, the raciness, the vigour of an adventurer and wanderer, glow in every page. He has none of the refining disquisitions that are born of the closet. He paints history, rather than descends on it; he throws the colourings of a mind, unconsciously poetic, over all he describes. Now a soldier—now a priest—now a patriot—he is always a poet, if rarely a philosopher. He narrates like a witness, unlike Thucydides, who sums up like a judge. No writer ever made so beautiful an application of superstitions to truth. His very credulities have a philosophy of their own; and modern historians have acted unwisely in disdaining the occasional repetition even of his fables. For if his truths record the events, his fables paint the manners and the opinions of the time; and the last fill up the history of which events are only the skeleton."

"To account for his frequent use of dialogue, and his dramatic effect of narrative, we must remember the tribunal to which the work of Herodotus was subjected. Every author, unconsciously to himself, consults the tastes of those he addresses. No small coterie of scholars, no scrupulous and critical inquiries, made the ordeal Herodotus underwent. His chronicles were not dissertations to be coldly pondered over, and sceptically combed; they were read aloud at solemn festivals to listening thousands; they were to arrest the curiosity—to amuse the impatience—to stir the wonder of a lively and motley crowd. Thus the historian naturally imbibed the spirit of the tale-teller: and he was driven to embellish his history with the romantic legend—the awful superstition—the gossip anecdote—which yet characterise the stories of the popular and oral fictionist, in the basars of the Mussulman, or on the sea-shores of Sicily: still it has been lightly said, that a judicious reader is not easily led astray by Herodotus in important particulars. His descriptions of localities, of manners, and of customs, are singularly correct; and modern travellers can yet trace the vestiges of his fidelity. As the historian, therefore, was in some measure an orator, so his skill was to be manifest in the arts which keep alive the attention of an audience. Hence Herodotus continually aims at the picturesque; he gives us the very words of his actors, and narrates the secrets of impenetrable palaces, with as much simplicity and earnestness, as if he had been placed behind the arras."

Our limits will only allow of the following extract, from a very accurate and spirited translation of some of the "Tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles." In the account of the "Agamemnon," there is the following lyrical passage of the answer of Clytemnestra to the Chorus, who demanded what message conveyed the intelligence of the capture of Troy.

"A gleam—a gleam—from Ida's height,
By the Fire-god sent, it came;
From watch to watch it leaped that light,
As a rider rode the flame!
It shot through the startled sky,
And the torch of that blazing glory
Old Lemnos caught on high,
On its holy promontory;
And sent it on, the jocund sign,
To Atoos, Mount of Jove divine.
Wildly the while, it rose from the isle,
So that the might of the journeying sight
Skimmed over the back of the gleaming brine!
Farther and farther speeds it on,
Till the watch that keep Mæstias' sleep—
See it burst, like a blazing sun!
Doth Mæstias sleep
On his tower-clad steep?
No! rapid and red doth the wild-fire sweep:
It flashes afar, on the wayward stream
Of the wild Euripus, the rushing beam!
It rouses the light on Messapion's height,
And they feed its breath with its withered hearth.
But it may not stay!
And away—away—
It bounds in its freshening night."

Like and soon,
Like a broadened moon,
It passes in shen, Asopos green,
And bursts on Cithæron grey
The warder wakes to the signal rays,
And it swoops from the hill with a broader blaze,
On—the fiery Glory rode—
Thy lonely lake, Gorypæ, glowed—
To Megæra's mount it came;
They feed it again,
And it streams again—
A giant beard of flame!
The headland cliffs that darkly down
O'er the Surion waters frown,
Are passed with the swift one's lurid stride,
And the huge rock glares on the glaring tide;

With mightier march and fiercer power
 It gained Arachne's neighbouring tower—
 Thence on our Argive roof its crest it wren,
 Of Ida's fire the long descended Son!
 Bright Harbinger of glory and of joy!
 So first and last with equal honour crowned,
 In solemn feasts the race-torch circles round.
 And these, my heralds! this my sign of PEACE;
 Lo! while we breathe, the victor-lords of Greece,
 Stalk in stern tumult through the halls of Troy!"

In that beautiful tragedy of Sophocles, the "Œdipus at Colonus," we meet with the following lyrical passage, that Sophocles is said to have read to his judges, before whom he was accused of dotage. It is a beautiful description of "the white Colonus."

"Where ever and aye, through the greenest vale,
 Gush the wailing notes of the nightingale,
 From her home, where the dark-hued ivy weaves,
 With the grove of the god, a night of leaves;
 And the vines blossom out from the lonely glade,
 And the suns of the summer are dim in the shade,
 And the storms of the winter have never a breeze,
 That can shiver a leaf from the charmed trees,
 For there, O ever there,
 With that fair mountain throng,
 Who his sweet nurses were,
 Wild Bacchus holds his court, the conscious woods
 among!
 Daintily, ever there,
 Crown of the mighty goddesses of old,
 Clustering Narcissus with his glorious hues,
 Springs from his bath of heaven's delicious dews,
 And the gay crocus sheds his rays of gold.
 And wandering there for ever,
 The fountains are at play,
 And Cephaus feeds his river
 From their sweet urns, day by day.
 The river knows no death;
 Adown the vale the lapsing waters glide,
 And the pure rain of that pellucid tide
 Calls the ripe beauty from the heart of earth,
 While by the banks the Muses' choral train
 Are heard—there, and there, Love checks her golden
 rein."

It is much to be regretted that this work cannot be considered as a complete one in any respect; and, in committing the error of throwing the most powerful points of historic detail and narrative over the two eras which witnessed the rise and fall of the Athenian people

only, the author has omitted almost every point, excepting the bare mention of the events which followed the genesis of the one, and prophesied the exodus of the other. The terminating points of the chain may be of pure gold, though mixed with much alloy; the connecting links are of the baser and more impure metal of iron. When the first glorious gleam of historic erudition and narrative shone down upon the author's mental vision, he woke beneath the beautiful and steadfast influence of its light; but its early brightness soon wavered; the flame grew less intense, till it almost faded ere it sent up pyre-like its early brightness again, ere it died away into the shadowy darkness of oblivion. Our readers will be prepared for our assertion, that this very rise and fall in those peculiar points, in which all recorded historic excellence consists, renders the work a very unequal one in the impression which it conveys to the reader's mind as he peruses it. All historical narrative, we presume, must have its peculiar political bias; of this, however, it is not our purpose or our place here to speak; we leave that task to those of our contemporaries whose business it more appropriately is than ours.

Although in these volumes Mr. Bulwer has made some very apposite and beautiful remarks upon the literature, religion, and philosophy of the Athenian people, yet if we are to trust the preface we are to have two volumes more, especially devoted to the discussion of the Athenian literature and philosophy; a ground which we should suppose Mr. Bulwer would occupy with more deserved credit to himself. As an historic narrative, in the strict sense of that word, we consider this work to be a failure. It is one thing to graft an imaginative tale, like "Rienzi," on a chain of events, which in themselves embody much that is highly chivalrous and romantic, and another thing to give to a long link of historical record that high freshness and national characteristic which should ever be present in all history. If this work do not detract from what we suppose we must term the "fair fame" of Mr. Bulwer, we should be very scrupulous in asserting that it will add aught to it.

SERENADE.

"WAKE, love, wake!" for June's sweet morning
 blushes,

Aurora's tints are mantling to the view;
 The sun, with joy, the scenes of nature flushes;
 Oh! wake, while gently falls the early dew.

Hark! above the revel birds are singing,
 The skylark from his downy couch up-springs,
 Marlow, June 5th, 1837.

Flowers their balmy odours now are flinging,
 Woo'd by the pressure of a zephyr's wings.

"Wake, love, wake!" Oh! meet the breath of morn-
 ing,

Come pace along with me the meadows gay,
 The virgin buds of flowers, thy brows adorning,
 Shall waft an incense to the god of day.

T. S.

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

PALESTINE.—In the Harleian Miscellany there is the narrative of an English pilgrim who visited the Holy Land in the year 1660. The title of this singular work is, "*A True and Strange Discourse of the Travels of Two English Pilgrims, what admirable accidents befell them in their journey towards Jerusalem, &c., written by Henry Timberlake.*" He gives the following pious reasons for the existing sterility he witnessed, in comparison with its ancient productiveness:—"My opinion is, that when it was fruitful, and a land that flowed with milk and honey, in those days God blessed it, and that as then they followed his commandments; but now being inhabited by infidels, who profane the

name of Christ, and live in all filthy and beastly manner, God curseth it, and so it is made barren; for it is so barren that I could get no bread when I came into it. One night, as I lodged short of Jerusalem, at a place called, in the Arabian tongue, Cuda Chenaleb, I sent out my Moor to a house not far from the place where we had pitched our tents, to get some bread, and he brought me word that there was no bread there to be had, and that the man of that house did never eat bread in all his life, but only dried dates, nor any of his household; whereby you may partly perceive the barrenness of the country at this day; only, as I suppose, by the curse of God that lyeth upon the same;

for that they use the sin of Sodom and Gomorrah very much in that country, whereby the poor Christians who inhabit therein are glad to marry their daughters at twelve years of age unto Christians. And to conclude there is not that sin in the world, but it is used there among those infidels that now inhabit therein, and yet it is called, Terra Sancta, and, in the Arabian tongue, Cutha, which is the Holy Land, bearing the name only, and no more, for all holiness is clean banished from thence by those thieves, filthy Turks and infidels, that inhabit the same. Having my certificate sealed by the guardian, and a letter delivered unto me, to show that I had washed myself in the river Jordan I departed from Jerusalem."

FIRE FLIES.—IN Jamaica, at some seasons of the year, the fire-flies are seen in the evening in great abundance. When they settle on the ground, the bull-frog greedily devours them, which seems to have given origin to a curious, though very cruel, method of destroying these animals:—if red-hot pieces of charcoal be thrown towards them in the dusk of the evening, they leap at them, and hastily swallow them mistaking them for fire-flies, and are burnt to death.—*Darwin.*

INHABITANTS OF THE FEROC ISLANDS.—They have one method of dividing time peculiar to themselves: they reckon the day and night by eight *skters* of three hours each; the *skters* again are reduced into halves, and are named according to the point of the compass where the sun is at the time; for example, east-north-east is half-past four in the morning; east is six; east-south-east, half-past seven.—*Lands's Description.*

LAPLAND.—In Lapland, during the summer, a bed of moss is as much prized as a heather-bed by the Highlanders of Scotland. The Laplanders also employ it as a substitute for bed-clothes in the cradles of their infants. In some places in England, where the *Polytrichum commune* grows luxuriantly, it is made into brooms. Mosses have also, to a trifling extent, been used in dyeing, and in former days great medical virtues were attributed to them.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF COLD.—The following circumstance will serve to illustrate the absolute necessity of exercise during the exposure of the body to extreme cold. Dr. Solander, Sir Joseph Banks, and others, during their botanical excursions on the heights of Terra del Fuego, were exposed to extreme cold. Dr. Solander, who had more than once crossed the mountains which divide Sweden and Norway, well knew that extreme cold produces a torpor and sleepiness almost irresistible; he therefore conjured them to keep always in motion, whatever pain it might cost them, and whatever relief they might be promised by an inclination to sleep. "Whoever sits down will sleep," says he, "and whoever sleeps will wake no more." Thus, at once admonished and alarmed, they set forward; but while they were still upon the naked rock, and before they had got among the bushes, the cold was so intense as to produce the effects which had been most dreaded. Dr. Solander was the first who found the inclination—against which he had warned others—irresistible, and insisted upon being suffered to lie down. Mr. Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph Banks) entreated and remonstrated in vain; down he lay upon the ground, which was covered with snow; it was with difficulty that his friend could keep him from sleeping. One of his black servants began to linger, having suffered from the cold in the same manner as the doctor. Partly by persuasion, and partly by force, the party made them go forward. Soon, however, they declared

they would go no farther. Mr. Banks had recourse again to entreaty and expostulation, but these produced no effect, when the black was told, that if he did not go on he would shortly be frozen to death, he answered, "that he desired nothing so much as to lie down and die." The Doctor did not explicitly renounce his life; he said he would go on, but that he must first take some "sleep," though he had before told the company, "to sleep was to perish." They both shortly fell into a profound sleep: and after five minutes, Sir Joseph Banks happily succeeded in waking Dr. Solander, who had almost lost the use of his limbs, and the muscles were so shrunk, that his shoes fell from his feet; but every attempt to relieve the unfortunate black proved unsuccessful.

AN ELECTRIC EEL.—The governor at New Amsterdam has a large electric eel, which he has kept for several years in a tub made for that purpose, placed under a small shed near to the house. This fish possesses strong electrical powers, and often causes scenes of diversion among the soldiers and sailors, who are struck with astonishment at its qualities, and believe it to be in league with some evil spirit. Two sailors, wholly unacquainted with the properties of the animal, were one day told to fetch an eel which was lying in a tub in the yard, and give it to the cook to dress for dinner. It is a strong fish, of seven or eight pounds weight, and gives a severe shock on being touched, particularly if at all irritated or enraged. The sailors had no sooner reached the shed than one of them plunged his hand to the bottom of the tub to seize the eel, when he received a blow which benumbed his whole arm. Without knowing what it was, he started from the tub, shaking his fingers, and holding his elbow with his other hand, crying out, "I say, Jack, what a thump he fetched me with his tail!" His messmate, laughing at "such a foolish notion," next put down his hand to reach out the eel, but receiving a similar shock, he snapped his fingers likewise, and ran off, crying out, "Why, he did give you a thump! He's a fighting fellow; he has fetched me a broadside too. Let's both have a haul at him together, Jack, then we shall board his slippery carcass, spite of his rudder." Accordingly they both plunged their hands into the tub, and seized the fish by a full grasp round the body. This was rougher treatment than he commonly experienced; and he returned it with a most violent shock, which soon caused them to quit their hold. For a moment they stood aghast, then rubbing their arms, holding their elbows, and shaking their fingers, they capered about with pain and amazement, swearing that their arms were broken, and that it was the evil spirit in the tub, in the shape of an eel. They now perceived that it was not a simple blow of the tail which they had felt before; nor could they be prevailed upon to try again to take out the fish, but stole away, rubbing their elbows, and abusing "the trick about the cook and the eel."

The form of this fish is not so round as that of the common eel; the head is flatter, as is likewise the tail, and much broader; the sides are less convex and deeper; the back is wide, and the body tapers down somewhat abruptly, terminating at the belly in a thin membrane, forming a kind of fin. The shock communicated is sometimes very powerful, and precisely resembles that from the electrical machine, and may be received both from contact and by means of conductors. This fish once gave me a severe blow from touching it in the water with the end of a polished ramrod.—*Pinckard's Notes on the West Indies.*

SELF EDUCATION.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT method, then, do you recommend? We will explain ourselves. Of systems of mental philosophy we are utterly cured: we disbelieve them all, and yet think that most of them contain something good, and have, like all other evils, done some good to the world; for the demonstration of folly is as necessary to our wisdom and happiness, as the proof of truth. We consider that the unity of the mind has been overlooked, and that it has led to a barbarous nomenclature, which, however philosophical, is as likely to mislead as if we should apply fifty different names to any simple thing which we would teach our child. The customary effects of these philosophies would lead to the impression that the mind is a kind of house of manifold compartments, of which one is devoted to judgment, another to fancy, a third to will, a fourth to consciousness, a fifth to attention, a sixth to memory, and so forth;—an improvement on the Saxon *Nifleim*: or the mind is often described as if it were a machine, of which one part is to roll, another to strike, a third to shape, &c.: all this must mislead except very cautiously employed, and we shall endeavour to avoid the error which we condemn.

THE THINKING POWER.

The mind thinks, whether by an effort in which a part only or all its powers (if there be any division) is engaged, we do not know. The power of thinking, like all other powers, depends for its growth on proper exercise, and the want of that exercise will either limit the development of the power, or bring it into a state of uselessness. We recommend, then, some well-written treatise, (not on mathematics, however, at first,) as "Campbell's Treatise on Miracles;" "Moses Lowman's Demonstration;" "Para's work on Testimony;" "Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants;" "Justin Martyr's Apology;" "Erskine on Internal Evidence;" "Butler's Analogy;" "Foster's Essays;" "Beattie on Truth;" "Burke on the French Revolution," with "Paine's Answer;" "Claude on the Reformation;"* "Sir T. Browne's Urn Burial;" "the works of Ganganelli;" "Bishop Horsley's Sermons," &c. &c. We have mentioned these works, because they are specimens of different styles on different subjects, but the piece, to be attractive, must depend on the taste of the reader. Let every word and sentence be thoroughly understood, the connexion of them perceived, the dependence examined, the proofs compared with the objections, the conclusions weighed, and the premises reviewed. The piece selected should not exceed four moderate pages, (more or less, however, according to the reader's

convenience,) and not be studied above two hours at once. Let the careful reading of this be repeated six times; this will serve both for an effort of *thought*, *memory*, and *attention*: and if when committed to memory, *after* it is thoroughly understood, the student write down in *clear and brief*, but *different* language, every idea contained in the piece, it may also serve for a most beneficial exercise in composition. Then let its grammar be examined word by word, every declination parsed, and the rule to every example be perfectly understood. Let another piece be then selected and dealt with in a similar manner, and the result would confer, if this habit were rigidly and conscientiously pursued for 18 or 20 months, a greater benefit for life on the student, than a bursarship in Scotland, or a scholarship in Cambridge, for ten times that period, spent in the usual method of students and learners.

THE IMAGINATION

Is as much a primary element of mind as the preceding, and it varies as much in the degrees of its original gift and subsequent improvement.*

For the original peculiarities of mind we can seldom account, but we have the happiness of being able to modify them by a judicious use of stimulating or opiatizing discipline. Is our reader of fancy too active? We advise him to write down all his thoughts that *he* thinks the best, and then compare them with such of the best passages in Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, Spenser, or Cowper, as bear on the same subject; and make them undergo review, as we recommended in the previous paragraph. This often repeated, we are sure will cure the riot of rebellious images; but it *may* chill their beautiful parent, the fancy: this we deprecate, and we warn our young readers against such a self-maiming of the mind, under pretence of making it intellectual. Does our reader complain of uninventive and general torpor of this power of the mind? We then advise two courses: first, to *force* his mind into a study of the beauties of natural history. Strange remedy! Marvellous disease! To *force mind* to take an interest in this world of panoramic life, every individual being of which might instruct an angel, and has a special lesson* for man, which he scorns to learn, preferring mathematics to landscape, and logarithms to the birds of paradise! If this be impracticable, which, however, we do not the less recommend because it may be the antipode

* See a work on this subject, recently published by Robert Bayley, F. S. A., entitled "Nature considered as a Revelation," pp. 250.

employment to what would be selected by taste, we then advise that descriptions of natural objects should be *read and compared with the things themselves*; and for home subjects, we recommend Cowley, Bloomfield, Burns, Cowper, Ramsay, Wordsworth, and Crabbe; and for foreign subjects, the *travellers*: the student ever remembering our advice under the article "thinking power." This will never make him a Cowper, or a Burns, for *postea nascitur* is eternally true, but it will give him a taste for natural objects, which is one of the primitive elements of mental wealth, and will quicken the powers of comparison and the susceptibilities of beauty.

MEMORY AND ATTENTION

Are dependent on the state of the taste and the affections, which are the true, indeed, the only securities for a high possession of memorial habits. For proof of our assertion, we only beg the reader to examine whether the things which he best remembers are not those which he most heartily loves or fears? and whether it is difficult to secure for such objects the exercise of attention? It may not be unimportant to our object, if we should succeed in impressing these facts relative to memory and attention on our youthful readers. We hear on all sides complaints of the treacherous memory and the volatile attention; hence the intellectual nostrums for the cure of these mental epidemics; mnemonic systems to keep the recollection, while fancy uses every art, by the mixture of amusement with instruction, to secure the attention of multitudes, whom neither the consequence nor the nature of a subject would charm. We repeat, it will both show the importance of our subsequent remarks on moral education, and afford a clue to the self-instructors, if we remember this fact thoroughly, that the vigour of the memory and attention mainly depends on the nature of the stores which are collected, or the objects studied. The artist neither feels the languor of the attentive power, nor the irregular memory when employed about his favourite model. The most charmless dates and decisions are as faithfully remembered by the aspirant lawyer, as objects of beauty by the poet, or as affronts by the revengeful. Things, which it were almost desirable to forget, if not impracticable to remember, are among the most common-place treasures of the antiquary, while the covetous never forget the fractions of compound interest, nor the frivolous, fluttering *fashionists* the wave of a handkerchief, or the curve of an arm. Let the young man then get his soul into love with knowledge, study its power, and solace its beauty and charms, and gone for ever will be the disease of infidelity from his attention and memory. Love has from the creation had the tutelage of these two powers, and if he direct, they either rise to the tops of the mountain, and

dare the storm at home, or sink to any degree without feeling themselves abased.

Now all this work is evidently personal and must be self-accomplished. The assistance required from others is, after all, little, soon given, and soon exhausted: though we are aware that most men rather glory in having sat at the feet of some Gamaliel, or served under some educational Theudas; that they have matriculated in some college, or sauntered through the classic halls of some ancient university, than that the mainspring of their mind was elastic enough to force them into self-expansion, or that they carried on the noble work of self-education in their own hearts in spite of the clamours of necessity, of the oaten cake, or the patched garment, the jeers of companions, or the pity of mistaken friends. But how much more creditable to be conscious of having worked unaided to such a consummation, than to divide the honour with Playfair or Smith; of having mastered opposition which others thought impossibility, and out of a mere passion for knowledge and self-culture, suffered nothing to divert our purpose, damp our ardour, or to dispirit our hope? Now it is one of the great laws of our being, that the most valuable services must be performed for ourselves. The oculist may mount the eye with glasses and telescopes, and utter his sounding discourse of optical laws, but the duller eye must exert itself to give efficacy to his aids. The cook racks her little brain for the most whimsical modes of preparing food, but what wretch is so pampered with servants as to desire another to eat for him? The physician counts the pulse, or measures the swell of the chest, but he cannot make the one strike nor the other heave. And one may supply books, another diagrams, a third instruments, but after all, this is only doing the slave's office; for who but the mind itself can proceed further? Who can do for his friend the acts of thinking, comparing, or recollecting? Who but himself can feel the motive or form the taste, whet the intellectual weapon to an edge invisibly keen, or trim the fancy's wing, whose feathers are of "purple and yellow gold?" Who is to range the ideas in place, or to make the mind not only reflect on external objects, but often to introvert its eye on itself? Who is to form the resolutions and modify or increase the adequate impulse? Who? Not universities nor titled professors; least of all that class of teachers whose representative we often see in an upright little personage, strutting in pedant airs, and glimmering his hazy way through pedagogical glasses, too poor to cast off his scorned avocation, and too idle to fall into the fit opening at the plough-tail, or in the mechanic's shop, which nature evidently intended for him. Not he, nor the mere worshippers of Homer and Horace, Eschines and Eschylus, (we mean ye no wrong, shades of the mighty dead! to whom we are much indebted,) nor the ma-

thematical madman, who imagines all knowledge to be contained in curves and parallelograms, in cubes and squares, in angles and segments: but he who desires to be well-educated must undertake the greatest part of the labour (it is labour too) for himself. For he is always present with his mind, sees it at its sports and in its graver moods, watches what effects are produced by the tempest and spring, the beauty and winter, the revolutions of a kingdom, or the laugh of a friend, the fall of a leaf, or the general motion of the universe. And certainly he alone can properly adjust the educational discipline. Who is conscious of its favourite aims and hopes, its weakest and its strongest sides, its guilt and fear, before what Delilah his mind falls prostrate, or under what influence it ascends? And who like ourselves will feel the reward of success, or the shame of defeat; is so interested in the quality of our opinions, or in the extent of their operation? Now who can possess such acquaintance with the heart but its owner, and on that account alone, who can pretend to effect such a series of internal changes in the character, as self-education implies, but ourselves? Who could have undertaken, with this view, John Milton, one of the finest specimens of self-education, who lived at a time when uniformity of thinking, on all subjects, was considered more attainable and beneficial than it will ever be again, at least, till the whimsical era of sidereal revolution has, like the ass in the mill, brought the universe round to the same spot in the circle of being? In religion, science, and politics, the fashion of thinking was then settled, both by the laws of the state, and by the customs of society; and to infract those laws was to slip the pack of hungry dogs, which ever bay at the heels of fashion, on the witless transgressor. In the former part of the life of Milton the ecclesiastical harness was still tight on the national limbs, and the papal Colossus still bestrode the ways of knowledge, bearing on its foot the impudent *ne plus ultra*, painted in letters of fire and blood. Milton emerged from his study, where he had been working his way down through the light but troublesome strata of prejudice, antiquity, and tradition, to the foundations of truth; in other words, self-educating his mind: and poured into the British ears such successions of stately eloquence, and original appeal, as left even the soarings of the "Paradise Lost" to feel their shadow. Or who could have educated Francis Bacon, who, when the long worshipped name of Aristotle shed a sickly light over the mental world, of which it had been for nearly twenty centuries the ascendant planet, during which, through his three false systems of morals, logic, and physics, Aristotle had exercised a despotism as unnatural as his of Russia; for all questions were submitted to the noisy claptrap of syllogisms, and taste for metaphysical abstractions

had diverted men's thoughts from the solid to the airy, from the actual to the possible:—at this time Bacon, perceiving that such a state of literary feudalism was the "*ultima Thule*" to improvement, published his "Restoration of the Sciences" and his *Novum Organum*, which ultimately blew to the regions of fable the Aristotelian phantasmagoria, of which we now seldom hear the mention, except in enumeration of antiquities and venerated shadows, or as one of the items in the *tabula naufragii*. Nor did Bacon with savage and selfish joy dance among the ruins of old systems which he had destroyed, but he set about teaching the human mind the discarded use of itself, and proceeded to clear out the old highroads of truth by patient, fearless, and persevering labour, and thus conferred a greater blessing on posterity, than they who have, in our own days, dug out those ancient cities of *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii* from the cinder-mountains with which their uncourtly neighbour Vesuvius had sepulchred them. And have we not a still finer instance of self-education in Benjamin Franklin, who was a kind of godfather to electricity when it was a science of guesses and hopes,—when, bubble like, it was merely gay with the prism of imagination's hues, and, like other bright bubbles, in danger of destroying, and being destroyed?—For he made the lightning itself to do its share in the demonstration, (for genius has a soldier's courage,) which if it had failed would have cost him his life. Nor was this all; for having risen from the daubery of a printer's shop to the honour of science, he then assumed the ambassador's dignity, and by his prescient wisdom, and his cool intrepidity, he contributed much to the settlement of the American Empire on that level of friendship which it has ever since sustained with the leading courts of Europe. One still more striking instance of self-educated men is all we will here allude to, and it is the case of Christopher Colon, or Columbus. He was a common weather-worn sailor for a great part of his life, and the sea and stars, with their consequent phenomena, had been his principal books, and his instructors experience and necessity. But he early adopted the opinion that the earth is globular, and he studied, with reference to that question, the tides, the winds, the weeds that lodged on the beach, the occasional pieces of bark, wood, or rag, that floated past him, as he sat unconsciously plying with his oar on the side of his boat: in short, whatever his susceptible genius could turn into a proof or probability of his favourite scheme. And after having nursed his thoughts till he felt something like what Virgil describes of his wasting day—

"*Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ,*"

to be true of his life; having been branded as a heretic and a fool, suffered the jeers of his equals

and the contempt of his superiors, through incredible perseverance he obtained a meagre supply of ships and men to explore the westward on the Atlantic. Thus went forth this undaunted man, and for the first time, perhaps, that the human form had shadowed the middle waves of that ocean since the deluge; and though his men mutinied often, and murmured always, protesting that there could be no possible return, and hunger and disease, and "hope deferred"

assailed the heart of Columbus, who from excessive watching was almost obliged to prop open his sleep-courting eye-lids,—he, at last, leaped from his seat! He saw the land! His genius was substantively right; his enemies were defeated; he was immortal, rewarded, and overcome;—but he did not foresee in the new world the extent of his triumph, nor hear, as we do, his name rise on a thousand songs, or given to ten thousand children.

THE ACORN.

AN APOLOGUE.

"THOU wast a bauble once;—a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with;—

Time was when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root!—and time has been,
When tempests could not."

COWPER'S "Yardley Oak."

A HIGH wind shook the last acorn from an old Oak. In the following night, the tree itself was thrown down by the tempest. It had lived through five centuries; but though in that period it had produced millions of acorns, they had all been devoured by swine, or perished where they fell. Yet there was a prophecy, nearly coeval with the deluge, in the family, that from the fruit of *this* Oak there should spring a mighty forest. Age after age the venerable tree, declining in strength, and decaying from the core, till the shell of the trunk, and a stunted branch bearing six leaves and a single acorn, were all the insignia of its ancient honours; age after age the venerable tree looked anxiously for tokens of the fulfilment of this prediction, in the growth of some sapling from one of its acorns. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is *a tree of life*." The old Oak knew this; and to the last moment of its existence believing that He who had promised could not fail to perform, it prayed, even as it lay prostrate on the ground, that its orphan offspring, the sole survivor of its stock, might in due time be quickened, shoot up, and become the parent of a great family. While it was praying, the sap ceased to circulate through its rigid veins, and the old Oak died, lamented by all the trees of the field. A hoary-headed man, who appeared as far stricken in years as the tree itself, though but an infant in comparison with it, removed the relics, and built an hermitage of them in a solitary corner of his grounds, whither he was wont to retire for devotion, and where he was at length found dead, in the attitude of prayer, with the expression of hope full of immortality on his countenance.

The solitary Acorn had fallen into the deserted nest of a field-mouse, and the gigantic

trunk of its progenitor, descending close by, crushed the turf over its head, and buried it alive. In darkness, alone, and immoveably wedged, the poor Acorn gave itself over for lost: and yet it could not but remember how merrily it had lived on the little bough that nourished it, dancing in the breeze, drinking the dew, enjoying the light; it could not but remember the radiance of the sun, the beauty of the moon, the multitude of the stars, the verdure of the earth, the diversity of hill and dale, the river rolling at the root of its aged sire; it could not but remember the sounds of winds, and birds, and waters, the motions and colours of the clouds, the forms, voices, and actions of men and animals, which it had remarked during its nonage above; it could not but remember these, and remember them with regret,—regret, acuminate to despair, in the apprehension that soon it must cease to hear, and see, and feel for ever.

While the Acorn lay thus ruminating on its helplessness, insignificance, and misery, it heard, or thought it heard, a voice from heaven saying to it, "*Produce an Oak!*"—"Produce an Oak!" repeated the Acorn to itself; "that's impossible; no, it is *not* impossible; with God nothing is impossible; and if he commands me, I *can* do it, and I *will* do it." The Acorn had well learnt this lesson of faith from its parent, that the Ruler of the universe always gives power to his creatures to do what he requires of them.

Immediately through every nerve of its frame, it felt a spirit in motion; and the germ between its double kernel, though small enough to pass through the eye of a needle, received a consciousness, that a whole tree—roots, bark, bole, branches, leaves, and future fruit—lay folded, with exquisite minuteness, in the fairy casket of its bulb. There was no self-delusion in the Acorn; it had humbled itself, and it was about to be exalted. From that crisis, though the shell and the kernels began to waste away, the germ fed upon them; presently it swelled and put forth fibres which insinuated themselves through the soil to secure a permanent foot-hold.

In spring there appeared above-ground a tiny shoot; which opened and presented

——“two lobes protruding, pair'd exact.”

The new-sprung plant was lower than the blades of grass that rose in myriads around, and looked down contemptuously upon it as a stranger, whose shape was uncouth, and whose language they did not understand.

Hours, days, weeks, months, passed swiftly away, and so did the grasses, but the offspring of the Acorn survived them all, and continued to grow till it became a sprig, with two full-formed leaves, and a bud between them, which tempted the bee and the butterfly to alight on their way, while the grasshopper chirped at its foot, or skipped over its head; nay, so vigorously did it push forth on the right and on the left, as well as upward, that the cowslip was compelled to hang its blossoms awry to make room for the sylvan intruder. Now year followed year, till the sprig became a sapling, and one generation of men died after another, while the sapling expanded into an oak, and the oak advanced through two centuries towards maturity. All this time the tree from the Acorn had preserved its innocence and its humility; though rooted in the earth, it aspired towards heaven; the nourishment which it drew from the soil, and the river, and the atmosphere, it received as the bounty of Providence, and it was thankful.

Meanwhile, the occasional lightnings played harmlessly around its head, and the tempest that agitated it above, caused its roots to strike deeper below. Thus flourished the Oak, the pride and the admiration of the whole country. The birds roosted and sang amongst its branches. The cattle chewed the cud, and reposed under its shelter. The lambkins in April ran races round the mount which its roots had upheaved from the plain. Man approached it with veneration, and as he lifted up his eye at so magnificent a spectacle, he glanced beyond it to the sky, and thought, “How much glory can the Creator confer on one of his inferior works! How much of himself may be seen even in a tree!”

But one thing was wanting to consummate its felicity;—the Oak was barren; not an acorn had ever glistened in a rough cup on the most luxuriant of its boughs, though their foliage spread thick and beautiful to the sun, and rustled musically in the breeze; and though autumn in its turn brought a second spring of leaves, so delicately tinged, that they seemed to be the blossoms of the first. Now it came to pass, during a hard winter, that an old raven, driven by stress of weather from the sea-coast, and travelling far inland, alighted one clear cold morning on the topmost twig of the Oak. Though stripped of its summer-attire, the grace and majesty of its form were the more striking in the

fair proportions of its tall stem and naked branches, here and there tufted with brown clusters of dry leaves, of which now one, then another, fell,

——“slowly circling through the waving air,”

to the ground, where thousands of their brethren lay strewn at the feet of their parent, in all stages of decay; some brilliantly bespangled with pearls of ice, and many so curiously pencilled with hoar-frost, that every vein was distinguishable. The raven, who was thin of plumage, and iron-grey with years, looked as if he had seen better days, but would never see such again. Age and adversity had soured his disposition, if ever it had been good, so that he could no longer behold happiness without envy, nor contemplate innocence without hankering to betray it; for happiness he knew was inseparable from innocence, and rarely, if ever, associated with guilt. While he sat shivering in the wind, that lifted up his ragged feathers with every breath, his lank sides were exposed to the chaffinches and red-breasts that hopped on the lower boughs, peeping askance at the stranger, wondering whence he came, and thinking not a whit the less handsomely of themselves and their gay plumage in comparison with him.

Now Ralph was a soothsayer, and many an evil omen had he exhibited to the poor fishermen on the coast where his haunt was; soaring delighted in anticipation of the storm, and preying when it was over on the carcasses of shipwrecked mariners. As he understood all languages that were spoken in the day of fable, he quickly entered into conversation with the Oak, wormed out its whole history, and was sagacious enough to discover, what the tree itself scarcely suspected, that innocent and happy as it was, secret anxiety had begun to corrode its heart, lest, notwithstanding its health, strength, and virtue, and notwithstanding the ancient prophecy, it might at length die without issue, there being little hope, after such an age of sterility, that it would yet become fruitful.

The subtle raven caught his cue, and by a train of sophistry, of which history has not furnished the particulars, he succeeded in persuading the Oak, that it was such a favourite of Providence, that the course of nature was suspended with respect to its destination, and it was either governed by such a mysterious heavenly influence, or had within itself such an original power, that it could *do* or *be* whatever it pleased: thus, instead of propagating its species by acorns, it might continue to increase in bulk, in height, in breadth, in depth, in strength, in every thing, through an illimitable period to come, till the heavens were filled with its branches, and the earth overcanopied with its verdure.

The Oak listened unsuspectingly to the tempter, whose plausible insinuations soon perverted its simplicity, and it began indeed to think, that all

it was it had made itself, and it had only to go on growing for ever, by its own volition, to become as great and as glorious as the raven had prognosticated. "If," said the poor dupe within itself, "when I was an acorn I wrought myself out of the ground, and have since risen by my own choice to be the noblest tree in the universe, why should I rest here, and not go on to magnify my form, till my trunk towers above the clouds, and sustains in mid-heaven a burthen of boughs more numerous and ample than the forests on a thousand hills; thus in my own person accomplishing the ancient prophecy, instead of dying, as my predecessors have done, in the vain hope of leaving innumerable posterity?"

Off flew the raven to the left hand, the moment his blandishment had prevailed, and the innocence of his victim had departed from it; leaving it to the indulgence of proud imaginations, and to the sad consequences of its apostacy. Early in the succeeding spring, at the first motion of the sap from the root, when the noon-sun was warmly shining, the Oak heard the same voice from heaven, which once called it out of the kernel, saying *now* to it, "Produce Acorns!"—"Produce Acorns!" indignantly it repeated "*No*, I will produce *Oaks*! my slenderest twig shall be a tree as mighty and as ramified as I am myself at this hour." Forthwith, as it fondly imagined, the vain boaster began to exert its native energies, and to strain through every fibre to enlarge its dimensions; but its bulk remained the same as before; it had reached a standard which it never could exceed. Spring vanished, summer followed, and autumn found the Oak laden with—Acorns! They were shaken to the ground; the swine devoured them; none took root. The Oak was mortified, and enraged, but not humbled. "I will do better," it exclaimed, "next year:" and yet it scarcely believed itself, for there was a strange misgiving in its mind, which it durst not acknowledge, and feared to investigate.

The next year came, and the next year went. What did the Oak? In spite of itself it produced Acorns as before,—but only to feed swine; not a single one was quickened. Still it would have hardened itself in rebellion against its Maker, but during the first frosty night of the winter ensuing, it was awakened by a pang at the core, as if an arrow had glanced through it, and the wound had been instantly healed. An arrow *had* passed through it, but the wound was *not* healed; it was the arrow of death, and though the anguish at that time was only momentary, disease, decay, and dissolution had seized upon its vitals, never to relinquish their prey till they had consumed it atom by atom. The offender was roused to reflection; it was convinced at once of its mortality and its guilt. Shame, remorse, and self-abhorrence followed; the whole winter was a season of humiliation; till the Oak was contented to be whatever its Creator had made it, and re-

signed to suffer whatever his justice might hereafter inflict. The next spring had far advanced, but long storms and late frosts had retarded vegetation, when, with the appearance of the first swallow, hope revisited the heart of the penitent; and a few weeks afterwards, while the nightingale was singing from a lowly bush at its foot, a third time the Oak heard the voice from heaven, more welcome than before, and sweeter than all the sounds in creation beside, saying, "Produce a Forest!"—"Thy will be done!" replied the humbled tree; and immediately it felt as if a curse had been taken away, and a blessing poured down upon its head.

Ere long its buds unfolded into leaves, and in autumn its branches were bowed with the weight of fruit. Frequent and violent winds scattered the acorns abroad as they ripened, and heavy rains upon the adjacent hills, bringing down the soil upon them, or washing them into temporary channels, many remained buried during the winter; and ere the harvest of another autumn was ready to be shaken from the boughs of the parent tree, a nursery of its descendants was springing up in the neighbouring fields. Year after year the fruits of the oak were carried further, multiplied thicker, and rose higher, over the face of the country, till, at the close of its third century, it stood in the heart of the most flourishing forest in the world, itself to the eye still in fullness of vigour and beauty, and unrivalled by the stateliest of its progeny, though the death-wound received a hundred years before was invisibly undermining its strength, and hollowing its trunk.

About this time, the old raven, who still survived, (and like the wandering Jew, it was said of him, that he could neither die nor rest,) returned to that place; but his eye was so dim, and the scenery so changed, that he knew it not again, till the Oak, amidst the forest of its sons, saluted him as he flew languidly over their heads. Ralph alighted on one of the arms of his old acquaintance, and silently hearkened to the sequel of its story; at the close of which he fluttered for a moment on his perch, then uttering an ominous croak, fell headlong, and lay dead in the hollow of one of the protuberant roots of the tree, which he supposed had long ago been blasted by lightnings or mildew, for exercising the presumption he had taught it.

The Oak yet lived two hundred years; its offspring and their descendants to the fiftieth generation still increasing and multiplying, to the east and the west, to the north and the south, till the river, on whose banks it stood, and which for thousands of years had rolled in broad sunshine through a campaign of meadows, became half-overshadowed with the kindred branches that on either side stretched to intermingle their arms, but succeeded not entirely; a line of light, and a current of cool air passing uninterruptedly down the middle of the stream, amidst the depth of the

surrounding woodlands. At length came the last hour of the patriarch of trees. It fell not by the fury of the wind like its father, nor by the assaults of the axe, as thousands of its juniors had fallen before it; but on a calm and golden summer-eve, just as the sun went down, the Oak sunk to the earth, under the silent weight of years, and at the gentle touch of nature, loosening at once its whole burthen of infirmities; it lay down so quietly to repose, that the squirrel and her young, whose nest was in the hollow of the fork, where the lowest branches diverged from the bole, were undisturbed by the motion, and wondered next morning to find themselves so near the ground. But the remains of the Oak were not left to rot

into dust and oblivion; man knew their worth; he removed them, and wrought the knotted fragment of the trunk, and the knee-timbers of the undecayed boughs, into the flanks and the keel of a vessel, which afterwards circumnavigated the globe.

Here is a long fable; where is the moral? Take it in the words of the Scripture; they are so brief that they might be written within the cup of the acorn, and so important that they ought to be engraven on the tablet of every heart:—"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble."

Sheffield.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ADONAIS.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[It is our intention to introduce, occasionally, to the notice of our readers the more meritorious works of the modern poets and poetical writers of the day. We have a large and extensive variety of these in our library; and besides being enabled in this manner to bring many deserved writers into notice, who might otherwise remain unremembered and forgotten, we shall also place before our readers those peculiar beauties of thought and expression which have given these authors that rich and rare mastery over the strings of the lyre, which is at once their fame and great joy.]

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY will ever hold a deservedly high rank amongst the poets of Great Britain. He is as a poet known, perhaps, to very few; but the devoted band of his followers and admirers cherish his poetry with a more deep and heartfelt regard from the very sarcasm and severity with which his high merits have been visited, by those whose duty it was to have held up his talents in that rich light of the world's sunshine and favour from which they so shamefully drove and expelled him.

There has been no poet in whose writings the faculty of imagination has been more richly and strongly developed; no one who has inlaid his verse with the sparkling gems of a more glorious fancy, or who has diversified the glittering colours of thought with a more vivid display of shining words and sentences, until stanza after stanza, and poem after poem, has been wrought up into a rich arabesque of pure gold.

One of the most intimate friends of Shelley was John Keats, the author of "Endymion, and other Poems," which we shall introduce into our series. In the heart and spirit of each of these gifted writers, friendship and poetry, like bonds of charming brotherhood, were mutually linked and mingled. Keats was of a mild and gentle spirit, of a fine imagination, and a devoted worshipper of Beauty. Shelley possessed a greater power, and was a worshipper of Truth,

wherever it was to be found; both were single-hearted, sincere, admirable men. Keats was of a most delicate physical frame, which soon became bowed, and wasted beneath the ravages of a burning hectic and consumptive fever. His poems met with a sad and savage reception from the "Quarterly Review" and "Blackwood's Magazine," who (as though urged on by fiendish rivalry) strove to outmaster each other in utterly condemning and vilifying the character of Keats as a poet. Such smarting severity of criticism, operating on a frame of great weakness, and a nervous system, strung to extreme sensitiveness, only fanned the lingering fire of disease, and in a short time Keats died, and was buried in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome. Shelley felt his loss most acutely, and the "Adonais" was written as an Elegy on his death. The poem opens with a most beautiful and touching apostrophe to the earth, and to the

Sad hours, selected from all years,

in which the poet died; and calls upon them to mourn for the loss which they have sustained. He bids Urania to "lament anew," and thus proceeds—

"But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perish'd,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower, by some sad maiden cherish'd,
And fed with true love-tears, instead of dew.
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last.
The bloom, whose petals, nipt before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly death
Keeps his pale court in beauty, and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!

Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! Surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!—
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace

The shadow of white death, and at the door
Invisible corruption waits to trace

His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;

The eternal hunger sits, but pity and awe

Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface

So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of mortal change, shall fill the grave, which is her
maw.

He then brings all feelings, thoughts, and
imaginings, to watch and weep around the bed
and the grave of the dying and the dead; the
extracted stanzas, in which this beautiful portion
of the poem is included, are many, but we must
not dilate where the nectar is so rich and over-
flowing:—

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,

"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken-fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies

A tear some dream has loosen'd from his brain."
Lost angel of a ruined paradise!

She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Wash'd his light limbs, as if embalming them;
Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak,
And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

Another splendour on his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp earth
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its
eclipse.

And others came,—desires and adorations,
Winged persuasions and veiled destinies,
Splendours, and glooms, and glimmering incarna-
tions

Of hopes and fears, and twilight phantasies;
And sorrow with her family of sighs,
And pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might
seem

Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her Eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their
dismay.

Few poets have left behind them a "solace of
song," more deeply thrilling than these stanzas
are; they will present to our readers some of the
peculiarities which more particularly distinguish-
ed the poetry of Shelley. He does not pour
out a wild lament of harrowing and disastrous
melancholy over the grave of his departed friend
and brother poet; he searches the inner haunt-
ing depths of his own imaginative and naturally
melancholy mind; and thence draws all those
kind agencies and tender sentiments which he
embodies in verse, giving to them all the life and
action of sorrowing sympathy, and robing their
words and accents in a sweet under-chaunt of
melancholy and lamentation.

Proceeding in his song he calls upon Urania
to visit the bier of the departed:—

—"The mournful place where Adonais lay."

Obedient to the high summons she speeds from
"her secret paradise,"

"Through camps and cities rough with stone and
steel,"

and reaches the home of the departed. The two
following stanzas speak in tender transports the
language of philosophy and love:—

In the death-chamber, for a moment, Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs so late her dear delight
"Leave me not wild, and drear, and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!—
Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress
Roused death: death rose and smiled, and met her
vain caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as now thou art!
But I am chained to time, and cannot thence
depart."

After many verses of beautiful lamentation
such as this, Urania leaves the dead form of the
poet, and the mountain shepherds come with
others to weep and sorrow over the dying; and
in this part of the poem occur the two following
stanzas, which a friend of Shelley has considered
as a picture which he has drawn of himself:—

"Midst others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness,
Acteon-like, and now he fled astray,
With feeble steps, o'er the world's wilderness;
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and
their prey,

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift,
 A love in desolation mask'd, a power
 Girt round with weakness; it can scarce uplift
 The weight of the superincumbent hour;
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
 A breaking billow; even whilst we speak
 Is it not broken? On the withering flower
 The killing sun smiles lightly: on a cheek
 The life can burn in blood, e'en while the heart
 may break."

How well do those expressions "a pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift," "a love in desolation mask'd," "a power girt round with weakness," designate the sentiment and person of Shelley! But having given full vent to the sorrow he feels for his departed friend, he arouses from his "lair of lethargy," and bids hope and joy revive once more,—saying

"He lives, he wakes; 'tis Death is dead, not he;
 Mourn not for Adonais."—

In a strain of beautiful and touching delight he expatiates on all the happiness and glory which are enveloped, like light, around the departed spirit. All who mourn for Adonais are told to look "beyond all worlds," unto the "shining land;" or, as though he deemed the thoughts of those who loved the poet best would cling to the earth whereon they last beheld and visited him, he bids them go to Rome, where, as he beautifully expresses it, the young poet lies,

—"gather'd to the kings of thought."

The subject of the imperial city was always a favourite one with Shelley; he drenched his spirit to intoxication in the deep blue sky of Rome. His favourite haunts were the ruined baths of Caracalla, or the labyrinths of the Coliseum. Poetry was to him what the air around him was—the very element of his being and his nature. The three following stanzas are solemnly and beautifully descriptive; the fourth (the last in the poem) is like the dying echo of an angel's psalm.

"Go thou to Rome, at once the paradise,
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
 And where its wrecks like shatter'd mountains
 rise,
 And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses, dress
 The bones of desolation's nakedness,
 Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is
 spread.

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull
 time
 Feeds like slow fire upon a hoary brand,
 And one keen pyramid, with wedge sublime,
 Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand
 Like flame transform'd to marble; and beneath
 A field is spread, on which a newer band
 Have pitch'd, in heaven's smile, their camp of
 death,
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce-extinguish'd
 breath,

* * * *
 The One remains, the many change and pass;
 Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows
 fly;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments. Die,
 If thou would'st be with that which thou dost
 seek!
 Follow where all is fled. Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to
 speak.

* * * *
 The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
 The massy earth and spher'd skies are riven;
 I am borne darkly, fearfully afar,
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of
 heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the eternal are."

Such is this beautiful and affecting monody. We have not spoken of those rich, peculiar, and delicate expressions with which every one of the beautiful Spenserian verses which we have quoted abounds; our readers will detect these readily. The limits which we have assigned to ourselves prevent our entering, on this occasion, as fully as we could wish into the merits and demerits of Shelley's poetry—a subject which we shall be at liberty to discuss more fully in some future number of our Miscellany.

It is, indeed, much to be lamented that no correct or authorised account of his life and writings has yet appeared. Of his person, we are informed that "his frame was a mere tenement for spirit, and in every gesture and lineament showed that intellectual beauty which animated him. There was in him a spirit which seemed to defy the very adversaries who had waged so stormy a war against him, time, and suffering, and misfortune. His features were small, the upper part not strictly regular; the lower had a Grecian contour. He did not look so tall as he was, his shoulders being a little bent by study and ill health. Like Socrates, he united the gentleness of the lamb with the wisdom of the serpent, the playfulness of the boy with the profoundness of the philosopher. His aspect had a certain seraphical character that would have suited the portrait of John the Baptist, or the angel whom Milton describes as 'holding a reed tipped with fire;' nor would the most religious mind, had it known him, have objected to the comparison. The leading feature of his character may be said to have been a natural piety; he was pious towards nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest. He was like a spirit that had darted out of its orb, and found itself in another planet."

To these brief notices we may add those of an author whose remarks will prove that he has studied the writings of Shelley with a close and philosophic attention.

"I believe," says this writer, "that Shelley's poetry and writings have been influential, to a degree perfectly unguessed by those who look only to their popularity. In his impetuous, intellectual, and unworldly mind, he is the spiritualiser of all who forsake the past and the present, and with lofty hopes, and a bold philanthropy, rush forward into the future, attaching themselves, not only to things unborn, but to speculations founded on unborn things. He represents that which arises from the intellect, and belongs to the contemplative or the ideal; he bodies forth the beauty of a time to be, and, with a more daring and dramatic genius than Wordsworth, he is equally intellectual in his creations; and his poetry is of a remarkably ethereal and spiritualising cast; it is steeped in veneration; it is for ever thirsting for the heavenly and the immortal; and the Deity he questioned avenges himself only by impressing His image upon all that the poet undertook. Shelley's unsettled and presuming faculty of verse deals little with the seen and known; it is for ever with the spectral images of things, chasing the invisible echo, and grasping at the bodiless shadow. Whether he gives language to Pan, to Asia, to Demurgus, or song to the cloud, or paints the river-love of Alpheus for Arethusa, or follows, through all the gorgeous windings of his most wondrous diction, the spirit of poesy in Alastor, or that of liberty in the revolt of Islam; he is tasking our interest for things that are not mundane or familiar, things which he alone had power to bind to

nature, and which those who imitate him have utterly dis severed from her control. They, too, deal with demigods and phantoms—the beautiful invisibles of creation; but they forget the chain by which the Jupiter of their creed linked each, the highest to the lowest, in one indissoluble connexion, that united even the highest heaven to the bosom of our common earth."*

These sentiments are beautifully expressed, and include much that is true of the poet spoken of. Another tribute to his golden genius, and we close, for the present, our inquiry into his high merits as a poet:—

LINES

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY," IN A BLANK LEAF OF THE "FROM-THUS UNBOUND."

"Write it in gold—a spirit of the sun,
An intellect, a blaze with heavenly thoughts,
A soul with all the dews of pathos shining,
Odorous with love, and sweet to silent woe,
With the dark glories of concentrate song,
Was sphered in mortal earth. Angelic sounds,
Alive with panting thoughts, sunned the dim
world;
The bright creations of a human heart
Wrought magic in the bosoms of mankind;
A flooding summer burst on poetry,
Of which the crowning sun, the night of beauty,
The dancing showers, the birds, whose anthems
wild,
Note after note, unbind the enchanted leaves
Of breaking buds, eve, and the flow of dawn,
Were centred and condensed in his one name,
As in a providence—and that was Shelley."

ERMON.

* The author of "England and the English."

BRITAIN.

CHAP. IX.

NORMANO-BRITISH PERIOD OF 88 YEARS.

AFTER a preparation of eight months, with sixty thousand soldiers, (fifty thousand of whom were cavalry,) and about one thousand ships, William, Duke of Normandy, landed at Pevensey, September 20th, 1065, to dethrone Harold, who had just slain the two invaders, Tosti and Harold, of Norway, at York. A battle near Hastings followed, on the 14th October, when Harold and most of the principal nobility, after a day's hard fighting, were slain, their troops, which were all infantry, armed with spears, swords, and axes, were scattered; while the Normans lost fifteen thousand men, the conqueror himself having lost three horses from under him. The battle was begun by the champion Taillefer, singing on horseback the famous song of Roland

before the Roman army. Both armies shouted, as they went to the battle, the war-cry of the Normans, being "God is our help!" that of the English, "Christ's rood, the holy rood!" William appeared to moderate his joy at the victory, by giving thanks on the field, by offering no violence to the dead, who were decently interred, and if Harold indeed were slain, by allowing his body to be taken by his friends, of which however there are different accounts, and by building an abbey on the site of the battle. He marched to London, which was surrendered to him by the two archbishops, two bishops, some noblemen, and five principal citizens, headed by Edgar, who was afterwards pensioned with "a pound of silver daily." After the necessary disorders of

such events, he was crowned in a tumult in Westminster, where, before the ceremony was over, he, and the ecclesiastics who were engaged in it, were left alone; and the whole finished by a conflagration and slaughter, too symptomatic of the future. William having ordered fortifications to be built in London, went to live at Barking, where he received great presents, secured for himself all the possessions of Harold, of his family, and those of King Edward; alienated the lands of the deceased nobility to his attendants, sent presents to the pope, especially the standard of Harold, in return for a standard which, when blessed, had been sent to him by the pope; and to such churches as had prayed for his success he gave other benefits, and ordered castles to be built near all the principal cities of York, Lincoln, Nottingham, and Cambridge, that the inhabitants might be awed by the Norman shadow.

William the Conqueror retained Norwich for himself, commanded it to provide him with one hundred and ninety livres, and a good horse annually; and to the greater portion of many other of the chief towns, as York, Shrewsbury, and Dover, command was given to provide the king with contributions in kind. After the battle of Hastings, Arundel was given to Battle Abbey, Dorchester only escaped with eighty-eight houses and Wareham with sixty-two. Oxford, which had seven hundred and twenty, after the seizure of William only about three hundred were left. Derby lost a third of its houses, and Leicester was almost razed, while Lincoln lost one hundred and sixty-six houses out of a small number.

In six months after he had landed, having reappointed Peter-pence, William went to Normandy, to exhibit his conquests and immense treasures which he made many of the great men of England grace by their personal attendance. This allured swarms of the Norman emigrants; but the English revolted, and their new governor, on his return, revived the Danegelt, which ended in other oppressions, and caused many of the remaining English nobility to leave the country. From the English all arms were taken, and at eight o'clock in the evening, made known by a bell, the *couvre le feu* was to be put on the fire; when they were condemned to silence and darkness till the dawn, when another bell was rung which called them to exercise the active part of slaves.

The Saxons had deposited much of their wealth in the churches, which were thought by them to be consecrated, which, however, were all rifled by the Normans, who acted under the sanction of the infamous delegates of the pope.

Some of the larger towns attempted to recover their freedom, and inflicted great sufferings on the Normans, especially at York, to punish which, William laid all the country between York and Durham, on the authority of William

of Malmesbury, under the sword, which lay waste for nine years. This, with its consequences, destroyed one hundred and twenty thousand men, whose fifteen thousand dwellings, monasteries, and churches were razed, and every vestige of the towns and villages disappeared, while subsequently troops of robbers infested these lands. The estates which thus became tenantless were given to the Normans, as also were those of the great earls Edwin and Morcar, and many of the remaining monasteries were sacked.

But at length, when the work of plunder became familiar, many of the Norman soldiers grew weary and sought to return, which was politic; for the king no sooner conquered the Saxons than he taxed his own Normans, who in 1089 were each obliged to pay him six silver pennies; and the strifes between the Normans themselves, on this account, were many, and often led to disastrous consequences.

The king of Scotland, from whom many of the English nobles had obtained protection, (thus was founded the Scottish nobility,) often damaged the northern possessions of the tyrant, who retaliated. A most valorous body of Saxons under the romantic Hereward, the last of the resistless, intrenched in the marshes of Ely, withstood, for a time, the attacks of the conqueror, who admiring the leader's courage, restored him to his estates, and gradually subdued his followers. Many similar series of chivalrous actions were sustained by the northmen before they were perfectly subdued. At length, afflicted with the loss of his wife; with riotous, because oppressed, subjects; with real and threatened invasions; with the rebellion and ill-fortune of some of his children, of whom he had nine; William died of a wound in the belly, from the pommel of his saddle, leaving England to William, his second son, much money to the churches and monasteries, and liberty to the imprisoned nobles. Such was the indifference to him at his death, that he was left three hours neglected, and even in a state of nudity; for all his servants had fled to secure their property. He is said to have been corpulent, temperate, skilful in the martial games, and very superstitious; and much given to use the singular oath "by the brightness and resurrection of God." The Saxon Chronicle describes William to perfection, where it says "he was stark beyond all bounds to those who withstood his will." He was an infamous traitor against the rights of Englishmen, for in addition to his deceitful and cruel assumption of the throne, his reign was but a mosaic of oppression, and by the close of it there were none of the English who held any important offices either in state or church.

WILLIAM DE POICTOU.

William compelled the English to shave the hair from the upper lip, where they had always

worn it; troubled the great with vexatious regiments; and the small he reduced to slaves; robbed the English merchants; made every previous transfer of property null; encouraged foreign merchants by confining fairs and markets to the principal cities and fortified towns; prohibited slave selling to infidels; patronised learned men, and built many castles; while all his bishops and earls, as they received the estates of the English, also built castles to preserve them. The young should be taught to detest his character, and not to admire it because he had great military genius. The conqueror was so given to hunting that he destroyed thirty-six parishes, with their churches, and four monasteries, (though he had eighteen forests at the time,) to plant the new forest in Hampshire, where he might gratify his Dianan taste. To preserve this forest, originated the odious game laws, which have damaged so many families by occasioning so many deaths; for the most lenient punishment for poaching then was, whoever killed a deer or a bird, to lose his eyes!

William Rufus who had red hair, and received his surname from that accident, seized his father's treasures, then deposited at Winchester, and in value somewhat less than a million of our money, paid the legacies to the clergy, and obtained the crown not without considerable opposition, which, by insincere promises to the English, he at length crushed. He then warred upon his brothers, raised enormous taxes from his subjects to purchase Normandy, which his brother, about to crusade, mortgaged for three years. William Rufus afterwards attempted to humble the Welsh, but failing, built a line of castles along their frontier to check their incursions into the adjoining counties.

He was accidentally shot in the New Forest, where he had also lost his brother Richard, by Sir Walter Tyrrel, a Norman, who had discharged his arrow at a buck, August 2nd, 1099. He was conveyed to Winchester in a collier's waggon, (by a family, whose descendants, of the same name, still live in that town,) and buried the next day with kingly obsequies. Historians say of this king that he was haughty, robust, a great swearer, a drunkard, and much addicted to fornication. It is certain that he raised some of the greatest soldiers and intriguers, as Flambard, &c., to his bishoprics. He is said to have built the castles of Norwich, Exeter, Dover, and Windsor. In this reign, surnames are first mentioned, as Robert de Curthose, or short legs—John de Castra—Henry Beauclerk, &c. Westminster Hall, one hundred and seventy feet by seventy, (which the king said was but a closet compared with what he intended to build,) was built for the king's dining-room; London bridge, then of wood, was burnt and rebuilt; a rampart was raised round the London Tower; and the crusades were begun by Peter the hermit, a man

of as little judgment as magnificent fancy, and spiritual ambition.

Henry I., surnamed Beauclerk, then thirty years of age, brother of the preceding king, and who was in the forest at his death, galloped instantly to Winchester, seized the treasures, and consequently much of the royal power, and in three days procured his own coronation. To propitiate his subjects he deposed his brother's favourites; recalled some of the banished nobles and clergy, among whom was Anselm; revived the Confessor's laws; remitted many of the crown debts; banished the prostitutes from court; granted a favourable charter to the citizens of London; liberated some important prisoners; gave additional favours to the church; abolished the infamous curfew regulations; gave all leave to make their wills; corrected the currency; and peopled the castles on the Welsh boundary with foreigners. He was besieged by his elder brother Robert, when he returned from the crusades, who lost not only his kingdom but his liberty; for he suffered a cruel and most unnatural imprisonment in Cardiff, and other castles, for twenty-seven years, after having been deprived of his sight. Robert had sold his right to the English crown for an annuity of three thousand marks, which, finding it difficult to procure, he soon relinquished to save his liberty.

Henry was an oppressive governor, for he spent a great part of his time in Normandy, whose endless wars the English were taxed to support; besides an impost of three shillings a hide for a marriage portion to the king's daughter Maud. He governed mostly through his favourite the Earl of Mellent, whose death much grieved him. The king had a beloved son, whose name was William, who lost his life in returning from Normandy, with two hundred and thirty-two of the young nobles, and eighteen ladies of rank, all of whom were wrecked through the drunkenness of the sailors. When the king heard the calamity he fell on the floor, fainted, and resigned himself to the most violent grief; and is said never to have smiled afterwards; which is most likely to be false, for he subsequently married and engaged again in the wars of Normandy, where he died from eating forbidden lampreys, November 25, 1135, and was embalmed, wrapped in an ox hide, and buried at Reading. He left his kingdom to his daughter Maud, or Matilda, to whom he had, some time before, obliged all his nobles to swear allegiance. Henry had used to say "an unlearned king was a crowned ass." In this reign, Gloucester, York, Worcester, and part of London, which, like all other English towns, were then built of wood, were consumed by fire; Woodstock Park was laid out, and the order of Knights Templars founded.

Stephen, who had sworn fealty to Maud, after having seized the treasures of Winchester, sub-

omed a person to swear that Henry had left him the kingdom, to which there were five prior heirs. He, however, bribed the clergy, and was crowned at Winchester, where he promised what either the clergy or the barons were disposed to ask. The first he satisfied by granting more ecclesiastical privileges; the second, by allowing them to build castles, so that every one who was able built a castle, of which, besides one thousand one hundred and fifteen new ones,* some of which then belonged to bands of powerful robbers, many of the dilapidated were repaired at the beginning of this reign. While to court the people Stephen adopted an affable and jocular habit of talking to all whom he met, Maud, her brother, and the king of Scotland, who was defeated in 1138 in the battle of the standard, all attempted to dethrone the usurper, who successfully retained his seat till having quarrelled with the clergy, who inhabited many of the castles, he fell under their displeasure, which occasioned an invasion by Maud, who, after suffering much,

overcame Stephen in the battle of the barons, at Lincoln, where the king was taken prisoner. Maud enjoyed her prosperity but a few months, for, impolitic towards friends and enemies, she was soon deserted, and Stephen again restored. This was, however, more the effect of the respective parties of the nobles, whose strifes, besides the miseries of war, destroyed trade and agriculture, and induced a famine, in which the flesh of dogs, cats, and horses, was greedily eaten, while whole villages were to be seen without an inhabitant. Henry, son of Maud, invaded England, first obliged Stephen to a truce, and then to stipulate, over a narrow part of the Thames, that he should succeed to the crown, of which hostages were given. Stephen died October 25th, 1154, with whom ended the race of the Norman kings, some of the *minor* events of whose lives (which from the space they have occupied in most books, one would think, formed the principal objects of English history) may be thus condensed.

NORMANS.	Born.	Crowd.	Died.	Places where born and died.	Where Interred.	Mode of death.	Where crowned.	No. of Children. Sons. Daughters.	Wars.
	William I.	1028	1066	1067	Falaise. Near Rouen. Aged 61.	Caen.	Hurt by his horse.	Westminster.	4. 5.
	William II.		1067	1100	Normandy. New Forest.	Winchester.	Killed in hunting.	Ditto.	Not married.
	Henry I.	1067	1100	1134	Selby, St. Denis. Aged 67.	Reading.	Eating lampreys.	Ditto.	2. 1.
	Stephen.	1104	1136	1154	Blois. Dover. Aged 50.	Faversham Abbey.	Natural death.	Ditto.	3. 2.

OUR YOUNG QUEEN.

FIRST ARTICLE.

[We copy the following paper from the two first numbers of the "Monthly Repository," which have been edited by Mr. Leigh Hunt, a man whose name, in connexion with the literature of our country, we can never mention without feelings of respect and esteem. The following is from his pen, and affords evidence of that sincere and charitable desire for peace and good-will unto all which has ever characterised his writings and private sentiments.]

We have now a queen on the throne whom we have known in youth, and youth only. We know her but publicly, however; we cannot be said to know any thing of her real character, and probably it is known to very few, if, completely, even to those—so truly feminine is the retirement in which she has been brought up. If the report, however, of her mother's intellectual and moral qualities be well founded, (and the fact of that tranquil education says much for it in many respects,) we may hope that England will experience the advantages, for the first time, of having a queen brought up in a mother's arms, and in a manner at once feminine and wise. We may, in that case, look to see womanhood on

the throne in its best character, and therefore such as may give life and advancement to what is best and manliest in the hopes of the world. But upon this prospect must rest, for some time at any rate, the awful doubt arising from all that is hitherto known of the unhappy chances of royal spoiling; which chances, however, should not prevent us from hoping and thinking the best, as long as we are prepared for disappointment, and commit no offences ourselves, either of adulation or the reverse. Her majesty's position, at all events, is a very serious one, both as regards us and herself; and her youth, her sex, her manifest sensibility, (whether for good or evil,) her common nature as a fellow-creature, and all those circumstances which will make her reign so blest beyond example if she turn out well, and so very piteous and unpopular if otherwise, but of which neither she nor any one else will or can have been responsible for the first causes, (those lying hidden in the mystery of all things,) combine to make every reflecting heart regard her with a mixture of pitying tenderness and hopeful respect, and cordially to pray that it may be consistent with the good of mankind and

* These castles are said to have been raised in nineteen years, and to have been as oppressive to the unwearied workmen as the notorious erection of the pyramids.

best for it, whatever be their particular opinions meanwhile, to see her fair figure continue hovering over the advancing orb, like the embodied angel of the meaning of her name.

We had the pleasure the other day of seeing the queen return from dissolving the parliament. Bells rung, and cannon thundered, and the crowd pressed together with cries of "Hats off!" and "She's coming!" and first appeared horse-soldiers clearing the way, then a gilt coach, very stately, containing lords of the household, and a grave little page behind a great hat and feathers, then another with ladies, and then (all moving slowly, and with abundance of beautiful black and cream-coloured horses, whom we rather fancied than saw) the great coach of coaches, out lord-mayoring the lord mayor, and presenting to the delighted eyes of her subjects the young and handsome queen, gorgeously attired, and crowned with a diadem of gold and diamonds. Most courteously, and with a face of good-humoured pleasure, she kept bowing to the exclamations of "God bless the queen!" "God save your majesty!" uttered in tones more fervent than loud; and so the huge coach went heavily on, putting "hats off" as it proceeded, and shining in the distance amidst a sea of heads and gazing windows, with the gilt crown on the top of its great gilt self.

It was the first time we had seen the queen since she was a child, walking prettily, hand-in-hand, in Kensington-gardens, with a young lady of her own age. Instead of a child somewhat formal in countenance, we now saw before us a fine-grown young woman, (woman is a higher word than lady,) of the order of figures called "buxom," but not inelegant; handsome, indeed, in face, (the person we could not so well see;) smiling self-possessed, but highly pleased; looking healthy, (for she had not the pale look so

often attributed to her,) and crowned, beside her diadem, with a profusion of light-brown tresses; altogether presenting an aspect luxuriant, good-humoured, and highly agreeable. It was the Guelphic face under its very best aspect, and improved, if we mistake not, with a straightness and substance of forehead certainly not common to that portion of her race. We had fancied her darker, from the recollection of her when a child, though, at the same time, more like her father than mother. She now appeared still like her father, with a mixture of something more gladsome and open-mouthed; (the upper lip, we believe, shows the teeth while speaking;) but her crown seemed to rest on a forehead derived from her mother and maternal uncle, (Leopold,) and, we thought, looked all the securer and happier for it. What a problem for the reflecting portion of the spectators to solve, as they stood looking at her on the occasion before us! How affecting to analyse one's own wonder as we gazed, to think of the causes of one's curiosity! How various are the lights (such was the natural reflection) in which this spectacle may be regarded! and how entirely it depends for any real dignity on the good connected with it!

Is it a mere show? Are these servants plastered with gold, these horses, all pride and ribbons, these soldiers, these ladies, these fine gilt coaches, and this wonderfully-superannuated old coachman, who looks as if he had come out of the century before last on purpose to vindicate his right of immortal drive, nothing better than an imposing sight, which might as well be spared, and merely sets idle people gaping? On the other hand, is the spectacle of any solid significance? and if so, is the solidity to be all on the side of the principal object in it? is it simply to add to her power? Then, besides being a puerile compliment to those who admire it, it is provoking to those who reflect, and perilous to all.

A DOUBT.

"Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar."—WORDSWORTH.

I know not how the right may be,
But I give thanks whene'er I see,
Down in the green slopes of the west,
Old Glastonbury's towered crest.

I know not how the right may be,
But I have oft had joy to see,
By play of chance, my road beside
The cross on which the Saviour died.

I know not how the right may be,
But I loved once a tall elm-tree,
Because, between its boughs on high,
That cross was opened on the sky.

I know not how the right may be,
But I have shed strange tears to see,
Passing an unknown town at night,
In some warm chamber full of light,
A mother and two children fair
Kneeling with lifted hands at prayer.

I know not how it is, my boast
Of reason seems to dwindle down,
And my mind seems down-argued most
By forced conclusions not her own.

I know not how it is, unless
Weakness and strength are near allied,
And joys which most the spirit bless
Are furthest off from earthly pride.

H. A.

MR. WILLIAMS'S BOOK ON MISSIONS.

A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands; with Remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, origin, languages, traditions, and usages of the Inhabitants. BY JOHN WILLIAMS, of the London Missionary Society. London, 1837.

THE London Missionary Society, and the Missionary enterprise in which it has so nobly, liberally, and perseveringly laboured and suffered for the space of nearly forty years, have in this volume a splendid and imperishable monument, recording successful achievements in favour of human happiness, which are without a parallel in the history of the world. Christianity is the great civiliser—in the South Sea Islands this has been proved under every state of social degradation and wretchedness. But Christianity civilises, by truths spiritual in their nature, and by an influence Divine in its origin. The Missionaries, therefore, are not only the chief benefactors of their species, and take precedence of statesmen and legislators in the great work of social improvement; but they are the heralds to announce another and a brighter world; they build the edifice of an enlightened, wise, and beneficent civilisation on the basis of an immortal principle, which, by purifying and elevating the individual being, sheds its influence through every portion of society. The time is past for assailing with sophistical cunning or with virulent abuse these noblest of philanthropists; yet, with Mr. Williams, we cannot but regret that there are so few of the wise and the noble amongst us who countenance and contribute to aid their operations.

"To what can this be ascribed? Not surely to any thing in the Missionary enterprise which could dishonour or degrade those who identify themselves with it. Regarded in the lowest view in which it can be considered, as an apparatus for overthrowing puerile, debasing, and cruel superstitions; for raising a large portion of our species in the scale of being; and for introducing amongst them the laws, the order, the usages, the arts, and the comforts of civilised life, it presents a claim, the force and obligation of which every one who makes pretensions to intelligence, philanthropy, or even common humanity, ought to admit; and, if evidence in support of this claim be demanded, the author ventures confidently to assert that it will be found in the following pages. This, however, is taking but low ground. The Missionary enterprise regards the whole globe as its sphere of operation. It is founded upon the grand principles of Christian benevolence, made imperative by the command of the ascending Saviour, and has for its primary object to roll away from six hundred millions of the race of Adam the heavy curse which rests upon them;—to secure their elevation to the dignity of intelligent creatures and children of God;—to engage their thoughts in the contemplation, and to gladden their hearts with the prospects of immortality;—to make known 'the way of life' through the meritorious sufferings of the Redeemer;—in a word, 'to fill the whole earth with the glory of the Lord.' Surely to be identified with such an object must confer dignity on the highest stations, and throw lustre around the most brilliant talents. If, then, there be nothing in the Missionary enterprise to account for the indifference of the more opulent and literary of our countrymen, but every thing to condemn it, we are led to the conclusion, that such a state of things must be ascribed to the circumstance, that the important subject has not been brought sufficiently under their attention."

Mr. Williams modestly adds, that he "can scarcely indulge the hope, that a Narrative with so few pretensions to literary excellence, will meet the eye of those

to whom his remarks refer;"—we assure him, however, that its merits far transcend his appreciation of them. It is just such a work as an enlightened Missionary might be expected to write. Its pretensions regard the right objects; that which ought to be paramount maintains the first place throughout its pages. We have entitled this article, "Mr. Williams's Book on Missions," simply for the purpose of announcing to our readers, that, under this head, we shall furnish extracts, from time to time, which we deem illustrative of either of the divisions of our Miscellany, literature, science, and religion. In this number we begin with the notice of the life of Captain Wilson, who commanded the *Duff*—the vessel which conveyed the first Missionaries to the islands of the Southern Ocean. It is brief, but interesting:—

"The fathers and founders of the London Missionary Society began their labours upon an extensive scale. They purchased a ship, and sent out no less than twenty-five labourers to commence missions simultaneously at the Marquesan, Tahitian, and Friendly Islands. The vessel returned, after a most successful voyage; the Missionaries having been settled, and every thing having succeeded to the wishes and expectations of the friends and directors of the benevolent scheme. This, in a great measure, may be attributed to the skill of Captain Wilson, whom God raised up, and by a series of events, almost without a parallel in the history of man, qualified to take charge of the expedition. When in India, after having rendered invaluable services to the British army, he was unfortunately taken by the French; and, upon receiving intelligence that Suffrein had basely accepted a bribe from Hyder Ally to deliver the English prisoners into his hands, he determined to effect his escape, which he did by leaping from the prison walls, a height not less than forty feet. In his flight, the vast Coleroon, a river full of alligators, obstructed his passage; but, ignorant of the danger he was encountering, he plunged into its waters, and swam to the opposite shore. Flattering himself that his perils were passed, and his liberty secure, he ascended an eminence to survey the surrounding country, when, to his terror and surprise, he was perceived by some of Hyder Ally's peons, who galloped towards him, seized him, stripped him naked, tied his hands behind his back, and fastening a rope to them, drove him before them to head-quarters.

"When interrogated by one of Hyder Ally's chieftains, he gave an ingenuous account of his escape from the prison at Cuddalore. The chieftain immediately charged him with falsehood, adding that no mortal man had ever swam over the Coleroon, and that if he had but dipped his fingers in its waters, he would have been seized by the alligators. Upon being convinced however, of the fact, they all gazed at him with astonishment, and the Turk exclaimed, 'This is God's man.'

"After this he was chained to a common soldier, and driven naked, barefoot, and wounded, a distance of 500 miles. He was at length loaded with irons of thirty-two pounds weight, and thrust into a horrible prison called the Black Hole; and while there so great at times was the raging of his hunger, that his jaws snapped involuntarily when his scanty meal was brought to him. Often the corpse was unchained from his arm in the morning, that another living sufferer might take its place, and fall by the same merciless treatment.

"That he should survive such accumulated misery for twenty-two months, was next to a miracle. At length the monster Hyder Ally was subdued, and the doors of the Black Hole were thrown open, when, emaciated, naked, half-starved, and covered with ulcers, with

thirty-one companions, who alone remained to tell the dismal tale of their sufferings, Captain Wilson obtained deliverance. At a subsequent period, when at Ben-coolen, every European in the ship he commanded died! Yet during all this time his heart continued hardened, and he knew not the hand that preserved him.

"Having been successful in his mercantile pursuits, he resolved to return to England, and sit down content. With this view he embarked in the same ship in which the excellent Mr. Thomas, one of the Baptist Missionaries, was returning to England. Mr. Wilson, being still an infidel in principle, had frequent disputes with Mr. Thomas, who one day remarked to the chief officer of the vessel, that he should have much more hope of converting the Lascars to Christianity than Captain Wilson; so deeply mysterious, at times, are the ways of Providence. But things impossible to man are possible with God; for at length, by a series

of most interesting incidents, he was induced to abandon his infidel principles, and became an eminent and devoted Christian.

"After some years of uninterrupted enjoyment of the comforts around him, a number of the Evangelical Magazine, communicating some embryo views of the mission to the South Seas, fell into his hands, which immediately gave rise to the suggestion, that if his services were either needful or acceptable, he would sacrifice his comforts, and without any prospect of worldly advantage, would embark once more upon the stormy ocean. Thus was this wonderful man raised up, and thus prepared to take command of this novel and important undertaking.

"When we reflect upon the various circumstances which attended the commencement of the mission, we cannot wonder that our fathers had the pleasing impression 'that their undertaking was of God.'"

LAST WORDS.

REFRESH me with the bright blue violet,
And put the pale faint-scented primrose near,
For I am breathing yet;
Shed not one silly tear,
But when mine eyes are set,
Scatter the fresh flowers thick upon my bier,
And let my early grave with morning dew be wet.

I have passed swiftly o'er the pleasant earth,
My life hath been the shadow of a dream;
The joyousness of birth
Did ever with me seem;

My spirit had no dearth,
But dwelt for ever by a full swift stream,
Lapt in a golden trance of never-failing mirth.

Touch me once more, my father, ere my hand
Have not an answer for thee; kiss my cheek,
Ere the blood fix and stand
Where flits the hectic streak;
Give me thy last command
Before I lie all undisturbed and meek,
Wrapt in the snowy folds of funeral swathing-band.

H. A.

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

WELLS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The Alleghany Magazine, published in Pennsylvania, states that a well was dug, some years since, in the great valley between the north and south mountains in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, and another thirty or forty rods distant in Cumberland county, the bottom of which, at the depth of thirty-six feet deep in each, suddenly gave way, and a torrent of water flowed up. A lead with fifty fathoms of line was sunk without finding any obstruction, and the wells remain in the same state at present. The presumption, says the writer, is, that there is a subterranean lake in that quarter, extending under the base of the vast primitive ranges of mountains between the Susquehanna and Pittsburg on the Ohio.

MOROCCO.—The manner in which corn is preserved in Morocco is deserving of mention. A subterranean cellar is dug seven or eight feet in depth, the sides of which are covered with reeds and straw, the bottom part being matted, and straw placed over it. The grain is then deposited, and well protected at top by straw being placed over it: the opening is covered by a large slab, over which the earth is heaped in a mound, to prevent the rain settling and entering. In these kind of granaries, or *matamoors*, as they are called, and which are usually made on sloping ground, to secure them from damp, wheat and barley, I was informed, would keep perfectly good for five years, and other grain to a longer period. The largest *matamoors* are at Rabat, and are capable of containing some hundred bushels.—*Spain, by Arthur de Capell Brooke.*

HANOVER.—There are in Hanover eleven Protestant convents, where young ladies may retire who have sur-

vived the bloom of youth, and have arrived at single blessedness, and may pass down the stream of time, in each other's society, in uninterrupted tranquillity. Each of these institutions is under the direction of an elderly lady, corresponding in some degree with the abbess of Catholic convents. The young ladies receive annually from two to three hundred rix-dollars, with which they are enabled to live genteelly. The restraints of the institutions are not severe. They receive visits from their friends, usually in the presence of their governess, though that is not required, or has been for a short time only. It is not necessary to reside here constantly; a few weeks of each year being sufficient to entitle them to the pension. Some of them accordingly pass most of their time with their friends, and whenever they are thrown out upon the world by the dissolution of their families, they have a refuge to which they can retire, without experiencing those mortifications which are so frequently attendant upon adversity. These asylums are under the direction of government, to which parents, wishing to procure such places for their children, apply. It requires some influence at court to obtain them, as the number of applicants is much greater than that of vacancies. Parents not unfrequently solicit them while children are quite young, and some of them receive the promise of them even from the cradle, although, I believe they do not enjoy the emolument until they approach the shady side of twenty, unless they reside in the convent at least a part of the time.—*Dwight's Travels in Germany.*

SELF EDUCATION.

ARTICLE III.

LET us now mention some of the advantages and defects of self education.

The sort of education we propose, will be in most instances better performed ; the knowledge collected will be more valued ; the difficulties overcome will be gratefully remembered, as motives to future labour ; the habits established will be deeper rooted, and the soul will set altogether a higher value on its attainments, and feel more affluent pleasures as the result ; and this ensures the more faithful transmission of the mental stores to the end of life. An air of mental independence will not be *assumed*, but *grow* up through all the breadth of the mind ; literary authority, and the slavery of opinion, those old friends of error, will be considerably diminished ; and, what is more than all, the mind's individuality will be less crushed and disfigured by the intellectual fashion, which has often strangled genius in the noblest stages of its development. Besides, this education will, on the whole, be more extensive ; and as it is neither confined to place nor time, life itself will be an extended term of learning, and all its events will become part of the educational discipline. For instead of considering education finished at the expiration of youth, the conviction will become established that it is a life-work, which will of itself deliver the mind from a thousand fundamental errors. Look, on the other hand, at the merely *imparted* and the merely *received* thing, which goes by the name of education. It is thought good in proportion to the reputation of the school, or to the degree of its existence. The persons who undertake to set the minds of the rising generation in right action for immortality, are often but the *winded, jaded, or unfortunate* fugitives, who "drag their slow length along" after their own generation ; the maimed members of the intellectual camp, who follow the march of mind merely to live on its bounties, or to shelter behind its protection. Most of the school teachers, it is proverbial, have neither taste nor qualification for their employment, and would never have resorted to it if they had not become widows, or unfortunate in other speculations. But even where this is not the case, how limited are the subjects to which the professional pedagogue confines his pupil ! Language and mathematics are the *principal* things taught at the schools ; and the plot of the intellectual field, which is called *classical*, and which after all, is stuffed with fables, and mythological lumber, and impure narratives, is the only one cultivated to any extent. It is in vain, in most of these schools, that practical science pleads for its share of attention, now, through the minstrelsy of animated nature, and then

through the works of art. The clangor of mills and wheels, the wonders of the water and fire, the mysteries of the lathe and the principles of commerce, the celestial map, traced in lines of eternal fire, and the earth a diamond-mass of natural wealth, the history of mind, and the achievements of social man, call in vain for notice from the horde of fashionable pedagogues. In vain does universal knowledge plead its simplicity, its cheapness, its condescension to children, its ever changing pictures, its ever-multiplying examples, its connexion with happiness, its long neglect, and its Divine origin ; fashion has no ears for truth ; and the *Median* decree is gone forth, that scraps of Greek and Latin, French and Italian, &c., imperfectly acquired, at certain places, in youth, and at a certain expense, shall be considered good education. In vain does nature protest against cramping the genius by the motions of the dolt, or in flogging the dolt to overtake the genius. In vain does it protest against the neglect of juvenile taste, or of working out of the mind all its individuality, by pressing it into the school mould. In vain is the pedagogue shown every day that his imparted knowledge is forgotten before his pupil's beard begins to appear ; and that the recollections of school are kindred to "prison thoughts," and seldom revive in their memory without a shudder or a laugh. The self educationist, on the other hand, knows no bounds to his inquiry, but looks eastward and westward with the same inquisitive interest. He owns no custom in thinking, receives nothing before it is proved, but when demonstrated believes all, however marvellous. He finds his nature in the beginning all disorder ; every pin and screw, every wheel and pivot out of place, and he aims at a general rectification ; and to make all his powers act as nearly as possible according to their original destination. This is, however, a less easy work than that of the Grecian charioteer, who stood up alone in his light car, at the Olympic games, to drive abreast his ten Arabian, and all but wild, stallions, which were yoked with a single band, and glittering in their own foam, and alarmed at the light thunder of their own heels, dashed with dishevelled manes and nostrils of fire through the shouting myriads of assembled Greece, leaping their own height if they saw but the shadow of the whip. Courage and precision of sight were all that was necessary to effect this ; but self education calls upon all the powers, and exercises and produces all the national virtues.

Nor would we omit the occasional and too frequent defects which appear in the self edu-

cated classes. Too many of this class, by the mere education of the mind, excluding the dispositions from the self culture, have become dogmatical, opinative, and even contemptuous. This leads to a hypercritical habit, which is always the badge of mental littleness; and it has inconceivably damaged the repute of self education. I once knew a young man who had disfigured his fine mind, under the notion of educating himself, by the mere study of mathematical science; that is, he had confined himself to one subject and to one set of thoughts, and though they attained to astonishing acuteness, his heart was a waste and his life miserable. For he magnified mathematics above every thing: who knew them was wise, who was ignorant of them was in his esteem a fool. He tried all subjects by that kind of certainty, and therefore confounded the nature of evidence, and lost his claims of talent by a neglect of his character. His intellectual fire, instead of bursting into a crown of glory, scorched the sweet and natural locks of charity, which before fell in simple grace upon his brow, and irritated him with haughty scorn and uncourteous contempt of his superiors. Such is an abortion of the self educated man. Let our young readers then remember that they are not to consider the virtues opponents, but the most valuable auxiliaries in this work.

But we have yet said nothing relative to the education of the senses. The expression will perhaps, among the superficial, raise a smile, but we, who have often profited by a contemptuous laugh, have ceased to be discouraged. It is universally received that the senses are a mediatorial apparatus, to establish and preserve a communication between mind and the external world, as well as between mind and mind; and that without them the external universe would, in relation to man, be virtually annihilated, and every one condemned to an awful isolation of existence. This granted, it is evident that the extent and accuracy of the communication must depend on the perfection of the intervening apparatus of the senses. Hence the loss of sight condemns the imagination, and through it all the mind, to an irreparable poverty; the loss of hearing makes the world silent, and excludes any being from the universal music, as the loss of feeling would fill the heart with constant suspicion and fear. The loss of taste is the removal of the life-guard from the gateway of animal life; and the loss of smell is a virtual destruction of half the animal pleasures. But, perhaps, we cannot better subserve our object than by glancing at the effects of cultivating the senses as they appear in those persons whose professions have made it their interest to educate a particular sense. The science of natural history has arisen almost exclusively from the education of the eye. Where would be the sciences of entomology and botany if the sight were removed?

And is it not by a particular cultivation of the eye that the artist distinguishes himself from his admirers? And who has failed to observe the great benefits that result to the legal pleader from the educational practice of the eye? By a glance he investigates, overpowers, or emboldens his witness; or by a glance he seizes on the leading points of his "brief," which he has only had in his possession a few minutes, though he appears to strangers to have been acquainted with all the *minutiae* of the quarrel. And by an education of the ear *alone* what has the musician done? What a marvellous compensation it becomes to the blind for the loss of sight! Who is ignorant that nearly all the tricks of legerdemain, and all the shuffles of the gambler depend on the exquisiteness to which he has carried the sense of feeling? How frequently the chemist, by a practised taste, will detect the presence of a chemical agent, which it would cost him hours to demonstrate. Now we are convinced that it would be undergirding the work of education with beams of iron, if the senses were as generally educated as the interest of a few has shown to what extent it may be carried. Many a dormant mind would be stimulated into dignified life, while the facts acquired would be incomparably better learned, and would be more numerous. Could our view of the subject be better illustrated than by a simple reference to the poets, the most original of whom, as Chaucer and Shakspeare, evidently laid the foundation of their eminence in a better employment of their senses than their predecessors; while Crabbe, Cowper, and Wordsworth, have, in our own age, by an accurate employment of the senses, on the most commonplace subjects, created a new style of domestic poetry, themselves an evergreen reputation, and have shown clearly that the source of originality has often no other mystery than avoiding the popular error of "having eyes, yet see not, and having ears, yet hear not."

We are quite aware that the use of the senses must depend, (to a great extent,) from natural laws, on the proportionate activity of the mental powers to which they relate; but we also believe, though the faculties within must regulate the exercise of the sensible powers, that the wakefulness of these powers, which may and ought to be artificially secured, would prevent the intellectual doze in which the bulk of mankind pass away their life. The dull child may be substantially quickened by a skilful and constant excitement of the senses; as the inaccurate might be cured by a rigorous attention to the precise qualities which come into contact with the sensible powers. By the same discipline,

* See the late trial of Lord de Roos, whose charge was, that by the improper but skilful cultivation of the power of feeling, he had cheated some of his *peer-gamblers* of large sums of money in accomplishing the *sauter la coupe*.

much of the falsehood of life would be prevented, as a great portion of it arises from the imperfect attention of the senses : and much of the suffering, consequent on fraud, would be spared in the experience of the next generation. Nor would this universe of material beauty, then fare in the next thousand years as it has done in the last. For instead of "the material revelation" lying constantly before the eyes of man, every leaf a picture, limned by the Infinite fingers, here exhibiting the storm blowing up all the pipes of the material organ into untaught anthems, there the buried diamond-nest, flashing like hidden virtues on each other, though unseen, now proving that a beetle's wing, in beauty and colour, is more affluent than the rainbow, and then teaching that the series of the Divine wonders, descending from man, is neither less magnificent nor various than the upper classes of his workmanship ; instead of all this being disregarded, as it has been for the most part, in the previous history of the world, and that by the principal minds that were ever born on earth, the education of all the senses would inlay the imagination with stores of material wealth, out of which the judgment might work its systems, or the heart its consolations.

We beg also to subjoin, briefly, our thoughts on the moral branch of education.

The greatest defect in the popular systems of education is either the entire want of moral instruction, resulting from the feeble opinion that it is impossible to teach morals without falling into some of the forms of sectarianism, or such *jeune* and cold hearted lessons as have disgusted the learner, and appeared to justify the prejudice of the public. We think, however, that in the most sectarian of the public institutions, or in those where there prevails the greatest diversity of moral sentiment among the managers, it is as easy to communicate instruction on fundamental morals, without colouring from the bigot's palette, as it is to teach a child the beauty, parts, and properties, of a plant, without referring to the barbarous jargon and countless divisions of the botanical systems. And, in our judgment, it is as seriously incumbent on public instructors, as its neglect in most instances is perilous to the welfare of youth. By moral instructions we mean such as relate to integrity, pity, courtesy, courage, decision, modesty, prudence, temper, cheerfulness, frugality, gratitude, humility, benevolence, moderation, patience, perseverance, regularity, docility, veracity, temperance, and their opposites.

Who does not see that the happiness of the world is primarily dependent on the state of these mental qualities, which in most of our systems of education are yet abandoned to the influence of chance ? Who does not feel that the most valuable instruction on these subjects

must be alike precious to even opposite sectaries, whose disagreements are not generally about the qualities of fundamental morals, but mainly relate to the best method of propagating doctrines ? And who will not admit to us that it is from ignorance on these subjects that most of our young men miss their road in life ? So that when they are overtaken with its storms, from not having knowledge of the moral armour, they are either driven to frivolous or guilty amusements, sink into dejection, and lose all self-respect, or fly to the miserable solace of infidelity, which, by destroying the difference between good and evil, the connexion of man with the moral universe, and the accountability of his actions, makes "free course" for the passions, and turns human life into an awful masquerade, where superior animals, with angelic forms, play all the diversities of universal selfishness.

We therefore urge our self educating reader to inquire whether he ought not first of all to secure correct *sentiments*, *feelings*, and *practice*, on the above subjects, at least contemporaneously with the education of his intellectual qualities ? and if for no other reason because the right education of the morals will make the development of the other powers more easy and safe, and their attainments more solid and beneficial. If we had permission to enlarge we should prefer no theme to illustrate the importance of this part of our subject to a review of the distinguished men, who in different stations of life have succeeded or failed, according to the state of their moral dispositions.

Lord Bacon is eternally disgraced for want of judicial *integrity*.

Dr. Johnson lost half his influence in life from want of *courtesy*.

James II. lost his throne from want of *courage*.

Cranmer is contemptible from defective *decision*.

Newton's greatness is increased by his marvellous *modesty*.

Dr. Horsley's genius will be always dishonoured by his violent *temper*.

Milton by *cheerfulness* greatly relieved his complicated misfortunes.

Benjamin Franklin, and almost all men who have amassed fortunes, laid the foundation in *frugality*.

Burns was oppressed all through life by the effects of his *imprudence*.

Napoleon might have been saved before he had fallen at all with a little *humility*.

Charles II. The Earl of Southampton partly supported Charles II during his exile ; served him many years in one of his chief offices, and even materially assisted in returning him to the throne, and yet that king refused Lady Russel, the daughter of the earl merely one week's respite of her lord's life : this was monstrous *in-gratitude*.

Sheridan was utterly lost for want of *temperance* and *frugality*.

John Howard has become immortal merely by his *benevolence* and *industry*.

Bishop Burnet, by his *moderation*, has secured the respect and confidence of all parties.

Columbus, by nearly thirty years *perseverance*, through discouragements, brought to light a new world.

Bunyan, by *patience* in prison, overcame his persecutors, and performed a work which will never be forgotten.

Doddridge, by *regularly* rising at *five*, instead of *seven*, and devoting those two hours to one work, wrote his "Family Expositor:" irregularity is the besetting sin of genius.

Walter Scott, by learning many of the local traditions, from the most superstitious of the Scotch peasantry, and by attentively studying their character, acquired the best materials in his imaginative works; such is the effect of *docility*.

Cromwell owed most of his greatness to his *decision*.

The Duke of Marlborough averted many of his calamities by *good temper*.

Andrew Marvel, though a poor representative of Hull, became terrible to the corrupt court of Charles II. by his *integrity*.

Judge Hale was in nothing greater than in generously *forgiving injuries*.

George III. will ever be endeared to the hearts of Englishmen from the *goodness of his domestic disposition* in spite of the defects of his government.

Instead of confining ourselves to the few instances we have just mentioned, illustrative of our remark, that the happiness of the world and the welfare of individuals chiefly depend on the *moral state* of the mind, we might have filled our pages with ten times the number, but we forbear. What might Chatterton, Savage, and Byron, have become if they had attended to this subject? And what did Whitefield, Defoe, and Marvel achieve by its pure influence?

But education in morals is purely the work of the individual himself: as it depends too much on the state of the will and feelings as well as on the knowledge of the heart to be accomplished by a stranger. Knowledge may be *imparted*; but dispositions *grow*, and virtue must be *acquired*; and as the value of the first is regulated by the state of the last things we have mentioned, the most superficial must at once see that his moral education is important, as the labour and responsibility of it will be principally his own. The firm foundation of morals must be revelation, from which all study on this subject will either graduate and measure, or run out into the inane uncertainties of philosophy, whose lights never

yet developed the map of life, much less filled its fields and ways with the luminous joyfulness which "maketh glad the heart of man." There is no alternative but to lay our heart and reason on the rocks of Christianity, or to build on the philosophical waves a float, which the storms may now drift into the regions of fable and enthusiasm, and then into the drearier and colder climes of speculation, where, at best, revelation's sun does but cast a lateral light, which oftener gilds the mountain's tops, than fertilises the plain, or than it cherishes the life of its inhabitants. In morals, there must be a fixed point from which to measure, or there is an end to the itinerations of mind: and if revelation be not allowed to fix that point, there is little hope of its ever being discovered. For the intellectual world has been disputing for the last four thousand years whether "utility," "pleasure," "the nature of things," "necessity," "reason," "experience," "conscience," or "Divine will," is to be the standard; and it is yet as far from being settled by philosophers, as it was when the acute peripatetics were filling the classic groves with disputatious eloquence, which never approached nearer perfection than when it broke out in mixtures of hope and *natural* prayer, that "the gods would vouchsafe them some certainties in moral science!"

In conclusion, self education should rather aim at the establishment of good habits, than a premature collections of opinion; it should confine the attention, at first, chiefly, to fundamental facts, rather than to miscellaneous literature; it should lead to an acquaintance with the best sources of information; it should establish in the mind a conviction that it was a work of self accomplishment; it ought, also, to lead to a very high estimate of the value of minutes and fragments of redeemable time; and it should embrace the sensible and moral, as well as the intellectual, powers of man. It requires solid self knowledge, a sound acquaintance with an attainable standard, a frequent comparison of progress, and no ordinary degree of self control. It will have its peculiar joys, sorrows, and triumphs; but there will be neither loss nor defeat with ordinary care: for missing the road will be one of the methods of learning it thoroughly, and a fall will both illustrate the mental elasticity, and double the vision of foresight. Let no one, therefore, despair of his own success, nor tremble at that of others: for the prevalence of such a self education as we advise, would consolidate the genuine interests of the upper classes, by raising the value of the subordinate characters in life. And why should those classes be excluded from the pleasures of intelligence and taste, since they share the pleasures of appetite and passion with the highest, under the sanction of the same provisions in nature, and from the same law?

PIETY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

[For the following excellent paper we are indebted to the "Literary and Theological Review," of June last; a quarterly work edited by the Rev. L. Woods, jun., and published in New York. We recommend it to the careful perusal of our readers, as containing many valuable suggestions.]

"The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence. They, both in power and act,
Are permanent; and time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it."

COLERIDGE.

No period since the apostolic has been more admirably marked by a happy development of the image of Christ in the hearts and lives of his followers, than the time between the reigns of Elizabeth and George the Third. It was an age prolific in intellectual and moral greatness; it was an age of vast erudition in literature, law, philosophy, and sound practical theology. Great principles sprung up and ripened into maturity; intellects of a giant aspect arose, and brooded over the darkness and confusion of those turbulent and eventful times, and infused into the mass conservative principles, the evolution of which has caused the firm and steady strides of civilisation and refinement to reach from one extremity of the continent to the other, has transformed the dreary wastes of the new world into the abode of peace, the sciences, and the arts, and is now drawing the effeminate millions of Asia within the circle of their almost creative influence.

There are to every period in the history of our race some great characteristic and distinctive habits of thought and feeling, in religion as well as in politics; while, like specimens of statuary, each may possess much in common with the rest.

To trace out some of those traits that gave character and individuality to the period to which allusion has been made, will be our present object.

It was an age of profound psychological research, especially in those departments of the science in which systematic theology has its foundation. How much some may affect to despise the results of these researches is not our concern. But we hazard nothing when we affirm that the leading writers of this period were men trained to severe thought, to keen research, to an iron industry, lucid and masculine reasoning. They delved long in the mine at the unshapen ore; they analysed the laws of their own being, and hence obtained their first principles—the ultimate grounds of their conclusions on great and fundamental subjects. The deep stillness of their closets testified to their avidity for the truth. Introversion of mind became a settled habit. Laden almost to oppression with the

knowledge of the ancient world, they toiled along the dark paths of mental science; and often the diligent and reflecting student will find concealed under "a venerable rust," the pure gold of occult truths, enchased by a sound and healthful reasoning. This knowledge was not a heavy and useless mass; nay, it was pressed into the service of Christ, and made an instrument of promoting his cause in the hearts of his followers, and of suppressing infidelity and apostasy.

The age of which we speak was distinguished for the practical and theological interpretation of Scripture. This, however, was not practised to the exclusion of critical interpretation; on the contrary, there are many well-executed specimens of the latter. To bring out into real life the ideal of the Bible, was the end of their ambition; and how far they succeeded is well known by those who are conversant with the character and writings of the holy Leighton, the godly and ardent Baxter, the great and artless Taylor, the profound and meditative Howe, Flavel, Barrow, and others of a kindred spirit. "If," says Leighton, "some of you be careful of repeating, yet rest not on that; if you be able to speak of it afterwards upon occasion, there is somewhat requisite beside and beyond this, to evidence that you are indeed fed by the word, as the flock of God. As when sheep, you know, or other creatures, are nourished by their pasture, the food they have eaten appears not in the same fashion upon them, not in grass, but in growth of flesh and fleece; thus the word would truly appear to feed you, not by the bare discoursing of the word over again, but by the temper of your spirit and actions, if in them you really grow more spiritual; if humility, self-denial, charity, and holiness are increased in you by it; otherwise, whatsoever literal knowledge you attain it avails nothing. Though you heard many sermons every day, and attained further light by them, and carried a plausible profession of religion, yet, unless by the Gospel you be transformed into the likeness of Christ, and grace indeed growing in you, you are but—as one says of the cypress-tree—fair and tall, but fruitless."

The labours of these men, as interpreters, originated in great love and reverence for the mysterious truths of revelation. This love and reverence for the Bible constitutes another characteristic of the piety of those times.

"They loved the Bible, it was their constant manual; and the only religious philosophy they desired to know was that which could bear the searching, purifying scrutiny of the word of God. Were they metaphysicians, then? Yes; but metaphysicians of an "ethereal mould." They studied to discover, and to present to the minds

of others, the beautiful connexions, the more than earthly harmony of those varied dispensations of the moral government of God which were published successively in Eden, at Mount Sinai, and in the song of the angels to the shepherds of Bethlehem. Did they talk of the soul and its sublime relations? They did; but it was with profound submission to the revelations of Him who made the soul. They rightly judged that all minds must be such as they were declared to be by their Creator. Sometimes, perhaps, they launched out into deep waters beyond their soundings; but even then their ship carried the Master, who could rebuke the surge, and return them in safety to the shore. Reason with them, amidst all its aspirings and flights, which seemed at times scarcely human, was but the servant of revelation. If, in any instances, they followed the *ignis fatuus* of a visionary theory, it was, perhaps, to demonstrate to us the danger of implicit reliance on any other authority than that of the inspired volume, the "entrance of whose words giveth life."

These things, with others, led the way to another characteristic, which gave complexion and distinctiveness to the piety of the seventeenth century. This was an habitual and devout meditation upon the great truths of the holy Scriptures, in all their mysteriousness and remoteness from sense.

The advantages, or rather, I would say, the absolute necessity of this habit is seen, in some measure, from the effects which flow from it.

The want of this habit of profound and pious meditation upon the truths of the Bible, and consequent reflection upon the laws of our interior being, gives the mind a materialising tendency; it places us off from the only just ground of sound philosophical reasoning upon truths, the right apprehension of which demands such reasoning; and it deadens the noblest and purest principles within us. And further, it generates pride and an over-estimate of personal power and worth, a contempt for the opinions of others, and a noisy and disgusting turbulence, if our opinions do not at once revolutionise the sacred customs and institutions of antiquity, and give a new complexion to settled habits of thought and feeling.

But let its presence be felt, and we have the antithesis of these intellectual and moral obliquities. Anchored where storms and winds never beat, a man accustomed to this habit may, without peril, ride where the waves of the highest popular excitement foam and dash about him. The actions of such a man on great and trying occasions are those of moral heroism. He sees not men as trees walking, mountains inverted, and an Utopia in every evanishing cloud; but things in their true aspect. He lays hold on the springs of action, and, from the changelessness of his own principles, labours in the work of

reformation with a firm and even hand, not with intermittent fits and moral paroxysms.

This habit of mind and action was beautifully exemplified by the leading divines of the seventeenth century. By this means, a peculiar gracefulness attaches itself to their writings. Each stood for the defence of truth, firm and self-collected, deeply imbued with the love of it, and a conviction of the certainty of the objects of his faith. The impress of eternity was laid on every moment. In all their religious writings, how much soever of invective they may contain, how dissonant soever their diction, there is an undertone which falls sweetly and softly on the ear, as it were, the soliloquising of a youthful seraph in a heart that inshrines the holy Jesus.

Their imaginative powers, by these employments, were enlarged as they approached the spirit of the higher compositions of Scripture. With a sanctified imagination, restless as the wings of the four beasts the prophet saw in vision, and rich as a golden harvest, wherever they sat down to meditate, there sprang up a well-watered garden, lovely in its own luxuriance, through and around which strayed Arcadian airs. The cross was the centre of their souls. Nursed, like the mountain eagle, amid storms and winds, with a mental nerve rendered consistent by frequent flights around the fastnesses of Calvary, their thoughts wandered through eternity.

Imagination was not the only faculty strengthened by these habits; but the whole inner man was thrust forward towards that high stage of intellectual and moral existence for which we were designed by our Creator. Dwelling in these transalpine regions of thought, unaffected by the low sympathies of the various multitude, their faith gave a tangibility to the most removed truths. Thus viewing the Unseen and Infinite, humility and holy artlessness characterised their whole deportment. With intellects ennobled by such an intimacy with infinite excellence, and with their vast acquisitions of all that was valuable in the men of other times, they rose over their congregations as a full cloud, and held them attentive for hours by thought "instinct with spirit."

Profundity in Divine and human knowledge, without obscurity, meditation without asceticism, spirituality without undue mysticism, pure and simple faith producing love, humility, and a winning artlessness, these all intermingled constitute the ideal of a Christian philosopher and divine. And this ideal we see realised in the outlines of the Christian character before us. A holy harmony and an all-subduing mildness (like evening flute-notes that

"Over delicious surges sink and rise,"

in the dewy air, sthwart the lashed lake that eddies and nestles itself to rest along the strand)

elevate these men to the spiritual life, and embody themselves in them into a presentiment of the angelic and heavenly.

Theirs, then, is an example worthy of imitation; for by the same means every servant of the Lord Jesus Christ may become a scribe well instructed into the spiritual kingdom of God—a rich householder, who may bring forth from his treasure things new and old, giving to every one his portion in due time. Founded on Christ and his apostles, aided and led on by those “whose words are oracles for mankind, whose love embraces all countries, and whose voice sounds through all time,” and inspired by Him “who sendeth forth his seraphim to touch the lips of whom he pleases,”—the modern defender of righteousness may successfully breast the overwhelming tide of philosophy, falsely so

called, and the torrents of misdirected zeal, although he may not remain unscathed by the shafts and vituperations of a baptised infidelity, rank with the stench of the pit, amidst those thunderings, and lightnings, whirlwinds, volcanic eruptions, and earthquakes, in the moral world, that are to precede the battle of the great day of the Lord Almighty.

But their example is not only worthy of imitation, it is imitable. By employing the same means, the despondent saint may cheer his heart with a view of the calm and serene shores of the land of his future destiny, set a rich table in the dreary wilderness, intersperse the desert with cooling oases, and people it, like the dreams of Jacob in the sweet, open air of Padan-Aram, with the guardian hosts of God.

BRITAIN.

CHAPTER X.

By the conquest, religion was brought into a more miserable state in this country; for the English were accustomed to pray daily “from the fury of the Normans, Good Lord, deliver us:” while such was the national insecurity, that the religious offered a prayer every night against robbers. The conqueror, to secure the emoluments for his favourites and the power for himself, invited the papal interference to rectify the disorders of the English church; yet subjected the clerical possessors to military and other service, which was subsequently acknowledged on All Souls Day; forbade either councils, excommunication, or papal interferences without his permission, and separated the civil from the ecclesiastical courts. When William had completed the Domesday book, it was found that out of the 60,215 knights’ fees, of which the kingdom consisted, the clergy possessed 28,115, i. e. nearly half the landed property in the empire. The chief Saxon clergy were deposed on frivolous pretences, and Normans, much inferior to their predecessors, were advanced to the sees of Durham, Norwich, Lincoln, and Winchester. Lanfranc, abbot of Caen, who introduced transubstantiation to the English church, was made archbishop of Canterbury; and Thomas of Bayeux, of York; who were no sooner enthroned, than they began mutual recriminations about precedence, which was not settled until a journey to Rome, two councils in 1072, and many pedantic debates had taken place. Lanfranc, however, as well as learned, was charitable, for he is said to have given away annually, a sum equivalent to about 7,560*l.* of our money. Sooth-saying and fourteen different kinds of divination appear then to have been common. Every prin-

cipal family had its astrologer, whose duty it was to spiritualise the dreams and construct the horoscopes of the family. To preserve themselves from the violence of the age, many females entered the nunnery, while others took up their abode in churchyards, which from having a right of sanctuary were considered inviolable.

Clergymen were often lawyers, and mostly the best mechanics, to encourage which character some of the wealthiest stalls were reserved solely for their use. Thomas of York made numbers of church organs, and set the hymns and translations of the monks to such airs as were then popular, which incurred the displeasure of John of Salisbury, who blamed him for want of gravity of taste. At a council in 1076, the married clergy were merely tolerated, and bishops forbidden to ordain any more of that class. Anselm, *reluctantly*, succeeded Lanfranc, who died in 1089, and offended king William II. by reproving his courtiers for their gay apparel and long hair, of which admonitions the king by no means approved. Anselm soon afterwards left the kingdom on a pilgrimage to Rome, whence he never returned till the year 1100, in the reign of Henry I., with whom he immediately quarrelled about homage. Endless quarrels, concerning right of investiture, were excited between Rome and England, where sons of the priests hereditarily claimed their father’s churches, while the common people worshipped fountains, and sodomy was a crime which the clergy often charged upon their hearers. In a council held 1108, the celibacy of the clergy was again revived by Anselm, who procured the enactment of ten severe canons against the married clergy, soon after which, he happily

died. The married clergy were shortly afterwards revenged on the abettors of celibacy, for which one John de Crema, a papal legate, had been very violent on the day preceding the night in which he was found in bed with a harlot. This was too common an event, many bishops and monks having their concubines and bastards, as well known as themselves. But this accident rather checked than cured the folly, whose tide set in must run its course, which was not completed till many barbarities had been practised on the lawful wives and innocent children of the married priesthood. The papal power had now come to the flood, and nothing was to be undertaken without permission of the Pope, whose modesty declared that nothing of importance in any country ought to be undertaken without his authority! Similar scenes of internal strife and foreign appeal, intrigue and superstition, make up the ecclesiastical history to the end of this period; and by nothing did the papal power more secure its ambitious projects in England than by the establishment of the legatine authority.

Multitudinous are the wonders which the monkish writers attribute to the worthies of this period. Thomas à Becket was said to have cured the lame, the leper, the deaf and the dumb, (if not to have raised the dead,) while it was a sort of pleasantry to him to resuscitate dead birds, butterflies, or even rotten animals. This same Becket would sometimes condescend to reap and make hay at the monastery, and at others regale himself with a meal which cost a sum equivalent to 75*l.* of our money, attended by six hundred or seven hundred knights and squires. While on a journey, he had generally above two thousand attendants, consisting of pages, clerks, 'squires, and knights, who were mounted, and clothed according to their grade. Two wagons of ale, one containing his chapel trinkets, one his bedroom furniture, one with his kitchen utensils, formed the first part of his procession; and twelve pack-horses carried his money, plate, books, and mass paraphernalia. Under each of his wagons was a mastiff, and on each horse a monkey. (No unfit symbols of their master, or of the religion of which he was one of the prime *Reformers*.) William de Longchamp had above a thousand horsemen in his retinue. In the same period the monks of Canterbury had seventeen, and those of St. Swithin's thirteen dishes every day at dinner; and when the abbot of the last named monastery diminished the number to eleven, they complained in tears and prostrate to the king. Churches were built low, very plain, and with few lights; their architects were the monks who filled the cathedrals and conventual churches with statues, paintings, and other heathen devices.

The church walls and ceilings were painted with such historical or imaginary subjects as were

supposed to explain the biblical history, an art which was sometimes by the monkish *Angelos* a little overshot, when they introduced in the "Route of Sathan," "the Raulmes of Purgatorie," &c., the defeat of the Saracens, or the hounds and rabble of the neighbouring baron, which no doubt greatly contributed to the "solace of the faithful."

Some of the clergy were the richest men in the kingdom; for Roger, bishop of Salisbury, died in 1139, worth a sum equivalent to 41,000*l.*, while the money of Roger, archbishop of York, was incredible.

The crusade was enforced on the attention of the people by plaintive songs, exhibiting the sorrows of Jerusalem, by paintings and images, which rudely represented the indignities which the Arabs offered to the holy sepulchre, and by much eloquent, but misdirected, zeal. There was in this period a metrical translation of the Bible, undertaken by some unknown rhymers, whose art was performed in a language which was then *little more* than a huddle of Saxon and Norman phrases, with some bad latin and a little old British, which, after all, was probably the truest picture of mental Britain that could be supplied. One of the most alarming powers which the church in that age exercised, was that of excommunication. The clergy were, by Eadmer, called "more wolves than shepherds;" a proof of which may be found in the fact, that many of the monasteries had above two thousand slaves. The long hair of the Normans the clergy often cited as a mark of reprobation; and in this crime Anselm excommunicated them, which so terrified Henry I. and his courtiers, that they cut off their flowing locks. But during the action of these ecclesiastical comedies what had become of the religion of the cottage? and where were the priests of Jesus Christ?

LEGAL AFFAIRS.

The conquest increased the number of the virtual slaves in this country; for the Saxon theowl, the burgess, and the inferior thane, who were in many cases deprived of their property, swelled the numbers of the bordars, cottars, and villeins, of which, according to doomsday and other authorities, there appear to have been—

Serfs.

Cotterii, slaves, who practised mechanic arts for the benefit of their masters, and were attached to the estate.

Bordarii, that is, household servants: in gross, that is, the personal property of their masters.

Villeins: regardant, that is, predial servants, who belonged to the lands.

Burgesses, or free citizens.

Of these villeins, in gross, or the personal servants, almost every decent family, either in England or Scotland, had one or more, according to Hoveden. Very occasionally some of the individuals of these classes obtained their freedom,

from some of the numerous reasons which have ever led to the liberation of slaves; and in this respect the clergy were great blessings to the slave population, for they always preached up the virtue of manumission, although many of them were some of the greatest slave masters in the island!

The Normans are mostly the ancestry of the upper ranks in this country, while the Anglo-Saxons were the progenitors of the middle and inferior classes; who, in consequence, must be considered the older residents, and the nobles the new comers, or the descendants of aliens.

The middle classes (alas, how different from

To Robert, Earl of Montaigne, he gave	978
Alan, of Brittany	442
Odo, bishop of Bayeux.....	439
William de Warren	298
Geoffrey de Constance.....	280
Richard de Clare	171
Roger Bigod.....	123
William de Percy.....	119
Walter Gifford.....	107
Hugh de Abiensis

Thrice annually, with their hands between the king's, the great earls swore allegiance, on their knees, for the thirty-two thousand and one hundred knights' fees which the nobles possessed; while William obliged the clergy, who are by some said to have possessed twenty-eight thousand one hundred and fifteen of the same fees, to do homage for their lands. This giving homage was one of the most imposing spectacles in that half barbarous age; for while the king put on every trapping of state, the nobles brought all theirs; as well perhaps to prevent him from asking more, as to justify themselves in giving what they did with the greatest reluctance that was possible. But the homage days were festivals. Ladies then felt all their charms; the minstrels flattered with more assurance; the wassail bowl was often emptied; the jester often raised the laugh; and the mirth of the night almost oblivionised the slavery of the by-gone day, and the thought that they were still slaves. This tenure was a sort of life-loan of the estates, which, in the event of the possessor dying with children who had not attained their majority, reverted to the king with their wardship, which was at once a source of power and emolument. The heirs also paid large bounties to the king, who not only sold them permission to marry but a commutation of field services, and also freedom from other sources of vexation. And what the king demanded from his greater subjects they required from their vassals, the meanest of whom were compelled to till their lands without remuneration, and fight in quarrels in which they had no interest.

The Norman soldiers were either clothed in armour or a quilted cotton jacket and an iron

the moderns!) were formed from the degraded Saxon thanes, the ceorls, who had been neutral in the wars of the conquest, and some of the inferior attendants of the Norman freebooters, and these generally formed the more respectable inhabitants of the cities. The nobility were the personal or relative friends of the conqueror; who had given to them, on the condition of their continuing in his service, a barony, which was worth four hundred marks, and on that account its owner was called "baron."

William secured for himself one thousand four hundred and twenty-two manors, inclusive of numberless farms, forests, &c.

Manors, which were given on condition of military and civil services, personal attendance at the court thrice a year, and, in some instances, provision for the king's household.

The county of Chester.

cap, and carried a bow, a sling, a spear, and a sword. The cavalry wore greaves, a coat of mail, and a helmet. The earl and the baron commanded their vassals in war, who sung as they went to battle, to which they were often stimulated by the clergy. One of the most dangerous instruments of war was the Greek fire, a compound of bitumen, sulphur and naphtha, which was thrown by a machine, and even burnt clearer when it fell into water.

In the year 1086, the conqueror made a congress of the serviceable military force, which amounted to about sixty thousand armed men, each of whom was expected to bring with him two or three auxiliaries, such as archers, &c.

The Saxon courts were superseded by that of the baron, whose authority extended over his barony; by that of the earl, whose earldom was almost absolutely under his sway; and by that of the king, whose court was supreme. The baronial court was held in the hall, or in the castle. The court of the earl often assembled in the chief town; but that of the king depended on his migrations.* The seven principal officers of state were the high treasurer, the chancellor, the great chamberlain, the high steward, the marshal of England, the constable, and the chief justiciary. These judges sat in different rooms, of which one, from a chequered cloth on the table, was called the "exchequer." But when William I. severed the ecclesiastical from the civil courts, an event of malign significance in that age, the clergy set up several courts of their own, known by the name of the archbishop's, or supreme court; the bishop's court, or consistory; and the court of the archdeacon,

* Madox's Excheq.

answering somewhat to the hundredary of the Saxons. The Norman parliament appears to have been for a long time merely a convention of the most powerful persons, whether lay or ecclesiastical, (natives excluded,) who, doing the best for themselves, supposed they were consulting the welfare of the nation. And for a time it was difficult to keep out the populace from entering among the members of the parliament.

It appears to have been at that time very difficult for a person of little property to obtain a legal settlement of a dispute without some exorbitant gift to the king, who would neither appoint to offices, nor protect his subjects without remuneration. Such was William's oppression to his English subjects, who were, however, courted by his successors to carry on their wars, that in a few years after his accession, there was not one who held any important office either in church or state. This introduced the Norman, the only tongue the aggressors knew, from their perfect acquaintance with which, the clergy became the chief legal clerks, whence their present name.

The Saxon signatures, in legal writings, gave place to the Norman seals, which are still used at the foot of charters, and which were introduced on account of the grantors' inability to write. Such was the erudition of these spiritual lawyers, that they were often obliged to resort to the ordeals of fire and water, and especially to the duel, to decide on whose side equity lay! *These clerical lawyers are in very ill savour with the historians for "being covetous and venal above all men," nor did they occasionally refuse to fight when they were either defendants or plaintiffs.*

It is needless to say the loser was considered guilty. The priests, minors, and women, generally procured substitutes for the duel, the regulations of dress, weapons, time, and place, con-

cerning which may be seen in the larger historians. Whoever wishes to see a more enlarged account of the lawless tricks of the powerful clergy, relative to the ordeals in this age, may read Madox, and other historians of the period. Fines, gifts, talliages, tolls, rents, reliefs, and forfeiture, formed the income of the Norman kings, who appear to have realised an annual sum equivalent to about 600,000*l.* of our present money.

The sources of the crown revenue in the Normanic period were

1. Voluntary offerings.
2. One thousand four hundred and twenty-two manors.
3. Rents from forests, parks, chases, houses, farms.
4. Forfeitures and fines.
5. Church vacancies.
6. Customs, tolls, &c.
7. Talliages; that is, extraordinary exactions.
8. Hearth money.
9. Amerciaments, or arbitrary fines, for faults real or imputed.
10. Oppressions of the Jews, guilds, foreigners.
11. Queen gold, that is, all who owed the king were obliged to pay to the queen so much per cent because she was the king's wife.

Crimes were in many cases still atoned by pecuniary mulct; that for a murderer was forty-six marks, though hanging, suspension by the feet, beard, or thumb, suffocation, mutilation, and hunger were more common.

In the time of Stephen, the pandects of Justinian were brought to England, where one Vacarius explained them to the people, though the rulers were violently opposed to them, for evident reasons.

TRUTH.

ARTICLE II.

THE love of Truth, which may next be adverted to, can be scarcely admitted as a concomitant in other minds than those who possess a desire for knowledge, and which must be always in proportion to the habits, education, and intellectual character of the individual professing it; for, like every other feeling grafted upon human nature, the love of truth is chiefly to be fostered by culture, and the opportunities of gratifying it. It is the natural bias of the human mind, that when neither disturbed or beaten down by anxious cares, it should soar upward and aspire to those loftier themes in which intellectual powers delight to indulge themselves, and it is by the noble exercise of these that man becomes, in the language of Bacon, the servant and interpreter of nature.

Now if this principle be applied to the subject under our consideration, we shall find that there must exist within the circle of every man's mind, a law which impels him to love the truth; and can that law be explained by referring it to the pleasure derived from the discovery and contemplation of truth, or to the pleasure we experience in the moderate use of our mental powers? or is it to be regarded as the love of knowledge or the principle of curiosity?

To answer these questions in a manner calculated to arrest the attention of our readers, we must amplify in some degree our remarks on this subject. When we seek to discover a truth, that discovery when made gives us pleasure; and the reception of such pleasure is an inherent portion of that mind from which all conscious

sensations are derived. The capacity of receiving pleasurable and painful impressions has been stated by some philosophical writers to form "the very essence of feeling." Indifference to these can only arise from their frequent repetition, or when either one antagonises the other in the same person and at the same period of time. It never occurs as a primary result. The blind, when first restored to sight, are never indifferent to the radiance and glory of the light which surrounds them. The deaf, when they first hear, receive the most exquisite impressions of pleasure from the sound of the human voice, or the harmonious notes of music. If, therefore, we admit, as we must do, that the first impressions made upon our sensations are those of pleasure, we shall be fully borne out in supposing that any impression, or series of impressions made upon our minds, shall affect them with the same results. It may not be competent, perhaps, to explain that ultimate and simple feeling of pleasure which arises from the perception of truth, but it may be stated, that as truth can only be considered as associated with the understanding, so does the understanding receive pleasure from the objects fitted for it in the same manner as the senses do. The exercise of all our sentient faculties constitutes the existence of consciousness—consciousness is again increased to many points of energetic and multiplying pleasure, by the exercise of reason—reason engages our attention by the discovery of diversified relations, and those relations which we perceive to be really in existence, we believe to be true. If we reconsider this argument, we shall discover that the understanding forms the basement-stone, and truth the topmost pyramidal summit; the one is indissolubly based and founded upon the other—they are equally existent, and united the one to the other. Truth, therefore, must be considered necessarily and universally the sole object of the human understanding. The thing which we judge and think of by the understanding, that we judge to be true. Our love, therefore, of truth may be said to be much the same as our idea of pleasure

of life, for the perception of truth constitutes those feelings which are associated with life. None of our mental powers are absolutely free from error. We may perceive that a proposition is false, but we are even then contemplating a truth, for the one throws light upon the darkness of the other. If, therefore, we give our affections to any subject of mental perception, it must be to truth. It is only another evidence of life, and of life as dependent on variously constituted mental sensibilities.—The pleasure which we experience from the love of truth may also arise from the mere feeling of novelty—nor will this be either given up or destroyed, save when it falls upon the mind by the frequency of its repetition, or awakens by its nature uneasy or unpleasant feelings. If, therefore, the simple feeling of novelty, in conjunction with truth, gives pleasure, how much more must it be heightened and increased, when it is found to spring from many complex sources, and out of error and obscurity to bring us into the shining of a better and more perfect light? How many tired wanderers from the "ways of holiness," and the "paths of peace," have a few simple words of Gospel truth brought back again to the home and the fold of that "good Shepherd," who "careth for his sheep?" and how many have lived to bless the golden dawn of that happy day when they escaped from the trammels of iniquity and the burden of error, and clad themselves in the robes of truth and the garments of salvation? Truth then, as an object of regard and love, may be looked upon as the vivifying energy of new feelings within us, bringing with it its wealth of golden knowledge and advantage.

Thus, then, this inquiry furnishes us with another abundant evidence that our Creator, in placing the love of truth within our reach, has opened to us another bountiful source of good and pleasure. The most attractive inducements are placed before us, in order that we may gain this new love, and gather from it a further understanding of that love which a Heavenly Father bears to all his children on earth. *EPHON.*

MENTAL DEPRESSION.

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

THESE are moments, reader, cold, dreary, cheerless moments, which occasionally obtrude, like the visits of a demon, into the history of the wisest and the best. Do you anticipate my meaning? If not, pass on to the next article, for I speak to sympathy. "Why, who does not know that life has its sorrows as well as its joys? there needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this."—My good reader, pass on, as I re-

quested you, to the next article; I speak to sympathy.

The state of mind which I contemplate acknowledges no relation either to a whining sentimentality on the one hand, or to a convulsion of grief on the other; it is marked by silence, self-possession, and retirement. It does not resemble that common, universal sorrow which has suggested the idea of comparing life to the ocean; it is more like those subterranean depths sacred to darkness and silence, which curiosity

approaches with caution and superstition, with awe. It does not so much resemble the darkness of midnight as it does the twilight of a summer's evening, when even inanimate nature seems deep in thought, and the mind, detached from the interests of earth, wanders to other worlds and systems. It depends not for its continuance on time and place, though it has its preferences, and often ejaculates "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!" It is not averse to communion, for it will "weep with those that weep," though it cannot "rejoice with those that rejoice." Its course is far away in the past or the future, though it commonly takes its rise in some present object or passing incident. Selfishness does not enter into its composition, for it often looks abroad with interest on the condition and prospects of the species, and even of the universe.

Reader, hast thou friends? are they far away? have they forsaken thee? or are they dead? Then, at such a moment they will appear before thee with their several peculiarities of character; they will come from the regions of the dead as well as of the living, and seem to stand around thee with looks of affectionate concern. Are there spots in the past dear to memory and friendship? places where you first met or last parted with a congenial spirit? where you have often been the subject of deep feeling, or have taken sweet counsel? They will all pass in slow and thoughtful review. Have you been misunderstood, frowned on, and buffeted by the world? you will then say, "My soul hath them still in remembrance, the wormwood and the gall." Is there a point in the path of life to which you fancy you must attain before you can deem yourself safe and happy? it will then seem to recede far into the distance, and to defy your attempts to reach it. Is health a timid and unfrequent companion in your course? you will then catch, in the ear of fancy, the distant sounds of gladness, uttered by those who started

at the same moment as yourself in the career of active life. And while you mark their happy, healthful, easy progress, you will feel the immeasurable distance at which you are left behind to pace along with slow and painful steps. Influenced by such feelings and reflections, the imagination may lead you imperceptibly onwards through scenes of treachery, oppression, suffering and want; for in a world like this it requires but little invention to portray such scenes; the materials are all around. The most familiar objects will, at such a moment, assume an appearance almost unearthly, and the strains of music and the voice of mirth will fall on the ear like sounds from another world; and, with Cowper, you may sigh,

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!"

And where, reader, amidst this gloom and prostration of mind, is a remedy to be found? where but in religion? Reflect, at such a moment, that His eye who never slumbers is fastened on you in compassion; that His hand who supports the universe is stretched out to raise and sustain you. He offers you a staff for your pilgrimage, a balm for your wounds, and a lamp, lighted at the altar of heaven, to illuminate every scene of darkness. And to crown his other acts of love, he points you to his Son as to a friend who never misrepresents, never forgets, never abandons those who give him the confidence which he solicits, and whose peculiar claim to our affection is, that he is touched with the feeling of our infirmity. And when, invigorated by these consolatory reflections, you remember that he has engaged to renovate the moral world, and is actually carrying forward the grand undertaking towards perfection, you will look up and perceive a sphere for your activity, and a subject to employ and exhilarate your mind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

It is an object to us of much regret that circumstances as unexpected as they were uncontrollable have conspired together to blot out all thoughts of our author and his works from our minds and memories for many weeks past. The world has been our task-master—its courts and its cities have been the scenes of our suffering and endurance, and its wily and savage slavery has surrounded us with the weight and toil of its more than nightmare suffocation and terror.

At the close of our last article we promised to present our readers with some remarks on the

peculiar theories in which our author has involved the subjects of Poetic Diction, and Poetic Imagination, and this promise it is now our purpose to fulfil. If we take up the subject of our contemplations generally, we shall first inquire what is meant by a poet; secondly, we shall consider from previous inferences the peculiarity of language in which he conveys his sentiments and which has generally received the name of Poetic Diction; and, thirdly, we shall consider the origin and source of that feeling which is the prompting-pulse of his every thought and ac-

tion, and which we shall denominate imagination.

What is a poet?—He is a man, as other men are, to all external appearance: but in his inner mental sensibilities he shows first to himself, and then to the world around him, a loftier and livelier awakening to the influences of all feelings; they impress him with a stronger and sterner power, they are his idols, and he boweth himself down before them in humble worship and adoration, they are his companions through this world, and his viewless and radiant guides to the lofty world of spirits, whose spheres he inhabits as the soul of the sleeper inhabits the sphere of a dream—in mystic and wondering consciousness. These “flights of fancy” invest his mental powers with a high, and in some instances, with a daring degree of enthusiasm, concerning “things above,” which in a vision he has as a mortal only yet dimly seen, whilst concerning “things below,” he is enabled to view the vices and crimes of this mundane existence with a softer and holier degree of reverential tenderness than he had before done. This latter attribute, it may be remarked, is held in esteem by few, and imperfectly understood by many—consequently, that which should inspire regard awakens but uncandid and resentful feelings—and that which should give to his character all the ennobling loftiness of admiration, causes him most frequently to fall under the lash of severe and detrimental sarcasm. Viewing all things through this misty and early dawning of inspiration, it may be well conceived that as he pronounces a mild judgment on the follies and iniquities of mankind, so he views them on a very wide and enlarged sphere of his existence—his soul is permitted to take flight over a more extended expanse of mankind, and its creation; and he looks down upon them through a wider sphere of intellectual vision than the surrounding classes of his fellow-men and mortals. The delightful rejoicing of the life which is in him, which is an ever-present and ever-enlivening cause of enjoyment, is another of the rewards and pleasures of which, in mental taste, he is permitted to partake from the richly gifted ideas of men and things, which are to him the intellectual birthright of an acquired and highly sensitive sphere of existence. If he receives a new and increased freshness of pleasure from the visionary world of thought, which he has created, and in which his powers of volition enjoy a lofty and uninterrupted sway, so does he delight to contemplate “similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them.” This latter power is one of the most radiant and shining in his system; by it he has the wish and the desire to bring all created things under the same dominion and ruling power as himself; he would have all that are “athirst” drink of the fountain

that has been made sweet by the stirring of the angel; he would have the broken-hearted and the mourner to be a partaker of the same intellectual joys as himself; he would have the wide world to be but one vast republic of mental happiness and joy; and wherever he met with “clouds and darkness,” there would he shine a sun or a star. To these qualities it may be remarked, in addition, that the memory of a poet is as elastic as it is strong—it is as powerful as it is lasting; and from the very hardihood of remembrance, (if we may make use of such a term,) he possesses the will to make the absent thought as an ever present thing with him—to give to those events and circumstances that to the common and intellectual eye are hidden in the darkness and obscurity of the past—“a local habitation and a name” amongst the things that are of the present; and robes them in a rich and gorgeous drapery, that to the vulgar eye is totally unbecoming those events which death had long since clad in the white cerements of the grave.

We must here check our remarks by the following beautiful quotation from the prose-poetry of this gifted author, in which, speaking on this topic, he says:—“The object of poetry is truth—truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature—it is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe;—it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love—it is a homage paid to the active and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. The poet considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature. The poet sings a song, in which all human beings join with him, and rejoices in the presence of truth as his visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. Emphatically may it be said of the poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, ‘that he looks before and after.’ He is the rock or defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying every where with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs; in spite of things violently destroyed; the poet binds together, by passion and knowledge, the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the poet’s thoughts are every where; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the

first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man.”

This last passage is one of the most beautiful we have ever met with—it is a lump of pure and fine gold, dug from the mine of truth and poetry.

Peruse it, oh, reader, and let it sink into thine heart, till thou art filled with that high esteem and exalted admiration with which the world should ever look upon its intellectually-gifted author—William Wordsworth! ERNOR.

OUR YOUNG QUEEN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BUT is it meant also in good faith and regard to the people? Is love to come of it? and joy, of which this joy is an earnest? Then, oh then, the whole business takes another aspect, which is yet “another and the same;” that is to say, including all which is good for the love, good for the power, and pleasant, nay, amusing in the recollection, even in the tale of Cinderella in the story-book; for it is wonderful what kindness does for every thing, small as well as great, and how it fuses the childlike, and the laughing, and the respectful, the playful, and the dignified all in one, and converts a gaudy spectacle into a thing at once grand and good-natured, like the sunshine. As such we, for one, willingly looked at it with eyes of hope, enjoying, in no unpleasant confusion of ideas, our fairy tale, our belief in the good-will, and our own good-will, accordingly our own willing concession in the power, with that understanding. There rode our young queen, like a proper queen of romance, with her radiated diadem; then we at once smiled at, and felt a reverend concern for the good old coachman; and somewhere, we know not where, (but not far off, we trust, in point of time,) was the young prince, or lord, whoever he might be, destined to complete the happiness of the lady, and make her, and all the rest of us, “live happy after.”

Her majesty's appearance in the House must have been very striking, particularly at the period when she remained courteously standing for some time, in return for the rising of the peers, smiling and pleasantly looking about her, with the ribbon of the garter across her bosom, and the diadem on her head. Some speak of having seen a tear in her eye at another time, and of a compression of the lips, manifesting some emotion kept under. The prevailing impression is, that her majesty has great sensibility; and though we ourselves discerned nothing but self-possession in her manner, as she passed us on her return from the house, nor a greater flush of the face than was consistent with it, it is evident, from all that has yet been seen of her since the moment when she melted into that affecting and self-pitying flood of tears at her proclamation, that the general conclusion on this point is correct, and that we have a sovereign who is very sensitive, and liable to feelings which she can

but little conceal—a temperament very charming, if it run on the wise and generous side; and very happy for the possessor, if it succeed in diffusing happiness; but perilous to all parties if emotion is indulged from inability to deny itself its mere will and pleasure.

Hard is the lot of sovereigns, as well as those whom they may injure by such temperaments, when we consider how they *must* be rendered liable to more than ordinary spoiling by the mere fact of their being sovereigns, or of growing up under the probability of becoming such. But our hopes on this subject take refuge in the recollection of the more than ordinary advantages which her majesty—to assist her against these chances—has enjoyed, or is understood to have enjoyed, in the instruction and society of an excellent mother.

Consider a human being so young, and of a sex as well as age the most sensitive, standing in that ascendant manner before a crowd of her worshipping elders, blazing with wealth and gorgeousness, cried after and blessed wherever she appears, never moving without exciting an interest intense, possessing actual power of the rarest and most peculiar description, conferring honours, altering and exalting the colour of people's sensations for their whole lives, and, on occasions like the present, issuing forth like something superhuman in human shape, announced with ecstasies of pealing and crashing bells, and the leaping thunder of cannon. Who could wonder if the wonder itself were almost too much for the brain of human being so raised above its fellows? Or who has a right to quarrel with the object of such worship, if a less sensibility take its merits for granted, to the detriment of those who impute them? At all events, is not the thing itself a wonder in man's history, and reasonably calculated to excite reflections of the deepest nature on the phenomena of circumstance and Providence, whether to purposes of duration or vicissitude. We were among those who felt the gravest and heartiest good wishes for the prosperity of the young being before us, both as woman and queen; desiring, as we do, amidst the great but gradual changes which we certainly do desire, none that should render her existence, in that station, incompatible with all the modifications conceivable for the

greatest good of the dwellers in this world of ornament as well as utility. An innocent female may surely make as good a sovereign, for the noblest order of things, as a man; and we are not among those who take all the superficial aspects of things reasonable for the only ones, or who see nothing desirable in what administers to the natural passion of mankind for looking up to something above themselves.

One great change, good for her and for every-

body, (from all that we ever understood of occasions like the present,) we noticed with delight in the behaviour of the multitudes assembled; and that was the mixture of fervent good-will with the absence of mere slavish noise and gratuitous enthusiasm. The expressions used were deep in the quarter where we stood, and therefore, we conclude, elsewhere. But there was no huzzaing, no loss of the crowd's own self-possession, no violent outbreak of any sort.

REVIEW.

A Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans; by CHARLES HODGE, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, America. London.—The Religious Tract Society. 1837.

SELDOM has it fallen to our lot to introduce to our readers a work that has so many claims on their unqualified approbation as the present, of transatlantic origin; it not only reflects the greatest honour upon the biblical and theological acquirements of its learned author, but confers a flattering distinction upon the seminary over which he presides.

America may well be proud of her colleges, while their chairs are filled by such men as Professor Hodge; and the sacred literature of our country is greatly indebted to the spirited and liberal committee of the Religious Tract Society, for reprinting this Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans for the benefit of our pastors and churches.

The introduction is a well written essay, embracing the following topics: "Paul"—"Origin and condition of the church of Rome"—"Time and place of the composition of the Epistle"—"Its authenticity." Then follows an analysis of the whole. The author of the commentary takes the chapter of the epistle as he finds them in our authorised version, occasionally dividing them. And of each chapter, or selected portion, he gives, first, the contents; secondly, the analysis; thirdly, the commentary; fourthly, the doctrines; and fifthly, the remarks; bringing all to a practical result. As we do not intend to exhibit any thing profoundly critical in the notices of the works that are submitted to our perusal, but rather to aim at interesting our readers, by giving from every production something worth their remembering; we shall, in the present instance, content ourselves with quoting the author's account of St. Paul in the introduction, and his commentary on the passage in the fourth chapter—"Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness."

"When Paul and the other apostles were called to enter upon their important duties, the world was in a deplorable, and yet most interesting state. Both Heathenism and Judaism were in the last stage of decay. The polytheism of the Greeks and Romans had been carried to such an extent as to shock the common sense of mankind, and to lead the more intelligent among them openly to reject and ridicule it. This scepticism had already extended itself to the mass of the people, and become almost universal. As the transition from infidelity to superstition is certain, and generally immediate, all classes of the people were disposed to confide in dreams, enchantments, and other miserable substitutes for religion. The two reigning systems of philosophy, the Stoic and Platonie, were alike insufficient to satisfy the agitated minds of men. The former sternly repressed the best natural feelings of the soul, inculcating nothing but a blind resignation to the unalterable course of things, and promising nothing beyond an unconscious existence hereafter. The latter regarded all religions as but different forms of expressing the same general truths, and represented the whole mythological system as an allegory, as incomprehensible

to the common people as the pages of a book to those who cannot read. This system promised more than it could accomplish. It excited feelings which it could not satisfy, and thus contributed to produce that general ferment which existed at this period. Among the Jews, generally, the state of things was hardly much better. They had, indeed, the form of true religion, but were in a great measure destitute of its spirit. The Pharisees were contented with the form; the Sadducees were sceptics; the Essenes were enthusiasts and mystics. Such being the state of the world, men were led to feel the need of some surer guide than either reason or tradition, and some better foundation of confidence than either heathen philosophers or Jewish sects could afford. Hence, when the glorious Gospel was revealed, thousands of hearts, in all parts of the world, were prepared by the grace of God to exclaim, This is all our desire and all our salvation.

"The history of the apostle Paul shows that he was prepared to act in such a state of society. In the first place, he was born, and probably educated in part, at Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia; a city almost on a level with Athens and Alexandria for its literary zeal and advantages. In one respect, it is said by ancient writers to have been superior to either of them. In the other cities mentioned, the majority of students were strangers, but in Tarsus they were the inhabitants themselves.* That Paul passed the early part of his life here is probable, because the trade which he was taught, in accordance with the custom of the Jews, was one peculiarly common in Cilicia. From the hair of the goats, with which that province abounded, a rough cloth was made, which was much used in the manufacture of tents. The knowledge which the apostle manifests of the Greek authors, 1 Cor. xv. 33; Tit. i. 12; would also lead us to suppose that he had received, at least, part of his education in a Grecian city. Many of his characteristics, as a writer, lead to the same conclusion. He pursues far more than any other of the sacred writers of purely Jewish education, the logical method of presenting truth. There is almost always a regular concatenation in his discourses, evincing the spontaneous exercise of a disciplined mind, even when not carrying out a previous plan. His epistles, therefore, are far more logical than ordinary letters, without the formality of regular dissertations. Another characteristic of his manner is, that in discussing any question, he always presents the ultimate principle on which the decision depends. These and similar characteristics of this apostle are commonly, and probably with justice, ascribed partly to his turn of mind and partly to his early education. We learn from the Scriptures themselves, that the Holy Spirit, in employing men as his instruments in conveying truth, did not change their mental habits: he did not make Jews write like Greeks, or force all into the same mould. Each retained his own peculiarities of style and manner, and, therefore, whatever is peculiar in each, is to be referred, not to his inspiration, but to his original character and culture. While the circumstances just referred to render it probable that the apostle's habits of mind were in some measure influenced by his birth and early education in Tarsus, there are others (such as the general character of his style) which show that his residence there could not have been long, and that his education was not thoroughly Grecian. We learn from himself that he was principally educated at Jerusalem, being brought up, as he says, at the feet of Gamaliel, (Acts xxii. 3.) This is the second circumstance in the providential preparation of the apostle for this work, which is worthy of notice. As Luther was educated in a Catholic seminary, and thoroughly instructed in the scholastic theology of which he was to be the great opposer, so the apostle Paul was initiated into all the doctrines and modes of reasoning of the Jews, with whom his principal controversy was to be carried on. The early adversaries of the Gospel were all Jews. Even in the heathen cities they were so numerous, that it was through them and their proselytes that the church in such places was founded. We find, therefore, that in almost all his epistles, the apostle contends with Jewish errorists, the corrupters of the Gospel by means of

* Strabo, lib. 14. ch. 5.

Jewish doctrines. Paul, the most extensively useful of all the apostles, was thus a thoroughly educated man; a man educated with a special view to the work which he was called to perform. We find, therefore, in this, as in most similar cases, that God effects his purposes by those instruments which he has, in the ordinary course of his providence, specially fitted for their accomplishment. In the third place, Paul was converted without the intervention of human instrumentality, and was taught the Gospel by immediate revelation. 'I certify you, brethren,' he says to the Galatians, 'that the Gospel which was preached of me was not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.' These circumstances are important, as he was thus placed completely on a level with the other apostles. He had seen the Lord Jesus, and could, therefore, be one of the witnesses of his resurrection; he was able to claim the authority of an original inspired teacher and messenger of God. It is obvious that he laid great stress upon this point, from the frequency with which he refers to it. He was thus furnished not only with the advantages of his early education, but with the authority and power of an apostle of Jesus Christ.

"His natural character was ardent, energetic, uncompromising, and severe. How his extravagance and violence were subdued by the grace of God is abundantly evident from the moderation, mildness, tenderness, and conciliation manifested in all his epistles. Absorbed in the one object of glorifying Christ, he was ready to submit to anything, and to yield anything necessary for this purpose. He no longer insisted that others should think and act just as he did; so that they obeyed Christ, he was satisfied, and he willingly conformed to their prejudices and tolerated their errors, so far as the cause of truth and righteousness allowed. By his early education, by his miraculous conversion and inspiration, by his natural disposition, and by the abundant grace of God, was this apostle fitted for his work, and sustained under his multiplied and arduous labours."

—(pp. iii—vi.)

"The expression 'faith was accounted to him for righteousness' is variously explained. Some understand the word faith as including its object, that is, the righteousness of Christ, so that it is not faith considered as an act that is imputed, but faith considered as including the merit which it apprehends and appropriates. But this interpretation is inconsistent with the connexion in which the passage occurs, both in the Old and New Testament.

"Besides this view of the passage, there are three others founded on the different senses of the word 'righteousness.' It may mean all that the law demands—complete obedience. If this sense of the word be adopted, then the passage means that faith was laid to his account as though it were complete obedience—it was taken for righteousness. This interpretation is perfectly natural, and consistent with the construction of the passage and the usage of the terms; it, however, is inconsistent with the apostle's doctrine. 1. It contradicts all those passages in which the sacred writers teach that men cannot be justified by any of their own works. Faith is as much a work as prayer,

repentance, almsgiving, or any other act of obedience to God; and, therefore, if we are justified on the ground of our faith, or if faith is taken in place of complete obedience to the law, we are justified by works. 2. It contradicts all those passages in which the merit of Christ, in any form, is said to be the ground of our acceptance. 3. It is inconsistent with the office assigned to faith. We are said to be justified by or through faith, but never on account of faith. The expression 'by faith in his blood' admits of no other interpretation than 'by means of faith in the blood of Christ as the ground of acceptance.' It lies in the nature of a sacrifice, that the offering is the ground of acceptance; our confidence in it, or our faith, is the condition of its being accepted on our behalf. Faith, therefore, is the instrumental, but not the meritorious cause of justification. 4. Accordingly, the sacred writers never refer us to our faith, or to any thing in ourselves, as the ground of confidence towards God.

"According to the second view, the word righteousness is taken in a much more limited sense; and the phrase, 'to impute faith for righteousness,' is understood to mean, 'faith was regarded as right, it was approved.' This interpretation, also, is perfectly consistent with usage. Thus, Psalm cvi. 31, it is said of the zeal of Phineas, 'it was counted to him as righteousness.' This, of course, does not mean that it was regarded as complete obedience to the law, and taken in its stead as the ground of justification; it means, simply, that his zeal was approved of. It was regarded, says Dr. Owen, 'as a just and rewardable action.' In like manner, Deut. xxiv. 13, it is said of returning a pledge, 'It shall be righteousness unto thee before the Lord thy God.' Agreeably to the analogy of these passages, the meaning of this clause may be, 'his faith was regarded as right, it secured the approbation of God; how it did this must be learned from other passages.

"The third interpretation assumes, that the word translated 'righteousness,' means here, as it does in many other passages, 'justification.' The sense is, 'Faith was imputed to him for justification,' that is, that he might be justified, or, in order to his becoming and being treated as righteous. See Deut. x. 4: 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness,' that is, in order that every one that believes may be regarded as righteous. Nothing is more familiar than this use of the preposition here used by the apostle; it points out the design with which any thing is done, as 'unto repentance,' that men may repent, Matt. iii. 11; 'unto death,' that we may die, Rom. vi. 3; so, 'unto salvation,' Rom. x. 1; 'unto condemnation,' Luke xxiv. 20; or it indicates the result, Rom. x. 10: 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness,' that is, so that he is justified, regarded and treated as righteous. This view of the passage expresses accurately the apostle's meaning. It was not as 'one who works,' but as a believer, that Abraham was regarded in his justification. It was not works, but faith, that was imputed to him, in order to his being introduced into the number and blessings of the righteous. Faith, therefore, was not the ground of his justification, but the means of his being justified."

—(pp. 96-98.)

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

TURKEY.—A Turk, infamous for many barbarous acts, presiding at the town of Tun'ta, in the Delta, went one night to the government granary of that town, and finding two peasants sleeping there, asked them who they were, and what was their business in that place. One of them said that he had brought one hundred and thirty ardeb's of corn from a village of that district; and the other, that he had brought sixty ardeb's from the land belonging to the town. "You rascal!" said the governor to the latter; "this man brings one hundred and thirty ardeb's from the lands of a small village; and you, but sixty from the lands of the town. "This man," answered the peasant of Tun'ta, "brings corn but once a week; and I am now bringing it every day." "Be silent!" said the governor; and, pointing to a neighbouring tree, ordered one of the servants of the granary to hang the peasant to one of its branches. The order was obeyed, and the governor returned to his house. The next morning he went again to the granary, and saw a man bringing in a large quantity of corn. He asked who he was, and what quantity he had brought; and was answered, by the hangman of the preceding night, "This is the man, sir, whom I hanged, by your orders, last night; and he has brought one hundred and sixty ardeb's." "What!" exclaimed the governor, "has he risen from the dead?" He was answered "No, sir: I

hanged him so that his toes touched the ground: and when you were gone, I untied the rope; you did not order me to kill him." The Turk muttered, "Aha! hanging and killing are different things: Arabic is copious: next time I will say kill. Take care of Ab'oo Da'-oo'd." This is his nickname.—*Lane's Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians.*

NEW ZEALAND.—What a fertile country is the northern island of New Zealand; and how fast the character of that land, and its inhabitants, is changing. An Englishman may now walk alone and unmolested about any part of the northern island, where, ten years ago, such an attempt would have been a rash braving of the club and the oven. English and American houses are scattered near the Bay of Islands; and settlers are rapidly increasing. All this is chiefly due to the Church Missionary Society. Nothing could be more gratifying than the view of a flourishing agricultural settlement, with good farm-houses, barns, water-mill, mechanics' shops, and large gardens, in the interior of the northern island. I was astonished at what I saw; and when a New Zealander came out of the mill, powdered with flour, and carrying a sack of corn upon his back, I could hardly believe my own eyes.—*Captain Fitzroy's Account of the Surveying Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle.*

THE YELLOW LEAF.

———"Now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob; o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams,
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, ah! sunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign."

THOMSON'S AUTUMN.

WHETHER it be the fault or the excellence of my nature, which others may be left to determine, the fact is, I am very imaginative. This, perhaps, predominant intellectual quality, is not, however, I trust, unaccompanied by other counter-balancing mental properties as well as by moral restraints. Imagination may be like poison in medicine—destructive when unmixed, but conducive to great good when properly compounded and diffused. He who is all imagination will be often a mere enthusiast, and may be guilty of vain fancies and frivolities; while he who is all judgment will be sure to be dull, and for want of a propelling power, may be uninteresting or silent. A man of mere argument, or good sense, as it is called, can look at the visible universe with little emotion, and pass unobserved and unfelt even its vaster as well as its minuter characteristics of grandeur or beauty, whereas every object will be a theme for the man of glowing passion and observant eye. To the one half the creation is a blank; to the other, every line, word, and letter, is distinctly marked and appreciated on "nature's ample page;" so that not only are our means of mental enjoyment and personal improvement increased by observation, and the play of fancy or thought, but individual amusement is associated with general utility. He who can fetch a thought from a flower, or bring a new and improving association of ideas to a blade of grass, is a real, though not, it may be, so great a benefactor to his species, as he who sows a seed, or plants a tree, where seed was never sown, or tree never grew before.

I must own that a green or a yellow leaf has, like ten thousand other minute, and often disregarded objects in this beautiful creation, a charm—shall I call it, a *moral* charm?—for me. Amidst the expanding verdure of Spring, indeed, I can sympathise with the poet's language—"this is the *bud* of being;" but thoughts not less impressive or beneficial seem to crowd around the steps of Autumn. This may appear a fit subject for poetry, but why should it not breathe in prose?

Perfect uniformity is seldom conducive to the highest effect. We are so constituted as to desire and to be pleased both with change and

variety. The green colour of the opening spring is grateful to the eye; but, abstractedly, the variegated colours of the season of decay probably please as much, or more, both the senses and the taste. It is delightful to contemplate the effect of autumnal changes at a distance, when the foliage begins to exhibit the yellow tinge. The landscape acquires new beauty, though it indicates decay; yet is there sometimes a peculiar loveliness even in death. Perhaps few scenes of nature are more imposing than the variegations of colour in the landscape, and especially on the thick embowering wood, as observed amidst the tranquil atmosphere of October, and when the sun is just casting his departing ray from his throne of gold. It is the painter's and the poet's hour.

The impression I have found to be greatly enhanced by marking the progress of decay, and observing particular objects. If a tree, for instance, covered with its yellow livery stood alone, it might indeed attract attention from its general gracefulness of form, or the brilliancy of its foliage, but when seen in combination, and in contrast with a verdant mass around, in different stages of discolouration and decay, we become at once sensible of increased effect. It both imparts and imbibes beauty.

Nothing is more pleasing than to pursue the path by the forest side, leafy and soft. The gathering foliage presents a kind of pleasing obstacle, which resists, yet yields to the foot. I love to catch the gentle sound of the breeze, to feel the flutterings of his wings, and to follow with the eye, leaf after leaf driven across the path, and whirled about. It is the play-hour of sportive wind; and let not these wanderings amongst the woods be called hours of idleness, but hours of happiness and of profit. They are in truth given, when rightly estimated and employed to health, to meditation and to God!

In an autumnal ramble the eye will be sometimes attracted by a single leaf suspended by its thin fibre at the extremity of a branch or minute ramification. There it hangs as in mid air, twisting and twirling like a culprit in agony, and exhibited in bold and striking relief upon the brightness of a distant sky. It swings hither and thither, turning about in manifest contortions, till jerked from its elevation by a severer blast or a more powerful touch of decay, the fibre snaps, and it falls amongst its kindred millions.

And *what* is fallen? A leaf, say you, an insignificant and withered leaf; brush it out of the path, or let the eddying winds whirl it away. But no—examine it—analyse its parts, take it with you for a closer inspection, employ the exploring microscope—now say what is fallen—what prostrate millions of living beings have

crowded your path, and, O, what a peopled universe is this! Even amidst the decays of nature we have life-sensate, susceptible, and instinctive existence. Mortality is even now, as it were, "swallowed up of life." The fallen leaf is the world to an innumerable host of animalcules, as this rolling atom in the boundless creation is our world—itself less in comparison, both in magnitude and duration than the yellow leaf of the forest to the forest, or the earth itself.

It is well known that the richest soils in an agricultural point of view, are those which are formed by decayed vegetation. In the Western States of America, and particularly on the banks of the Ohio, plants and trees are seen in all their luxuriance and vigour of growth, and everywhere a vegetable mould is prized, as best subservient to all the purposes of cultivation? What then is decay? Is it annihilation? It would seem not, but a change only of constitutional elements, a process of re-modification. The leaf falls, it is true, and returns to dust; but what is that dust? how is it disposed? what transformations may it undergo? The particles of matter of which the leaf is composed do not appear, so far as reason or observation can ascertain, to be utterly destroyed, but to be cast into new forms, and, as we may say, to rise into new being. It is perhaps possible for the mind to conceive of the annihilation as well as the creation of matter; and though we may have no power of imagining the *modus operandi* in either case, yet the admission of the fact or possibility is not difficult. But though matter which was created *may* be annihilated, there is no good evidence that it *will*; because it does not seem necessary, and is contrary to experience. In numberless instances

wherein objects vanish from our sight, and seem to be dissolved, they obviously reappear, though in other and strange varieties and forms. The seed is cast into the ground, and it soon presents itself again; not indeed in a molecule of matter, but in the aspiring blade, which gradually advances to the full corn in the ear. And thus, without bringing other examples from nature, in which decay and reproduction are in endless and mysterious operation, it may be observed, that the withered leaf rots into the earth and contributes its quota to the rich vegetable mould which rapidly accumulates, and then by the force of capillary attraction the separated particles ascend the fibres, and minister life and substance to the stems, branches, and leaves of other trees—again becoming green with young existence—again adorning the forest, and shadowing the walk of meditation—again bowing to the universal law, and shivering on the bough in the yellowness of age, and again in the eternal circle rolling to the dust. Who knows then but we are now contemplating the forests of the creation? Who knows but that we are treading the soil once trodden, though in an altered organisation and arrangement only, that was pressed by the foot of patriarchs, prophets, and kings? Who knows, after ten thousand transformations and transmissions, but yonder tree contains, absorbed from the dust of ages, the elements of the oak of Mamre, or the leaf of the tree of life?—But no—let fancy be repressed, and retire from the images that flit around, with the solemn thought of mortality, as illustrated in the fallen leaf of autumn, blended with the glorious hope, as pictured in the green leaf of spring, of a blooming immortality.

X.

COSMOGONY OF MOSES.

ARTICLE V.

Now, what is the fair and obvious presumption? The world, in which we live, is a round ball of a determined magnitude, and occupies its own place in the firmament. But when we explore the unlimited tracts of that space which is every where around us, we meet with other balls of equal or superior magnitude, and from which our earth would either be invisible, or appear as small as any of those twinkling stars which are seen on the canopy of heaven. Why then suppose that this little spot, little at least in the immensity which surrounds it, should be the exclusive abode of life and of intelligence? What reason to think that those mightier globes which roll in other parts of creation, and which we have discovered to be worlds in magnitude, are not also worlds in use and in dignity? Why should we think that the great Architect of nature, supreme

in wisdom as He is in power, would call these stately mansions into existence and leave them unoccupied? When we cast our eyes over the broad sea, and look at the country on the other side, we see nothing but the blue land stretching obscurely over the distant horizon. We are too far away to perceive the richness of its scenery, or to hear the sound of its population. Why not extend this principle to the still more distant parts of the universe? What though, from this remote point of observation, we can see nothing but the naked roundness of yon planetary orbs? Are we therefore to say, they are so many vast and unpeopled solitudes; that desolation reigns in every part of the universe but ours; that the whole energy of the Divine attributes is expended on one insignificant corner of these mighty works, and that to this earth alone belongs the bloom of

vegetation, or the blessedness of life, or the dignity of rational and immortal existence?

But this is not all. We have something more than the mere magnitude of the planets to allege in favour of the idea that they are inhabited. We know that this earth turns round upon itself; and we observe that all those celestial bodies which are accessible to such an observation have the same movement. We know that the earth performs a yearly revolution round the sun, and we can detect in all the planets which compose our system a revolution of the same kind, and under the same circumstances. They have the same succession of day and night. They have the same agreeable vicissitudes of the seasons. To them light and darkness succeed each other; and the gaiety of summer is followed by the dreariness of winter. To each of them the heavens present as varied and magnificent a spectacle; and this earth, the encompassing of which would require the labour of years from one of its puny inhabitants, is but one of the lesser lights which sparkle in their firmament. To them, as well as to us, has God divided the light from the darkness, and he has called the light day, and the darkness he has called night. He has said, let there be lights in the firmament of their heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years; and let them be for lights in the firmament of their heaven, to give lights upon their earth; and it was so. And God has also made to them great lights. To all of them he has given the sun to rule the day; and to many of them has he given moons to rule by night. To them he has made the stars also. And God has set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon their earth; and to rule over the day, and over the night, and to divide the light from darkness; and God has seen that it was good.

In all these greater arrangements of Divine wisdom, we can see that God has done the same things for the accommodation of the planets, that he has done for the earth which we inhabit. And shall we say that the resemblance stops here, because we are not in a situation to observe it? Shall we say that this scene of magnificence has been called into being merely for the amusement of a few astronomers? Shall we measure the councils of heaven by the narrow impotence of the human faculties? or conceive that silence and solitude reign throughout the mighty empire of nature; that the greater part of creation is an empty parade; and that not a worshipper of the Divinity is to be found through the wide extent of yon vast and immeasurable regions?

It lends a delightful confirmation to the argument, when, from the growing perfection of our instruments, we can discover a new point of resemblance between our earth and the other bodies of the planetary system. It is now

ascertained, not merely that all of them have their day and night, and that all of them have their vicissitudes of seasons, and that some of them have their moons to rule their night, and alleviate the darkness of it. We can see of one, that its surface rises into inequalities, that it swells into mountains and stretches into valleys; of another, that it is surrounded by an atmosphere which may support the respiration of animals; of a third, that clouds are formed and suspended over it, which may minister to it all the bloom and luxuriance of vegetation; and of a fourth, that a white colour spreads over its northern regions as its winter advances, and that on the approach of summer this whiteness is dissipated, giving room to suppose that the element of water abounds in it; that it rises by evaporation into its atmosphere, that it freezes upon the application of cold, that it is precipitated in the form of snow, that it covers the ground with a fleecy mantle, which melts away from the heat of a vertical sun; and that other worlds bear a resemblance to our own in the same yearly round of beneficent and interesting changes.

Who shall assign a limit to the discoveries of future ages? Who can prescribe to science her boundaries, or restrain the active and insatiable curiosity of man within the circle of his present acquirements? We may guess with plausibility what we cannot anticipate with confidence. The day may yet be coming when our instruments of observation shall be inconceivably more powerful. They may ascertain still more decisive points of resemblance. They may resolve the same question by the evidence of sense which is now so abundantly convincing by the evidence of analogy. They may lay open to us the unquestionable vestiges of art, and industry, and intelligence. We may see summer throwing its green mantle over these mighty tracts, and we may see them left naked and colourless after the flush of vegetation has disappeared. In the progress of years or of centuries, we may trace the hand of cultivation spreading a new aspect over some portion of a planetary surface. Perhaps some large city, the metropolis of a mighty empire, may expand into a visible spot, by the powers of some future telescope. Perhaps the glass of some observer, in a distant age, may enable him to construct the map of another world, and to lay down the surface of it in all its minute and topical varieties. But there is no end to conjecture, and to the men of other times we leave the full assurance of what we can assert with the highest probability, that yon planetary orbs are so many worlds, that they teem with life, and that the mighty Being who presides in high authority over this scene of grandeur and astonishment has there planted the worshippers of his glory. But the discoveries of science do not stop here. They widen indeed the empire of creation far beyond the limits which were formerly assigned

to it. They give us to see that yon sun, throned in the centre of his planetary system, gives light, and warmth, and the vicissitudes of seasons, to an extent of surface several hundreds of times greater than that of the earth which we inhabit. They lay open to us a number of worlds rolling in their respective circles around this vast luminary; and prove that the ball which we tread upon, with all its mighty burdens of oceans and continents, instead of being distinguished from the others, is among the least of them; and, from some of the more distant planets, would not occupy a visible point in the concave of their firmament. They let us know, that though this mighty earth with all its myriads of people were to sink into annihilation, there are some worlds where an event so awful to us would be unnoticed and unknown, and others where it would be nothing more than the disappearance of a little star which had ceased from its twinkling. We should feel a sentiment of modesty at this humiliating but just representation. We should learn not to look on our earth as the universe of God, but as one paltry, and insignificant portion of it; that it is only one of the many mansions which the supreme Being has created for the accommodation of his worshippers, and only one of the many worlds rolling in that flood of light which the sun pours around him to the outer limits of the planetary system.

But is there nothing beyond these limits? The planetary system has its boundary, but space has none; and if we wing our fancy there, do we only travel through dark and unoccupied regions? There are only five, or, at most, six, of the planetary orbs visible to the naked eye. What then, is that multitude of other lights which sparkle in our firmament, and fill the whole concave of heaven with innumerable splendours? The planets are all attached to the sun; and, in circling around him, they do homage to that influence which binds them to perpetual attendance on this great luminary. But the other stars do not own his dominion. They do *not* circle around him. To all common observation they remain immoveable; and each, like the independent sovereign of his own territory, appears to occupy the same inflexible position in the regions of immensity. What can we make of them? Shall we take our adventurous flight to explore these dark, untravelled dominions? What mean those innumerable fires lighted up in distant parts of the universe? Are they only made to shed a feeble glimmering over this little spot in the kingdom of nature? or do they serve a purpose worthier of themselves, to light up other worlds, and give animation to other systems?

The first thing which strikes a scientific observer of the fixed stars is, their immeasurable distance! If the whole planetary system were lighted up into a globe of fire, it would exceed, by many millions of times, the magnitude of this

world, and yet only appear a small lucid point from the nearest of them. If a body were projected from the sun, with the velocity of a cannon ball, it would take hundreds of thousands of years before it described that mighty interval which separates the nearest of the fixed stars from our sun, and from our system. If this earth, which moves at more than the inconceivable velocity of a million and a half miles a day, were to be hurried from its orbit, and to take the same rapid flight over this immense tract, it would not have arrived at the termination of its journey, after taking all the time which has elapsed since the creation of the world. These are great numbers and great calculations, and the mind feels its own impotency in attempting to grasp them. We can state them in words. We can exhibit them in figures. We can demonstrate them by the powers of a most rigid and infallible geometry. But no human fancy can summon up a lively or an adequate conception—can roam in its ideal flight over this immeasurable largeness—can take in this mighty space in all its grandeur and in all its immensity—can sweep the outer boundaries of such a creation, or lift itself up to the majesty of that great and invisible arm, on which all is suspended. But what can those stars be, which are seated so far beyond the limits of our planetary system? They must be masses of immense magnitude, or they could not be seen at the distance of place they occupy. The light which they give must proceed from themselves; for the feeble reflection of light from some other quarter, would not carry through such mighty tracts to the eye of the observer. A body may be visible in two ways. It may be visible from its own light, as the flame of a candle, or the brightness of a fire, or the brilliancy of yonder glorious sun, which lightens all below, and is the lamp of the world. Or it may be visible from the light which falls upon it, as the body which receives its light from the taper that falls upon it, or the whole assemblage of objects on the surface of the earth, which appear only when the light of day rests upon them: or the moon, which, in that part of it that is towards the sun, gives out a silvery whiteness to the eye of the observer, while the other part forms a black and invisible space in the firmament: or as the planets, which shine only because the sun shines upon them, and each of which presents the appearance of a dark spot on the side that is turned away from it. Now apply this question to the fixed stars: are they luminous of themselves, or do they derive their light from the sun, like the bodies of our planetary system? Think of their immense distance? and the solution of this question becomes evident. The sun, like any other body, must dwindle into a less apparent magnitude as you retire from it. At the prodigious distance, even the very nearest of the fixed stars, it must have shrunk into a small indivisible point. In short, it must have

become a star itself; and could shed no more light than a single individual of those glimmering myriads, the whole assemblage of which cannot dissipate, and can scarcely alleviate the midnight darkness of our world. These stars are visible to us, not because the sun shines upon them, but because they shine of themselves—because they are so many luminous bodies, scattered over the tracts of immensity;—in a word, because they are so many suns, each throned in the centre of his own domains, and pouring a flood of light over his own portion of these illimitable regions. At such an immense distance for observation, it is not to be supposed that we can collect many points of resemblance between the fixed stars and the solar star, which forms the centre of our planetary system. There is one point of resemblance, however, which has not escaped the penetration of our astronomers. We know that our sun turns round upon himself in a regular period of time. We also know that there are dark spots scattered over his surface which, though invisible to the naked eye, are perfectly noticeable by our instruments. If these spots exist in greater quantity upon one side than upon another, it would have the general effect of making that side darker, and the revolution of the sun must, in such a case, give us a brighter and a fainter side, by regular alternations. Now there are some of the fixed stars which present this appearance. They present us with periodical variations of light. From the splendour of a star of the first or second magnitude, they fade away in some of the inferior magnitudes, and one, by becoming invisible, might give reason to apprehend that we had lost him altogether; but we can still recognise him by the telescope, till at length he appears in his own place, and after a regular lapse of so many days and hours, recovers his original brightness. Now the fair inference from this is, that the fixed stars, as they resemble our sun in being so many luminous masses of immense magnitude, they resemble him in this, also, that each of them turns round upon its own axis; so that if any of them should have an inequality in the brightness of their sides, this revolution is rendered evident by the regular variations in the degree of light which it undergoes.

Shall we say, then, of these vast luminaries, that they were created in vain? Were they called into existence for no other purpose than to throw a tide of useless splendour over the solitudes of immensity? Our sun is only one of these luminaries, and we know that he has worlds in his train. Why should we strip the rest of this princely attendance? Why may not each of them be the centre of his own system, and give light to his own worlds? It is true that we see them not; but could the eye of man take its flight into those distant regions, it should lose sight of our little world before it

reached the outer limits of our system; the greater planets should disappear, in their turn, before it had described a small portion of that abyss which separates us from the fixed stars; the sun should decline into a little spot, and all its splendid retinue of worlds be lost in the obscurity of distance; he should at last sink into a small indivisible atom, and all that could be seen of this magnificent system should be reduced to the glimmering of a little star. Why resist any longer the grand and interesting conclusion? Each of those stars may be the token of a system as vast and as splendid as the one we inhabit. Worlds roll in the distant regions; and these worlds must be the mansions of life and of intelligence. In yon gilded canopy of heaven we see the broad aspect of the universe, where each shining point presents us with a sun, and each sun with a system of worlds, where the Divinity reigns in all the grandeur of his high attributes, where he peoples immensity with his wonders, and travels in the greatness of his strength through the dominions of one vast and unlimited monarchy. The contemplation has no limits. If we ask the number of suns and of systems, the unassisted eye of man can take in a thousand, and the best telescope which the genius of man has constructed can take in eighty millions. But why subject the dominions of the universe to the eye of man or to the powers of his genius? Fancy may take its flight far beyond the ken of eye or of telescope; it may expatiate in the outer regions of all that is visible; and shall we have the boldness to say that there is nothing there? that the wonders of the Almighty are at an end because we can no longer trace his footsteps? that his omnipotence is exhausted because human art can no longer follow him? that the creative energy of God has sunk into repose because the imagination is feeble by the magnitude of its efforts, and can keep no longer on the wing of those mighty tracts, and shoot far beyond what eye hath seen or the heart of man hath conceived, which sweep endlessly along, and merge into an awful and mysterious infinity? Before bringing to a close this rapid and imperfect sketch of our modern astronomers, it may be right to advert to two points of interesting speculation, both of which serve to magnify our conceptions of the universe, and, of course, to give us a more affecting sense of the comparative insignificance of this our world. The first is suggested by the consideration, that if a body be struck in the direction of its centre, it obtains from this course a progressive motion, but without any movement of revolution being at the same time impressed upon it. It simply goes forward, but does not turn round upon itself. But, again, should the stroke not be in the direction of the centre, should the line which joins the point of percussion to the centre make

an angle with that line in which the impulse was communicated, then the body is both made to go forward in its space, and also to wheel upon its axis. In this way each of our planets may have had their compound motion communicated to it by one single impulse; and, on the other hand, if every rotatory motion be communicated by one blow, then the progressive motion must go along with it. In order to have the first motion without the second, there must be a two-fold force applied to the body in opposite directions. It must be set agoing in the same way as a spinning-top, so as to revolve about an axis, and to keep unchanged its situation in space. The planets have both motions, and therefore may have received them by one and the same impulse. The sun, we are certain, has one of these motions: he has a movement of revolution. If spun round his axis with two opposite forces, one on each side of him, he may have this movement, and retain an inflexible position in space; but if this movement was given him by one stroke he must have a progressive motion along with a whirling motion; or, in other words, he is moving forward, he is describing a tract in space, and, in so doing, he carries all his planets and all his secondaries along with him.

But, at this stage of the argument, the matter only remains a conjectural point of speculation. The sun may have had his rotation impressed upon him by a spinning impulse; or, without recurring to secondary causes at all, the movement may be coeval with his being, and he may have derived both one and the other from an immediate fiat of the Creator. But there is an actually observed phenomenon of the heavens which advances the conjecture into a probability. In the course of ages, the stars in one quarter of the celestial sphere are apparently receding from each other; and in the opposite quarter they are apparently drawing nearer to each other. If the sun be approaching the former quarter, and receding from the latter, this phenomenon admits of an easy explanation, and we are furnished with a magnificent step in the scale of the Creator's workmanship. In the same manner as the planets, with their satellites, revolve round the sun, may the sun, with all his tributaries, be moving, in common with other stars, around some distant centre, from which there emanates an influence to bind and to subordinate them all. They may be kept from approaching each other by a centrifugal force, without which the laws of attraction might consolidate, into one stupendous mass, all the distinct globes of which the universe is composed. Our sun may, therefore, be only one member of a higher family, taking his part, along with millions of others, in some loftier system of mechanism by which they are all subjected to one law and to one arrangement, describing the sweep of such an orbit in space, and completing the mighty revolution in such a

period of time, as to reduce our planetary seasons and our planetary movements to a very humble and fractionary rank in the scale of a higher astronomy. There is room for all this immensity, and there is even argument for all this in the records of actual observation; and from the whole of this speculation do we gather a new emphasis to the lesson—how minute is this place! and how secondary is the importance of our world amid the glories of such a surrounding magnificence!

But there is still another very interesting tract of speculation which has been opened up to us by the more recent observations of astronomy. What we allude to is the discovery of the nebulae. We allow that it is a dim and indistinct light which this discovery has thrown upon the structure of the universe; but still it has spread before the eye of the mind a field of very wide and lofty contemplation. Anterior to this discovery, the universe might appear to have been composed of an indefinite number of suns about equidistant from each other, uniformly scattered over space, and each encompassed by such a planetary attendance as takes place in our own system. But we have now reason to think that, instead of lying uniformly and in a state of equidistance from each other, they are arranged into distinct clusters;—that in the same manner as the distance of the nearest fixed stars—so inconceivably superior to that of our planets from each other—marks the separation of the solar system, so the distance of two contiguous clusters may be so inconceivably superior to the reciprocal distance of those fixed stars which belong to the same cluster, as to mark an equally distant separation of the clusters, and to constitute each of them an individual member of some higher or more extended arrangement. This carries us upwards through another ascending step in the scale of magnificence, and there leaves us wondering in the uncertainty whether even here the wonderful progression is ended, and, at all events, fixes the assured conclusion in our minds, that to an eye that could spread itself over the whole, the mansion which accommodates our species might be so very small as to lie wrapped in microscopical concealment; and in reference to the only Being who possesses this universal eye, well might we say, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldst deign to visit him?"

And after all, though it be a mighty and difficult conception, yet who can question it? What is seen may be nothing to what is unseen; for what is seen is limited by the range of our instruments; what is unseen has no limit; and though all that the eye of man can take in, or his fancy can grasp at were swept away, there might still remain as ample a field over which the Divinity may expatiate, and which he may have peopled with innumerable worlds. If the

whole visible creation were to disappear it would leave a solitude behind it; but to the infinite Mind, that can take in the whole system of nature, this solitude might be nothing—a small unoccupied point in that immensity which surrounds it, and which he may have filled with the wonders of his omnipotence. Though this earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were to be put out for ever—an event so awful to us and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and of population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? A

mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though this earth and these heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar, the light of other suns shines upon them, and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that piety has its temples and its offerings, and the richness of the Divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?*

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES. No. VII.

LORD CARNARVON.

IN Lord Carnarvon's remarkable volumes on "Portugal and Gallicia," he relates the following occurrence as taking place at Setuval, in the south of Spain, during an insurrectional burst against the constitution, and in favour of Dom Miguel:—

On an open space adjoining the town an enormous concourse of people were assembled. Night had long set in, but we saw by the glare of the lamps the crowd collected most densely around a regimental band, which was playing, with amazing spirit, the ultra-royalist hymn; but even this favourite tune was often drowned by the deafening shouts of, "Miguel the First, the absolute, the most absolute King! and death to the Malleardos,* death to the infamous Constitutionalists!" It was evident that the designs of the Miguelites in promoting this meeting had been crowned with success. The popular enthusiasm was at its height, and characterised by such extreme ferocity, that I could not behold it without awe, or hear the deadly imprecations heaped upon the Constitutionalists without feeling that a terrible hour of vengeance was at hand. I have mingled much in revolutionary scenes, but never before or since have I seen the human face distorted by such a variety of horrible passions,—passions cradled in fanaticism

nursed in silence and in gloom, but now roused to madness, and ready to break down every barrier opposed to their gratification. Every passing occurrence administered to their hate, and furnished matter for hateful illustration. If a rocket went up ill, the people called it a "Constitutionalist,"—a declaration received with yells expressive of the utmost detestation and contempt; if it rose well they cried out that even thus should their knives be sent into the hearts of the accursed Freemasons; and then they expressed fervent wishes that their traitorous heads were burning in the wheel of the rocket. In short, among that assembled multitude all seemed alike transported by one common love for the Infant, by one common hatred to their opponents, and by one pervading sentiment of unlimited and almost frenzied devotion to the church. They were inflamed by music and the spirit-stirring hymn; by wine, which gave an appalling character of desperation to their gestures; and by religious zealots, who whispered, in each pause of the storm, that every blow they struck was struck for God. It is difficult to describe the effect produced at intervals by the sudden glare of the fireworks dispersing the gloom, and lighting up, though but for an instant, their stern and excited countenances. Those momentary gleams showed each man his neighbour's passion, and strengthened his own from a sense of the general sympathy, so that every moment their expressions of vengeance became fiercer, and their shouts more vehement and unintermitted.

At length they raised the cry of "Death to the English!" My host had long before urged me to quit the scene, but the deep interest

* The Constitutionalists were about this time contemptuously called the "Malleardos," or "Spotted Ones," in consequence of an accident that befel Dom Miguel; and the story is illustrative of the quick fancy and readiness of the people who made the application. He was driving an open carriage drawn by two spotted horses, which ran away with him with so much vehemence as to endanger his safety. The people, who were generally attached to Dom Miguel, immediately applied the term "Malleardos" to the Constitutionalists, thereby intending to express their belief that, in one respect at least, they resembled the spotted horses, being equally disposed to run away with the car of the state, and to compromise the safety of their prince.

* This article is chiefly extracted from Dr. Chalmers's celebrated work.

with which I viewed these tumultuary proceedings fixed me spell-bound to the spot. Had my British origin been discovered, my situation might have been very unpleasant; but the same dark face which in Spain convinced the authorities that I was a native outlaw, effectually shielded me at Setuval from the suspicion of being an Englishman; still my foreign accent might have betrayed me had I been compelled to speak, and I felt on many grounds the necessity of retiring, for the people were ripe for violence; and their leaders, seeing that the time for action had arrived, bade the music cease. The crowd, that had been long pent up, chafing like a mighty stream within a narrow channel, now overflowed on all sides, bearing down on Setuval, to carry their revolutionary intentions into effect. In trying to disengage myself from the turmoil, I observed that I was often recognised as a stranger, though not as an Englishman. Many fierce inquiring glances were bent upon me, many persons seemed inclined to stop me, and were only prevented by the hurried movements of the multitude, which pressed on, rank after rank, like the waves of the sea; once, indeed, a savage-looking fellow, rendered still more fierce by intoxication, seized me by the coat, and declaring that I was a freemason, desired me to shout

for the absolute king. My actual position was not agreeable; for my host had warned me, that although I might pass through the crowd unmolested, still if a mere urchin raised the cry of "freemason" against me, the people, in their irritated state, might fall upon me, as a pack obeys a single hound; no well-known Constitutionalist would that night, he assured me, trust himself on that plot of ground for all the treasures of the British exchequer. But the danger, if real, was but momentary, for disordered by wine, and forced onwards by the irresistible pressure of the crowd, my assailant lost his hold before I had time to reply. Extricating myself from the crowd, I took refuge in a knoll of trees behind the chapel, where I saw groups of men careering around with shouts and gesticulations absolutely demoniac, and rather resembling enraged wild beasts than rational beings; and still as I made the best of my way to the inn by a circuitous path, I heard the loud beat of the drum and the infuriated cries of the people, as they rushed to attack the dwellings of the Constitutionals, who were, however, generally speaking, prepared for the tempest, and had fled from their houses some hours before the rising of the gale.

LOVE AND PHILOSOPHY.

[From *MS. Poems on the Affections.* By K. C.]

CHILD of my heart! thine eyes
Seem formed of living light,
Like stars that gem the skies,
And grace the brow of night;
I feel the magic of their beams,
They fill my thoughts, and form my dreams.

With dark and lustrous hue
They dazzle where they dwell;
Where'er they wander, too,
They win with potent spell;
They are laughing, lively, bland, intense,
And sparkling with intelligence.

Thou need'st not long to try
The force of human speech;
There's that within thine eye
That words can never reach:
I read them, hear them—deepest things
Are utter'd by thy glistenings.

To me the thought accords
With heavenly eloquence—
That with the weight of words
They in that world dispense:
Their looks are language—baby, thou
Canst surely speak as angels do.

O, what a glance was there!
'Twas like a tongue of flame,
It flash'd, and filled the air,
As if from heaven it came;
It gleam'd like lightning, blazing, bright,
But scorch'd not—for 'twas lambent light.

Alas! I fear, my child,
My heart is too much raised;
Thy mother wept and smiled
As late on thee I gazed:
She smiled to see me love her boy,
Yet wept lest I should lose my joy.

I cannot help it. Thou
Art all the world to me;
Thy mother is so too:
My child, in loving thee,
I love, with double love, the source
From whence thou sprang'st, my universe.

Thou hast thy mother's eye,
But darker and more bright;
The clear and cloudless sky
Is hers; its hue by night,
Its glow and glory, are with thee—
But both are beautiful to me.

And I may love thee? Yes
I may, I must, I will.
Then give thy sire a kiss.
What! art thou clinging still?
O, language never can express
The luxury of that caress.

"Cease, trifier, cease; away,
Thou lingerest here too long,
My vain and vapid lay
Is but an idler's song."
Thus reason rises to reprove,
And dissipate my dream of love.

LEGEND OF A RUINED TEMPLE AT DUGGA.

Among the ruins, which have a circuit of two leagues, a large temple, with its portico almost perfect, stands conspicuous. At the back the roof had fallen in, within the last ten years, we were told; the gable was yet undecayed. This temple, decorated in the Corinthian style, with great richness and elegance, has the form of a parallelogram; its length, including the portico, is about seventy feet, and its breadth thirty. The pillars, which are all built of one piece, and in admirable harmony, are thirty feet high, and, at the base, have a diameter of four feet and a half. On the field of the gable, on one side, is a colossal eagle in alto-relievo; on the other, the decoration has fallen down: the inscription of the frieze is almost entirely broken off. Shaw has given a copy of this inscription; but, like that given of Spetla, it does not at all agree with the few words that are still legible. It has an almost touching effect to find a stork's nest on the point of the gable, directly over the head of the eagle; it was a pity that the inhabitant was at its summer residence in Europe, where, perhaps, some of my readers may have seen him stalking gravely about, while we were looking at his empty house.

We conclude with a legend of this temple:—This temple was probably dedicated to Jupiter, as the first word of the inscription on the gable field seems to be "Jovis;" the eagle, also, indicates such a destination. It perhaps owes its preservation chiefly to a phenomenon of nature, or to a superstition that Dugga is one of the places where no scorpion can live; and none are really ever found here. The Thaleb of the Shechs related a singular fable concerning this peculiarity, as we reclined under the shade of the pillars on my carpet: we were obliged to spread it here upon heaps of dried dung which covered the floor of the temple, because it was the only shady place; we took, however, the precaution to lay some mats, obtained from the Bedouins, undermost.

"A powerful king and sorcerer," said the Thaleb, "lived here in ancient times, who had a most beautiful daughter. To preserve her from the bite of the scorpions, which then swarmed here, he drew a magic circle in the air around, within which no dangerous animal could live.

When the beautiful princess was of a marriageable age, a neighbouring giant, who was also a powerful magician, demanded her hand, but was refused as an ugly, deformed, and wicked man. He brooded long over schemes of vengeance, without finding a favourable opportunity of wreaking it, because the art of the good king far surpassed his own. On the approaching marriage of the fair princess with a beautiful young prince, whom the fame of her extraordinary charms had brought from a distant country, one of his evil genii instructed him in the following diabolical artifice. He changed himself into a female eagle, built a nest upon a neighbouring rock, and laid two eggs; in which he inclosed a poisonous scorpion. He knew that the princess was passionately fond of eggs, which were brought to her of all kinds, as there was no surer method of earning her favour. It happened she had never tasted an eagle's egg; and rewarded the bringer with the most favourable glance of her starry eyes. The finder of this new delicacy was no other than the bridegroom himself, in whose hands the wicked magician had contrived the fatal eggs should fall. Scarcely had the prince given them to her, on the evening preceding the wedding-day, than the princess, with the eagerness of a spoiled girl whose wishes must all be gratified at the moment, desired to enjoy her feast; but no sooner had her tender fingers touched the shell, than the sting of the poisonous reptile darted forth, and wounded the beautiful princess so severely that her life flowed forth with her rosy blood. The tender-hearted prince died a few days after, in grief and despair. The inconsolable father built this temple, and caused the figure of the eagle to be represented on it, in memory of this melancholy occurrence; soon after, he also sacrificed within its walls the treacherous giant, whom he easily caught by means of the legion of spirits that were at his command. Since that time," concluded the Thaleb, "the custom has prevailed with us, that no bridegroom shall see his bride before the wedding-day; and none of our girls need fear a similar destiny, because no scorpion dares come within a league round Dugga."—*Semilasso in Africa.*

THE CRISIS: WHAT OUGHT CHRISTIAN MINISTERS TO DO?

Among the various intimations that we are approaching some great crisis of national prosperity or decline, of unprecedented virtue or of unexampled degeneracy, I cannot but regard with deep and anxious solicitude the multiplying

institutions which are established for the express purpose of informing the popular mind, and rendering accessible to the humbler classes the treasures of intellectual wealth. Universal education has created a new necessity, and not only

excited the desire of further knowledge in the minds of its subjects, but excited it even to craving; so that mental food is becoming nearly as indispensable to the comfortable existence of the mechanic as the daily sustenance of his body. This necessity has been promptly, generously, and ardently met by the most enlightened and patriotic of our countrymen; and now the novel and interesting spectacle is every where exhibited—children flocking to their Sabbath and other schools, youths repairing to their appropriate institutes, to learn the rudiments of science, and to apply its principles to the particular calling which demands their industry; and all returning to their respective dwellings busy and thoughtful, communicative and inquiring, enriching their families with their new-found stores, and receiving and imparting the highest gratification—the gratification of mind.

In a political and social view, this wonderful change must be big with the most important results. It is a grand and hitherto untried experiment. The world has never yet seen a nation all mind and energy, knowledge and enterprise, capable of investigating all subjects, and determined to push inquiry to its utmost limits; and the politician and philosopher may well ask, with some degree of anxiety, what will be the operation of this stupendous novelty upon ancient establishments, and that state of things which commenced when there was no public mind, when the public consisted only of a few privileged orders, and the populace were in a state of vilenage or total ignorance—a brute mass, unmoved and immoveable, the mere live stock of the soil. May not this prodigious change be accompanied with a fearful reaction? Will not thought, so long dormant, awake to mischief? and will not energy, thus roused from the slumber of ages, avenge itself on the past, and shiver the frame of society which was constructed without any reference to its employment, or presage of its existence? What was it, has been asked by some, that prostrated thrones and altars, and, at last, liberty itself, in revolutionary France? And the reply has been, the too sudden impulse given to mind, the excitement of intellect, without allowing knowledge time to ripen into principle; or, more properly, the corruption of the popular heart through the popular understanding; inoculating a whole people with infidelity and irreligion, under the pretence of exalting their intellectual nature, and emancipating them from the chains of ignorance and delusion.

It is our happiness that the instance adduced is totally inapplicable to us. It is not the modern philosophy, but the arts and sciences, so far as they can be rendered practical and useful, that are taught to our people; and as far as the lectures and institutions are concerned, we have nothing to fear from the doctrines which are inculcated, or the inquiries that are pursued.

Yet is there something in the apprehension, that while the mind of a whole people is passing from ignorance to knowledge, from indolence to activity, their political and ecclesiastical institutions may not remain stationary, and that, in the new zeal to correct abuses which this change will not fail to excite, all that is great and venerable, and true and holy, may be exposed to danger from its indiscriminate exercise.

But under such an apprehension as this, shall we interdict the progress of knowledge? Shall we attempt to lull the awakening energy to sleep? Shall we condemn the children of the poor to their once hereditary ignorance? And shall we compel the mechanic and the artisan to the mere labour of their hands, and bind upon them the original curse without the alleviation—to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow? God forbid! The attempt would be utterly vain, if there were heartless and desperate bigots willing to engage in it. Men will not unlearn; and intellect, conscious of its power, is not again to be manacled. All that is required to convert what so many fear as the most alarming evil, into the greatest blessing that was ever enjoyed in the social state, is, that the hearts of the people should be cultivated with as much assiduity as their understanding; that the ministers of religion should unite their efforts with those of the professors of other sciences; that, with the same spirit of patriotic liberality, they should bring their quota to the popular treasury, and teach, without gratuity or reward, that science which makes wise unto salvation. We may depend upon it, the classes we would especially benefit will appreciate our efforts; and as they are accustomed to apply their faculties to other and rather abstruse subjects, they will not feel the labour of attending to our instructions to be either irksome or exhausting. The mechanics of our metropolis, who are delighted to be taught philosophy, are equally solicitous to be instructed in religion; and if they succeed in acquiring this knowledge, then all is secured that either the wise statesman, the enlightened patriot, and the genuine philanthropist can either hope or desire. The individuals are brought under the immediate influence of the Supreme Ruler, and encircled with the moral glories of his revealed character, which shed a lustre on their natural reason and intellectual acquirements; while the principles by which they are actuated, embodied in the community and diffused through its entire frame and constitution, will effectually work out, though gradually, its complete disenthralment from the evils, whether prescriptive or established, which retard its improvement and impair its felicity. Intellectual energy associated with Christian piety must, in proportion to its diffusion, advance the best interests of a country; but when the one is exiled and the other neglected, when increased mental resources are placed under the direction

and control of moral depravity, or, which is the same thing, when the pride, the vanity, the concupiscence, and the arrogance which are the inherent qualities of our fallen nature, are stimu-

lated and strengthened by the distinctions of science, and the consciousness of mental power, the worst evils that can befall a people may be justly apprehended. J. S.

ANDORRE, THE OLDEST FREE REPUBLIC IN EXISTENCE.

THE republic of Andorre, situated upon the southern side of the Pyrenees, and beyond the natural frontier of France, ought, from its physical position, to belong to Spain. It is, however, considered as a neutral and independent province, although it is, to a certain extent, connected with both countries; to Spain by its religious—to France, by its civil government. The history of this little country presents a phenomenon well worthy the attention and study of the naturalist and the politician. It affords the most solitary instance of a people, few in number, and, in comparison with their powerful neighbours, almost incapable of defence, having preserved, during twelve centuries, their independence and their institutions, uninjured by the many revolutions which have so frequently convulsed the two great kingdoms which surround it. The contented and unambitious minds of its inhabitants, with their seclusion from the world, and indifference to, or ignorance of, the political intrigues and commotions which have overthrown and subverted its many states, have for such a length of time secured to them, as the feudatory republic of France, more real and substantial liberty than was ever enjoyed under the purest of the Italian republics. Andorre is composed of three mountain valleys; of the basin formed by the union of those valleys, and its embouchure, which stretches towards the Spanish Urgel. Its valleys are the wildest and most picturesque in the Pyrenees, and the mountains, with their immense peaks, which enclose it, amongst the highest and most inaccessible. Its length from north to south may be six-and-thirty miles: from east to west, thirty. It is bounded on the north by Arriège; on the south, by the districts of Urgel; on the west, by the valley of Paillas; and on the east, by that of Carol. It contains six communes.

Andorre is altogether independent of Spain; and, as regards France, the annual payment it makes to that country is only in lieu of certain privileges which it enjoys from it; while, there being so little crime in Andorre, the appointment of the French judge has been more with a view to deter criminals of that country from taking refuge in the neutral province, than for the punishment of its natives. Andorre may, therefore, be justly considered as the oldest free republic in existence. The population is from seven to eight thousand; quite great enough for the resources of the country. The Andorrians are all of the Church of Rome, and very religious.

The members of their clergy are in general natives; and they, and the more wealthy of the inhabitants, receive their education at Toulouse or Barcelona. Each curé, in addition to his pastoral duties, has the charge of a school, where the poor are instructed gratuitously; but this does not give him much extra trouble, few of the peasants thinking it at all necessary to send their children to school to acquire what, in their land of shepherds and labourers, they imagine can be of little consequence to them in their future lives: this erroneous impression is the cause why few of the natives have more learning than is sufficient to enable them to read and write; and the great majority are in total ignorance of even these first principles. The Andorrians are simple and severe in their manners, and the vices and corruptions of cities have not hitherto found their way into their valleys,—still, in comparison with the rest of the world, the abode of virtue and content. The inhabitants live as their forefathers lived a thousand years before them; and the little they know concerning the luxuries, the arts, and the civilisation of other countries, inspiring them rather with fear than envy. Their wealth consists in the number of sheep or cattle they possess, or the share they may have in the iron-forges, only a very few of their number being the proprietors of any extent of land beyond the little garden which surrounds their cottage. Each family acknowledges a chief, who succeeds by right of primogeniture. These chiefs, or eldest sons, choose their wives from families of equal consideration with their own, reprobating mean alliances, and looking little to fortune; which is always very small on both sides. The eldest sons have, even during the lives of their parents, a certain status, being considered as the representatives of their ancestors; they never leave the paternal roof until they marry; and if they marry an heiress, they join her name to their own; and, unless married, they are not admitted to a charge of public affairs. When there are only daughters in a family, the eldest, who is an heiress, and succeeds as an eldest son would do, is always married to a cadet of another, who adopts her name, and is domiciliated in her family; and, by this arrangement, the principal Andorrian houses have continued for centuries without any change in their fortunes—*ni plus riche —ni plus pauvre*. They are married by their priests, after having had their banns, as in Scotland, proclaimed in their parish church for three succes-

sive Sundays. The poorest of the inhabitants are, in Andorre, not so badly off as in other countries; their wants are few and easily supplied, the opulent families taking care of those

who are not; and they in gratitude, honour and respect their benefactors.—*Murray's Summer in the Pyrenees.*

USEFULNESS ARISING FROM EARLY PIETY.

THERE is scarcely any thing which has a more powerful influence on the human mind than example; men will be deaf to the voice of instruction, but while they refuse precept, they will often regard the lessons which are conveyed through the medium of example. This accounts for the great good which so frequently results from reading the lives of persons who have been eminent in the service of God; the mind has followed them, step by step, through the various stages of life, the influence of religion under the varied circumstances of adversity and prosperity has been discovered, and thus, by degrees, the principle which was formerly condemned, has been respected, and its real worth acknowledged. (And here I would recommend to the perusal of every young person, the memoirs of distinguished individuals, and especially those who have been removed from the world at an early age: the frequent study of such books you will find highly advantageous.) The cause of God may be much served by young persons, by maintaining a uniform consistency of conduct in the ways of religion. Instead of being disregarded, there is scarcely any one more noticed than a youth who lives under the power of religious principle: there is more to attract attention in him than in those who are more advanced in age. It must be seen that the follies of youth, which are pursued by almost all with the utmost avidity, are discarded by him, and that his attention is arrested by superior pleasures, and happiness of a more exalted character. There is sufficient to contend with, in the time of youth, to distinguish the serious from the profane and thoughtless; the volatile spirit of the one is kept under the salutary restraint of religion, whilst the other is permitted to rise and exercise itself without control. Amongst your companions, the great difference which is discovered between you and themselves may be productive of the most happy consequences; whilst they ridicule the conversation which is serious, they may be brought to love the principle which can produce the change they discover in your conduct and disposition. But not only amongst those of your own standing in life, but amongst your superiors in age, your example may be very useful. A pious youth is the loveliest object in creation, and those who behold it may blush with confusion at their own deformity; and what is more likely than that those who have lived in a course of dissipation and sin should be *shamed* by such a sight? If they have

minds capable of reflection, they must feel that it reflects disgrace upon them, that persons of, perhaps, not half their age, should be diligent in the pursuit of true wisdom, whilst they have been regardless of it through their whole lives. And what if your example should be made the means of bringing others to a sense of their own folly, and of inducing them to attend to the important claims of religion? You will not then have to say you have been of no use in the cause of God. David first dismayed the army of the Philistines, by the slaughter of their champion, and when he began the conquest, the Israelites followed after; the pursuit of the Philistines was not begun till David led the way; and when his example was so beneficial, "he was but a youth." But you may also be useful in the encouragement of those who have already set out on the road to heaven. There are many walking with you in the same path, and many of your own age, and it must be encouraging to every young person, to see that others are disposed as he is, that their attention is directed to that which is the object of his chief concern, and that he is not called alone to bear the burden and the heat of the day. It is pleasant to have companions when we journey, and if we set out on our journey together, we like it so much the better; and how pleasant is it to set out in the way to heaven in the morning of life, and have company all along the road! Then if we meet with troubles we can comfort each other; if one is cast down, the other can render him assistance; if we meet with opposition, by our united strength we may resist our adversary. But we may also encourage those who are far advanced in the journey of life. How cheering must it be to the aged Christian to see others rising to espouse the cause of his Redeemer, to descend into the grave with the satisfaction of seeing others advancing to fill up the station which he is about to resign. And how must the aged Christian parent be encouraged, to see his children rising up in life to call the Redeemer blessed, to take his last farewell of them in the sure and certain hope of meeting them again, after a short interval, to be separated no more for ever; instead of leaving them in love with the world, and at enmity with Christ, he has the heartfelt satisfaction of knowing, that they have given themselves up to be the servants of God. And how must the Christian minister be encouraged, when he beholds the success of his labour amongst the youthful part of his congrega-

tion. With what joy will he, like the tender shepherd, carry in his bosom the lambs of the flock, watchful and careful lest any evil should befall them. His heart will be encouraged by the prospect of your usefulness in the church, even to a distant period; you will be his chief joy here, and the crown of his rejoicing in heaven. Indeed, my young friends, you form a more important part in the church of Christ than you imagine; you are the occasion of much solicitude, and of much joy to those with whom you are connected. But, on the other hand, if you neglect your Creator in the days of your youth, you will be the occasion of distress, instead of encouragement: your friends, your parents, your minister will mourn over you, you will bring down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave: no pang can be so rending to the heart of a Christian parent, as that which is produced by the recollection that his child is walking in the road to everlasting perdition. Your example will be useful if you become the servants of God, and it will be injurious if you live in the practice of iniquity. You may also do much for the cause of God by your exertions. Though you are "but a youth," you have some strength, and religion is a cause which will accept willingly all the strength which

can be brought into it. By your prayers you may always be serviceable to the interests of religion, for let it not be supposed that the petitions of a youth will be rejected; none of our prayers, for their own merit, can be acceptable with God, and as all are received through the medium of a Saviour's blood, the prayer of the youth shall find acceptance with God, as well as that of the more advanced Christian. And we are not without instances, in which the exertions and prayers of young persons have been the means of bringing their parents and friends to an acquaintance with God as their Saviour. You have the same promises to encourage you to be fervent in prayer, and active in exertion, as others; the promises of God are not confined in their application to persons of particular ages, any more than to particular circumstances; they are equally addressed to the poor and the rich, the young and the aged. You should consider it your duty, in all your prayers, to remember the cause of religion; you should pray that the blessing of God would attend the labours of all his servants, and make his own work to prosper in the world. And by your continued supplications and persevering endeavours, whilst you are "but a youth," you may do much for the cause of God.—*Billings.*

CATS.

ARTICLE I.

How, in the name of all the fates and fairies, came the subject of "Cats" to enter the brains of any contributor to "*Ward's Miscellany*?" we think we hear some fair reader exclaim, as she sets aside, for a time, her tambour-work, or knitting-needle, to refresh the romance which softly stirreth within her by a quiet hour's perusal of our pages. Now such a question as this, and tendered by so fair a voice, that Echo could not even imitate it, we feel that we are bound, by every tie of love and admiration to our fair readers, to answer at once promptly and efficiently. If they will turn back to the pages of our ninth number, they will find that, for their express pleasure and delight, we on a former occasion discoursed most eloquently on the very fertile subject of "Rats." We have reason to know that the concluding promise which we made in that paper of reverting to the subject in some future "more fitting mood," has met with much approbation from that fairer portion of the creation who honour us with their weekly patronage, and has caused many to wait, with longing anxiety, for the due performance of our promise. We have, we confess it in deep humility, been somewhat unmindful of, and have tarried long in reducing our promise to a performance, but let not our readers despair, we entreat them; we have sent couriers

in various directions over the globe for the finest specimens extant of "the beloved brood:" our Muscovy and Canadian wanderers are not yet returned, and until they have reached their final destination—home—all we might write upon the subject of their researches would only terminate in disappointment, mingled with what, in such cases, is generally denominated smoke. Our readers will thus see that, in popular phraseology, "circumstances entirely beyond our control," have concurred to produce the delay—"due notice" shall, however, be given of their "next appearance;" in the meantime, we beg leave to introduce to their perusal the subject of "Cats"—which stands next in order to the above aforesaid one of "Rats."

In the course of an extensive research which we have made into this all-absorbing subject, through numberless frightful folios and grim black-letter quartos, we have often pondered in astonishment at the fact, that neither the Bodleian nor the Museum Libraries contain a single line from which any chronological accuracy can be deduced as to the day and hour in which the first cat was born—whether it were a Tom or a Mary—whether it came singly into the world, or in conjunction with numbers of its own species, as is done in the present day—whether it was born blind—whether it mew—

whether it was born a little kitten, or a full-grown cat—whether its earliest developed antipathies were directed against rats or mice—whether, in short, it presented the same characteristics that cats who are born kittens do in our present day and generation. On all these subjects, and at the very onset of our inquiries, it will thus be perceived that we amalgamate somewhat with the kitten race—for in our earliest steps we wander in the dark. But, supposing our fourteen primitive days of blind vitality to have passed over—suppose us frisking by the side of our tender mother after the accustomed manner and due observance of all young kittens—suppose all this, we say, (and supposition is an easy thing,) and we shall have at once arrived at a fit and wholesome stage of progression to see and judge of the future course which our lucubrations on this all-interesting topic should take.

We have abundant reason for speculating on the probability that rats were born into the world before cats: the existence of the former of these was doubtless antedated by as many years of the latter, as are the articles by weeks in which we have discoursed relatively of them in our *Miscellany*.—Rats were born, in an especial manner, to be the objects of mental amusement and physical enjoyment of cats. This assertion may be somewhat startling, and may not perhaps appear very apposite, but we have many elucidatory remarks on this peculiar topic, as affecting the philosophy of Cathood, which we shall bring

more fully before the notice of our readers in a future article; for the present we content ourselves with drawing attention to the circumstance. But where reality fails us we must have recourse to invention; where history leaves us we must fall back upon the legendary lore which our studies have possessed us with. We can suppose it highly probable that Adam and Eve might have employed their leisure hours in Eden by playing at scratch-cradle, or some such other innocent amusement, amidst the bowers of beauty in which they were placed. The quiet mathematical ingenuity with which in this game the strings are twisted, must surely have been first taught them by the slippery facility with which a cat can loosen itself from any entangled enwovement in which it may have been caught. The supple dexterity of its claws in extricating itself from any accidental "mess" into which it may have been betrayed, might have been aptly imitated by the facile pliability of the fingers in the performance of the above wondrous "*jeu-de-main*." The mischievous innocence which the first entrapped cat displayed when Eve first caught her "playing false" in some sequestered corner of the garden, might doubtless have suggested to the fertile mind of that "first lady of the land" the expediency of contriving some such similar inventive means to extricate herself from any such like "embarrassing situation," should some unlucky misfortune ever drive her to her "wit's-end" for any ante-adamite subterfuge. EPHON.

HEMLOCK, THE POISON AND DEATH OF SOCRATES.

(From the "*Lancet*.")

FIRST ARTICLE.

THIS plant claims considerable attention from the classic celebrity it has acquired, as well as from the narcotic influence it exerts. It is known among the older botanists under the name of *cicuta*; the Italians at this day call it the *cicuta maggiore*; the French, *grand cigue*; the Spaniards, *conio manchado*; the Germans, *schierling*. It is one of that class of plants known by the rural classes under the name of "kicksies;" and the dried fistulous stalks were converted by the shepherds into pipes in the days of Virgil, for we find them mentioned by that poet. The foolish Corydon speaks of it in his lamentation, in the second eclogue, which is much more to be admired for its poetry than for its subject. But it is much more frequently spoken of by the Roman writers as a decided poison than in any other way; and Horace more than once alludes to it. In a very playful ode, addressed to his friend Mecenas, he very bitterly

inveighs against garlic, speaks of it in the most opprobrious terms, and condemns it as fit for a parricide, and as more destructive than hemlock. Persius speaks of it as a poison to man, but as fattening to sheep. Upon this point Linnaeus observes, that sheep eat the leaves, whilst cows, horses, and goats will not touch them. Curtis has made an observation, that scarcely any insect is found upon them; whilst Ray points out the preference the thrush gives to the seed, even when it can get at the corn.

There has been agitated amongst classical scholars, medical men, and botanists, a question of considerable interest—whether the hemlock be the plant used by the Grecians as their state poison; as it must ever excite considerable emotion in the mind, from the recollection that it was by it that the life of one of the master-spirits of the age in which he lived was, most probably, terminated. The death of Socrates has been,

amongst all those upon whose minds the slightest beam of learning or of philosophy has dawned, a subject of the deepest interest, "it has conferred a notoriety upon hemlock which time will never efface."

Although it was in the Lyceum that he first publicly taught that doctrine which religion has since confirmed,—that the soul of man, immortal, rises from the grave,—yet in the medical schools this knowledge had existed long previous to the Grecian sage, and medical men were the sacred depositaries of this Divine truth; to them had long been revealed the holy balm of comfort in our pilgrimage on earth. In Egypt the science of medicine had attained an extraordinary height; and to the initiated were taught, under the form of mysteries, some of those precepts which, amid "darkness visible," afterwards found their access to the minds of less instructed men. In the medical

school at Alexandria, Ptolemy Soter first collected together that extraordinary library which contained a learning now unknown to the world, mostly the results of the study of the Therapeutæ and Essenes, on whose minds were engraved the conviction of a life to come, virtue as the guide to follow on earth, and all that preceding ages had taught of the power of medicine upon man. The Greek philosophers gathered from these stores, and taught in their cities and in their islands that which they had collected from the schools of medicine and of philosophy which had existed in Egypt; but as the soil of Greece was not yet fitted for the reception of such seed, he who planted and attempted to rear the beauteous offspring, died by the hand of ignorance, and was a martyr to a truth which is now held so sacred and so dear to man, that he who would attempt to overthrow it is despised and execrated.

REVIEW.

Joseph and Benjamin. A Series of Letters on the Controversy between Jews and Christians; comprising the most Important Doctrines of the Christian Religion. By JOSEPH SAMUEL C. F. FREY, author of a Hebrew Grammar, a Hebrew, Latin, and English Dictionary, and editor of Vander Hooght's Hebrew Bible. In Two Volumes. Fifth Edition. New York, U. S.

THE best account we can give of this work, and the best recommendation of its objects, are to be found in the preface addressed to the American reader, and which we therefore introduce into our pages:—

"DEAR READER,

"As you may probably have seen my narrative, or history of my own life, several editions of which have been published both in England and in this country, I shall not say any thing respecting myself, except what may be necessary as a key to the following letters. In the year 1771, I was born in Germany, of Jewish parents, and brought up in the strict observance of all the religious ceremonies of my forefathers. I was early educated for the office of rabbi, which I sustained afterward, together with reader in the synagogue, &c., for seven years. At the age of twenty-five, being convinced that Jesus is the Messiah, I left my father's house and kindred, and publicly professed the Christian religion. In 1799 I devoted myself to the work of a missionary, and commenced the preparatory studies in the missionary seminary at Berlin, Prussia, and pursued it afterwards more fully in England. In 1805 I commenced my missionary labours in London, and continued the same until 1816, when I removed with my family to this country, where I became the pastor of a congregation in the city of New York. In 1823 I resigned my pastoral charge, and engaged as agent for the 'American Society for Meliorating the condition of the Jews,' until 1828. Since that period I have spent much of my time in travelling, and preaching the glorious Gospel of the blessed God through the greater part of the United States. Thus far the Lord has brought me on, and I can truly say, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; for which I desire to bless his holy name.

"The substance of the following letters constituted my lectures to my Jewish brethren in London, and many of them I have preached in several cities in Great Britain, in the city of New York, and Charleston, S. C., &c., and to the praise of Him 'from whom cometh every good gift,' I can say, upon good evidence, that they have met with general approbation, and been frequently solicited for publication. For the last twenty years I have revised and enlarged these lectures repeatedly, and carefully compared them with the sacred Scriptures, with the writings of our ancient and modern rabbins, and with the most approved works of Christian divines, and believe them to contain the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, my blessed Lord and Saviour.

"Now I am old and grey-headed, and cannot expect to have

many more days to labour in the vineyard of my Lord, I have endeavoured to prepare them for the press to the best of my poor abilities, and now humbly submit them to the public, that after I shall be dead and gone to rest with my fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven, I may yet, by these letters, teach transgressors the way of salvation through the once crucified, and now exalted Redeemer, and confirm believers in the all-important truth that Jesus Christ is the true Messiah, the Son of the living God.

"With respect to the style and composition of this work, I am perfectly aware that the critic will find many imperfections; but hope the candid reader will please to bear in mind that the English is not my native tongue, and ever since I commenced speaking it, I have been actively and constantly engaged in the work of the Lord, which has not left me as much time as I could have wished to attend more strictly to the rules of rhetoric, and therefore humbly request the reader to attend more to the matter than to the style and composition of the following letters.

"One object which I have constantly kept in view is to show that the fundamental doctrines of our holy religion are neither 'cunningly devised fables,' nor 'the inventions of modern priestcraft;' but that they have been revealed in the Old Testament, and believed by the ancient people of God, and have been taught by Christ and his apostles in the New Testament only in a fuller and clearer manner.

"I have addressed these letters to Benjamin, my own brother, merely as a representative of all my Jewish brethren, concerning whom I can adopt the language of the great apostle of the Gentiles, if not as feelingly, yet I trust as sincerely, in declaring, 'I say the truth in Christ; I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart, (for I did wish that myself were accursed from Christ,*) for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh: who are Israelites; to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.' Rom. ix. 1-5. Neither are these letters written for the Jews only,

* Perhaps few passages have been considered more difficult to be understood than this. But the mind of the apostle may be easily known, 1. If the second and third verses are read without the clause 'for I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ;' 2. Let the original word *exukomais*, the imperfect middle voice, be translated 'I did' wish, instead of 'I could,' i. e. before my conversion; 3. Let this sentence be read in a parenthesis, as a reason why Paul felt and expressed greater sympathy for his brethren than any other of the apostles did. As if he had said, 'They never hated Christ as I did; for before my conversion I was as bad as my unbelieving brethren are; for, like them, I did wish myself accursed from Christ; that is, I abhorred the idea of believing in him, or as being considered one of his disciples; and therefore, by sad experience, I can sympathise with them more than others.' He who has just been rescued from a dangerous fit of sickness feels more for a sick person than he who never knew what sickness means. Hence, even the Son of God himself needed to be tempted and tried, that he might be able to succour them that are tempted.

but also for Christians of every denomination. The variety of truth contained in them is made so plain, and is in itself so interesting and important, that I hope the work will prove exceedingly useful as a companion in Bible classes, a text book to candidates for the Gospel ministry, and a complete system of divinity for pious families.

"Firmly believing that 'Paul may plant and Apollon water, but God alone can give the increase,' and that 'it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord,' I earnestly pray that the Lord, in infinite mercy, may make the truths contained in the following letters 'the wisdom and the power of God unto salvation to every' reader, 'to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.'

"*Brooklyn, New York, March, 1835.*

THE AUTHOR."

The author of "Joseph and Benjamin" is now in England, and is actively, and, we are glad to learn, successfully, employed in obtaining assistance for the gratuitous circulation of this masterly defence of Christianity, in answer especially to the objections of the Jewish nation, both among the Jews in the British empire as well as among those in Germany and other parts of the European continent. In the translation of the work into the German and French languages, we think certain peculiarities of opinion advanced by Mr. Frey might be prudently omitted; and in the event of an English edition succeeding the present, we recommend a careful revision of the whole, and a judicious omission of what is not likely to prove acceptable to the most numerous classes of Christians, however it may flatter Jewish pride and prejudice.

The author has our best wishes and earnest prayers for his success. His credentials from America are most satisfactory; and his reception in England by those who witnessed his exertions in early life, must afford him sincere pleasure.

The Book of the Denominations; or, the Churches and Sects of Christendom in the Nineteenth Century.
Second Edition. Virtue, Ivy-lane.

WHY this work was so long permitted to remain out of print, when it was so loudly called for by the public, has not been explained. We are glad to hail its reappearance, and have no doubt of its wide circulation. This is the book for the times. Every churchman ought to possess it, that he may form just views of the character and position of his own church at the present critical juncture; and the Dissenter and the friend of universal religious freedom should read and diffuse its doctrines and sentiments. It is the religious patriot's manual, and we commend to the attention of our general readers the following extract, from the article entitled "The United Church of England and Ireland." The subject is baptism; and the author, after some remarks that the clergy would do well to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, goes on to say:—

"Baptism, as managed in this church, is, as we have seen,

the juggle of a priest, the charm with which he works a miracle of grace. But in addition to this, there are three things in the baptismal service, which to the members of all other churches but that of Rome, appear exceedingly strange and repugnant to all their notions of Scripture and common sense.

"The first is the questions put to the babe, and answered by the sponsors. The subject is too grave for farce, and yet the exhibition is ludicrous. Imagine a group composed of a nurse with a baby in her arms, and three or four plain, and for the most part, unlettered and thoughtless persons, who seldom, except on such occasions, are ever seen at church, standing round a white-robed and venerable priest—a man, who, in all respects, appears to be their superior, and who now presents himself before them as their spiritual instructor and guide. The child is brought, and a strange colloquy takes place; the priest addressing the child by proxy, demands of the sureties in its name, 'Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow, nor be led, by them?' On some occasions, when, to save time and trouble, half a dozen children are to be regenerated at once, this question is proposed to some twenty or thirty sponsors, godfathers and godmothers, as they are called; and, as instructed to reply by the clerk, who acts as master of the ceremony, they simultaneously reply, 'I renounce them all.'

"The priest then propounds to the infant the articles of the Apostle's creed, and the sponsors answer as before—'All this I stedfastly believe.' Again the clergyman demands, 'Wilt thou be baptised in this faith?' The response is—'That is my desire.' 'Wilt thou then obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of thy life?' 'I will,' is the decisive and prompt reply. Thus the babe becomes a Christian, and the sureties, after uttering these solemnities and giving these pledges, salute the little believer—make an occasional present—and will probably hear no more of it till awakened by the terrors of that tremendous judgment which will call all men to account, not only for their profane actions, but their idle words and serious blasphemies.

"The absurdity of all this (to say nothing of its impiety—for impious it does appear to me in the highest degree) may be exposed by presenting something resembling it on another subject.

"Suppose an infant brought by its parents and friends to a public school, to answer certain astronomical interrogations to be put by a professor of astronomy, as in general—Wilt thou, infant of eight days old, wilt thou be an astronomer? Dost thou renounce all erroneous systems of astronomy; in particular, dost thou admire the true Copernican system? Suppose a proxy required to answer for this infant—All this I, proxy for this child, do stedfastly believe; and suppose from this hour the child became a reputed astronomer.

"The simplicity of scriptural baptism is infringed upon, by the church's officiously rendering the sign of the cross an essential part of the ceremony. No clergyman dare administer baptism without this accompaniment. It is indispensable; for when, to relieve tender consciences, it was proposed by the commissioners, who prepared the bill of comprehension, to make it indifferent, leaving it to be used or not, according to the will of the parents of the child—the proposal was rejected. So that what the Scriptures do not require, and which has no precedent in the practice of the primitive church, the church of England imperiously enjoins upon all her members, from which if they dissent, their offspring are at once, and for ever, abandoned to the uncovenanted mercy of God. But it may be asked, what has the cross to do with baptism? the three Persons in the Trinity are of equal importance in its administration, and if the Son is to be distinguished by a symbol peculiar to his office, why are appropriate rites referring to the Father and the Holy Spirit to be omitted? Invention might easily form some significant device; and so we might convert all the simple and the beautiful in the ordinances of the New Testament into a pageant and a mummary.

"If the church of England invent one rite, why may not the church of Rome invent ten or fifty? 'She may defend the use of chrism, salt, spittle, and the other ceremonies of christening in her ritual, by every argument by which the sign of the cross is defended.' But the sign of the cross is a significant rite; and what absurdity may not be made significant?"—(pp. 376—379.)

GEMS.

DISAPPOINTED AMBITION.—The same sun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not shine upon disappointed ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom and melancholy. Men in this deplorable state of mind find a comfort in spreading the contagion of their spleen.—*Burke.*

OMNISCIENCE.—There is something in the thought of being surrounded, even upon earth, by the Majesty on high, that gives a peculiar elevation and serenity of soul. To be assured in the loneliest hour of unknown

or neglected sorrow, that every sigh ascends to the eternal throne, and every secret prayer can be heard in heaven; to feel that, in every act of conscious rectitude, the heart can appeal, amidst all the contradictions of sinners, to One who seeth not as man seeth, produces a peace which the world can never give. Feeling itself, like Enoch, walking with God, the heart perceives a spirituality and purity in every joy, a mercy and a balm in every sorrow, and, exalted above the intrusions of an intermeddling world, has its "conversation in heaven."—*Matthew.*

THOUGHTS ON MODERN LITERATURE.

BY THE HON. GEORGE LUNT, NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE different moral tone, which characterises the writings of the present day, compared with those of the fathers of English literature, is such as cannot fail to strike the most casual reader. It is not so much that there is any deficiency of books upon the great subjects connected with human improvement, or that the authors themselves seem at all wanting in just views of the real interests of mankind. On the contrary, all means available to human effort are forced into the service of morality. Society is actually overwhelmed with the praises of whatever is excellent. Science, in her cold, hard way, has undertaken to demonstrate its value. Wisdom uplifts her modest voice; and she has her own hearers: and Folly, throwing over her shoulders the mantle of Philosophy, grows didactic and instructive, until our hearts become sick within us, and we are almost ready to despise those things which deserve our highest veneration and love, and which of themselves are attractive with a thousand beauties. One may now be convinced by mathematical demonstration of the superiority of virtue to vice; but is it not sometimes the case, that the very means which are victorious to convince, fail in power to convert to any good purpose? One may certainly be driven to assent to conclusions, of which he feels neither the force nor the truth; and may store his mind with innumerable maxims, without arriving at any higher eminence in wisdom or virtue. The reason may be overpowered, while the feelings are untouched. The intellect may be enlarged, and the heart remain unimproved. We bow down to an idol which we call Reason, and are too often careless or forgetful, whether this object of our worship be a true or a false divinity. The time has been when men were willing to trust to the ordinary impulses of human nature. They gave themselves up to admiration and pity, and all the more generous affections, without hesitation and without fear. They *felt* that they were right, and they needed no more convincing argument. But now-a-days, the world has grown much wiser; and where we were once satisfied with feeling, we must needs argue and dispute. We forget that all men are not capable of reasoning correctly. We forget that we cannot always be sure of the soundness of our conclusions, even when we have taken the most careful pains. We forget, in fine, that men have been, and may be argued into the most absurd results; and that passion and prejudice will artfully interweave themselves with our nicest speculations. It is true that Reason is herself immutable. But we are to mistake the sacrifice for the altar,—dis-

putation for logic,—reasoning for reason. We confound the mistaken processes of our own weak minds with the invariable principles of Truth, and thus syllogise ourselves into errors which are inextricable, because we are determined to convince ourselves that we are right. The world now deems itself interested only in realities, strangely and falsely so called; for the things which we so regard are indeed the unsubstantial and evanescent; and things distant and indistinct the future will show to be the only and truly real. The daily cares that press upon our thoughts are now made to constitute the daily food and nurture of the mind. And sanguine Hope with her buoyant wings, and Fancy brilliant with the hues of heaven, and Imagination that compasses the illimitable universe, must fold their pinions, and shrink away from a power, who without their ministry must become in a moment but a cold and lifeless abstraction. But is it not true, that all men aim to escape from the present? It is not to-day that we are supremely blest; but yesterday, we say to ourselves, we were happy, and to-morrow shall be like, and much more abundant. The slave of care will struggle to forget himself. He remembers a time when he was not so burdened, and anticipates a period when he shall be free from the perplexities which now oppress him; and the sick man turns upon his restless pillow, and recalls the elastic step of his early youth, or dreams of breezes, full of the sweet south, that shall yet breathe vigour into his frame, and renew the energies of his exhausted heart. And what, may we ask, has reason to do with the thoughts that soothe, and the hopes that cheer their minds? We satisfy ourselves with the suggestions of imagination; we become happy upon the blessings which hope insinuates; and life derives its very spring and buoyancy from things which reason can neither control nor supply. It is under these influences that the tired hand raises itself, and the flagging spirits are encouraged to renewed and more vigorous exertion, and that we press forward, again and again, to the vast pursuits of the world, with the incitements of hope throbbing and thrilling in our bosoms.

It is in vain, therefore, to tell us, that the operations of the imagination are inconsistent with the real requirements of life. It is vain to say that it is not necessary to our very existence. It has the power to lift the burdens which weigh upon the present. It cheers and renovates us by recalling into more splendid being the lost glories which brightened the past. It has the

magic art to clothe the future with more exquisite visions of magnificence and beauty than the present ever knows.

The theory which would confine us down to the mere objects of our senses humbles our nature, and deprives it of some of its most ennobling attributes. It is not surely the cultivation of the fancy, but its neglect and abuse, which is ever injurious to the true interests of society. But it is strange indeed that we should be always studying text-books for the improvement of our other faculties, and should suffer that one to run wild and luxuriate at will, which needs the most constant and attentive direction, and upon which, more than any of them, our daily happiness depends.

It cannot be denied that, after the Scriptures themselves, the books which have exerted the most powerful influence upon human life, have been works of imagination. From childhood to old age, and through every variety of character, they have governed the mind by the same irresistible and intense interest. How many characters indeed have been moulded and fixed by the narrative of that entertaining voyager, upon whose story we have all of us hung delighted in our youth, until his solitary island seemed to us fairy-land, only that we believed its marvels to be truer than any history. How many human beings have caught their more exalted emotions from the pages of that mightiest master of thought and passion, whose wildest conceptions seem less like fiction than the daily occurrences of our own existence! For whoever mused with Hamlet, or acted with Othello, without realising their life and presence like that of his most familiar and ordinary friends? Or, to turn to a graver, but no less imaginative specimen of fictitious composition, how many have wandered with delight over the wondrous story of good and honest John Bunyan! How many "trembling minds and hearts afraid" have gone with valiant Christian upon his pious pilgrimage, and felt their own faith strengthened by his steadfastness, their own courage confirmed by his example! We presume, too, that, considered apart from its sacred character, no more entertaining and instructive reading can be found, than that which is contained in the allegorical portions of Scripture itself. What lofty and beautiful images are breathed by the fervent spirit of the divine Psalmist and his royal son! What terrible sublimity rolls upon the awful strains of the Arabian patriarch! What holy sweetness, what heavenly enthusiasm, what magnificent imagery interweave themselves with the thread of the Old Testament narration, like pearls mingling with gold! Who has ever contrived stories so true to nature, so touching in expression, so beautiful in their application, so interesting in their structure, as the parables of our Saviour himself! the Bible is full of the expression of

the tenderest as well as the loftiest imagination, and disdains not to clothe its instructions, its threatenings, and its consolations, with the flowers that were wreathed in Paradise.

But to confine our attention to compositions of merely human origin, certainly a vast proportion of the literature of the present day is deficient in the higher characteristics, which distinguished the writings of our predecessors. There is plenty of light literature, it is true, and much which is both entertaining and attractive, to a certain degree; but there seems to be an air of superficialness and shallowness about most even of its best productions, which effectually prevents it from entering very deeply into our sympathies, from dwelling and incorporating itself, if we may so speak, with the texture of our minds, and becoming, as it were, a part and portion of ourselves. There are undoubted and illustrious exceptions to so general a charge. It may also be observed, that we seldom regard the writings of our contemporaries and companions with the same impartiality as that with which we look upon the productions of the distant and the dead. For Time, which separates the man of genius from the envy and malice of the world; Time, which covers his failings, and spiritualises and exalts his nature; Time, which transmits to us only the higher and more ethereal attributes of those glorious beings, breaks down also the earthly barriers which limited their renown to their own kindred and country; it sweeps away the prejudices which veiled their fame. They are no longer Spaniards and Italians, Englishmen and Americans: they claim a communion with the human race, and we yield them our veneration and love, as the benefactors of mankind.

But there is something in the older writers intrinsically superior to that which now claims our attention and praise. Take some of the standard classics of the English language, and how rarely will the most judicious critic have occasion for finding fault? But as to the mass of the current literature of the day, all men are competent to criticise the flippant pertness of its expressions, and its ill-considered and unsound speculations. The pen seems to have been taken up as if for the preparation of some unwelcome task, which, as might be anticipated, is executed with slovenly carelessness, and laid aside by both writer and reader without regret. But the eloquent simplicity of the older authors, their sound learning, the elegant variety of their careful diction, their fine thoughts and profound reflections, show that they came with minds prepared for the business which they had undertaken. And thus, "long choosing and beginning late," and writing with that cautious deliberation, they finally produced those noble works, which are worthy the devotion of a life; for ever honourable to themselves, for ever profitable to mankind. The popular works of the present day are many

of them justly so named. They, indeed, gratify the popular fancy, which is but for an instant, and, as that changes, they die, and are forgotten. They are created amidst the bustle and excitement of momentary caprice, to suit a taste as trustless and inconstant as a summer cloud; they contain in themselves no elements of solid continuance; they amuse, it is possible, for a day; they live without renown, and perish without honour; and the places which knew them are filled again and again by others, as trifling and as idle as themselves.

Not so is it with the other class of productions to which we have alluded. They were the fruits of no instantaneous impulse of the fancy: they were written to gratify no popular appetite, and to minister to no depraved taste; and they suit not, it may be, the fashion of the times. But age soon frees them from the passing prejudice of the day, and then they live and flourish for ever! They appeal to the common sympathies and sensibilities of our nature; they enter into the feelings which have characterised our race in every stage of its progress; they strike upon chords which have throbbed in every human bosom. Man is their her, and the world their stage. They think for all time, and their just gerdon is immortality.

We were led into these reflections, by looking over lately some of the minor poems of Milton, and could not help thinking how much more truly valuable was a line of his writing, than whole libraries of many modern compositions. They are true to nature, true to philosophy, true to heaven! There is something more in them than makes up the ordinary attributes of fine writing, something more than fancy, more than imagination, more than learning, more than genius—there is soul! There is a fire which caught its blaze at no earthly altar; there is a grand purpose conceived in the deep solitude of the author's mind. There is not a thought which looks like grasping at present renown. There is, to be sure, the anticipation of glory;—but the glory which Milton coveted was not the acclamation of the crowd around him. There is, indeed, a soul breathing from his pages, conscious of its own objects, serving its own ends, performing its own resolves, unpolluted by the vices of men, but serene, heroic, and unshaken amidst the thronging tumult of an unstable world. There is a conscience, which degrades itself by no base compliances, a heart which holds its hopes under higher control than the world's acclaim, an intellect unallured by interest and far too great for vanity, its only impulse duty, its only law its own approbation. It countenances no false philosophy; it sinks into no morbid despondency; it is full of hope, and courage, and sublime contemplation; it searches into the business of the world with a just appreciation; it mingles in the affairs of life with a generous aim;

it has nourished its meditations amidst the gardens of Sion; the flowers it has gathered have been watered with the dews of

"Silos's fount, that flowed,
Fast by the oracle of God."

We do not mean to be understood that the authors of the present day are to be expected to write like Milton and some of his contemporaries; for with different degrees of power, the same spirit seems to have been working in the minds of all those great men. A genius like Milton's, indeed, must exist alone and unapproachable; it is the wonder of its own era, and the admiration and example of other ages. The great events which agitated their day have been wanting to our own; the influences and the emotions which tended to elevate their minds have operated more feebly upon ours; the stormy waves which beat upon their shores with a dash like thunder, have flowed by us gently and almost imperceptibly, like the receding tide of a summer stream. But there can be no time which does not require encouragements to virtue; no age in which that literature is not really valuable which tends to elevate and dignify the character of man. But the lighter productions of genius, whether good or bad, will always exert a vast influence upon the popular mind; and we cannot count that labour vain which may have some influence in directing the thoughts to those purer fountains of meditation and philosophy. It is sad, indeed, to reflect that literature, which ought to be able to lead and to form the public taste, is too apt to derive its own characteristics from the tendency of the times; and thus acting and reacting upon each other, a day of inferior men and ignoble deeds will encourage corrupt and feeble habits of thought in those whose duty it is to resist such influences, and to stem the torrent of a debasing age. That literature which serves only to entertain an idle hour is not performing any of its higher purposes. It is its duty to devote itself to the encouragement of the better emotions of the heart and mind, and while it pleases, never to forget that its chief aim should be to raise and instruct. But whoever reads much of the fictitious writing now popular, will find himself lulled into a dreamy and enervating voluptuousness, or perhaps new strength imparted to his evil passions; or, it may be, it will unsettle his notions of right and wrong, will encourage a false estimate of the allotments of life, and cherish imaginary but fatal discontents. Let such an one turn, then, to the pages of a writer like Milton, and consider how he regarded the unavoidable misfortunes of existence. What deep and serene contentment breathes in this sonnet upon his blindness!—

"When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged in me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 'Doth God exact day labour, light denied?'
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
 Either man's works or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'

And how nobly does a strong heart and an unbroken mind speak in the thrilling language with which he addresses a friend upon the same subject!—

"Syriac, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, 't have lost them overplied
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side:
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain
 mask,
 Content though blind, had I no better guide."

It is impossible to read such productions without becoming wiser and better; for they encourage our nobler faculties, they cherish our more exalted purposes, they raise our spirits and warm our hearts, they cheer us on the rough road of duty, and we go forward on the business of life under the promptings of purer and more generous emotions. You read the writings of Milton and some of his compeers, and you feel that you have been in the presence of great men; and if the majesty of their genius awes you, it also comforts you with grander ideas of the capacity of the human intellect, it inspires you to loftier and more strenuous effort for your own cultivation and the improvement of others. On the contrary, many of the trifling productions which are such modern favourites, seem to us to have been written with the direct purpose of debasing our nature. It is not likely that this is generally the case; but so much the more melancholy is the reflection, if they are written to commend themselves to a depraved taste already formed, and open for their reception. At any rate, they are calculated to throw a veil over the brightness of our moral perceptions, and to confound, in our minds, the eternal distinctions of virtue and vice. They rob us of the prouder hopes of life, and chain us down to the sordid and selfish maxims of the world.

The true purpose of imagination is of a higher nature, we believe, than is generally apprehended. It is not simply to amuse an idle hour, still less to minister to a depraved taste, that she spreads her starry wings, and compasses the broad and teeming earth, and the illimitable amplitude of heaven. Her storehouse is a treasury of un-

counted gems—pearl and opal, diamond and gold. As the liberal elements dispense their bounty, so she diffuses her golden gifts. There is no age, or climate, or condition of men, in which she has not given to glory its chiefest honour, and its sweetest magic to beauty. It was by her aid that the early Chaldean looked into the blue depths of upper air, and drew thence the mystic theories of his ancient wisdom; and upon her pinions was wafted the soul of

"That blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

whose stirring songs yet echo upon the sanguine plain and around the battlements of old Troy. Upon the mountain-tops she hath her dwelling, and in every green field. The deep echoes of primeval forests are filled with her language, and Ocean, as it swells and thunders, answers to her voice. Sometimes she may be found reposing in the calm loveliness of a summer landscape; and sometimes she builds her pavilion upon the tumultuous current of the storm. Other things are partial and limited in their character and operation; but her empire is unbounded as the universe. There is no human being so cold and dull in whose feelings and affections she has not some share. The savage in his desert and the philosopher in his closet, are equally within the sphere of her control. She is powerful to melt, to persuade, and to teach. It is her office to elevate, to refine, and to humanise the mind; and whether she wanders amidst the enchantments of Arabia, or clothes the ragged hills of Scotland with glory and delight, her influence is acknowledged and her dominion allowed.

It is the well-known remark of a great English statesman, that if he might write the popular songs, he cared not who made the laws of the nation. The observation is manifestly founded upon a just appreciation of human character, and is but a commentary upon the conduct of Lycurgus, who introduced the poems of Homer into Greece at the same time that he was reforming the legislation of Sparta. How often has the stirring lay aided the patriot in the achievement of his triumphs! How often has the hero's heart throbbed with higher energies as he listened to the thrilling numbers of the muse's lyre! History is full of the triumphs of song; and a touching incident of this nature is related in Plutarch's life of Nicias, where he tells us that after a battle unfortunate for the Athenians, their Sicilian conquerors freely released their captives, and showered upon them benefits seldom bestowed upon the vanquished, in reward for the recitation of a few verses of Euripides; and which is the same story so beautifully alluded to by a poet of our own times:—

"When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
 And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war,
 Redemption rose up in the Attic muse,
 Her voice their only ransom from afar."

See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermastered victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands, his idle scimeter
Starts from its belt, he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his
strains."

If, then, works of imagination exert a more powerful and constant influence upon the popular mind than graver treatises, how necessary it is that they should be founded upon the truest models, and be dedicated to the best purposes! It is in vain to attempt to subdue the outpourings of imagination; nor can it be in any way desirable. Other thoughts may be necessary; but her promptings are a delight. It is her proper business to make goodness attractive, and to scatter flowers over the rugged paths of duty; it is hers to cheer what misfortune depresses, and to gild the clouds of life with a halo of glory. It is surely the interest of society to see to her proper cultivation; and she well knows how to repay its care a thousand fold. When she is neglected she becomes, of necessity, depraved, and society feels the debasement in an infinite variety of ways; when her honour is secured she calls around her the glories which have illuminated her past existence, and thus she gives a fresh charm to virtue, and throws a newer lustre upon happiness.

Above all, let not him who is conscious of a just and noble purpose fear what some have strangely said—that the day of poetry has gone by, and that he will want readers; for this, indeed, can never be while there is any thing in the condition of nature or of life to impress us more deeply than the ordinary current of existence; it can never be while a hue of melancholy shadows any spirit, or a spring of joy gushes in any heart. It would contradict the very constitution of human nature itself. The sailor thrills upon the bounding sea, the student revels in the luxury of solitary thought, the husbandman gladdens in the freshness of spring; and all these are poetical: and the daybreak, scattering the silence

of darkness; the descending splendours of evening; the grey twilight; the array of night; hill and valley, stream and forest, flower and ocean; whatever is noble in the history of mind, whatever is lovely and affecting in the story of life. To say that the day of poetry is gone by, were, indeed, to say what none of us would willingly believe; for it would be to say that the world has grown old and imbecile, that its veins are chilled, and its end is nigh; that the enchantments of youth are vanished; that the glory of manhood is a shadow; that his better hopes are but folly, and the purposes of existence only degrading; it were to say that the freshness has passed from the leaf, and the sunbeam from the canopy of heaven; that life, indeed, is worthless, and creation a blank.

And so, indeed, from day to day, and from year to year, pass on and perish the vanities of the world; so pass its idle fashions and its heartless follies; and sorrowing not for them, we might say without regret,

"Pass on, relentless world!"

But so passeth not whatever is truly valuable and excellent; so can never pass those loftier aspirations which are conceived in the purity of a good heart, and are devoted to the exalted purpose of advancing and ennobling the human character. So can never pass the glory of intellectual achievements, which, like Milton's, have caught their inspiration from a Divine fountain, and whose hopes of endurance are built upon a foundation which is higher than the stars. No generous impulse, no lofty action, no ardent and virtuous aspiration of one who sincerely devotes himself to the advancement and elevation of his kind, shall ever perish; his fervent enthusiasm, his noble enterprises, his magnificent thoughts, his pure life, his charity to man, and his high trust in God, will be recorded for eternity, where the fashions of the world have neither part nor lot.

BRITAIN.

CHAPTER XI.

TRADE.

WHEN the disturbances of the conquest had subsided, it contributed to the spread of trade, by opening communications with France, and other parts of the continent, which found full employment for the small, but always increasing, navy of the conqueror.

Some of the principal places of trade, in this period, were Bristol, London, Exeter, the Cinque ports, Norwich, Lynn, Lincoln, Grimsby, Wainfleet, Boston, Stamford, York, and Pembrokeshire, where the Flemings made coarse woollen cloth.

The exports were wool, leather, yarn, lead, tin, corn, salt, wax, cheese, honey, horses, which often sold for twenty-eight, or thirty marks each, and slaves, often the children of the poor, who were sold in Ireland, as appears from the council of Armagh, at which it was decreed that all the English slaves should be liberated. None of these exports left the kingdom without a tax had been first paid to the king. The merchants, who were chiefly Jews, that had come after the conquest in great numbers, among whom were some Flemings, Italians, Germans, Lombards, and even Anglo-

Saxons, formed a despicable part of the English population at that time. They imported drugs, spices, arms, pictures, books, the precious stones, and metals, oils, woad, silks, wines, furs, and the celebrated tapestries from the city of Arras, whence their subsequent name; and iron and steel from Germany; all whose prices and times of sale were fixed by the king. There were then embroiderers, jewellers, painters, writers, and illuminators, besides the necessary trades mentioned in the former period. But such tradesmen and imports were chiefly for the benefit of the nobles and clergy. The merchants of a trading city were, in this period, formed into guilds, to lessen the hazards, and to increase the gains of commerce, for which they paid a yearly rent to the king. A guild of London paid 16*l*.; one at Winchester 3 marks; one at Lincoln, 2 chassours; one at Oxford 1 gold mark; the weavers at Winchester 3 marks, for the permission to choose their own aldermen; and the fullers of the same city paid 6*l*. for their guild, which, from its fine, might have been considered a more gainful trade than the weavers. One of these merchants was usually kept in the house of a great baron, to superintend all his affairs of trade; and some of the more successful traders rose to the dignity of inferior barons. No usury was allowed to be practised by Christians, which drove the trade of money lending into the hands of the Jews, who often took fifty per cent, and had large dealings with the scholars of Oxford, in compassion of whose proverbial improvidence, Henry III. afterwards limited the interest, or lent money, to forty-three per cent! The Norman shilling was larger than the Saxon, and the silver penny, when required, was cut into smaller divisions, until it was forbidden by Edward I. There were no silver nor gold mines in the island in this period.

Some of the Saxon coins, as the *marcus thrimas*, and the *oras*, fell into disuse soon after the conquest, as well as the copper strea to which we have already referred.

A pound then meant as many silver coins as weighed five thousand four hundred troy grains: the marks were $\frac{3}{4}$ of the pound; a shilling the 1-20: a penny 1-240. Of gold coins it would appear that there were none coined then, though such foreign gold coins as passed among the Saxons were still current, and the proportion of gold to silver appears to have been 1 to 9. If when money was paid into the Exchequer it was a little too light, six silver pennies in the pound were added by the payer: if much too light, the money was paid in by weight, and the number of coins were disregarded: but if impure, a part of it was melted, and the proportion of the rest was thus settled. Hence it became necessary in a bargain to agree upon the *mode* of payment whether by weight, tale, in kind, or by combustion! In 1126 there was a dearth, when wheat sold for 6*s*. a quarter, that is, about 10*l*. of

our money; but in 1244, it was so cheap that it sold for 2*s*. the quarter. With all this disadvantage, the balance of trade was in favour of England, even then, for as there were no mines to increase the coin, which, with all its liabilities to loss, did yet increase, foreign commerce must have sent more money into the English markets than Englishmen sent coin from home; and when we consider the immense sums which were sunk by the clergy, in the papal service, the trade of Britain must have been very great.

It was customary for the great barons to keep in their household a superior inmate, who was called "the merchant," analagous, in part, to the present office of steward, but differing from him in the fact that the merchant often engaged in foreign trade, his lord finding the money and receiving the gains.

A person who had 10*l*. a year, in this period, could have obtained as much as 150*l*. of our present money would procure, which arose, partly from the fact, that their 10*l*. contained much more actual silver than ten of ours; and that a pound, in those times, was worth twelve and a half times more than it is now.

The state of agriculture was greatly neglected in the first part of this period, whose wars were so destructive to the country that it was said, "to till the land was to plough the sea," and though many of the Normans were superior farmers, as Richard de Rulos, who converted some of the fens into good lands, they were for the first century too engaged with their sword to attend to the peaceful plough. In this age the plough had but one stilt, and in Wales the ploughmen walked backwards. A sickle was a double handled blade. Water, and horse mills, were numerous. Marl, Chalk, and Dung, were used for manures. The sower carried the grain in a sheet slung from his neck. But the agricultural art, like all the rest then in Britain, was encumbered with useless laws, which regulated the times of ploughing, and the quantities of tillage, and even, sometimes, declared penalties for suffering the continuance of certain weeds! Nothing, but particularly cattle, could be yet bought without witnesses. All wrecks fell to the king, or the earl, which barbarous custom, a little modified, still exists. Glass painting, binding, and illuminating books, were not uncommon, and some of the most distinguished artists were the clergy. John of Salisbury compares the munificence of the nobles towards musicians to that of Nero; and music then prospered the better because it was directly employed in panegyrising the great, or in praising the fair!

Some of the husbandmen had inferior gardens, which, with vineyards and orchards, were possessed by nearly all the great monasteries, that in the time of Henry I. began to be built in the Norman fashion. William of Malmesbury particularly mentions the gardens and vineyards of

the vale of Gloucester as the best in all England. The houses, in general, were of wood and slime, wattled and covered with rushes. To induce the erection of better churches and monasteries, the builders had a remission of their penances, and were honoured with feasts, provided by the clergy; on one of which occasions, Jeoffred, abbot of Croyland, when about to build a church, provided a dinner to five thousand guests. It was often, however, remarked by the monks, that the Saxons had mean houses, but good living; the Normans fine houses, but poor fare. In this period the churches, abbeys, and castles, had small glass windows: the walls were only white-washed: and the roofs of the richest monasteries were covered with lead. The houses of the ordinary people were still made of wood, and covered with sods, straw, or reeds, and even the respectable burgesses of London lived in places which would be now considered inferior cowsheds. But the higher classes, conscious that England had been taken from its want of places of fortification, built numerous castles, which were defended by the ditch, barbican, moat, and walls, from which modern galls have been copied. A sight of two or three of the castles which yet remain at Warwick, Alnwick, Bedford and Exeter, would be better than pages of description.

Towards the end of this period brass founding began to be practised by the clergy; armour and images were covered with gilt; jewellery appears to have produced some skilful artists, amongst whom Baldwin is mentioned, who made several vessels, which charmed even Adrian IV., the noted Breakspear. Nor must it be forgotten that artists found their best market in the church. The emigration of the Flemings advanced the arts of weaving and spinning, but they were ordered not to stretch their cloths before the door; they were required to make them of two ells wide, *as good in the middle as at the sides*, and none but black cloth was to be sold in cities and boroughs; to enforce which regulations six or eight "honest men" were appointed, from whose inspection, however, some of the richer merchants easily purchased exemption. Silks were worn by

many of the nobles; and English ladies retained their celebrity for works of embroidery, by which, in patches of biblical or church histories, the wonders of the saints proclaimed the triumphs of the needle; on which account the English ladies were often employed to make the sacerdotal dresses, and, sometimes, even those of the pope. The rooms of great houses were painted with histories, wainscotted and hung with tapestries, while the warrior had his saddle and shield painted. Sculpture could not be disregarded since every church wanted the statue of its patron saint; and most of them were as well stocked with images, as the niches in the external walls of some of our cathedrals are still. Nor did sculpture rest when it had stored churches with many a gilded row of the "twelve patriarchs," and the "twelve apostles," the martyrs, &c., but it created files of angels, with gilt wings, and not seldom dared to represent the Almighty himself. Portrait painting was common, and the church walls were generally the carvases where the great condescended to have their images drawn; and in some of the churches, the grandees not only had their own full-lengths "painted in fresco" (!) on the walls, but accompanied it with drawings of their favourite dogs, hawks, and horses, with some of their principal slaves; doubtless, a very edifying picture for the King of heaven. Do not smile, reader; it was by this art that the clergy moved the compassion of even kings and courts to engage in the crusades; for which purpose Abulfeda tells us, among other things, that two remarkable paintings had a great effect in deciding the oscillating zeal of the nobles; namely, one representing Mahomet flogging Christ, who was tied to a stake! and the other, an Arabian stallion, staling on the holy sepulchre.

LEARNING.

Happily for us there was learning enough in the monasteries to provide us with some historians of that most melancholy period, of which it may be useful to mention the following:—

	A.D.	to	A.D.
Ingulphus, whose history extends from	664	to	1091
Eadmer	1066	...	1122
Simeon of Durham	616	...	1130
Richard of Hexham	1135	...	1189
William of Malmesbury or Somerset	449	...	1148
Henry of Huntingdon, from the beginning.....		...	1154
John of Hexham	1130	...	1156
Benedict of Peterboro'	1170	...	1192
William the little.....	1066	...	1197
Gervase of Canterbury.....	1122	...	1200
Roger de Hoveden (continued Bedes')	731	...	1202
Matthew Paris	1066	...	1259
Matthew Paris, with Rishanger's additions.....		...	1273
Thomas Wykes	1066	...	1304
Giraldus Cambrensis, a history of Ireland.			

Of these, it may be necessary to remark, Ingulphus was secretary to the conqueror, went on the crusades with seven thousand other pilgrims, out of which only twenty ragged and famished fugitives returned. He removed to Croyland, where he wrote his history. William of Malmshbury is by many thought to be the most veracious of the historians. He was only, however, monk and librarian of his abbey. Benedict, of Peterborough, also wrote a life of Becket, of whom John of Salisbury was an enthusiastic admirer. Besides these scholars, there are others whose works are yet distinguished, as Anselm, Lanfranc, Nicholas, Breakspear, Ailred, Peter Blois, of whose works there are yet extant sixty-five sermons, seventeen tracts, and one hundred and thirty-four letters. All the scholars of those times went to Paris, which, added to their frequent political employment, often contributed to make their histories partial and prolix. We learn that at Croyland, in 1091, there was a library of nine hundred volumes, and a beautiful orrery. Original authorship was a dangerous pursuit; for if the writer mentioned the crimes of the great, they crushed him; if of the little, none read; and if of the clergy, they excommunicated him, and burnt his books. Rude poems, without a spark of the great natural fire which all good poetry must possess, appear to have been then a part of the staple literature. From the specimens which are extant they appear to have been indecently amorous, full of tiny conceits about metaphysical morality, or pompous panegyric of the nobles. These Norman poets were called troubadours, and their productions, romances, from the name of the language Roman-French, in which they were written. Of course, love songs, and doggrel hymns, were as common as hawthorn berries; and, occasionally, satire wrote in rhymes; but satire was then in its infancy. The chief schools of learning besides Cambridge and Oxford, where out of six hundred and seventy-five houses above five hundred were in ruins at the conquest, and where there were yet about three thousand scholars and teachers, were the cathedral schools of York, Lincoln, Canterbury, Winchester, Saint Alban's, and London. The monasteries, of which, from the conquest to the death of John, there arose five hundred and fifty-seven new ones, were the chief schools of medicine, no mean part of the maxims of which were drawn from the depths of astrology; and it was gene-

rally thought then that medicines depended more on the quarter and age of the moon than on their own native efficacy.

The real scholars, justly disgusted with the trash to which the Norman jargon had reduced the vigorous Saxon-English, cultivated the Latin tongue, in which all their books, letters, accounts, sermons, and many of their conversations were expressed; and some of the historic writers, whom we have just mentioned, are, by no mean judges, thought to have attained to an elegance in Latin which, in this country, has certainly never been surpassed. In addition to Latin, the knowledge of Arabic was ascribed to Robert of Reading, and Adelard of Bath, with the exception of whom Latin appears to have been then the utmost classical acquirement, of which even the great officers of the court often did not know a word. The metaphysics and logic of Aristotle appear to have been introduced and much studied, even by the ladies; which may account for that nice discrimination of all the casuistry of feminine moralities, in which the romancers make them such adepts. But what, except such nonsense, could be expected from the scholastics who sat in solemn debate over such themes as what is the substantial form of sound? what is the essence of universals? can angels pass from one point to another without passing through intermediate space? does the body of Christ sit or stand in heaven? in short, the best intellects of the age were employed in the ethereal fooleries of that real metaphysician Aristotle; and though John of Salisbury, with a manly eloquence, and often a two-edged wit, denounced and exposed such follies, the practice was continued, to the infinite detriment of all the sciences, but especially to that of theology. Canon law, which had special attractions for the clergy, came into fashion, and at the discovery of the Justinian code, the Roman law began to be studied. Geometry, medicine, and astronomy, were but little known, and arithmetic less studied; while the astrologer was caressed in every family of consequence, as the most important guest, until in September, 1186, having in an almanac ventured, from their equivocal prognostications, to foretell a dreadful storm, which never happened, they fell into temporary neglect. For the people had prepared for the evil, with a three days fast, which was vexatiously of no consequent use.

CATS.

ARTICLE II.

We can fully participate in the wondrous looks of surprised astonishment which our "first parents" displayed when the solemn silence of the

garden of Eden was first disturbed by the loud and unruly love-chaunt of a Cat. How must "soft fear" have disturbed their "gentle breasts," when

the "peace" of the land was "broken," and no policeman was at hand to quell the boisterous brawlers: how they must have exchanged looks of dire wonder and dismay when listening to the chords of music thus discordantly strung by the first cat-chorus that ever woke the infant world—how dread must have been the din—how frightened they must have been—how spell-bound by the fearful voice of misrule that then reigned—how utterly confounded their senses by this stunning "confusion of tongues," "ere Babel was"—and how provoked Adam must have felt if the "voice of sound" was first heard when he and Eve were in their "first sleep." Knowing, as we do, in the language of Mr. Curtis, "that the ear is an instrument delicately tuned," we wonder it was not put out of tune on the instant, and deafness been the future lot of the "first-born pair." Our surprise is, that both their tympani were not, in newspaper language, "shivered all to atoms" by the reverberating chorus of swelling sounds. How unlike the "dulcet notes" to which they had ever been accustomed from "bird and brook." In truth, it must have been a sad "falling off" in harmony, and whenever we revert, in thought, to these "past times," we pity our "parents."

We have already presumed upon the probability that when cats were born "*a parte post*," rats must have been born "*a parte ante*." The purposes for which their relative births were fixed at different periods of time may (as the case may happen to be) or not have been divulged to them. It would be gratifying to ascertain this fact for a truth, but we are inclined to reckon our ignorance of this matter as our greatest bliss, and profess not, therefore, to question the planets about it. Joy and terror have never, we conceive, been more aptly pourtrayed than when first they met as moral and physical antagonists in the relative persons of Cat and Rat. The features of the Grimalkin largely swelling out under the influence of hitherto unknown sensibilities of force and power and longing enjoyment for a meal of rat's-meat; her whole mind enkindling under the feeling of a foretaste for a yet unrelished delicacy; her mouth watering, and her heart panting for the savoury odour and the rich gravy of an underdone rat-steak, the picking the bones, the digging out the marrow with her claw for a spoon, the tit-bits, the savoury relish, the stew-like warmth, the gravy oozing into the skin for a natural dripping-pan, and the lapping up, and the smacking the lips, when the delicious meal was over, the long remaining after-taste of savoury relish remaining upon the tongue, the fully enlarged feeling of "having had enough" newly developing itself just beneath the ribs, on the right side where the stomach lies—all these "pleasurable delights," aye, and many more than these, must have passed with a hop and skip step through the brain of the first cat on her first introduction to a member of the rat community.

And then the "preparing for battle"—the sharp eye, the set and stiffened whisker, the gradually unfolding claw, the stiff hair, the swelling tail, the set and expanded paw on which to start fairly for the fight; and then the spring, the leap, the bound, and, in an instant, claw, and fang, and tooth, were deeply digging into the "flesh and blood" of rat's-meat. Of the feelings of "the opposite party," it is not our business here to speak; we shall reserve what we have to say on this head for another opportunity, of which we have already spoken. The catastrophe attending the first slaughter only stimulated the "oppressor" to further acts of violence; and from this accidental introduction, as it were, to "a good thing," a desire for a further and closer intimacy was awakened; but when this was repelled, destruction took the place of desire, slaughter terminated where castigation had begun, and a fierce cat-crusade was forthwith established; holy alliances were formed, between Toms and Tabbies, quadrupartite treatises signed, and an exterminating war, "offensive and defensive," was forthwith commenced against the tribes that dwell in wainscot-holes and hay-lofts. The "nooks and corners" of Eden were converted into battle-plains, slaughter was made in seclusion, and carnage and cruelty reigned where peace had formerly been wont to dwell. The long lasting animosity and uproar between the "contending parties" scattered dread and dismay amongst the greater creatures who looked on. Doves and young pigeons were scared out of their very senses; young chickens caught the croop and died; and thus the first "slaughter of the innocents" was caused by a cat.

We may, however, rest tolerably sure of the fact, that if Noah took a male and female of every animal species with him into the ark, that cats were among the number. We know not how these gentle creatures deported themselves in those days, but this we know, that a week's residence at the treadmill villa, at Brixton, would be positive happiness to us, when compared with the forty day's close confinement in a box with a cat. The bare consideration of it brings upon us a fit of shiverings. The golden age of Cat-hood was during the reign of the Pharaohs in Egypt, the sun shone upon the feline tribes then, and verily they made fine hay whilst it lasted. Nice fat and sleek creatures they must have been, backs of richest black and tortoise-shell fur, and fine electric sparks they doubtless gave out when some unlucky Egyptian curry-combed their backs the wrong way in the dark. A fine array of whiskers there must have been then, horizontal, long, white, straight, and pointed; curls they doubtless turned up their noses at, in downright disdain; Egyptian cats might do this, we never knew an English cat attempt so bold a feat with her nose. It must have been a very difficult thing to bring such an array of cats as Thebes or

Memphis must then have shown, into any thing like positive order or subjection; there must have reigned sad confusion at times in cat-land; dreadful disasters and rampant-riots must have frequently been the order of the day; the cat-con-stabulary must have had hard work of it; there must have been numberless clawings and scratchings on both sides. A cat when she is drunk, and in good fighting condition, is all head and tail, and, by a tremendous feat of harlequinade, they somehow manage to make both ends, that is, head and tail, to meet, and bring them to bear with terrific and overbearing violence upon their enemy. Verily, cats had a fine time of it in those "olden days;" living in temples, and being made much

of, they doubtless gave themselves many airs and graces upon state occasions, and would not have scrupled, we dare to say, to scratch king Pharaoh's eyes out, if they had felt a wish to do so. Poor fellow, he was much to be felt for, and we have often pitied him, when reflecting upon the numberless scratches which his back must have shown, when engaged in some uncongenial combat with his cat subjects, who, like many of their betters, when enraged, would listen neither to colloquy nor parley. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," says the adage in our days—"Uneasy sits the king that keepeth cats," must have been the adage in the days of our friend Pharaoh.

EPHON.

A SKETCH.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

[OF the numerous writers of that rich and graceful poetry which distinguishes the modern literature of America, there are none whose genius is more lofty or more emphatically poetic than that of J. G. Percival. Even in the earlier days of school-boy youth the hidden fire struggled within him, and he soon attracted the particular notice of his friends and companions by the wonderful quickness which he displayed in acquiring languages. Throughout his earlier years he was in his temper and character timid, sensitive, and affectionate; mild and softly gentle in all his actions, and shrinking sensibly from that rough and joyous hilarity which pre-eminently distinguishes the gladness and unsuspecting confidence of the youthful heart. As he grew up, he particularly directed his talents to the study of chemistry and botany; whilst his acquirements in every branch of general knowledge and literature, including most of the modern languages, increased. He has published several volumes of poetry, from which we shall occasionally select the best specimens for our Miscellany. The following "Sketch" describes a scene in the time of the yellow fever, and was written in a miserable apartment in the suburbs of New York, whilst Percival was suffering from the pangs of hunger: it was sold, for about thirty shillings, to the Editor of an American newspaper.]

"Night

Was far upon its watches, and the voice
Of nature had no sound. The pure blue sky
Was fair and lovely, and the many stars
Looked down in tranquil beauty on an earth
That smiled in sweetest summer. She looked out
Through the raised window, and the sheeted bay
Lay in a quiet sleep below, and shone
With the pale beam of midnight. All was still,
And the white sail, that o'er the distant stream
Moved with so slow a pace, it seemed to rest,
Fixed in the glassy water, and with care
Shunned the dark den of pestilence, and stole
Fearfully from the tainted gale that breathed
Softly along the crisping wave; that sail
Hung loosely on its yard, and, as it flapped,
Caught moving undulations from the light,
That silently came down, and gave the hills,
And spires, and walls, and roofs, a tint so pale,
Death seemed on all the landscape—but so still,
Who would have thought that any thing but peace
And beauty had a dwelling there! The world
Had gone, and life was not within those walls;
Only a few, who lingered faintly on,
Waiting the moment of departure; or
Sat tending at their pillows, with a love

So strong it mastered fear—and they were few,
And she was one—and in a lonely house,
Far from all sight and sound of living thing,
She watched the couch of him she loved, and drew
Contagion from the lips that were to her
Still beautiful as roses, though so pale
They seemed like a thin snow-curl. All was still,
And even so deeply hushed, the low, faint breath,
That trembling gasped away, came through the night
As a loud sound of awe. She passed her hand
Over those quivering lips that ever grew
Paler and colder, as the only sign
To tell her life still lingered: it went out—
And her heart sunk within her, when the last
Weak sigh of life was over, and the room
Seemed like a vaulted sepulchre, so lone
She dared not look around; and the light wind
That played among the leaves and flowers that grew
Still freshly at her window, and waved back
The curtain with a rustling sound, to her,
In her intense abstraction, seemed the voice
Of a departed spirit. Then she heard—
At least in fancy heard—a whisper breathe
Close at her ear, and tell her all was done,
And her fond loves were ended. She had watched
Until her love grew manly, and she checked
The tears that came to flow, and nerved her heart
To the last solemn duty. With a hand
That trembled not, she closed the fallen lid,
And pressed the lips, and gave them one long kiss—
Then decently spread over all a shroud;
And sitting with a look of lingering love,
Intense in tearless passion, rose at length,
And pressing both her hands upon her brow,
Gave loose to all her gushing grief in showers,
Which, as a fountain sealed till it had swelled
To its last fulness, now gave way and flowed
In a deep stream of sorrow. She grew calm,
And parting back the curtains, looked abroad
Upon the moonlight loveliness, all sank
In one unbroken silence, save the moan
From the lone room of death, or the dull sound
Of the slow moving hearse. The homes of men
Were now all desolate, and darkness there,
And solitude and silence took their seat
In the deserted streets, as if the wing
Of a destroying angel had gone by,
And blasted all existence, and had changed
The gay, the busy, and the crowded mart
To one cold, speechless city of the dead.

ATHENS IN THE DAYS OF PERICLES.

It was during the days of Pericles that those glorious fabrics progressed which seemed, as Plutarch gracefully expresses it, endowed with the bloom of a perennial youth. Still the houses of private citizens remained simple and unadorned; still were the streets narrow and irregular; and even centuries afterwards, a stranger entering Athens would not at first have recognised the claims of the mistress of Grecian art. But to the homeliness of her common thoroughfares and private mansions, the magnificence of her public edifices now made a dazzling contrast. The Acropolis, that towered above the homes and thoroughfares of men, a spot too sacred for human habitation, became—to use a proverbial phrase—"a city of the gods." The citizen was every where to be reminded of the majesty of the state; his patriotism was to be increased by the pride in her beauty; his taste to be elevated by the spectacle of her splendour. Thus flocked to Athens all who, throughout Greece, were eminent in art. Sculptors and architects vied with each other in adorning the young empress of the seas; then rose the masterpieces of Phidias, of Callinates, of Mnesicles, which, even either in their broken remains, or in the feeble copies of imitators less inspired, still command so intense a wonder, and furnish models so immortal. And if, so to speak, their bones and relics excite our awe and envy, as testifying of a lovelier and grander race, which the deluge of time has swept away, what, in that day, must have been their brilliant effect, un mutilated in their fair proportions, fresh in all their lineaments and hues? For their beauty was not limited to the symmetry of arch and column, nor their materials confined to the marbles of Pente-

licus and Paros. Even the exterior of the temples glowed with the richest harmony of colours, and was decorated with the purest gold; an atmosphere peculiarly favourable both to the display and the preservation of art, permitted to external pediments and friezes all the minuteness of ornament, all the brilliancy of colours, such as in the interior of Italian churches may yet be seen, vitiated, in the last, by a gaudy and barbarous taste. Nor did the Athenians spare any cost upon the works that were—like the tombs and tripods of their heroes—to be the monuments of a nation to distant ages, and to transmit the most irrefragable proof "that the power of ancient Greece was not an idle legend." The whole democracy were animated with the passion of Pericles; and when Phidias recommended marble as a cheaper material than ivory for the great statue of Minerva, it was for that reason that ivory was preferred by the unanimous voice of the assembly. Thus, whether it were extravagance or magnificence, the blame in one case, the admiration in another, rests not more with the minister than with the populace. It was, indeed, the great characteristic of those works, that they were entirely the creations of the people; without the people, Pericles could not have built a temple or engaged a sculptor. The miracles of that day resulted from the enthusiasm of a population yet young, full of the first ardour for the beautiful, dedicating to the state, as to a mistress, the trophies honourably won, or the treasures injuriously extorted, and uniting the resources of a nation with the energy of an individual, because the toil, the cost, were borne by those who succeeded to the enjoyment and arrogated the glory.—*Bulwer's Athens.*

HEMLOCK, THE POISON OF SOCRATES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

LINNÆUS and Lamarck believed the hemlock, Haller and others that a composition of different herbs, was the Greek poison; and, more latterly, Foderé has investigated the subject. The details of the death of Socrates, and they are sufficiently minute, have led medical men to believe that they are not acquainted with the means which were employed.

We have had handed down to us a dialogue, which is ascribed to Plato, between two of the friends of Socrates, one of whom was present on the sad occasion, and from whom this remnant of antiquity takes its name—Phædo. This dialogue is a beautiful account of the last moments of the great heathen philosopher; his words, his thoughts, his actions, are touchingly recorded;

and Cicero declares that he never read it without shedding tears. We learn the names of the friends of Socrates, who, by permission of the magistrates, spent the last sad day with their revered preceptor, listening to the beauteous discourse on life and immortality, which he pronounced on this the eve of his departure hence. We are particularly informed of the absence of his scholar Plato, in consequence of indisposition. Early in the morning Phædo and his companions sought the prison in which Socrates had for some time been confined. His fetters were just removed, the magistrates having announced to him that he must that day undergo the punishment which their folly had pronounced. They found him with his wife; and their entrance made her

lamentations again burst out. At the request of Socrates she was removed, together with one of her children that had accompanied her. The sensation of pleasure which followed the removal of the pressure of the fetters, drew forth from the sufferer some philosophic observations, which were followed by a long and beautiful disquisition upon the unlawfulness of suicide, upon the conviction that dwells on the mind of a future state, the reasoning that had led him to such a conclusion, and upon the immortality and indestructibility of the human soul. In the midst of a long train of exquisite argument, to which he is excited by the remarks of his attached and admiring pupils, he was warned by Crito, one of his favourite disciples, that he ought to speak as little as possible, for that the person whose duty it was to make ready the poison, had previously told him, that any discussion or argument would most probably overheat the system, and that those who had not observed caution, had been obliged to repeat two or three times the dose of

poison. Socrates continued his philosophic discourse, merely observing that the executioner had only his duty to perform, whether it was three or more doses that he was called upon to give. He resumed the even tenour of his way, and, upon the brink of eternity, calmly and dispassionately reasoned upon the life of man, convincing his auditors that the great end and aim of the philosopher's life, is to learn to die. He maintained his opinions, though closely questioned by those who surrounded him, and who eagerly listened to every word that dropped from one to whom they so long had been taught to look as "their guide, philosopher, and friend." As the evening drew on he retired to seek the bathing-room, where he prepared himself, by ablutions, in order, as he said, to render the attendance of the females (who usually washed the body after life had departed) unnecessary. Here some of his children were, for the last time, introduced to his presence.

LOVE, FAME, AND HEAVEN.

[The fingers that traced the following beautiful stanzas are cold in the grave, and the imagination that conceived them is now ranging through the glorious paradise of a brighter world; that heaven of which it dreamed is now its home. The fair writer—who has left behind her several manuscript volumes of original composition, chiefly poetical—died at the age of seventeen—so transient are the dearest possessions of earth. We can only exclaim, as they vanish from our sight, "*Adieu, adieu vale!*"]

I DREAMT of love, I dreamt of love, and doted on my dream,
For to my heart of trusting faith a beacon did it seem;
A soul th' Eternal's breath had lit, a pulse of living fire,
Whose throb went through the universe, and never could expire.
Too soon I found, too soon I found, the vision could not last—
'Twas human, 'twas a mockery,—my dream of bliss was past:
The lightning was within my heart, and left but ashes there,
Then came a voice upon my soul—"Where is thy day-dream, where?"

I dreamt of fame, I dreamt of fame,—a dream of glorious pride;
A thousand voices hail'd me "Great!" in one impetuous tide;
A thousand spirits bent to mine, a thousand greetings poured,
To hail me as their idol-one, their spirit's sceptred lord;
But soon my heart was parch'd with light, and thirsted for the stream
Of peace and love, that could not live beneath that fiery beam;
My soul was sick with glare and praise, and panted for the rest
The weary spirit finds alone in some fond human breast:
I turned with loathing from the sound of praise that round me rose,
I would have given it all for that sweet voice affection knows;
I rush'd to solitude to hide my writhing heart's despair,
And through the gloom those accents thrill'd—"Where is thy day-dream, where?"

I dreamt of heaven, I dreamt of heaven,—my agony was stilled,
A voice of comfort and of peace my inmost spirit thrilled—
A murmur like a mother's voice when on her shielding breast
She soothes the wild and passionate cry of infancy to rest.
The whirlwind of my soul was hush'd, my heart's dark tempest flown,
It seem'd as though a pitying hand had claim'd me for its own,
Had hush'd the fever of my brain, had soothed my wild despair,
And murmur'd with its voice of love—"Where are thy sorrows, where?"

CONSTANTIA.

REVIEW.

Observations on the Preservation of Health in Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Age. By JOHN HARRISON CURTIS. Renshaw.

THE world we inhabit is composed of two large classes of human beings; one of these knows Mr. Curtis, the other does not know him. The first class comprises a large number of her majesty's faithful liege subjects, men, women, and children. If they take their central point in Soho-square, and radiate thence over a space of fifty miles in every direction, they cannot traverse a solitary square inch of ground where Mr. Curtis's footsteps have not been; they dare not, on their consciences, affirm that the soles of their shoes cover a single spot of which they can say it is barren; for from Dan to Beersheba Mr. Curtis maketh all things rich and fruitful. We know not whether he takes a bath in the Nile occasionally or not, but of a truth his mind overflows in books like that river in waves; and we have now before us his latest published volume; to introduce the excellent contents of which to our numerous readers, is the especial purpose which we have in view in writing this article. But before we proceed to this pleasing task, we must have a few words with that second class of human beings to whom we have alluded—those who do not know Mr. Curtis. Some one who understood mankind before we did, has said that they are all fools; and it is of those included in this latter denomination that this class are chiefly composed. It were, indeed, a hard task to penetrate the tough hide of ignorance which covers these persons; but, for the benefit they will for ever hereafter derive when we shall have made known to them the rich treasures of the volume before us, we are willing to write till our fingers turn up stumps.

We do not mean to say that the majority of those who may peruse this article belong to the class of persons whom we are now addressing; but we believe that many of their friends may; for amongst every man's friends there are, and ever must be, some fools. We have one fool whom, in the world's language, we call friend; nor will his first appellation be considered in any way inappropriate by our readers, when we inform them that he looks upon the respected author whose work we are now noticing, as nothing better nor worse than a quack. Since the period when he first broached this theory, we have not scrupled to number him amongst those whose brains are gone in search of an employer. Ignorant people cannot help hearing much of Mr. Curtis; and not having much sense to guide them, they forthwith imagine him to be a sort of nonsuch, whom it is worth living for to behold once in a life-time; they look upon him as a wonder, a genius, a doctor, a modern anthropophagus, and we know not what besides. Now let us, in sober earnest, assure all such simple-minded people, that Mr. Curtis is neither one nor other of these; he aspires not so high, he looks not for a habitation in the heaven of their invention; he is as plain and honest a gentleman as may be met with any day between Soho-square and the Strand; along the intermediate perambulations of which he may be frequently seen. He dresses like other people, for aught we know to the contrary; his coat is made by Stultz, his waistcoat by Buckmaster, and his trowsers by Nuges; Jupp supplies his hats, and James, of Charing-cross, his shirts. His tradesmen are genteel; so, indeed, is he. He understands eyes and ears better, perhaps, than most people. When at home he sits in an acoustic chair, most meritoriously contrived and designed by himself; and when his leisure will permit, he is one of the most

pertinacious perusers of "*Ward's Miscellany*." Having said thus much of our author, we end by cordially and sincerely wishing each and all of our readers to visit him at his own house, where, every morning, he will, with the most gentlemanlike politeness and urbanity, receive both their coin and their company.

But what of the book before us? Why, we have much to say of its merits and its value, both in a literary and medical point of view. The aim which the author has had before him has been to sift and garner from the immense mass of experience which he has had, the best and most profitable lessons for the support, preservation, and long continuance of health under every variety of age, climate, and constitution. Life, through all its varying periods of infancy, childhood, youth, and age, are brought under notice and review; its lights and shadows, of health and disease, are skillfully portrayed with reference to the preservation of the one, and prevention of the other.

In the chapter on Infancy we recognise the various topics of lactation, clothing, cleanliness, temperature, respiration, and sleep. Youth is brought under our notice in a passing review of the subject of indigestion, which has received a more honourable notice, and has been more faithfully chronicled than, perhaps, all the other diseases of the human frame put together. We recognise nothing remarkably new in the manner in which this fertile subject is here treated, yet sufficient notice for every purpose of prevention is bestowed upon it. To the remarks which Mr. Curtis makes on the subject of exercise, at the period of life when all its physical and mental energies are undergoing a daily and progressive development, we give our most sincere and cordial assent; nor should we have felt it a task to peruse the remarks which he has so judiciously made on this subject, had they extended over a larger number of pages.

The chapter on Maturity opens with some valuable remarks respecting diet, both of a liquid and solid kind. We shall extract some of these, removing from them many of their *functional* and *organic* incongruities, which, however learned the general class of readers in the present day may be, are terms which, we can assure our author, are still *caviare* to the million:—

"Although the quantity of food is one of the most important matters connected with it, yet it is, at the same time, undoubtedly true, that substances differ widely in their digestible and nutritious qualities; on account of which, some kinds of food are to be preferred to others, and some to be wholly abstained from, by those whose digestive organs are in any way impaired. As a general rule, the plainer the food the better. Condiments serve only to stimulate and prolong the appetite after the wants of the body have been supplied, and are thus the causes of indigestion and other maladies.

"It is commonly thought, that without an abundant supply of animal food it is impossible to be strong or healthy. Some animal food is, in our northern climate, undoubtedly necessary; but that its importance is too highly rated will be evident, when we consider that the Irish peasants live almost exclusively upon potatoes; the East Indians upon rice; the Italian makes his dinner upon bread, wine, and a few figs; and that the French consume far less butcher's meat than we do. A substantial meal once a day is, in general, enough of animal food. The time of eating, as well as the quantity of food, ought to be regulated by the appetite indicating the wants of the system; for there is, in the constitution of man, a tendency to periodicity, which makes it both easy and advantageous to adopt fixed times for supplying his wants.

"As a general rule, an interval of from five to six hours should elapse between the meals; but this must, of course, vary according to circumstances, and depend upon the appetite. Persons engaged in business frequently do themselves much mischief by disregarding its monitions, amidst the bustle and excitements of trade. After a time, it is true, the appetite subsides; but the necessity for food is not thereby removed. It is no unusual thing for a merchant to breakfast at eight o'clock in the morning, ride several miles to town, and return to dine

In the evening between six and seven o'clock, without having, during all this time, ate any thing. This long fasting is injurious, and the subsequent full meal still more so. In such cases a luncheon ought certainly to be taken, which may consist of a hard biscuit.

"We now come to the subject of liquid food.

"The fluids of the body are continually diminishing, by means of secretion and exhalation; these the health of the frame renders it needful to replace; and this necessity is indicated by the sensation of thirst—a sensation perfectly analogous to that of hunger, (?) and to which, therefore, most of the rules and observations already made in reference to the latter, are applicable. The general practice of civilised men clearly shows that the first meal should be of a liquid kind. The reason for this is the great expenditure of fluids during the night, which is manifested by the sensation of thirst commonly experienced in the morning.

"It is by no means requisite that a large quantity of liquid should be taken at dinner; on the contrary, it is likely to delay the digestion of the meal; and, if habitually indulged in, permanently to weaken the stomach. The best time for taking drink is about three or four hours after a solid meal; and the usual time for drinking tea in this country corroborates this view of the matter.

"Water, the fluid which nature has so abundantly provided, is that best fitted for man to drink; it is suitable for every variety of constitution, and is more effectual than almost any other liquid in allaying thirst; thereby showing that it is the beverage designed to supply the loss of fluid to which we are perpetually subject. There are many simple compounds in which water is an ingredient, such as ginger-beer, lemonade, toast and water, soda-water, tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, &c. All these are, for common consumption, far preferable to fermented liquors; and it is gratifying to observe the extent to which they have superseded these intoxicating drinks. The introduction of tea and coffee in particular, into general use, has done much towards effecting this change; and notwithstanding the objections that have from time to time been brought against them, the strongest evidence of their beneficial qualities is furnished by the constantly-increasing quantity of them imported into this country.

"Still it must not be forgotten that they are stimulants; and that if taken too strong, or in too great quantity, they give rise to nervous complaints; and that the latter, especially, although for a time an aid to digestion, does yet, like all other stimulants, if too freely indulged in, weaken the sensibility of the stomach, and derange its functions. And it must be borne in mind, also, that diluents of any kind, in large quantities, relax the coats of that organ, and impair its efficiency.

"As to fermented liquors, it is the almost unanimous opinion of physiologists, that to a person in a state of health, they are decidedly injurious; their effect is directly upon the nervous system, and the circulation, which they stimulate and quicken. Now, in a state of health, the nervous system is duly balanced, neither too active nor depressed; and the circulation is of the kind best adapted for carrying on the processes of waste and nutrition. Whatever then tends, in however slight a degree, to disturb this condition of the system, is a cause of disease, although its effects may be, for a time, imperceptible. But fermented liquors are hurtful, for they inflict terrible injuries, which, if the bad habits be persisted in, become permanent. But substances poisonous in themselves, may often be exceedingly useful as medicines, in preserving health and life; and such is the case with fermented liquors. There are some conditions of the body in which the circulation is sluggish, and the nervous system weak and depressed: here, then, is the occasion when such liquors may be usefully and appropriately prescribed. There are, no doubt, many such cases; and it would be absurd, therefore, to denounce their use absolutely and universally. But as no one takes medicines but by the advice and direction of his medical attendant, so let it be with fermented liquors. But supposing they produced no other than physical ills, the magnitude of these would render any attempt to extirpate them worthy of our sincerest admiration and support. Such an attempt is the institution of Temperance Societies,—an attempt which has already been extensively successful in the land where it was commenced, and which is taking root in our own country. In the lately published work on America, of Mr. J. F. Grund, remarkable for its statistical precision and accuracy, it is stated that in 1833 the American Temperance Society contained two million members. And that in 1831, when the number was far less, one thousand five hundred distilleries had been stopped; four thousand merchants had ceased to traffic in spirits; four thousand five hundred drunkards had been reformed, and one thousand vessels sailed without ardent spirits as a part of their provisions, while the men were better able to undergo the fatigues and hardships of the sea, than those in vessels where the old plan was persevered in. In this country, Temperance Societies have already made some progress, but not so extensively as is to be desired. There can be little doubt, however, that they will increase in number and usefulness as the attention of the public is more forcibly directed towards them, and as the conviction of the destructive effects of spirituous liquors upon the health becomes more general. Mr. Livesey of Preston has informed me that upwards of thirty thousand persons in Lancashire, principally mechanics and artisans, have joined the Temperance Society; and that the good effects of temperance have already manifested themselves in the increased and increasing comforts of themselves and families. Temperance

Societies are not modern institutions. In 1517, Sigismund de Dietrichstein established one under the auspices of St. Christopher; a secular association was formed in 1600 by Maurice, Duke of Hesse, which, however, allowed a knight to drink seven glasses at each meal, but only twice in the day. Another temperate society, under the name of the Golden Ring, was instituted by Frederic V., Count Palatine.

"The good effected by Temperance Societies must not be reckoned merely by the number of their pledged members; this, it is probable, is but a small part of their beneficial results; by powerfully calling the attention of the civilised world to the tremendous evils of intemperance, they have, doubtless, led many thousands of persons who have not enrolled themselves under their banners, to see the real state of the case, and to abandon habits so fatally destructive to physical, moral, and intellectual excellence."—(pp. 56—63.)

Every author who has written upon the preservation of health has felt himself imperatively called upon to notice the sad and baneful effects of dwelling too much within doors; the evil and pernicious results of which cannot be too strongly or severely reprobated. The sun of heaven sheds his beams alike upon all, dispensing warmth, heat, and health, wherever they fall; the fresh winds stir up the very air with gladness; and every breath we respire is redolent with fragrance. Were there no habitable cities in the world, disease would ever remain afar off, doctors would be at a discount, physic would become what it will ever remain—a drug; and even Mr. Curtis would write no more books. The cares and anxieties of mind, the wear and tear of life, both physical and mental, the cancer of suffering, and the ulcer of disappointment, depict their ceaseless and constant presence in the countenances of many thousands whom we meet in the crowded courts and streets of our metropolis. Mr. Curtis, like his medical brethren in general, has not failed to depict the sad evils of such a state in strong and nervous language; our space will not permit of any further quotation, and we must on this topic refer our readers to the work itself.

In the last chapter, which is devoted to the consideration of Old Age, every topic is discussed and noticed which may in any way lengthen that period which leadeth but to the grave. The reflections may be trite and common-place, and the remarks on Longevity we shall perhaps notice in a future number, when we shall bring before our readers a variety of the most remarkable instances of longevity upon record.

Our readers will bear full testimony to the indulgent manner with which we have spoken of this book of books, for such in truth it really is, and, therefore, critically speaking, we might have felt inclined to visit the sin of compilation somewhat heavily upon Mr. Curtis's shoulders; but as "facts are stubborn things," we shall lay before our readers the following works, from whose pages this author has, without any ceremony, begged and borrowed much of what is both valuable and useful.

Combe on the Constitution of Man—Combe's Physiology—Sir. J. Sinclair's Code of Health—The Flora Londinensis and Botanical Magazine—Locke on the Understanding—Hartley's Observations on Man—Mill on Education—Dr. Southwood Smith's Philosophy of Health—Dr. Brigham on the Influence of Mental Cultivation and Excitement upon Health—Julien upon Education—Hufeland's Art of Prolonging Life—Dr. Caldwell on Physical Education—Dr. Holland's Experimental Inquiry into the Laws of Life—Dr. Thomson's Lectures on Medical Jurisprudence—Dr. Cummin's Lectures on Medical Jurisprudence—The North American Review—Salgues' Rules for Preserving the Health of the Aged—Sir. Henry Hallford's Oration.

From the contents of the above eighteen volumes, it would require but little trouble beyond that of compilation, to ensure the production of a work of tolerable pretensions: but in order to supply a richer abundance of materials, and a more dainty feast of physic for his readers, Mr. Curtis lays down number-

less rules and maxims, gathered from the works of the following eminent men: namely,—Blackstone; Herodotus; Socrates; Agesilaus; Asclepiades; Berkeley; ("System of Training;") Dr. Milne Edwards; Crabbe; Dr. James Johnson; Dr. Thackrah; Mr. Abernethy; Dr. Paris; M. Andral; Dr. A. Morrison; Gibbon; Foster, and Mr. Mayo.

Gentle Reader, what more can we say unto thee—than that if, having followed us to the close of this article, thou dost not forthwith procure Mr. Curtis's book, and read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it, the future pangs of sickness thou mayest suffer will lie at thine own door, not at our's.

COLERIDGE'S TALK.

KEENNESS AND SUBTLETY.—Few men of genius are keen, but almost every man of genius is subtle. If you ask me the difference between keenness and subtlety, I answer, that it is the difference between a point and an edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety, for subtlety acts in distinguishing differences, in showing that two things that are apparently one, are in fact two; whereas, to split a hair is to cause division, and not to ascertain difference.

RELIGION.—A religion—that is, a true religion—must consist of ideas and facts, both; not of ideas alone, without facts, for then it would be mere philosophy; nor of facts alone, without ideas of which those facts are the symbols, or out of which they arise, or upon which they are grounded, for then it would be mere history.

CHURCH, STATE, DISSENTERS.—Even to a church—the only pure democracy, because in it persons are alone considered, and one person, *à priori*, is equal to another person—even to a church, discipline is an essential condition. But a state regards classes, and classes as they represent classified property; and to introduce a system of representation which must inevitably render all discipline impossible, what is it but madness—the madness of ignorant vanity and reckless obstinacy?

INSPIRATION AND DICTATION.—There may be dictation without inspiration, and inspiration without dictation; they have been and continue to be grievously confounded. Balaam and his ass were the passive organs of dictation; but no one, I suppose, would call either of these worthies inspired. It is my profound conviction that St. John and St. Paul were divinely inspired; but I totally disbelieve the dictation of any one word, sentence, or argument throughout their writings. Observe, there was revelation: all religion is revealed. Revealed religion is, in my judgment, a mere pleonasm. Revelations of facts were undoubtedly made to the prophets, revelations of doctrines were as undoubtedly made to John and Paul; but it is not a mere matter of our very senses that John and Paul each dealt with those revelations, expounded

them, insisted on them, just exactly according to his own natural strength of intellect, habit of reasoning, moral and even physical temperament. We receive the books ascribed to John and Paul as their books on the judgment of men for whom no miraculous judgment is pretended, nay, whom, in their admission and rejection of other books, we believe to have erred. Shall we give less credence to John and Paul themselves? Surely the heart and soul of every Christian give him sufficient assurance that, in all things that concern him as a man, the words that he reads are spirit and truth, and could only proceed from him who made both heart and soul. Understand the matter so, and all difficulty vanishes; you read without fear, lest your faith meet with some shock from a passage here and there which you cannot reconcile with immediate dictation by the Holy Spirit of God, without an absurd violence offered to the text. You read the Bible as the best of all books, but still as a book, and make use of all the means and appliances which learning and skill, under the blessing of God, can afford towards rightly apprehending the general sense of it; not solicitous to find out doctrine in mere epistolary familiarity, or facts in clear *ad hominem et pro tempore* allusions to national traditions.

"*Vox Populi, Vox Dei.*"—I never said that *vox populi* was, of course, the *vox Dei*. It may be; but it may be, and with equal probability, *à priori*, *vox diaboli*. That the voice of ten millions of men calling for the same thing is a spirit, I believe; but whether that be a spirit of heaven or hell, I can only know by trying the thing called for by the prescript of reason and God's will.

SOCIETY.—That is the most excellent state of society in which the patriotism of the citizen ennobles, but does not merge, the individual energy of man.

PHILOSOPHY.—A philosopher's ordinary language, and admissions in general conversation or writings, *ad populum*, are as his watch compared with his astronomical timepiece. He sets the former by the town clock; not because he believes it right, but because his neighbours and his cook go by it.

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

POISONOUS FLY.—Near this place (Babakila, on the Danube) we found a range of caverns, famous for producing the poisonous fly, too well known in Serbia and Hungary under the name of the Golubacser fly. These singular and venomous insects, somewhat resembling mosquitoes, generally make their appearance during the first great heat of summer, in such numbers as to seem like vast volumes of smoke; their attacks are always directed against every description of quadruped, and so potent is the poison they communicate, that even an ox is unable to withstand its influence, for he always expires in less than two hours. This results, not so much from the virulence of the poison, as that every vulnerable part is simultaneously covered with these most destructive insects; when the wretched animals, frenzied with pain, rush wild through the fields till death puts a period to their sufferings, or they accelerate dissolution

by plunging headlong into the rivers. The shepherds of these countries, taught by experience the time of their approach, ancient every part of their flocks and herds, unprotected by nature, with a strong decoction of wormwood; to which, it appears, these flies have a great antipathy. In addition to this, the shepherds keep immense fires constantly blazing; around which the poor animals, aware of their danger, tremblingly and patiently congregate. Kind nature has, however, mercifully ordained that their existence shall be most ephemeral; for the slightest variation in the weather is sufficient to destroy the whole swarm; hence they seldom live beyond a few days. The probable supposition, however, is, that when the Danube rises, which it always does in the early part of summer, the caverns are flooded, and the water remaining in them becomes putrid, and produces, during the heat of summer, this most noxious fly.—*Spencer's Circassia.*

THE JEWS AT LEGHORN.—This wandering and excommunicated race form no inconsiderable part of the resident population in Leghorn, being estimated at twenty-five thousand out of seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Their synagogue is a spacious building, but not otherwise remarkable than for the extraordinary number of lamps in it. Except the latticed galleries for the females, there is little to indicate its purpose, and very little indeed of that respect due to a place of worship is to be seen in the behaviour of those who frequent it. Although a rabbi was reading part of their ritual, instead of paying the slightest attention to him, those around me were conversing together on ordinary topics, just with as much indifference as if they had been in the open street, or in any other place than a house of prayer; nay, some of them were talking over matters of business, so that it was impossible not to be forcibly reminded of the words of our Lord, who had reproached their forefathers for similar profanity, and for converting the sanctuary of their religion into "a den of thieves." What singular inconsistency,

that a people who so pertinaciously adhere to ordinances which subject them to many privations and inconveniences, possess so little of the real devotional spirit of religion!—*Rae Wilson.*

REHME.—The salt-works at Rehme could not be passed unseen. The manner in which the water from the saline spring is made to deposit its treasure is very ingenious. Stacks of thorn boughs, three hundred feet long, sixty feet high, and thirty wide, are constructed with the uniform symmetry and neatness of a brick mansion. The water is forced to the top of this structure, and, being carried in troughs along its whole extent, is made to drip gradually through every part of it. In its passage this water deposits lime, which attaches to every twig, and forms a little forest of petrifications. Below the works are cellars, twelve feet deep, into which the purified water runs, whence it is conveyed to the boiling house, where a most pure and beautiful deposit of salt takes place on the sides of the boilers. This deposit is loaded out, and immediately packed in baskets.—*Mrs. Trollope's Belgium.*

GEMS.

THE BLESSING OF BOOKS.—Many who have not the advantage of wealth or high standing in society, are apt to repine at their situation—to regret that they are debarred from much refined and intellectual intercourse; but this deprivation is in a great measure ideal; there is an intercourse far more intelligent than that of any living society whatever—the great commonwealth of letters—which knows no distinction of persons, admits of no adventitious superiority, where every thing is rated at its real value, and reduced to its legitimate standard. Whatever may have been the rank of authors, the wealth or consequence attaching to their living persons, they exact no further homage; they are entertained without expense, dismissed without ceremony; they are at once our preceptors, masters, servants; they come or go at our bidding; they speak or are dumb at our pleasure. We open the book, its eloquence streams upon us; we close the leaves, it is instantly sealed in silence. We have the best thoughts of the best men in the best possible form: we benefit by a close communion with great and shining characters, without being annoyed by those foibles and eccentricities which appear to be more particularly inherent in genius. Had we lived in the same time, and possessed the intimacy of Dr. Johnson, we should have been shocked to find that, with all his intelligence and strength of mind, he was contracted in principle, insolent and overbearing in argument. We should have blushed for the tarnished honour of our common nature, to think that so great a mind as Addison's could have been meanly jealous of contemporary worth. And, as we all know, poor Goldsmith, amidst innumerable follies and foibles, was so great a glutton of praise that he considered the applause bestowed upon a rope-dancer unjustly diverted from himself; and, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, and several others, actually broke his shins in a clumsy attempt to prove he could surpass him. In books are treasured up the matured fruits of the greatest and most cultivated minds; they contain the pure and condensed intelligence of the human mind, without any proportionate alloy of its passions and weaknesses. Thus the noblest conceptions of our nature are preserved in the odours of language, as formerly the bodies of the great and noble were embalmed in perfumes. In reading history, for instance, we participate

in the actions of the illustrious dead, and exchange with pleasure the dull monotony of our own existence for the glorious achievements and enthusiasm of theirs. Under the pen of the historian, the events of time undergo a refining and condensing process: he retains all that is worth preserving, the kernel without the husks or shell. We thus engage in war without the peril of a wound, and accompany the voyager without encountering the dangers of the seas.—*Professor Calvert.*

OLD AGE.—Old age is often querulous. It is one of its defects to be so; but let not this occasional weakness deceive you. You may be assured that naturally it has gratifications of its own, which fully balance those of earlier days, and which, if cultivated, would carry on the stream of happiness to its grave. If life has been rightly employed, it will also have the visioned recollection of its preceding comforts to enhance the pleasures which it is actually enjoying. My own experience in the sixty-seventh year of my age is, that notwithstanding certain ailments and infirmities, and the privations they occasion, it is just as happy as all the preceding seasons were, though in a different way,—so happy as to cause no regret that they have passed, and no desire to exchange what is for what has been. If youth has hopes, and prospects, and wishes that enchant it, age has no inferiority even in this respect.—*Turner.*

MOURNING FOR FRIENDS.—Grief at the loss of friends is natural. To say, therefore, that tears for the deceased are unseasonable, because they are unprofitable, is to speak without regard to the state and condition of human nature. A pious tear is a sign of humanity and generosity; but still, exceeding care must be taken that men do not run into excesses in this kind. To grieve may be laudable: to be loud and querulous is childish; and to carry matters so far as to refuse comfort is inexcusable. It is impious towards God, without whose permission nothing happens in the world: it expresses too great a disregard to other men, as though no one remained worthy of esteem or love; and it is highly prejudicial to ourselves, as it impairs our health, weakens our minds, unfits us for our several offices, and sometimes ends in death itself.—*Bishop Conybeare.*

THE STUDY OF THE PHYSICAL HISTORY OF MANKIND.

To the student who reposes his belief in the truth that

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

the subject of his inquiries naturally resolves itself into two portions. The history of mankind can be contemplated only under two separate views—the moral and the physical. The one embodies the capacities and powers of a supernatural agency over man, the other lays down the principles of his physical development and conformation. Of the former it may be observed, that the field of inquiry which it presents to the mind is, in its very nature, vast and boundless. The contemplations which the moral government of the Eternal Mind over man exhibits, are such as to call into active energy the loftiest and noblest capacities of man's nature and intellect. The imagination must take "the wings of the morning," and travel into "the uttermost parts," where thought may scarcely abide, and where man's mental energy soon sinks bowed down and exhausted. The result of such speculative inquiries is seldom satisfactory; the grasp of mind becomes loosened, and where mortality approaches to the confines of spiritual intelligences, the eagle-wing becomes wavering in its career, and the cheering sunbeam that led upward the adventurous flight, soon blinds the mental eye by the dazzling brilliancy of its lightnings. In the arrangement of the subjects which go to the development of the inquiry into the physical history and condition of man, there are no startling points or periods to encounter; the regions of calm philosophic investigation lie open to the view of the inquirer; and he reaps the greatest profit and advantage whose powers of research and observation enable him to penetrate the deepest into those recesses of abstruse philosophic investigation which are involved in the inquiry.

The history of our species, from the earliest annals of creation down to the present time, presents a very wide field for inquiry and research; yet, in our own country, the subject has scarce occupied the minds of any other than the two kindred spirits of Lawrence and Pritchard.* The "Lectures on the Natural History of Man" by the former, obtained a wide and undeserved popularity, and has, in consequence, gone through several editions; whilst Dr. Pritchard's work—though more extensive in its range of facts and reasonings, and generally superior to it in every respect—is known to very few readers out of the pale of the author's profession.

From the abundant inquiries and extensive research which Dr. Pritchard has made into this

his favourite study, he has laid down his argument over a very wide and extensive field of investigation. Amongst some of these may be enumerated natural history and general philosophy, physiological research, the nature of moral and intellectual diversities, the characteristics of mental and social disposition, and the more abstruse and difficult inquiries relating to the origin, formation, and spread of languages. These are the points which he brings to bear upon the solution of the inquiry of "whether all the races of men scattered over the surface of the earth, distinguished as they are from each other in structure of body, in features, and in colour, and differing in languages and in manners, are the offspring of a single stock, or have descended respectively from several original families." And in order to solve this problem, he traces from the earliest recorded date, the history of the creation of the vegetable and animal worlds; he traces up

"The leafy flower and the golden fruit,"

from their origin and beauty in the immortal bowers of the earthly paradise, and reviews the entire scheme of their dispersion, by the operation of natural or artificial causes over the wide regions of the habitable world. In the same manner he discourses of the first development and eventual dispersion of the lower orders of insects, birds, marine animals, mammifera, reptiles, and the higher classes of quadrupeds. He next speaks of man in his highest and noblest state of physical conformation, giving records of him as he is found in every habitable region of the earth;—of the various external diversities which he assumes in colour and complexion, in form and structure, both of skull and skeleton; and these are analogically compared with those external physical varieties which are found to exist in the higher classes of animals. The reasoning which the author has employed in embodying the apparently contradictory evidence which he has thus accumulated, forms a most valuable recapitulation of the preceding argument laid down.

Thus far in the inquiry does the first volume of Dr. Pritchard's work extend; his ensuing one will terminate it. When that is published we shall lay a full and, we trust, a meritorious analytical review of its contents before our readers.

Of the work itself, it is perfectly competent in us to state, that the author has collected together a large mass of materials, and has presented us with all the information that has been derived on this subject during the last fifty years, from the enterprising voyages of those travellers who have penetrated into the wild and desert regions of Asia, Africa, and America, in

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* "Lectures upon Man. By W. Lawrence, F.R.S." "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind. By J. C. Pritchard, M.D."

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search of knowledge, physical, political, and geographical. On this he has raised the best foundation for the physical history of man that exists in this country. He has given to its composition a long period of uninterrupted labour

and investigation, and has rendered it fully worthy of that high rank which it will always maintain amongst works devoted to the noble purposes of literature, science, and learning.

ERSON.

SATIRE.

THE projects of reform which have flattered the hopes of successive generations as effectual remedies for human depravity, if summoned at once before the mind, would be a whimsical but melancholy exhibition. On one side we should behold an immense array of lawgivers, turnkeys, and hangmen—the army of public justice, whose trophies are, unfortunately, the record of her defeats. We should see the whole myriad fearlessly encountered by a single philosopher, who rails at prisons and halters, proclaiming the omnipotence of truth, and the perfectibility of mankind. Another swarm of philanthropists have discovered that the calamities of the people originate in defects of the government; they have traced all the varieties of evil in society to one corrupt man, and have expected, by deposing this one and enthroning five or five hundred corrupt men, to restore the golden age. A crowd of elegant persons expatiate on the efficacy of civilisation as a purifier of the morals, and detail the virtues of refinement from the conversation of a Parisian *coterie*, or the columns of the “Morning Post.” A romantic lover of solitude and paradox reclaims them to pure and unsophisticated nature, and enforces the precepts of his eloquence by an exhibition of carousing cannibals. A venerable host of theologians, some in the dress of an Eleusinian hierophant, and some in the humbler habiliments of a Presbyterian academic, or an Oxonian master of arts, harangue on the attractions of virtue and the prospects of a future state; they are sure of the efficacy of their system, for mankind, during the last score or two of centuries, having been tolerably versed in its principles, have lived very good lives, and made very good ends. A very scientific inquirer, however, starts forth from among the denunciators of final retribution, announcing the dethronement of terror from the consciences of men, and assuring his audience that the worst they have to expect is a philosophical purgatory; that every woe they at any time may suffer is for their good; that they only require different degrees of discipline, and shall all be happy at last. One of the most approved nostrums is education: when the poor are taught to read and write they are sure to be virtuous, because it is well known that instructed draymen are much more sober and honest than illiterate shepherds. A classical education, however, is still better; it is especially extolled by a reeling

pedagogue, who chants, “*Ingenuus didicisse*,” displaying the immortal Busby in one hand, and pointing with his rod in the other to a model of the temple of virtue, as a porch to the temple of fame; he recites the fine sentiments of heathen writers, describes the morality of a college, and refers to the manners of the great. The sapient Edinburgh reviewers opine, that we may preach, or we may let it alone. But if any thing will reform the vices of the fashionable world, it is Edgeworth’s “Moral Tales,” which are not adulterated with Christian sentiment. Another hawk of infallible elixirs explains the purifying influences of the arts; he praises Annibal Carracci, and Raffaele, and Flammingo, and Kirk, and Morland, and he celebrates the morals of Italy. Another acquaints us that the stage is a school for virtue. His information is unquestionable, for its scholars are practising in the lobby. It would be endless to trace the spirit of reform in all its shapes and influences; at one time we find it in a pair of contemporary queens, one of whom improves her people with bayonets and dragoons; the other, with faggots and bishops. At another time it stimulates a prime to promote sports on the Sunday, for the purpose of encouraging piety; and at length it betrays a member of parliament into a panegyric on bull-baiting, as peculiarly suited to improve the industry and order, the humanity and patriotism of his countrymen. According to Molière, it has even possessed fiddlers and dancing-masters, who ascribed the miseries of the world to an ignorance of the principles of harmony, and the frequency of taking false steps. They certainly were not singular; great benefit, we doubt not, is expected from the accomplishment of dancing, as it occupies so much of the probationary time of immortal beings; and, in addition to the same argument in favour of music, we have repeatedly heard that the tones of an organ are a specific for the cure of indevotion; and have also learned, from the lips of an ingenious professor, that the reformation of mankind would be much promoted by a more general acquaintance with Handel’s oratorios.

Such are the recognitions, principles, and labours of the reformer. He acknowledges the guilt of individuals and the corruption of the age, for this is only a censure upon his neighbour; but evades the imputation of depravity to the species, for this would be a censure on himself.

He perceives the necessity of a change; yet will not admit that it must be radical. He is willing that our nature should be reformed; but not that it should be regenerated. He will try every partial remedy and palliative, he will submit to any process or agent—except it be Divine; and the chronicle of time is the catalogue of his disappointments.

Another class there is which belongs to that faculty in the college of Laputa which expects wonders of reformation in this wicked world, from an exposure of the world's wickedness; and expresses its opinion, on comparing projects of reform, in the following well known and most absurd couplet:—

"Satire well writ has most successful proved,
And cures because the remedy is loved."

Thus, the persons in question consider the object of Juvenal to be a very noble one, namely, that of exposing vice in its true colours and natural deformity; the aim of Juvenal in writing so grossly, was to lay open the native unsightliness of vice, to remove that fascinating cloak which hides its horrors, and thereby to render it an object too disgusting to be publicly espoused, and a guest too dangerous to be privately admitted into our bosoms.

These notions find such ready currency in the world, that we hope to be pardoned for assaying them.

Considering satire most favourably, not as the effusion of personal animosity, but as an attempt to expose vice and folly to indignation and contempt, we are of opinion that it is rarely innocent. The exercise of ridicule implies in the satirist, and excites in the reader, a contemptuous feeling, composed of pride and mirth; that of invective implies and excites an indignant feeling, composed of pride and malice; and however faint and harmless these feelings may appear in single instances, and on just occasions, the character which they induce on the mind by frequent recurrence is neither dubious nor amiable. The mob, which has been assisting with stones and mud at an exhibition on the pillory, returns, perhaps, with strong feelings of contempt or indignation against some particular crime; but we cannot applaud such an attack, even on vice, nor recommend such an employment as a salutary discipline for the heart.

If the innocence of satire be doubtful, we are still more inclined to question its efficacy. We will not affirm that it has been wholly useless in combating the follies and delusions of mankind. It may have abated some nuisances in literature, and reformed some offences against taste; it may have rectified some little absurdities in dress or manner, and assisted in demolishing the reverence for monks, the spirit of knight-errantry, and the devotion to a corrupt and despotic priesthood. These absurdities were easy to

overcome; to expose, was to defeat them; they had no hold on the passions and appetites; they maintained their power, injuriously to the public interest, under a temporary cover of ignorance, and were vanquished by a gleam of light; they were not the canker at the heart of a flower, but the caterpillar on its leaf. The follies of men are, however, so volatile and fantastic, they are so ready to vanish spontaneously, and re-appear in new shapes, that the touch of satire is scarcely needed to anticipate their destiny; it is unable to extinguish their essential being, and can only pretend to hasten that metamorphosis which might otherwise have waited a little for the lapse of time. But the vices derive their influence, not from novelty or accident, but from the most powerful and permanent propensities of human nature; they maintain it, not by favour of ignorance, but against convictions of interest and sentiments of obligation. The vice which has resisted them all is invulnerable to the wrath or the ridicule of the satirist; he cannot make it appear more odious than it is known to be, by any poetical association of circumstances or aggravation of phrase; nor propose any motives to virtue which conscience or policy has not often suggested in vain.

Should it, however, be admitted that the vicious are not accustomed to surrender their favourite gratifications at the summons of a speculative satirist, yet personal satire may still be supposed to have its use, to deter the delinquent from repeating, or the tempted from committing, a crime, by the prospect of exposure and public scorn. To condemn the vicious may be effectual, where it is useless to condemn vice. The experiment has been tried; the early comic writers of Athens, as long as they were endured,

*"Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,
Quod machus foret, aut vicarius, aut aliquis
Famosus, multa cum libertate notabant."*

We do not hear that the ridicule of Aristophanes reformed or banished any culprit, or corrected the licentiousness of the Athenian manners; but we do remember that a venerable and innocent sage was the victim of this hopeful censure. The satire of the middle comedy has been revived in our own times. We do not hear that Samuel Foote could claim the credit of reducing the number of "Mother Coles;" but we doubt not that, in blackening the character of Whitfield, he stimulated the spirit of bigotry and persecution which raged against him amongst vulgar minds, and confirmed multitudes in their derision of religious truth, their habits of vice, and their heedlessness of eternity. We must further observe, that few vices can be imputed to an individual which would not subject him to punishment or injury; and that no orderly government can admit the publication of charges without proof, or tolerate the continual breaches

of the peace which must result from employing the press as a vehicle of personal accusation and scurrility. Some crimes, however, escape the vengeance of public justice by favour of an imperfect and partial system of law. Yet even here it is needless for the satirist to interfere, with any other design, at least, than to recommend a revision of the jurisprudence. Few crimes will come to his knowledge which are not sufficiently public without his intervention. And the seducer, the adulterer, the miser, the duellist, who apprehends no censure from his immediate connexions, or if he did would despise it, must be ridiculously weak, should he concern himself for the good opinion of the satirist, the nation, or posterity. If any efficacy could be ascribed to satire when directed against crimes, we might

anticipate its success when directed against national crimes—against crimes which the nation has power to suppress, and its members in general have no interest to maintain; against the hideous traffic in blood, for instance, which has yielded at length to far other influence than that of humane satirists, double-tongued adversaries, or national repentance. In fine, one question may perhaps be equivalent to fifty arguments: what profligate has it ever reclaimed to virtue? and what crime has it ever banished from society? If one instance could be produced, we must again inquire, before we acknowledge its efficacy as an instrument of reform, has it altered the character, or only changed the vice? has it purged a constitutional taint, or only obliterated a particular symptom?—*Parker.*

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.—No. I.

TAURUS, THE BULL.

THE subject of the ancient zodiac has been frequently discussed, but too often with a spirit far from conducive to the establishment of truth, and not unfrequently with a view to unsettle chronology, or to impugn Scripture. It is my intention to enter the same arena of discussion, with less glittering arms, but under a more consecrated banner; to maintain the thesis of "Pagan evidence to the truth of Holy writ;" to throw down the gauntlet in the teeth of infidelity, and begin the contest with the chivalric war-cry of—"God defend the right."

Of the evidence to which I allude, the zodiac appears to me one of the most important. Of the symbols which compose it, Taurus, or the Bull, is the most conspicuous; inasmuch as it is supposed to have once been the leading constellation; but chiefly, inasmuch as the superstitions connected with it have deeply coloured the whole stream of ancient mythology. With Taurus, therefore, I propose to begin my investigation.

Most of the conquests of animals ascribed to heroes belong to Hercules, under other names, as Jason, Theseus, Cadmus, Perseus. They originate, most probably, in Egyptian illustrations of the zodiac; or mystical paintings of the sun passing through the signs, which were misunderstood, or misinterpreted by the Greeks.

In Grecian fable, Hercules was represented as conquering the Elean bull. In Persia, he was pictured as Mythra Victrix, grasping a bull with one hand, and in the other, holding a sacrificial knife. Jason the Argonaut, who killed the bull with brazen hoofs, and thereby obtained the golden fleece; Cadmus, whom a bull conducted to the site of Thebes; and Theseus, who slew the Minotaur, (the Grecian Apis,) are only modifications of the same story, which describes the

Grecian Hercules as triumphing over the Elean bull.

The mysteries of Apis, as this sign was called in Egypt, were the oldest in the world, and entered into the religious dogma of most, if not all, of the primeval nations. The ancient Persians pictured the first man with a bull's head. The Hindoos anciently, and still venerate the same character. One of the Hindoo avatars pictures the bull-man perishing in the flood. A bull-headed human form is frequent among Javanese monuments, and agrees precisely with similar figures on those of Egypt. The monuments preserved by Hyde, leave nothing uncorroborated on the same subject, as far as regards the Mythralic rites. The god Osiris was sometimes portrayed with a bull's head, sometimes with bull's horns. Among the Syrians, Astarte was a human figure with a bull's head; for she was male and female. So, among the Phenicians, their chief god, Moloch, bore the head of an ox annexed to the figure of a man. The Greek Osiris, namely Bacchus Bugenes, or Tauriformis, was represented, as the name imports, by the same form. So was the Cretan Minotaur. The golden fleece and golden apples of the Hesperides were equally guarded by bulls. An apple formed into the shape of a bull was sacred to Hercules. A bull's head hung upon a tree was a symbol appertaining, as appears from Hyde, to Mythra Victrix. The head of Bacchus Tauriformis was hung upon trees, as Spence instances, in order to produce fructification. Even the druids devoted milk-white steeds to the sacred mistletoe. The same traditional veneration exhibits itself repeatedly among Jewish antiquities. The Jews had scarcely left Egypt, when they recurred to the worship of the calf, Apis; and, as it was their

first offence, so it adhered to them till their punishment and dispersion. "Thy calf, O Samaria!" says the denouncing prophet, "has cast thee off." The chimerical bulls of the Hebrews, or cherubim, (as they named them from the root, to "plough,") are evidently of Egyptian origin. The twelve bulls of Solomon's brazen sea, arranged in *threes* towards each cardinal point, have a precise Egyptian counterpart in the twelve bulls arranged also in *threes* round the apex of the Heliopolitan obelisk; and, like the former, quadrate with the cardinal points. The behemoth and leviathan of the rabbins are the Apis, or Osiris, and the river-dragon, or the Typhon of the Egyptians. Joseph was symbolised by an ox, as well as the half-tribes of Manasseh and Ephraim; and it was to him, under this symbol of Behemoth, that the blessing of the "ancient mountains" was promised to the "thousand hills" of Esdras, and the "Elysios Collos" of Hesiod. To the last, according to Esdras, was assigned the ocean, and thence the Scandinavian sea-snake. The leviathan and river-dragon, were both to receive their final wound. According to the rabbins, behemoth, or the ox, is, at the consummation, to be divided among the elect. By this was evidently implied, the partition of Paradise, or of the whole earth in a state of paradise, as by the wine of Adam to be then produced, was meant original prosperity; for grapes and prosperity are synonymous in Hebrew. This rabbinical fable is very singular, inasmuch as Osiris Apis appears to have been similarly separated into various divisions, during the mysteries, which divisions were subsequently rejoined, with one exception; a type not to be mistaken of the expected restoration of mankind, as one family, to pristine innocence. In the mysteries of the Grecian Osiris, or Bacchus, the same remarkable feature was preserved, a bull being torn to pieces by the devotees. Among the hieroglyphics, the thigh of Apis is frequently seen. Belzoni found one in the tomb of Psammis. I take it, as the ox was a symbol of the first race of men, perhaps of antediluvian man, that the thigh was a symbol of the choicest part of the earth or paradise. Hence it was always set apart for the gods, and considered sacred. The thigh was the region sacred to oaths. It contained the sinew forbidden to be eaten by the Jews; and the incorruptible bone, or *luez*, which the rabbins suppose to be the germ of a restored future corporeal life. Paradise is called Meru by the Hindoos, which is the root of the Greek word for a thigh; and the Brahmins seat their tenth world of gardens in the thigh of Brahma. It is worthy here of remark, that pots of flowers, similar to what are called the gardens of Adonis, (see Coptic Manuscript in Denon,) were offered to the ox: neither will it be unimportant to add, that apples and apple-trees were connected with the mysteries of Apis,

What is human reason to infer from all this singular analogy of facts, and images as singular? My inference is short: That the whole is a hieroglyphical portraiture, (of what Moses described in words,) namely, of the fall and expected restoration of man, with some dark shadowing of the means through the death of a second Adam, leader or teacher (ox in Hebrew).

There is nothing in the least illogical in our supposition, that Ham, whose name Egypt bears to this day, and who lived with the antediluvians, should have handed down the creed and traditions of the first men to his children, in the only language they possessed; nor is it wonderful, from the metaphorical nature of that language, that these traditions should become distorted, and vary from the true and simple statement of Moses, himself an Egyptian scribe. Neither the general coherency, nor peculiar variations, of these traditions, ought therefore to excite the least surprise. But it is incumbent on me to proceed to a more elaborate proof of my hypothesis. My first position is, that Apis was a symbol of antediluvian man; when connected with apples, his paradisaical state was implied; when connected with water, scyphi, crescents, &c., his partial destruction by a deluge.

It is scarcely necessary to argue that all the pagan fables of apples are referable to the forbidden fruit, those, for instance, of Atalanta, of Hercules, of Discord and the rival goddesses. Let the reader examine these fables, and judge for himself.

It is calculated that the vernal equinox, at the creation, was in the first degree of Taurus. Two thousand years after, Aries, by the precession of the equinoxes, occupied its place, and Aries is, accordingly, the first sign on the most ancient of the zodiacs. Taurus was, therefore, an apt and legitimate symbol of antediluvian man, and we may presume that the mysteries of Apis related to that state.

The mythological account of the fall differs little from that of Moses. According to Plato and his disciples, man fell when he descended from his intellectual to a sensual state, and multiplied himself; this was apparently Milton's idea. It was the version of a large portion of the early Christians, and thence the celibacy of the monastic orders. Moses, therefore, may have employed a delicate metaphor to express what Plato philosophically inferred, and the double interpretation of fruit and fruition at this day, warrants the inference. The Mohammedans say, that incontinency was the cause of the fall.

Another pagan fable bears a remarkable coincidence to the narrative of Moses. The pagan Eve, Persephonch, (which name signifies "lost fruit,") is condemned to Hades, or death, for eating a portion of the forbidden pomegranate. Numerous pictorial and symbolical representations of the same event, may be referred to. I

apprehend that, according to the laws of hieroglyphical writing, the narrative of Moses could not have been more closely adhered to. I will endeavour to refer to these pictorial descriptions in the order of the Mosaic account.

Montfaucon exhibits several instances of the bull-man, or first parent, crowned with apples.

Osiris was represented as enclosed in the thigh of Aps, an emblem of paradise.

Protoponus and Eon, the first man and woman, were described as sailing through space in an egg-shaped vehicle. There are similar representations among the hieroglyphics.

On one of the Egyptian planispheres, exhibited by Kircher, instead of Astrea, who represented the paradisaical state, there appears a fruit-tree, with two dogs in the branches, looking different ways. Now, two cynocephali were symbols of light and darkness, of good and evil.

On a Mythraic sculpture preserved by Hyde, there are two fruit-trees. The first has a scorpion winding round it, and near it a ladder, which was the mystic symbol of descent or fall. Scorpio, on some Egyptian zodiacs, is a serpent; in others Typhon, depicted as the devil now is, with a serpent's tail and breathing flames.

In Montfaucon there are many representations of the Hesperian tree, with a serpent twined round it, and a male and female on the opposite sides.

So much for illustration of the Mosaic theory of the fall. The Hesperian gardens, in fact, were the pagan paradise; the golden apples, the fruit of the tree of life; and the dragon, or seraph, the angel who guarded the way of it. Sometimes, indeed, a chimera, resembling the Jewish cherubim, was substituted for the seraph or fiery serpent. At others, the golden apples were converted into a golden fleece, and the bulls (the cherubim of the Hebrews) with fiery breath, were the guardians. Griffins (a mixed monster, also resembling the cherub) are, in a different hieroglyphical version of the same story, guarding the "treasures of the everlasting hills," promised to Joseph. Throughout it is the same Mosaic story, only differently coloured by the picturing vehicle.

It can scarcely be doubted that Jacob, in his blessing on the twelve tribes, alluded to the figures of some Chaldean or Egyptian zodiac. Without we admit this, we must infer that the patriarch uttered complete nonsense. If, as is not disputed, the twelve tribes were signalled by the twelve signs of the zodiac on their standards, they must have adopted them from the circumstances of Jacob's prophecy. In blessing the twelve tribes, which were to fill the world, it is not only not wonderful that the old patriarch should refer to the twelve signs, but they clearly furnished the most obvious illustration, and the most lasting memorial. Common sense, therefore, is in favour of an argument which has been exclusively referred to Sir William Drummond, but which belongs to Kircher. The scriptural

allusions to Taurus, are the following: "His glory (Joseph's) is like the firstlings of the bullock;" see blessing of Moses. "Ephraim is as a heifer;" Hosea. "And unto Enoch (behe-moth, or the ox) thou hast given one part to dwell wherein are a thousand hills;" Esdras. Jacob's blessing on Joseph (according to the reading of Hebraists) is as follows: "Joseph is a fruitful bull, by a well, whose children run over the neck. The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at, and hated him: but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the Mighty One of Jacob; from thence is the Shepherd the Stone of Israel." Now, I maintain, that all this is nothing but a correct translation of the antediluvian prophecy, pictorially represented in the figures which accompany Taurus, as extant on the planisphere and zodiac of Denderah. Let us arrange them in the order in which they presented themselves to the eyes of Jacob, the inspired interpreter of an imagery not improbably invented by his great antediluvian ancestor Seth, the Thoth of Egypt. A bull, and near it an eye in a circle, (ain means an eye or well;) a representation of the seven Atlantidæ, or Hesperidæ, on the neck of Taurus; another representation of a bull recumbent, and shot at by an archer; two more characters expressive of the same violence; a bull beheaded; a chimerical figure of the head and thigh of Taurus held chained by Typhon, while another personage transfixes it with an arrow. To this the allusion of the Brethren, or Gemini, the next sign, also applies. "Cursed be their wrath, for it was cruel, for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they houghed an ox." In fact, "violence" characterises the whole of these two starry habitations. Next, we have the Bowman rising from the decapitated Taurus, and destroying the power of evil as Scorpio. The strange metaphor, the "arms of the hands," is doubtless taken from the front limbs of the chimera, representing Sagittarius having human hands. Next to Taurus is the Shepherd, with his pastoral staff, the Shiloh elsewhere noticed, and directly beneath Agathodæmon, or a square stone.

Symbolic mementos of man's predicted restoration, and the means to be employed for effecting it, are equally common as those which record his fall. But as these will more naturally occur during the consideration of other portions of the zodiac, I shall confine myself, at present, to such only as relate to Taurus.

Apis was drowned at particular periods, as a symbol of the flood; as a symbol of the anticipated hope of the ancient world, he was buried in a sarcophagus, and on the fourth day a new Apis was led forth to the people, as a pledge of the resurrection.

It was by a violent death of the chief god (such was the dogma of the earliest priests) that

man was to be restored. A bull was torn to pieces at the Bacchanalian orgies. Apis was cut in pieces, as was Osiris, whom he represented, before he was deposited in his three days' sepulchre. The thigh was set apart as something mystical and sacred. A vast number of evidences of this are to be found in the sculptures of Belzoni's tomb. As for the head, the curse of evil was laid upon it in Egypt, as it is now in India. On the zodiac of Esneh the head and thigh of Apis are on the point of being pierced by a figure with an arrow. At Denderah, a bull is represented shot at by an archer. In the centre of the planisphere of the latter place is the thigh of Apis, and Typhon standing beside it with a sacrificial knife.* The archer at Denderah is a Centaur, and thence, perhaps, the name, which means to pierce a bull. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact that the original Sagittarius is a winged and crowned figure, having a bow, and with the face of a man and lion, (precisely the conquering Messiah of the apocalypse.) This was the golden-haired Chrysaor of the mythologists, and the golden-winged divine love of Aristophanes. The half human figure is represented as rising from the decapitated body of Apis, and, beyond a doubt, was a symbol of the resurrection of Horus,

the second person of the Egyptian trinity, who is called by ancient writers the mediator, who generally grasps a fac simile of the Christian cross, and who is represented sometimes nursed upon the lap of Virgo, and at another piercing Typhon, or the great dragon, with his finally extirpating arrows. It is not, therefore, unlikely that, as the terminating of the mysteries, Horus, or Chrysaor, was represented rising in glory from the sarcophagus, in which the severed fragments of Apis had been deposited,

Anon a tremulous flash
Detects a sable interposing veil,
Which severs that monotonous grim room;
And brodered images of gods are seen
Fluttering across it, as the light augments
In ever-varying lines, and fleeting hues,
It parts, it rolls away. The illumined flood
Which follows, palsies each inebriate sense.
Before a tabernacle strewed with gems
A sculptured coffer lay. Twice rose the cry,
Of Eleu, Elulul and at the last,
The alabaster lid was rolled aside,
Then, from the depths of its mysterious womb
A vision rose amidst the curling smoke,
Of white-wreathed incense and odorous myrrh;
A regal visage, diadem'd with rays,
And shining like the sun, † engendering day
In the dark bosom of rock-canopied night.

CANOVA AND THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

THERE was in Rome a young soldier of the pope's guard, about twenty years of age, who entertained an ardent passion for painting and drawing. The walls of the Monte Cavallo and the Vatican were covered with figures and groups drawn in chalk. These sketches displayed extraordinary talent, and the costumes were singularly correct.

One day Canova happened to pass by while the young soldier was occupied in sketching on one of the walls. Struck with surprise and admiration, the Roman Phidias stopped and questioned him. Canova was fond of encouraging and patronising talent wherever he discovered it. The soldier said he had so strong a taste for drawing and painting, that he could not refrain, at his leisure moments, from amusing himself by chalking on the walls designs which, he modestly observed, he knew to be very faulty.

"How I should like to be taught!" he exclaimed with transport; "but I am too poor to pay any one for giving me lessons."

"Well," said Canova, "come to me, and I will teach you for nothing. I will even settle upon you a pension of fifteen piastres per month, to enable you to quit your regiment. I am Canova the sculptor."

The young man thought he had awakened from a dream. He stood in the presence of the

great man, whose generosity overwhelmed him even more than his brilliant reputation. All he could do was to fall on his knees and return thanks, as an Italian thanks God or his patron saint. Next day the young enthusiast was received among the pupils of Canova. But Canova had looked only at the brilliant side of the adventure. A month had not elapsed before the young soldier became pale and thin. He sighed at the recollection of the time when he could wander alone by moonlight, and trace on the base of the obelisk Di Trinita di Monti the profile of some pretty Roman girl. He was then unfettered by academic rules, and his pencil was never checked by the words, "Rub that out, it is bad." He wished to learn, but *ennui* became more powerful than all the arguments either of himself or his master. One morning he entered Canova's study, kissed his hand, and thanked him fervently for all the kindness he had shown him, but candidly avowed that he could not submit to the restraint to which the other pupils were subjected. He said he was like a plant whose stem was too old to bend, on which the art of the cultivator could produce no improvement, and must be left to its wild and natural growth.

He returned to his regiment, and resumed his untaught sketches amidst the ruins of the eternal city.—*Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes.*

* Among the Mythæ sculptures is a head of Taurus, hung on a tree, with a quiver of arrows suspended beside it.

† It is supposed that *Sol infusus* was the final exhibition of the mysteries.

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

[We make the following extract from an article published in a recent number of the American "Christian Review."]

BUT these are not the only declaimers, who commit the fault on which we are now animadverting. There are religionists, who fall into the same error, and owe no small part of their success in playing the orator, to the fecundity of this theme, about which the most prosing are frequently quite animated and spirited. Thus it is our lot, in this age, to hear the times of Luther, and Calvin, and Melancthon, lauded to heaven, as the period when the doctrines of the Bible were best understood, and the system of Divine truth most perfect and symmetrical. Similar praise is awarded to the age of Flavel, Howe, Baxter, and Doddridge, not to enumerate others of no less fame in the galaxy of British divines. Were we to take for granted all that we hear on this subject we might suppose, that, contrary to all experience in other cases, the progress of time has produced an inversion of the order of things with regard to the knowledge of the word of God. For, in those other cases, the more discussion there is, the better is a subject understood. Truth is thereby evolved, and its scintillations struck out by the collision of mind with mind. But with reference to Divine truth, the order of nature is, forsooth, reversed; and they who first opened their eyes to it, when it burst forth, like the sun through a cloud, at the Reformation, received more of its rays, and measured its orb more accurately than all their successors put together. But this cannot be true; nor is it possible to believe in such an inverted order of things. Let us not be misunderstood. If they who first contemplated Divine truth, at the dawn of the Reformation, had many facilities, they had also many obstacles to its acquisition. For unless they were more than men, they must have remained wedded to numerous prejudices, those "idols of the cave," as Bacon quaintly calls them, and attached to many absurd notions, that were produced and fostered by the darkness of the preceding ages, during which they had been educated. It was not possible for them to throw off these incumbrances to their minds at once, and divest themselves of such errors as they must have cherished, provided they were not superhuman. On entering upon their investigations, and constructing their theories and systems, many things they took for granted, not suspecting that any could doubt their truth. Some things they examined, but employed an abstruse, scholastic mode of reasoning, which satisfied their own minds, but must fail to satisfy others, who have had proof of the uncertainty of such reasoning. Some things they rested upon as tests, which, it is plain, they had not sufficiently studied to

know the meaning of; while other things they left unnoticed, because no mind is comprehensive enough to embrace all the points of a vast subject.

That the men who figured at the time we are speaking of, had a great deal of truth on their side, no one would be so reckless of his reputation for candour as to deny. They dug very deep, and brought up much gold and many precious gems. They fought against error, with uncommonly well-furnished weapons, and smote with sinewy arms. They deserve highly from the world, as its greatest benefactors, nor can any meed be too honourable for them to receive. But since their time, much has been done to advance Divine truth, and promote a far better understanding of its doctrines, than even those great men possessed. The streams of religious knowledge have been deepened, the fields of investigation widened, and new paths struck out by modern inquiries into the regions of moral truth; former errors have been exploded, and the means of rightly understanding the Bible multiplied, by the formation of a new science,—that of sacred interpretation,—founded upon a deeper acquaintance with the laws of language, greater familiarity with oriental customs and manners, and a better knowledge of the history of the east. To suppose that these causes have not advanced Divine truth, would be at war with fact and common sense. To suppose that the present age is inferior in its theology, compared with past ages, would be to reverse the stream of knowledge, and make it broader at the fountain than it is at its mouth, narrowing its limits and becoming more shallow the further it flows. That many errors have crept into the divinity of this age, is not denied. No age deserves indiscriminate eulogy. But, allowing that some errors are mingled with what is true, we may challenge an honest comparison with our predecessors. Perhaps no fact more convincingly shows the superiority of the present over the past, with regard to religious knowledge, than that, formerly a fiercer sectarian and polemic warfare was waged, than could now possibly be fomented between two different persuasions of Christians. Such ferocity of attack and defence would now be universally frowned upon. There is too much religious enlightenment, for men any longer to mistake the raven for the dove. A century or two ago, what was more common than for Baptists, and Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, to eye each other with suspicion and jealousy? And how often did these bitter looks end in quarrels and railings, and an odious war of sects, in which hostilities were carried on more in accordance with the nature of the lion than of the lamb? Than this, nothing could more certainly indicate the

ignorance, narrowness, and bigotry that existed among all parties. But as a clearer perception of truth was attained, and sounder views of theology prevailed, the consequences were, more liberality, a kindlier feeling, more fraternal affection, a disposition to regard chiefly essentials, hatred of discord, and the love of peace, purchased at any price short of sacrificing truth. Notwithstanding all this, however, how common it is for many religionists to inquire, what is the cause that the former days were better than these?

But the fault which we are now pointing out is not confined to politicians and religionists. The *aged* are another class, who are prone to cry out against the present and extol the past. Perhaps none are more disposed to believe that the times are out of joint, than they. The period of their youth was one in which, forsooth, men were wiser citizens, and purer patriots, and better Christians. Mankind were then less mean and selfish, more honest in their dealings, more punctual in their engagements; the public morals were kept at a higher standard, and the fear of God more generally acknowledged; there was then more honour, and virtue, and principle in the world; but now hardly any of these noble qualities of character are to be found. The idea is presented in many forms. But the whole of it is this, there is a general declension in those things that marked the *good old times*. Even religion herself is not what she used to be, when the venerable class here spoken of solicited her smiles and wooed her embrace. This is the strain which they too often indulge, especially to their young brethren, who sometimes ill suppress the contempt which they feel. Not aware of the deceitful influence of distance, in hiding deformities in any object, and mellowing the roughest features, they judge from deceptive views, and make no allowance for the deceit practised upon their understandings by the long space through which they look; while, on the other hand, they are as little on their guard against the error to which they are exposed by contemplating an object too nearly. Let them know, however, that intellectual and moral objects require to be held at a *certain point*, to be viewed correctly, just as material objects must be, in order to see them in their proper and just proportions. Owing to these causes of misapprehension, the class of men, now alluded to, misjudge in their estimate of the comparative merits of the past and the

present; unduly magnifying the virtues of the one, and the vices of the other. And hence, they do not wisely inquire, what is the cause that the former days were better than these?

It is proper to remark here, that our observations are not designed to rebuke *all* comparison of the past with the present. This would destroy history, and cut off all the advantages to be derived from that useful branch of knowledge. But such inquiries respecting the past, as are found upon the historic page, are, in the highest degree, useful and proper; nor do they conflict, in the least, with what we are maintaining. From this study, political and all other kinds of wisdom are gleaned. In this way, the experience of one age subserves the progress of another succeeding one. From thence, the orator draws kindling motives to arouse a people from their lethargy, and stir them up to noble daring and splendid achievement in the cause of liberty. Thus none of the motives urged by Cicero penetrated the souls of his audience, on a certain public occasion, so deeply, as an appeal to the indignation which their fathers would have felt, had they heard that a Roman citizen had been scourged and crucified by a foreign power. So, also, from appeals to the past, the ministers of our holy religion draw often the most potent persuasives to Christian duty and engagedness. But it is evident, that if this sort of argument is to produce effect, such views of the past must be chosen, as shall appear bright and illustrious. As a necessary consequence, the contrast, for the time being, must be favourable to the past, tending to exalt our conceptions of antiquity, and inspire us with a noble emulation to imitate them in the scenes described.

What we condemn is, a querulous temper respecting the times in which we live; a disposition to see nothing creditable in the present, and nothing reprehensible in the past; a proneness to enlarge the degeneracy of our own age, magnify existing evils, undervalue the blessings which we enjoy, and depreciate the Divine goodness as it descends upon ourselves, our families, our church, our country; while we are ready to believe, that such dark and trying times were scarcely ever suffered before, and that we are peculiarly unfortunate in living at an era so troublous and perplexing. Such we charge with folly, in their inquiry, what is the cause that the former days were better than these?

AUTUMN.

A FRAGMENT.

THE spring is past, the summer is come and gone, and the autumn is again a dweller in the

land. We love the delicious outpouring of beauty which is visible over the wide heavens

and the rejoicing earth in the early and lovely days of spring; we delight to bask on the turf meadow-side, or by the drooping bank of some stream whose glittering waves reflect the dazzling sheen of the golden summer-heaven. But, more than these, we rejoice to contemplate the silent and soothing decay of all these glories as, one by one, they fade, and droop, and die, and leave the landscape covered with the cold, bare, and skeleton array of a thousand hedgerows and forest trees. But the early days of autumn are preparatory to all these great and mighty changes in the universe of nature. The heavy, leaden tinted clouds hang low upon the earth; and instead of the gladdening sunshine, the world is lit by a dim and saddening cloud-light. Morning breaks with a chilly and mist-clad splendour; the dew loses its diamond sparkle, and gleams with a white and pearly dimness; the leaves do not wave or flutter in the wind, they shiver, tremble, rustle, and fall. The wide atmosphere is frigid and damp, and the world sleeps in a grey and misty shroud, preparatory to the burial of all that made it glad, and bright, and happy. Yet we love the autumn, we love it for the dear, delightful remembrances of youth which it brings back to us; we love it for all the associated memories and recollections of departed friends who have passed away from amongst us at this season of the year.

An evening in autumn is at best but a sad and gloomy scene. There are fewer sunsets, and they come like angels' visits—bright, brief, and beautiful; radiant with splendour, but soon to decay; burning with brightness, but consumed by the very lightning and illumination of their transitory glory. Eve comes clad in grey and pilgrim weeds; her pathway is over darkness and decay, hastening on to death; she weareth no purple robe around her, nor is she crowned with the immortal diadem of a star. We knew one in our early youth, she was pale, graceful, and beautiful, one who was more fitted for the shrines of heaven than the dwellings of the earth, one whose aspirations were for the bright stars and the golden firmaments of a loftier universe. She was a sad and gentle girl, and dwelt in a visioned world of rich and glittering imaginations.

She had numbered sixteen autumns; she had, in that short yet happy period, seen many pass away around her; she had planted and watered flowers over their graves, and had marked the grass grow sere and the leaves decay; and she longed to be far away in "the spirits' land" with them.

There was a quiet hush in that little household on the hill-side when Mary died. The night was calm and starry, and the young moon's last smile that night fell upon the white coverlid that was over her who was so soon to pass away from amongst them, and be at rest. An old and venerable man knelt by the bedside of the dying girl; the only sound was from the choking sob and the suppressed moan; but these were hushed when that venerable man opened the holy Bible, and began reading that solemn passage—"I am the Resurrection and the Life." Each one knelt in deepest silence, and the stillness of that room was the stillness of death; for with the last echo of that venerable pastor's prayer, the lingering spirit took flight from death unto life—life immortal beyond the grave.

In a few days the lost and the loved was buried. The same returning hour of early night that witnessed her death, witnessed her burial. The venerable church, the burial-ground, and the dark grave surrounded by solemn mourners, were below; the unclouded sky, the stars, and the full-orbed moon, were above; the corpse was in the earth, the spirit was in heaven.

Weep not, weep not, she is dead;
Cold and dreamless now she lieth,
Where the damp, dull clay is spread,
And the death-worm sigheth.

Lay a white rose on her breast,
Pied violets dim, and cypress sere,
That the scent of flowers may rest
In her wintry sepulchre.

Strew, O! strew bright shells around,
Gathered from the white sea-shore,
For in life she loved the sound
Of old ocean's roar.

Deck'd and crown'd with conch and leaf,
Sleep, O! sleep till morn restore
All thy beauty, bright and brief,
To life and love for evermore.

EPHON.

SKETCH OF RANGOON.

BY THE REV. H. MALCOM, A.M.

THE name of Rangoon is so conspicuous in the annals of our mission, and occurs so often in the narrations of travellers on this coast, that I naturally entered it with feelings of peculiar interest. Association of ideas of course keeps up some of that interest; but so wretched a looking town, of its size, I have no where seen. The city is spread upon a part of a vast meadow, but little

above high tides, and at this season resembling a neglected swamp. The approach from the sea reveals nothing but a few wooden houses between the city wall and the shore. The fortifications are of no avail against modern modes of attack. They consist of merely a row of timbers set in the ground, rising to the height of about eighteen feet, with a narrow platform running round in-

side for musketeers, and a few cannon, perhaps half a dozen in all, lying at the gateways, in a useless condition. Some considerable streets are at the back of the town, outside the walls.

The entire population is estimated at fifty thousand, but that is probably too much. There is no other seaport in the empire, but Bassein, which has little trade, and the city stands next in importance to Ava; yet there is literally nothing in it that can interest a traveller. A dozen foreigners, chiefly Monguls, have brick tenements, very shabby. There are also four or five small brick places of worship, for foreigners, and a miserable custom-house. Besides these it is a city of bamboo huts, perfectly comfortable for this people considering their habits and climate; but in general appearance as paltry as possible. Maulmein has already many better buildings. The eaves of the houses generally descend to within six or eight feet of the ground; very few being of more than one story, or having any other covering than thatch. Cellars are unknown, and all the houses are raised two or three feet above the ground for coolness and ventilation. As the floors are of split bamboo, all dirt falls through, and what is not picked up by crows, dogs, fowls, &c., is occasionally swept out, and burned. For nearly half of the year the city presents a most singular appearance, half sad, half silly. By a standing law, on the setting in of the dry season, all the thatch must be removed, except a particular kind, not common, made partly of split bamboo, which will not easily burn. Were it not for the people in the streets, and the clothes of various kinds put up in the houses to keep off the sun, it would seem like a city deserted.

The streets are narrow, and paved with half burnt bricks, which, as wheel carriages are not allowed within the city, are in tolerable repair. There is neither wharf nor quay. In four or five places, are wooden stairs, at which small boats may land passengers, but even these do not extend within twenty feet of low-water mark. Vessels lie in the stream and discharge into boats, from which the packages slung to a bamboo are lugged on men's shoulders to the custom-house.

The commerce of the place is still considerable, though greatly crippled by enormous port-charges, and absolute prohibitions against exporting rice or the precious metals. Specie is exported by adroit smuggling. Could rice be exported freely, a most beneficial trade, both to government and people, might be carried on, the agriculturist receive a better reward for his toil, and the price of land be raised throughout the kingdom. Paddy (that is, rice uncleaned) is now selling at five rupees the hundred baskets;—that is, about two hundred and fifty dollars for a hundred bushels.

The best of cleaned rice is four annas a basket, about twelve cents a bushel! Wheat, as good as I have ever seen, is selling at thirty rupees per

hundred baskets. Such prices would send here half the vessels in Bengal bay. How strange that governments must always be doing damage, by dabbling into matters which, if left to themselves, would prosper!—However, the policy is certainly more wise than that of Great Britain, which lets some of her subjects annually starve, and thousands of others constantly suffer, by keeping bread-stuff away.

Other necessities are equally cheap in Rangoon. Fowls about two rupees per dozen, black tea, brought down the Irrawaddy from China, one rupee per viss; that is, nearly twelve cents a pound. Almost every kind of British manufactures may be had in the bazaar, at rates not higher than they cost in Boston. Medicines are not easily procured, and many kinds are excessively dear.

During the long wars of Europe, in the days of Napoleon, many vessels were built here, chiefly by the English, amounting, on an average, from 1790, to 1802, to three or four thousand tons per annum. At the time of Col. Symes' visit in 1795, there were several ships on the stocks, of from six hundred to one thousand tons burden. This branch of business is now almost annihilated.

Two miles from Rangoon is the celebrated pagoda, called Shoo-da-gon. It stands on a small hill, surrounded by many smaller pagodas, some fine zayats and kyoungs, and many noble trees. The hill has been graduated into successive terraces, sustained by brick walls, and the summit, which is completely levelled, contains about two acres.

The two principal approaches from the city, are lined on each side, for a mile, with fine pagodas, some almost vying for size with Shoo-da-gon itself. These are in every state of repair; from beautiful white new ones, to mere grass-grown heaps. In most of them the apertures still remain, through which the English soldiers penetrated, to take the treasure always deposited in them. Even the great pagoda did not escape; but it is so perfectly repaired, as to show no signs of the indignity.

Passing these on your way from the city, you come to a flight of time-worn steps, covered by a curious arcade of little houses of various forms and sizes, one above another, some in partial decay, others truly beautiful. After crossing some terraces, covered in the same manner, you reach the top, and, passing a great gate, enter at once this sad, but imposing, theatre of Gaudama's glory. One's first impressions are, what terrible grandeur—what sickening magnificence—what absurd imagery—what extravagant expenditure—what long successions of devotees to procure this throng of buildings of such various dates—what a poor religion that makes such labours its chief meritoriousness. Before you stands the huge Shoo-da-gon, its top among the clouds, and its

golden sides blazing in the glories of an eastern sun. Around are pompous zayats, noble pavements, gothic mausoleums, uncouth colossal lions, curious stone umbrellas, gracefully cylindrical banners of gold-embroidered muslin hanging from lofty pillars, enormous stone jars in rows to receive offerings, tapers burning before the images, exquisite flowers displayed on every side, filling the air with fragrance, and a multitude of carved figures which cannot be portrayed without the pencil.

Always in the morning, men and women are seen in every direction kneeling behind their gift, and with uplifted hands reciting their devotions, often with a string of beads counting over each repetition; aged persons are sweeping out every place, or picking the grass from the crevices;—dogs and crows straggle around the altars, and devour the recent offerings;—the great bells utter their frequent tones;—and the mutter of praying voices, makes a hum like the buzzing of an exchange. The whole scene is so strange, so distressing, that one is relieved to stroll away among the huge trees, and gaze from the parapet on the unlimited scene around. It is one wide flat jungle, without a single hill, but that of Syriam in the distance; but it is nature. It is the true temple of the true God—the only representation he has given of his natural perfections, as the Bible is of his moral ones. All the rest is distortion, absurdity, and crime. Of inferior pagodas, (though some surpass in size any I have seen elsewhere,) there are, in Rangoon, more than five hundred, occupying as much space as the city itself, probably more. Most of them stand a little out of the city, interspersed with groves, embowering costly kyongs and commodious zayats. The latter are particularly numerous, to accommodate the hosts of worshippers, who resort hither at certain seasons of the year.

In the vicinity of the hill are one hundred and fifty families of "slaves of the pagoda," containing about two hundred men, and, as their chief

told me, "plenty of women." They do not appear to be poor or despised, and their quarter of the city is not distinguished by any particular feature. They become so, not always because of crime, but often by merely incurring the displeasure of a great man, who spares his life and gives him to the pagoda. Most of them are so by birth, for the children of such persons are for ever in the same condition. They are not allowed to marry, except among themselves.

I visited the pagoda frequently, about sunrise, as it is the only direction in which one can ride. There were always twenty-five or thirty worshippers scattered up and down; and on the regular worship days, one or two hundred. They come and go during the cool of the morning, remaining about fifteen minutes, and amounting, I was told, in the whole, to two or three thousand. A few remain all day in the cool zayats, often performing their worship, and spending the intervals of the time in friendly chat. Some, as an act of particular merit, stay all night. No priests are in official attendance, nor, indeed, did I ever see any there performing their own worship.

Every one brings a present, often a bunch of flowers, or only a few green twigs, plucked on the way; but generally nice eatables, done up tastefully in fresh leaves, or articles of raiment, &c. The act of worship is called *shee-to*, though the name is often given to the mere act of prostration which accompanies it. The amount of offerings here is very great. Stone vases, some of which will hold fifty or sixty gallons, stand round the pagoda, into which the devotees carefully lay their leafy plates of rice, plantains, cakes, &c. As these are successively filled, appointed persons from among the pagoda slaves empty them into their vessels, assorting the various kinds. The beautiful flowers remain all night, and are swept out in the morning. No one ever objected however to my gathering them at pleasure. A gift once deposited is no more regarded.

CATS.

ARTICLE III.

Cats! by all that is good and beautiful, we profess no respect for them. Kitten-born they come into the world, blind as though the ophthalmia (which doubtless they inherited from their ancestors in Egypt) were a disease with which they were quite "at home." Nasty little muling puny things, good for nothing in the world but to make a noise and lap milk. Just let our readers picture to themselves the perils with which those persons provide themselves who nourish mother cats, just delivered by parturient pangs of a basket-full of youthful caterwaulers, averaging between fifteen and twenty in number.

Imagine any one of these "little ones" seized with a sudden fit of the gripes or the mulligrubs, what a hideous wowing and wailing the mother-cat would instantly set up, the parish in which her pregnancy was perpetrated would ring with a peal of purrs—the feelings, sensitive and physical, of every Cat in the neighbourhood, for miles around, would be set in motion in some one way or other, the wide clan of Cats would be visibly affected, there would be meetings summoned for condolence, and committees appointed to besiege all the chemists' shops in the vicinity for Dalby's carminative, poppy syrup, and Godfrey's cordial.

There would be no rest in those days for either the wicked or the good. But the mischief would not unfortunately rest here: every family, whose Cat presents them with a kitten budget, feels it to be their imperative duty to divide their feelings on the occasion; "the young ladies" of the family are to retain all the kind and affectionate feelings of their tender natures for the young brood; whilst Sally and Betsy and Mary, in the kitchen and scullery, are to be allowed the privilege of sharing between them the choice of either wringing the necks or drowning the bodies of the "newly arrived young strangers." Forthwith the kitchen is in a skirmish and a scuffle, and the maids below stairs, forgetting that modesty which should ever accompany maidenhood, forthwith indulge in most unamiable remarks upon the cruel cantankerousness of their master and mistress up stairs, in "putting upon" them so, as to bring them to be obliged to destroy the dear little kittens, who would not harm a mouse, the blessed little dears, if they could help it. Drowning the "little insensibles," too, and master a subscriber to the Royal Humane Society all the time; the bare idea of the kitten-awamping is not to be thought of without the assistance of a pint bottle of spirits of hartshorn, to enable them to go through the critical ceremony; putting the little things into water before they were ever taught to swim; and then wringing their necks, oh! who could do it? their "last dying speech and confession" to terminate in a squeak. Oh! here Mary sinks, and falls in a fainting fit into the dripping pan, from which she is only aroused by the pleasing sensation of a ten-pound red-hot coal, fast turning her right rosy cheek into roast mutton. This cruel catastrophe adds to the dilemma, and exemplifies the truth of that adage, which says—

"What great events from trivial causes spring;"

whilst, in the midst of the bustle, the parlour bell rings, and the breakfast-room bell immediately follows its example; the contents of one room inquire, with much trepidation, whether the kittens have been drowned, according to orders; the inmates of the other inquire whether they have been roasting the kittens, by mistake, as there is a strong smell of burnt meat exuding from the kitchen. An involuntary and unprepared negative is given to each of these queries, and fresh orders from the "seat of government" are forthwith issued, that within ten minutes' time the whole "affair" shall be concluded under pain

of incurring the severe displeasure of master and missus, and receiving "warning" and wages at one and the same time. All Mary's finer feelings now evaporate, Betsy "drabbits" the dripping-pan and the kittens too, whilst Sally declares it makes her heart ache to see how the little dears "take on" when they get half strangled to the bottom of the water-butt, into which by mistake she unconsciously pops them. Order now reigns in the household till the following day, when it suddenly occurs to the united tongues of the whole family that they taste something "very queer" in the water of the tea and coffee. This "very queer" sensation soon becomes a "tickling one," this again degenerates into an irresistible desire to "puke," which after awhile runs into the positive and pleasurable sensation of "heart-sickness." Beds and basins are the only things now thought of, every stomach has a Niagara fit, and every one unconsciously wonders what can be the cause of it. Sleep at last lulls the weary to rest, and, relaxing the tight hold they have all day had upon their respective basons, they sink into profound rest and sleep. Dreams now take the place of painful realities, and night-mares ride, rough shod, over the breasts of all, with a weight and pressure becoming the bulk of a night elephant; dreams bring sad visions of water-butts, strangled kittens, red-hot coals and dripping-pans, till morning comes, with "yellow eyes," and brings "the doctor." He, with the skill natural to his craft, soon detects the cause, and with plausibility, a pill and phial he soon quiets the restless stomachs of the household, never to be disturbed again by Cat or kitten for many many months to come.

We need not, surely, here insist upon the fact, that the above scenes form no "part or parcel" of either a domestic farce or extravaganza; but contain the rudiments of what the oath-administering clerk of the Old Bailey would term "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Our readers must have been themselves the living witnesses to many such; ay, even in the home of many a member of the "Society for the Suppression and Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." We have seen occurrences of "the facts and circumstances" which we have sketched above, many hundred times, and they have in truth affected us with "thoughts too deep for tears," but scarcely too deep for description—which we have endeavoured to give to the best of our power.

EPHON.

REVIEW.

Poems. By JOHN MOULTREY.—Pickering, 1837.

WORDSWORTH tells us, "that it is not the mere admirer of verse, as a species of luxurious amusement, that is fitted to pass a judgment on the intrinsic merit of poetical compositions; but he who, having

been enamoured of the art in his youth, has found time in his maturer years to cultivate its study, when it is no longer a passion, as a part of general literature."

The former possessing only an uncultivated taste, or,

what is worse, a taste probably perverted by early and faulty impressions, is like the child or the clown, who would prefer the gorgeous extravagances of a Chinese tea-chest, or the glittering tinsel of a French fan, to the sublime compositions of an Angelo, or the chastened beauties of a Da Vinci. The latter has obtained the practised eye of a connoisseur; and, though, with the multitude, he may be amused by the daubings of a Japanner, and will not censure them if they are not put forward with higher pretensions, yet the admiration of his judgment is only bestowed on the nobler efforts of purer art.

There are, doubtless, some who seem to be gifted with an intuitive perception of excellence in some one or more branches of art or literature; and there are, too, some productions of genius of such surpassing merit that they have at once seized the admiration of every observer, and have been still enabled, on longer acquaintance, to maintain the territory they have conquered. But these are not the occurrences of every day. The rule we have brought forward will be found to hold good in ordinary instances, and excellence of whatever kind, will always be most accurately appreciated by those whose minds have been disciplined in that department in which the individual excellence occurs. It is true that the expression of this just judgment may often be perverted by the jealousy of rivalry, or by the suggestions of envy; but yet the hidden offering of secret admiration is gradually, though it may be slowly, manifested and developed, and on this foundation alone can an author hope to erect a monument of enduring reputation, for the momentary breath of popular applause quickly dies away, and the transitory flame that it fanned into existence perishes at once on its withdrawal.

Beside bringing with us the qualifications we have adverted to, we must also, before we attempt to criticise the works of any author, endeavour to ascertain with what intention he is writing, and in what character he designs to appear before us. For, to take another illustration from the sister art, it would be manifestly absurd to apply the same rules of criticism to the works of a disciple of Raffaele, to those of a follower of Hogarth, and to those of a laborious Durer; and it would be still more ridiculous to endeavour to value, on the same principles, the labours of the imitator of marble and fancy woods for our doorways and our furniture. We must bear in mind, too, that in different productions of the same hand, different styles may be attempted, and that with varying degrees of success, according to the genius or ability of the author; and that these may be regarded individually as forming distinct grounds for our admiration or our censure, as well as forming a united whole, by which we may learn something of the general talent of the writer. Fair success in various styles assuredly gives the individual a higher claim in the scale of genius, than a rather higher degree of excellence in one manner only, for this single excellence may be attained even by an ordinary mind, by untiring perseverance and application, and by confining its attention solely to that one style, the excellence by degrees becoming an almost mechanical habit—while successful compositions of varied kinds must claim origin from another source. From those, from either source we may receive pleasure. In the one case it is like that received from a view of the ocean, grateful indeed at first, but by its monotony soon degenerating into wearisomeness,—in the other, it is the delight we experience as we scan over the variegated landscape, boasting, perhaps, not things so grand as the sublimities of the gathering of the waters, yet holding a power whose fascination is far more permanent. In the latter case, the degree of pleasure depends on the character of the landscape. It may be, that there are few features of interest, or it may teem with romantic scenery, or its beauties

may all be owing to the short-lived bloom of some perishing flower that has decorated the rocks with its blossoms.

The volume before us is made up of varied productions, which, if not possessing grandeur and elevation, are at least pleasing and interesting. They are not put forward as claiming to rank with the loftier breathings of the more devoted followers of poetry, and, therefore, are not to be condemned, if a want of profundity should be discoverable. It may be that some captious beings may ask "why, then, publish at all?" But, on the same principle, every painter ought to throw down his brushes if he happens not to be a Buonarroti.

Speaking of those who have "won their way to fame," our author modestly writes:—

"With such as these I may not cast my lot,
With such as these I must not seek a name,
Content to please awhile and be forgot;
Winning from daily toil, (which irks me not),
Rare and brief leisure these poor songs to frame."

—p. 64.

Yet with these humble pretensions, we have some portions that would do honour to a more exclusive poet—many that only carelessness has occasioned to hold a lower rank, and some that, it must be confessed, are not at all above mediocrity. They are divided into two sections, the first consisting of poems lately composed, the other, of those written between 1818 and 1828. Judging by our author's own evidence, it would appear that of late years he has fared sumptuously every day, as his more recent poems are certainly of an inferior stamp, taken as a whole, than those of an earlier date.

Here followeth his disposition:—

"I should have been more cautious in my diet,
Eaten less butcher's meat, and drank no wine;
Not suffered heart or head to run such riot;
Loved but one maid instead of eight or nine;
Kept all my pulses steady, cool, and quiet,
And then my poems would have been divine.
Whereas, I've been so wayward and unwise,
As to waste all my better sympathies."

—p. 259.

However, we must grant, if there is less of the fire of the poet, there is more of the feeling of the Christian, in the verses of later date. The death of a cherished son seems to have originated the best of "these flocks of a second spring," to whom he thus beautifully alludes in a piece entitled "My three sons."—

"I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell,
To us for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven."

I cannot tell what form his is, what looks he wears now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining scarp brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things, which God will not reveal."

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants lie, on their loving Saviour's breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh.
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh."

I knew that angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things."

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother sweet and I)
Where God, for aye, shall wipe away all tears from every eye."

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease,
Their lot may, here, be grief and fear, but his is certain peace:
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever."

When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be;
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery;

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two than have him here again."

It is possible that our author borrowed his idea from Wordsworth, but if this really be the case, he has certainly amplified and improved and elevated the child's notion in "We are seven." This poet at least seems to possess a large share of the author's present admiration; and borrowings or imitations from his works, especially in the sonnets, may be detected in several parts of Mr. Moultrie's volume. We, perhaps, ought scarcely to characterise them as such, for though there are many points of close resemblance, yet we cannot, in this instance, attempt to substantiate a charge of plagiarism.

On leaving the spot where their infant is buried, after noticing how painful was the separation to maternal tenderness, and how differently it acted on his own feelings, Mr. M. adds, with regard to local influences,—

"It will doubtless seem

A paradox to many; yet I deem
That we of the wild heart and wandering brain
Are less accessible to joy or pain
From such associations—find the scene
Of joy long past, or sorrow that hath been,
Less pregnant with ideal bliss or woe
Than others do, whose feelings are more slow,
Whose fancies less intense. When we survey
The wrecks and reliques of the olden day,
Old battle field, or camp, or ruin grey
Of abbey, or of fortress, we feel less
Of its past pride than of the loveliness
Which time hath shed around it; others cast
Their mind's eye far more fondly on the past,
And muse so fixedly on days gone by,
That they impart a dread reality,
A present life, to things that were of old,
Peopling with phantoms what they now behold
In ruin and decay. So do not we;
Our light-winged thoughts so easily can flee
From that which is to that which ought to be,
Glance with such swiftness from the scene that's nigh
Into the airiest realms of phantasy,
That if such scene should raise a transient pain
Within the heart, the ever-ready brain,
Almost ere felt, disperses it again,
Filling its place with fancies sweet, and strange,
And rich, and ever on the range.
'Tis this, and more than this, the poet's eye
So keen to seek, so ready to descry
All visible beauty, and the poet's breast,
So eager to enjoy, so glad to rest
In contemplation calm, and deep delight,
Known but to him, on every lovely sight
Of nature or of art; extracting thence
Whatever it yields to gladden outward sense,
Unmixed and undisturbed 'Tis this that takes
The pressure from our hearts; 'tis this that make
The interest, deep and keen, which others feel
In the mere scene of former woe and weal,
Known by themselves or others, less acute
In us than them."

—(p. 33.)

To this creed we cannot fully and unhesitatingly subscribe. We have ever regarded the poet, not as one whose pleasure wholly centres in the present, but as preserving in his pages the records of the past, outlined more boldly, and tinged with more glowing, and yet more delicate, tints than those that belong to the mere historian; penetrating the future with an almost prophetic glance, and anticipating the events of coming years, while, at the same time, he flings over present scenes a halo of brightness and a zone of beauty. We have regarded him, too, as a being who really feels more deeply than others; and his productions we have looked upon as the overflowings of that feeling. Yet there is a seeming truth in the statement of our author; but we believe it is only a seeming one, as we will endeavour to explain.

An emotion of the mind uncommunicated, reveals and luxuriates in undisputed empire, if once it be sufficiently powerful to overcome more immediate impressions; but when it is communicated, the spell is half broken, we look upon it as, in some measure, the

emotion of another, and analyse it as such, till we come to view it in its real bearings and importance, as having ceased to be a thing in which we alone were especially and overwhelmingly interested; and, consequently, have been enabled to examine it without prejudice, at least with a much less degree of prejudice than heretofore.

Now, in the situations supposed in the lines preceding our extract, there will arise, in sensitive minds, feelings which, to most, are "too deep for words;" or if they are not, indeed, so, there is yet a something which renders their communication impossible. There may be no companion present, or that companion may be devoid of feeling, or, at least, of congenial feeling; or there may be so exact a resemblance between the minds of the associates, that each one feels that he has nothing to communicate which his fellow does not already possess. Hence the emotion which had been originated remains undivided, and keeps its dwelling-place; and the longer it possesses it the deeper seems its claim, till some future and indefinite period shall witness its gradual decay, when it does become merged with those very emotions and feelings with which, at first, it seemed not to have the remotest sympathy. But the poet had ever a something which is even more than an equivalent to the companionship of a fellow-being. The mere flowing of his ideas in the channel of poetry, amounts to very nearly the same thing as the communication of them to a friend; and if his pencil or his pen embody his thoughts, they then come to be scrutinised rather as the productions of his intellect, than as the simple suggestion of surrounding things. The inevitable consequence is, that the thoughts diverted from the original emotion to one arising from his work as a metrical performance, are not influenced by the primary impressions to that extent which those of other minds must be under similar circumstances. It is in this manner that the "ever-ready brain" softens the harshness of feeling, though we cannot allow that it renders the heart less accessible to impressions. Such a statement is equivalent to asserting that a cistern furnished with a pipe to carry off its contents when filled to a certain point, is less accessible to water than another cistern under precisely similar circumstances, only without so direct and eligible a mean for removing the rain it may receive. We cannot help regarding the feelings stated in the above quotation to belong to others, as feelings decidedly belonging to, and emanating from, if not making up the greater part of the constitution of a true poet. The imparting present life to things that were of old, and peopling with phantoms of his own creation the scenes around him, is what the poet really does; and this has the effect which we have ascribed to it. Instead of which, Mr. Moultrie gives this creative attribute to the commonality of our fellow-beings, and tells us that it renders impressions on their minds deeper and more vivid. Now, the reverse is the fact. Ordinary minds are oppressed by the monotony of sorrow, just as the body is wearied out by one unvarying exertion. Imaginative minds find relief in ever-changing emotions, as our limbs, when fatigued by one species of labour, are rested by resorting to a different kind. The creative energy of poetical genius raises, ever and anon, new images, which, mingling with recollections of the past or suggestions of the present, still tend to beautify and obscure both, to render their influence most uncertain, and sometimes, by raising the poet to a sphere above them, rendering them entirely inoperative. He is, then, truly dwelling in a fairy land of bright imaginings, where more substantial realities may scarcely venture to intrude; but he has been carried there by the intensity, not by the deficiency, of feeling.

As we must now draw towards a conclusion, we

shall content ourselves with very briefly noticing the second division of the volume. The first piece, "My Brother's Grave," originally published in the *Etonian*, is decidedly the most pleasing of the whole. "Sir Launfal," also an early production, abounds with smartness. Its manner is too evidently borrowed from Byron's "Don Juan;" going on in the style of an improvisatore; seizing the ideas as they arise in the mind, and setting them down either with or without connexion, just as it happens; often putting in a few lines of sheer nonsense to fill up time, whilst the mouse-conceiving brain delays its parturition; and very frequently reminding us of one of a band of village literati, who, in order to appear quite at ease whilst reading aloud, was wont to substitute "apple-dumpling" for each crack-jaw word, to the great delight and edification of his hearers. Nevertheless, it has some beautiful and elegant passages.

Had we space remaining, we would undertake to prove that, in this case, Mr. Moultrie is very frequently a literary plunderer; and moreover, that he is guilty of the sin with which his model is charged, namely, that of bitterly reviling those whom he plundered; for as often as our author pillages from Byron, so often does he add bullying to his robbery. In its very incompleteness this piece resembles its prototype, though we trust some noble motives prevented its completion, leading the reverend author to devote his powers to higher objects, and making him sensible that such trifling as this is scarcely befitting the pen of a clergyman.

The extracts we have made would scarcely do justice to the writer were we to omit a quotation from the conclusion of the first part. This is made up of the pieces lately composed, and, addressing them as

"florets of his fancy's second spring," he proceeds:—

"I know not of what depth the soil may be
By which your growth is nurtured; but I know
That henceforth never shall it yield for me
Such gaudy wild flowers and rank weeds as grow
In the parterres of wanton phantasy;
But all its poor fertility bestow
On hollier produce, lays of faith and love,
And His great praise who died and reigns above.

High theme, and worthy to attune the strings
Of seraph-harps to symphonies divine;
Whereat the angels, folding their bright wings
In trance-like silence, should rapt ears incline
To strains which told them of profounder things
Than thought of theirs can fathom. And shall mine
Venture beyond them? Daring flight, I ween,
For grovelling fancy such as mine hath been."

—(p. 173.)

Yet we should hail with delight the appearance of a volume of strains such as these from the pen of Mr. Moultrie. He has proved himself, at least, capable of writing well in some instances, if not always; and if we are to consider the present specimens as "forerunners of autumnal fruit," as we are told they haply may be, we would willingly accord the volume some additional favour. With many beauties, and with some glaring defects, which hereafter we may possibly be generous enough and malignant enough to particularise, these poems will probably meet with a kind reception at the hand of the ladies; and if stern judges should not regard them as worthy of their admiration, our author will have no just ground for complaint, as these will choose the more valuable fruit, after his blossoms are scattered and strewn, and after the zephyr-like breath of lady-patronage scorns to wanton any longer among the decaying florets.

REVIEWER'S TABLE.

MRS. BAKEWELL'S *Mother's Practical Guide*, is a very useful little volume, published by Hamilton and Co., pointing out the manner in which the parent should direct the physical, intellectual, and moral education of her children. It deserves to be carefully studied by the very important class of society to whom it proffers its aid.

Not less valuable are the *Conversation Cards on Intellectual and Moral Subjects*, prepared by the same lady for the junior branches of families. They indicate correct thought, combined with pure taste.

The Saviour's Bright Example; a Model for Sunday-school Teachers, by C. GORBELL, is a work of but mediocre talent, but as it breathes a spirit of piety it may be useful to some of the persons for whom it is designed.

Calvin's Christian Theology, by SAMUEL DUNN, is an able and judicious arrangement of the best portions of the practical writings of the Genevan Reformer, arranged under their respective heads, forming a sort of body of divinity. The idea was happily conceived, and is well executed.

Mrs. Henderson's Cottage Preacher; or Plain Sermons for Plain People, published by Ward and Co., is a little volume admirably adapted for the purpose it

has in view—that of communicating Christian instruction to our country villagers. We ardently desire the vast increase of such female preachers as Mrs. H.

Married Life. A Wedding Gift, is a small and elegant brochure. It is filled with elegant prose and poetry, and will be found useful in every stage of life, from the wedding to the funeral.

The Witnessing Church. This is a masterly and eloquent Missionary Sermon, by the able author of "Mammon." We shall hereafter advert to it at length, for the present we strongly commend it to the perusal of our readers.

Practical Remarks on Infant Education, for the use of Schools and Private Families, by DR. MAYO and MISS MAYO, is a very valuable little volume, published to promote the interests of the Home and Colonial Infant School Society. No parent or teacher can peruse it without advantage.

Counsels to Young Men on Modern Infidelity and the Evidences of Christianity. By JOHN MORRISON, D.D. This neat little volume deserves to be studied by the important class of society to whom it is addressed, and its author is entitled to the thanks of the whole Christian church for the pains he has taken in its production.

GEM.

DISAPPOINTMENT.—Men are very seldom disappointed, except when their desires are immoderate, or when they suffer their passions to overpower their reason, and dwell upon delightful scenes of future honours, power, or riches, till they mistake probabili-

ties for certainties, or wild wishes for rational expectations. If such men, when they awake from these voluntary dreams, find the pleasing phantom vanish away: what can they blame but their own folly?—Dr. Johnson.

THE APPARENT MOTION OF THE HEAVENS.

(From Dr. Dick's "Celestial Scenery," now in the press.)

ALL the phenomena which we have described, when duly considered and compared together, conspire to show that the whole celestial vault performs an apparent revolution round the earth, carrying, as it were, all the stars along with it, in the space of twenty-four hours. This may be plainly demonstrated by means of a celestial globe on which all the visible stars are depicted. When the north pole is elevated fifty-two degrees above the northern horizon, and the globe turned round on its axis, all the variety of phenomena formerly described may be clearly perceived.

Here, then, we have presented to view a scene the most magnificent and sublime: all the bright luminaries of the firmament revolving in silent grandeur around our world, not only the stars visible to the unassisted eye, but all the ten thousands and millions of stars which the telescope has enabled us to descry in every region of the heavens; for they all seem to partake of the same general motion. If we could suppose this motion to be real, it would convey to the mind the most magnificent and impressive idea which could possibly be formed of the incomprehensible energies of Omnipotence; for here we have presented to view, not only ten thousand times ten thousands of immense globes, far superior to the whole earth in magnitude, but the greater part of them carried round in their revolutions with a velocity which baffles the power of the most capacious mind to conceive. In this case there would be millions of those vast luminaries which behaved to move at the rate of several thousands of millions of miles in the space of a second of time; for, in proportion to the distances of any of these bodies, would be the rapidity of their motions. The nearest star would move more than fourteen hundred millions of miles during the time that the pendulum of a clock moves from one side to another. But there are thousands of stars visible through our telescopes at least a hundred times further distant, and whose distance cannot be less than 2,000,000,000,000,000, or two thousand billions of miles. This forms the radius, or half diameter of a circle whose circumference is about 12,500,000,000,000,000, or twelve thousand five hundred billions of miles. Around this circumference, therefore, the star behaved to move every day. In a sidereal day, of twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, and four seconds, there are 86,164 seconds. Divide the number of miles in the circumference by the number of seconds in a day, and the quotient will be somewhat more than 145,000,000,000, or one hundred and forty-five thousand millions, which is

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the number of miles that such a star would move in the space of a second, or during the pulsation of an artery, were the celestial vault to be considered as really in motion—a rate of motion more than a hundred thousand millions of times greater than that of a cannon ball, and seven hundred thousand times more rapid than the motion of light itself, which is considered as the swiftest motion in nature.

The idea of such astonishing velocities completely overpowers the human imagination, and is absolutely inconceivable. We perceive no objects nor motions connected with our globe that can assist our imagination in forming any definite conceptions on this subject. The swiftest impulse that was ever given to a cannon ball, or any other projectile, sinks into nothing on the comparison. Were we transported to the planet Saturn, and placed on its equatorial regions, we should behold a stupendous arch, thirty thousand miles in breadth, and more than six hundred thousand miles in circumference, revolving around us every ten hours, at the rate of a thousand miles in a minute, and sixty thousand miles every hour. But even this astonishingly rapid motion would afford us little assistance in forming our conceptions, as it bears no comparison to the motions to which we have now adverted. It becomes those persons, therefore, who refuse to admit the motion of the earth, to consider, and to ponder with attention, the only other alternative which must be admitted, namely, that the whole of the bodies of the firmament move round the earth every day with such amazing velocities as have now been stated. If it appear wonderful that this globe of land and water, with all its mighty cities and vast population, should move round its axis every day at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, how much more wonderful, and passing all comprehension, that myriads of huge globes should move round the earth in the same time with such inconceivable rapidity? If we reject the motion of the earth because it is incomprehensible, and contrary to all our preconceived notions, we must, on the same ground, likewise, reject the motion of the heavens, which is far more difficult to be conceived, and, consequently, fall into downright scepticism, and reject even the evidence of our senses as to what appears in the economy of nature. Such views and considerations, however, teach us that, in whatever point of view we contemplate the works of the Almighty, particularly the scenery of the heavens, the mind is irresistibly inspired with sentiments of admiration and wonder. To the vulgar eye, as well as to the philosophic, "the heavens declare the glory of God." Their har-

mony and order evince his wisdom and intelligence, and the numerous bodies they contain, and the astonishing motions they exhibit, on whatever hypothesis they are contemplated, demonstrate, both to the savage and the sage, the existence of a Power which no created being can control.

“View the amazing canopy!
The wide, the wonderful expanse!
Let each bold infidel agree
That God is there, unknown to chance.”

We cannot however admit, in consistency with the dictates of enlightened reason, that the apparent diurnal movements of the stars are the real motions with which these bodies are impelled. For, in the first place, such motions are altogether unnecessary to produce the effect intended, namely, the alternate succession of day and night with respect to our globe; and we know that the Almighty does nothing in vain, but employs the most simple means to accomplish the most astonishing and important ends. The succession of day and night can be accomplished by a simple rotation of the earth from west to east, every twenty-four hours, which will completely account for the apparent motion of the heavens, in the same time, from east to west. This we find to be the case with Jupiter and Saturn, which are a thousand times larger than the earth, as well as with the other planets, which have a rotation round their axis some in ten hours, some in twenty-three, and some in ten hours and a half; and, consequently, from the surfaces of these bodies the heavens will appear to revolve around them in another direction from what they do to us, and, in certain instances, with a much greater degree of velocity. We must therefore conclude that our motion every day towards the east causes the heavens to appear as if they moved towards the west; just as the trees and houses on the side of a narrow river appear to move to the west when we are sailing down its current in a steam boat towards the east.

2. Because it is impossible to conceive that so many bodies, of different magnitudes, and at different distances from the earth, could all have the same period of diurnal revolution.

The sun is four hundred times further distant from us than the moon, and is sixty millions of times larger. Saturn and Herschel are still further from the earth; the comets are of different sizes, and traverse the heavens in all directions, and at different distances; the fixed stars are evidently placed at different distances from the earth and from each other; yet all these bodies have exactly the same period of revolution, even to a single moment, if the heavens revolve around the earth; and that, too, notwithstanding the other motions, in various directions, which many of them perform. It is therefore much more

natural and reasonable to suppose that the earth revolves around its axis, since this circumstance solves all the phenomena, and removes every difficulty.

3. Because such a rate of motion in the heavenly bodies, if it could be supposed to exist, would soon shatter them to atoms.

Were a ball of wood to be projected from a cannon at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, in a few moments it would be reduced to splinters; and hence the wadding and other soft substances projected from a musket or a piece of ordnance, are instantly torn to pieces. What, then, might be supposed to be the consequence, were a body impelled through the regions of space with a velocity of a hundred and forty thousand millions of miles in a moment of time? It would most assuredly reduce to atoms the most compact bodies in the universe, although they were composed of substances harder than adamant. But as the fixed stars appear to be bodies of a nature somewhat similar to the sun, and as the sun is much less dense than the earth, and only a little denser than water, it is evident that they could not withstand such a rapidity of motion, which would instantly shatter their constitution, and dissipate every portion of their substance through the voids of space.

4. Because there is no instance known in the universe (if that to which we are now adverting be excepted) of a larger body revolving around a smaller.

The planet Jupiter does not revolve around his satellites, which are a thousand times less than that ponderous globe; but they all revolve around him. Nor does the earth, which is fifty times larger than the moon, revolve around that nocturnal luminary; but she regularly revolves about the earth, as the more immediate centre of her motion. The sun does not perform his revolution around Venus or Mercury; but these planets, which are small compared with that mighty orb, continually revolve about him as the centre of their motions. Neither on earth nor in the heavens is there an instance to be found contrary to this law, which appears to pervade the whole system of universal nature. But if the diurnal revolution of the stars is to be considered as their proper motions, then the whole universe, with all the myriads of huge globes it contains, is to be considered as daily revolving around an inconsiderable ball, which, when compared with these luminaries, is only as an atom to the sun, or as the smallest particle of vapour to the vast ocean.

5. The apparent motion of the heavens cannot be admitted as real, because it would confound all our ideas of the intelligence of the Deity; while it tended to exalt our conceptions of his omnipotence to the highest pitch, it would convey to us a most unworthy and distorted idea of his wisdom.

Wisdom is that perfection of an intelligent agent which enables him to proportionate one thing to another, and to devise the most proper means in order to accomplish important ends. We infer that an artist is a wise man from the nature of his workmanship, and the methods he employs to accomplish his purposes. We should reckon that person foolish in the extreme who should construct, at a great expense, a huge and clumsy piece of machinery for carrying round a grate, and the wall of a house to which it is attached, for the purpose of roasting a small fowl placed in the centre of its motion, instead of making the fowl turn round its different sides to the fire. We should consider it as the most preposterous project that ever was devised, were a community to attempt, by machinery, to make a town and its harbour to move forward to meet every boat and small vessel that entered the river on which it was situated, instead of allowing such vehicles to move onward as they do at present. But none of these schemes would be half so preposterous as to suppose that the vast universe moved daily round an inconsiderable ball, when no end is accomplished by such a revolution but what may be effected in the most simple manner. Such a device, therefore, cannot be any part of the arrangements of Infinite Wisdom. It would tend to lessen our ideas of the intelligence of that adorable Being who is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working," who "established the world by his wisdom, and stretched out the heavens by his understanding," and whose wisdom as far excels that of man as the "heaven in its height surpasses the earth." This argument alone I consider as demonstrative of the position we are now attempting to support.

The above are a few arguments which, when properly weighed, ought to carry conviction to the mind of every rational inquirer, that the general motion which appears in the starry heavens is not real, but is caused by the rotation of the earth round its axis every day, by which we and all the inhabitants of the globe are carried round in a regular and uniform motion from west to east. When this conclusion is admitted, it removes every difficulty and every disproportion which at first appeared in the motions and arrangements of the celestial orbs, and reduces the system of the universe to a scene of beauty, harmony, and order, worthy of the infinite wisdom of Him who formed the plan of the mighty fabric, and who settled "the ordinances of heaven." Instead, then, of remaining in a state of absolute rest, as we are at first apt to imagine, we are transported every moment towards the east with a motion ten times more rapid than what has ever been effected by steam-carriages or air-balloons. It is true, we do not feel this motion, because it is smooth and uniform, and is never interrupted. The earth is carried forward in its

course, not like a ship in the midst of a tempestuous ocean, but through a smooth ethereal sea, where all is calm and serene, and where no commotions to disturb its action ever arise. Carried along with a velocity which is common to every thing around us, we are in a state somewhat similar to that of a person in a ship which is sailing with rapidity in a smooth current: he feels no motion, except when a large wave or other body happens to dash against the vessel; he fancies himself at rest, while the shore, the buildings, and the hills, appear to him to move; but the smallness of the vessel, compared with the largeness of the objects which seem to move, convinces him that the motion is connected with the ship in which he sails: and, on similar principles, we infer that the apparent motion of the heavens is caused by the real motion of the earth, which carries us along with it as a ship carries its passengers along the sea. With regard to motion, it may be observed that, strictly speaking, we do not perceive any motion either in the earth or in the heavens. When we look at a star with the utmost steadiness, we perceive no motion, although we were to keep our eye fixed upon it for a few minutes; but, if we mark the position of a star with regard to a tree or a chimney top, and, after an hour or two, view the star from the same station, we shall find that it then appears in a different direction. Hence we infer that motion has taken place: but whether the motion be in the star, or in the persons who have been observing it, remains still to be determined. We perceive no motion in the star any more than we feel the motion of the earth. All that we perceive is, that the two objects have changed their relative positions; and therefore the body that is really in motion must be determined by such considerations as we have stated above.

Besides the apparent diurnal revolution of the heavens, there is another apparent motion which requires to be considered. It is well known to every one who has paid the least attention to this subject, that we do not perceive the same clusters of stars at every season of the year. If, for example, we take a view of the starry heavens on the first of October, at ten o'clock in the evening, and again at the same hour, on the first of April, we shall find that the clusters of stars in the southern parts of the heavens are, at the latter period, altogether different from those which appeared in the former; and those which are in the neighbourhood of the pole will appear in a different position in April, from what they did at the same hour, in the month of October. The square of the Great Bear, for example, will appear immediately below the pole-star in October; whereas, in April, it will appear as far above it, and near to the zenith. In the former case, the two stars called the pointers will point upwards to the pole, in the latter case they will point

downwards. These variations in the appearance of the stars lead us to conclude that there is an apparent annual motion in these luminaries. This motion may be observed, if we take notice, for a few days or weeks, of those stars which are situated near the path of the sun. When we see a bright star near the western horizon, a little elevated above the place where the sun went down, if we continue our observation, we shall find that every day it appears less elevated at the same hour, and seems to be gradually approaching to the point of the heavens in which the sun is situated, till, in the course of a week or two, it ceases to be visible, being overpowered by the superior brightness of the sun. In the course of a month or two, the same star which disappeared in the west, will be seen rising some time before the sun in the east, having passed from the eastern side of the sun to a distance considerably westward of him. The stars in the western quarter of the heavens which appeared more elevated, will be found gradually to approximate to the sun, till they likewise disappear; and in this manner all the stars of heaven seem to have a revolution, distinct from their diurnal, from east to west, which is accomplished in the course of a year.

The different positions of the Pleiades, or seven stars, at different seasons of the year, will afford every observer an opportunity of perceiving this motion. About the middle of September, these stars will be seen, about eight o'clock in the evening, a little to the south of the north-east point of the horizon; about the middle of January, at the same hour, they will be seen on the meridian, or due south; on the first of March, they will be seen half-way between the zenith and the western horizon; about the middle of April, they will appear very near the horizon; soon after which they will be overpowered by the solar rays, and will remain visible for nearly two months, after which they will re-appear in the east, early in the morning, before the rising sun.

This annual motion of the stars evidently indicates that the sun has an apparent motion every day from west to east, contrary to his apparent diurnal motion, which is from east to west. This apparent motion is at the rate of nearly a degree every day, a space nearly equal to twice the sun's apparent diameter. In this way, the sun appears to describe a circle around the whole heavens, from west to east, in the course of a year. This apparent motion of the sun is caused by the annual revolution of the earth around the sun as the centre of its motion, which completely accounts for all the apparent movements in the sun and stars to which we have now adverted. If we place a candle upon a table in the midst of a room, and walk round it in a circle, and, as we proceed, mark the different parts of the opposite walls with which the candle appears coincident, when we have completed our circle the

candle will appear to have made a revolution round the room. If the walls be conceived to represent the starry heavens, and the candle the sun, it will convey a rude idea of the apparent motion of the sun, and the different clusters of stars which appear at different seasons of the year in consequence of the annual motion of the earth. But this subject will be more particularly explained in the sequel.

From what we have now stated in relation to the apparent motions of the heavens, we are necessarily led to conceive of the earth as a body, placed, as it were, in the midst of infinite space, and surrounded in every direction, above, below, on the right hand, and on the left, with the luminaries of heaven, which display their radiance from every quarter, at immeasurable distances; and that its annual and diurnal motions account for all the movements which appear in the celestial sphere. Hence it is a necessary conclusion, that we are surrounded at all times with a host of stars, in the day time as well as in the night, although they are then imperceptible. The reason for their being invisible during the day is obviously owing to their fainter light being overpowered by the more vivid splendour of the sun, and the reflective power of the atmosphere. But although they are then imperceptible to the unassisted eye, they can be distinctly perceived, not only in the mornings and evenings, but even at noon-day, while the sun is shining bright, by means of telescopes adapted to an equatorial motion; and in this way almost every star visible to the naked eye at night can be pointed out, even amidst the effulgence of day, when it is within the boundary of our hemisphere. When the stars which appear in our sky at night have, in consequence of the rotation of the earth, passed from our view, in about twelve hours afterwards they will make their appearance nearly in the same manner to those who live on the opposite side of the globe, and when they have cheered the inhabitants of those places with their radiance, they will again return to adorn our nocturnal sky.

On the whole, the starry heavens present, even to the vulgar eye, a scene of grandeur and magnificence. We know not the particular destination of each of those luminous globes which emit their radiance to us from afar, or the specific ends it is intended to subserve in the station which it occupies, though we cannot doubt that all of them answer purposes in the Creator's plan worthy of his perfections and of their magnitude and grandeur; but we are certain that they have, at least, a remote relation to man, as well as to other beings far removed from us, in the decorations they throw around his earthly mansion. They serve as a glorious ceiling to his habitation. Like so many thousand sparkling lustres, they are hung up in the magnificent canopy which covers his abode. He perceives them shining

and glittering on every hand, and the dark azure which surrounds them contributes to augment their splendour. The variety of lustre which appears in every star, from those of the sixth magnitude to those of the first, and the multifarious figures of the different constellations, present a scene as diversified as it is brilliant. What are all the decorations of a Vauxhall Gardens, with their thousands of variegated lamps, compared with ten thousands of suns, diffusing their beams over our habitation from regions of space

immeasurably distant? A mere gewgaw in comparison,—and yet there are thousands who eagerly flock to such gaudy shows who have never spent an hour in contemplating the glories of the firmament, which may be beheld “without money and without price.” That man who has never looked up with serious attention to the motions and arrangements of the heavenly orbs, must be inspired with but a slender degree of reverence for the Almighty Creator, and devoid of taste for enjoying the beautiful and the sublime.

CRANIOLOGY.

UPON Dr. Gall's theory, how many and what obvious advantages result! Nor are they merely confined to the purposes of speculative physiognomy; the uses of his theory, as applied to practice, offer to us hopes scarcely less delightful than those which seemed to dawn upon mankind with the discovery of the gases, and with the commencement of the French revolution, and, in these later days, with the progress of the Bible Society. In courts of justice, for instance, how beautifully would this new science supply any little deficiency of evidence upon trial! If a man were arraigned for murder, and the case were doubtful, but he were found to have a decided organ for the crime, it would be of little matter whether he had committed the specific fact in the indictment or not; for hanging, if not applicable as punishment, would be proper for prevention! Think, also, in state trials, what infinite advantages an attorney-general might derive from the opinion of a regius professor of craniology! Even these are but partial benefits. Our generals, ministers, and diplomatists would then unerringly be chosen by the outside of the head, though a criterion might still be wanted to ascertain when it was too thick and when too thin. But the greatest advantages are those which this new system would afford to education; for by the joint efforts of Dr. Gall and Mr. Edgeworth, we should be able to breed up men according to any pattern which parents or guardians might think proper to bespeak. The doctor would design the mould, and Mr. Edgeworth, by his skill in mechanics, devise, with character-

istic ingenuity, the best means of making and applying it. As soon as the child was born, the professional cap—medical, military, theological, commercial, or legal—would be put on, and thus he would be perfectly prepared for Mr. Edgeworth's admirable system of professional education. I will pursue this subject no further than just to hint, that the materials of the mould may operate sympathetically; and therefore, that for a lawyer in *rus*, the cap should be made of brass; for a divine, of lead; for a politician, of base-metal; for a soldier, of steel; and for a sailor, of heart of English oak.

Dr. Gall would doubtless require the naked head to be submitted to him for judgment. Contrariwise, I opine,—and all the ladies will agree with me in this opinion,—that the head ought neither to be stript, nor even examined in undress, but that it should be taken with all its accompaniments, when the owner has made the best of it, the accompaniments being not unfrequently more indicative than the features themselves. Long ago, the question whether a man is most like himself drest or undrest, was propounded to the British Apollo; and it was answered by the oracle, that a man of God Almighty's making is most like himself when undrest; but a man of a tailor's, perwig-maker's, and sempstress's making, when drest. The oracle answered rightly, for no man can select his own eyes, nose, or mouth; but his wig and his whiskers are of his own choosing.—*The Doctor*, vol. I.

THE GUIDE, AT MOUNT ETNA.

THE following anecdote, was preserved and communicated to me by my brother, J. T. Coleridge:—

As I was descending from Mount Etna with a very lively talkative guide, we passed through a village, I think called Nicolozzi, when the host

happened to be passing through the street. Every one was prostrate; my guide became so; and, not to be singular, I went down also. After resuming our journey, I observed in my guide an unusual seriousness and long silence; which, after many *hums* and *hahs*, was interrupted by a

low bow, and leave requested to ask a question. This was of course granted, and the ensuing dialogue took place.

Guide. "Signor, are you then a Christian?"

Coleridge. "I hope so."

G. "What! are all Englishmen Christians?"

C. "I hope and trust they are?"

G. "What are you not Turks? Are you not damned eternally?"

C. "I trust not, through Christ."

G. "What! you believe in Christ, then?"

C. "Certainly."

This answer produced another long silence. At length my guide again spoke, still doubting the grand point of my Christianity.

G. "I am thinking, signor, what is the difference between you and us, that you are to be certainly damned?"

C. "Nothing very material; nothing that can prevent our both going to heaven, I hope. We believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

G. (Interrupting me.) "Oh, those ——— priests! what liars they are! But (pausing) we cannot do without them; we cannot go to heaven without them. But tell me, signor, what are the differences?"

C. "Why, for instance, we do not worship the Virgin."

G. "And why not, signor?"

C. "Because, though holy and pure, we think her still a woman, and therefore do not pay her the honour due to God."

G. "But do you not worship Jesus, who sits on the right hand of God?"

C. "We do."

G. "Then why not worship the Virgin, who sits on the left?"

C. "I did not know she did. If you can show it me in the Scriptures I shall readily agree to worship her."

"Oh," said my man, with uncommon triumph, and cracking fingers, "*sicuro, signor! sicuro signor!*"—Coleridge.

BRITAIN.

ADDITION TO CHAPTER VIII., ENDING ON PAGE 538.

[If our readers have never conducted a Periodical, they know nothing of the anxieties, the vexations, and the pains, of such a task. We really thought we had gone on quite right with "BRITAIN," when, after Chapter XI. was in print, arrived the continuation of Chapter VIII. We examined, and, singularly enough, found that the printer had gone on with his copy, and had not, any more than ourselves, detected the error. Could we have a personal interview with the reader, we might prove, to a demonstration, that the fault rests neither with the author, the editors, nor the printer.]

To prevent the sudden destruction of the criminal, the right of sanctuary was given to the king's court, which extended three and a half miles every way from his actual abode; to all churches and their yards; to some of the castles of the thanes; to monasteries; to bishops' residences; to depositories of the holy relics; to graves of the saints; and, in some places, to the plough. When arrived at any of these, the criminal had several days' respite from justice, during which he could arrange for the payment of his fine.

Their design was evidently to compensate injuries, to preserve the power of the upper classes, and not to punish the offender. Every person was valued, the price of which was called his "were;" if he were murdered the murderer paid his were, and if a woman were sought in marriage her price was paid to her guardian, hence the common Saxon phrase, "buy him a wife." This method of punishment was morally lenient; in its

appeals to some natures more acute, and for some crimes more equitable. But it was decidedly destructive to the existence of patriotic virtue, and public morality; for any crime could be committed for its price, always within the power of the rich, which, to illustrate further the injustice of its imposition, was not equal, but graduated; higher according to the ecclesiastical or secular dignity of the person against whom it was committed.

To kill a slave was fined nothing, if done by his master.

But to kill a free man one hundred shillings.

A rape committed on a slave was five shillings.

To steal was fined six shillings.

To steal from the king nine shillings.

To steal the goods of a bishop eleven fold.

Adultery with the king's maid was death.

The laws against stealing became gradually more severe, till the thief was obliged to pay his were, and, at last, forty years after the Conquest, it was judged a capital crime.

The following are some of the crimes to which a pecuniary fine was attached:—

PERSONAL INJURIES.

A broken shoulder was compensated by	20
The loss of the power of hearing	25
A broken bone	10
If an ear were cut off	12
The loss of an eye	50
An injury to the mouth	12

	s.
If the nostrils were slit	6
The loss of any of the fore teeth	6
If the jaw bone were broken	6
If the thumb were cut off	20
The thumb nail	3
The fore finger	8
The ring finger	6
The little finger	11
For each other nail	1
For a broken rib	3
For a wounded vertebra	3
The loss of a foot	50
The loss of a great toe	10

With all these singular rates every judge was required to be familiar.

Ethelred, in 1008, began to show that some crimes are inexpiable, by ordaining that a murder in a church was so, except the king interfered.

A calumniator was fined nineteen shillings, or lost his tongue.

An adulteress lost her nose, lips, and property, and was declared infamous for life.

A coiner of base money lost his right hand.

Nor are the methods less singular by which our Saxon forefathers proceeded to prove guilt, or to acquit the accused. Among which, was compurgation, that is procuring a sufficient number of witnesses to swear their belief in the innocence of the prisoner, and the validity of his oath. On these occasions, the defendant and plaintiff, if powerful persons, would sometimes appear with a thousand on each side ready to make oath in favour of their different friends. A thane required twelve peers to clear him. The compurgators laid their hands one above another, either on the gospels or the relics, and the accused at the top, while he swore by all the hands beneath that he was innocent, which he was thought to be if the compurgators were unanimous. A female prisoner required female compurgators. These compurgators, are by some thought to have been the incipient English jury.

Oaths, which were valued according to the property of the swearer, though numerous, were made as terrible as possible, and they were only administered to persons fasting. This was a difficult task, and to avoid it the criminal preferred an appeal to ordeals, to testify his innocence; which suited the ignorance of the judge, who was only required to be able to read the Dom-boc, where the prices of every crime were written; and the superstition of the clergy. Of these, the appeal to boiling water, in which a hand was to be dipped; to hot iron, which when red, was to be carried with the naked hand several feet; to the holy cross; to bread and cheese, after having prayed that if guilty it might choke him; to cold water, in which he was thrown with his legs tied and a cord round his waist: if he floated, he was guilty, but if he

sunk, innocent. All of which tests of guilt might be compounded for great fines.

The trade and commerce of this period must not be overlooked. The exode of the Romans was as fatal to the commerce of Britain as to its peace. The vast exports, and the numerous inland manufactures, through the piracies of the homeless sea-kings, and the devastation of the Picts, had ceased; nor, with individual exceptions, revived again until the comparative settlement of the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, in the heptarchy, and the expatriation of the Britons beyond the sky-girt mountains of Wales. The Saxons, who had lived almost on the sea, were no sooner seated among the ruined, but fertile orchards, vineyards, gardens, and fields of Britain, than they abandoned their ships, and the little commerce was then transacted by foreigners, who chiefly used the port of London till the time of Offa. How could trade exist among the endless scuffles of the heptarchy? Then a man could buy nothing in the city of London without the presence of several persons in authority, or the portgrieve, who was the principal magistrate, and elsewhere, he could only buy to the extent of twenty pence, without the same security, and when kings and monasteries had nearly all the money shut up in gold tables, of which Charlemagne is said to have had three hundred, and foolish relics. Nor could exchanges be made under a fine of thirty shillings, unless in the presence of the lord of the manor, the mass priest, sheriff, or some other officer, which insured the payment of the king's part of the price, which was four pence on every article that was sold in some towns in the south. These measures were not all the result of a jealous police, but of a mistaken regard for the tradesmen, who could neither read nor write, and who therefore had no proof of bargains except the presence of these grandees, whose oaths were taken to be indubitable evidence. Edgar made a law that no sale, purchase, exchange, or bargain, could be legally made in large towns, except before some, or all, of the thirty-three "honest men," who were a sort of itinerant evidence, necessary to be called to every shop or stall to witness a purchase. Twelve of such were thought sufficient for a small town. The price of every article, as well living as dead, even to the cat, was legally fixed, and the king's share taken, at the time of sale, by the witnessing "honest men." Among others may be mentioned the following, in Saxon money:—

	£	s.	d.
Acre of land	0	4	0
A hawk	1	0	0
Slave	1	0	0
A hide of land	15	0	0
Horse	0	30	0
Mare	0	20	0
Ass, or mule	0	12	0
Ox	0	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Cow	0	5	4
Swine	0	1	3
Sheep	0	1	0
Goat	0	0	2

The Roman British markets had been continued, but the day of their observance was changed to the Sunday, on which day, for a long period, they were held within the church; but before any one entered, he was obliged to pledge that he would neither steal, cheat, nor lie! When the effects of this system became prodigiously indecent, the market was changed again to Saturday, and held close to the church, whose services which also began on the Saturday, were then better attended when the secular was joined to the spiritual motive for convention, which made large congregations, and good markets. Fairs were also held on saint days and church holidays, within the precincts of the church or monastery, and to whose abbot or bishop every buyer paid a toll, which accounts for the right of several bishops at the reformation to the tolls of the fairs.

Foreign commerce then exported slaves, horses, other cattle, a little corn, and woollen garments, to avoid the tax of which, some of the merchants were detected in the garb of pilgrims, asserting their sales to be the necessities of a foreign journey; and imported from Pisa and Venice, which traded with the east, precious stones, spices, silks, drugs, and wines,—from Germany, cloths, seal and whale skins, of which the ropes and rude rigging for ships were made, and whale oil. But the chief imports were from Rome, and consisted of relics, church-books, vessels, ornaments, and dresses, of which the priests were often the merchants, to many of whom it was an incredible source of wealth, and to none more than to Benedict Biscop, who first brought glass makers to Britain. Of the domestic trades, little genuine knowledge is extant, but we know that physicians were itinerant, and resided with their patients for a part of their fee, which was eighteen pennies for a dangerous wound; and music was sometimes used as medicine; that the lay tradesmen were virtual slaves, obliged to trade in guilds or societies for mutual protection, and to lessen the tolls. Everythane had his tradesmen, who were slaves, and who itinerated in their callings, and whose reward went to the lord. The king had great numbers of these mechanic slaves, who, with the ceorls and others, are the patres antiqui of the present middle classes. But some of the best workmen were the monks and clergy; and it is said of Dunstan, that he was not only the best blacksmith and brazier of his age, but a goldsmith and an engraver, and a very Anglo in sculpture and painting, of which the Bodleian is a proof; that his works rose immensely in price from his death, till, no longer

subjects of commerce, they virtuffed into relics capable of wonders and worthy of the devotion they received. Stigand, bishop of Winchester, gilded shoals of images; other monks manufactured gold and silver pence, founded bells, and dyed wool and cloths with all hues, and especially scarlet and purple. The names of carpenter, bailiff, merchant, fisherman, hunter, hawker, furrier, bleacher, often occur in the chronicles of this period, but the smith was a person of very singular estimation, nor is it precisely known how many arts and mysteries were comprehended in his handicraft. The cattle belonging to a town was then all kept in a common by persons called the kyeward, the swineherd, the swanhard. The ropes were made of twisted willow twigs, and oxen alone were used to work the plough, which then served seven or eight farms, and which the ploughman was required to make. The Anglo-Saxon garden was a wretched place, containing only the ordinary pot-herbs then used, and a little flax, and abandoned to the slave's taste and labour, except at the monastery, where fruit trees were to be found, especially the apple; and all the flowers that had been consecrated to any of the saints, or the herbs, which with the help of a propitious planet, a concurrent moon, and the savour of a stinking relic, were to be the materia medica of the neighbourhood. The hawker was a tradesman only in demand in the winter, when, for the tables of the king and thanes, he caught game. The fisherman was a person of more general request, because the customs of the religious often required fish. Long after the time of Alfred almost every building was wood, covered with straw, which explains why the Danish conflagration was so easy and awful, many whole towns having often been on fire at the same moment, like so many flaming craters. A great house then had a kitchen, a dormitory, a granary, a bakehouse, a chapel, a stable, and a kennel. Castles were built mostly of wood, whose interstices were clay and straw, and even when of stone, not in regular courses, and mortared; they were divided into four stories, which were as often places of penance as of refuge; the lower one, which was subterraneous, was called the keep. In the same time a monastery had a large hall, a strangers' room, a chapel, an hospital, a scriptorium, where the young monks copied books for the library, a bath, a brewhouse, a bakehouse, dormitories, and stables. In these houses were the largest collections of plate, and tapestry, in working which the greatest and devoutest ladies spent most of their time, which they thus dedicated to the churches. These tapestries were often histories, as that of Bayeux, nineteen inches, by sixty-seven yards, of the life of William the Conqueror, from A.D. 1065 nearly to his death.

The church of Ely had a historic tapestry

of Brittonod, of Northumberland, done by his wife. In this work the English ladies excelled. The fine arts, which under the Romans had risen to great perfection, were totally neglected after the conquest of the Saxons, who with as little taste as is possible for the savage to possess it, reduced to ashes all those glorious monuments of painting, sculpture, architecture, and other sciences, which the British genius, great according to the testimony of its enemies, under the instruction of the Romans, was three centuries in working to maturity. All remains of Anglo-Saxon sculpture are wretched productions.

But, at length, several of the British sovereigns began to see that trade, and not war, was intended to be the right hand of the nation, whose merchants were then encouraged, by having the dignity of a thane conferred on them, when they had voyaged thrice beyond the seas each in his own ship. And, in the time of Ethelstan, any town which was engaged in foreign trade might if it pleased, have its own mint; a privilege which, though never allowed in Wales, the following places for a little time possessed: the figures denote how many mints existed there:—

Bridport	1	Lewes	2
Canterbury	7	London	8
Chichester	1	Rochester	3
Exeter	2	Shaftesbury.....	2
Hastings ..	1	Southampton.....	2
Hereford	7	Winchester and York	2

And each of the other burghs had one in the time of Ethelstan.

For the liberty of coining, each mint paid to the king a tax, varying from twenty Saxon shillings to the worth of the privilege, or to the wealth of the place.

The following is a table of the moneys generally current in the Anglo-Saxon period:—

Names of Saxon Money.	Present worth.	Weight in Troy oz.	
Pound	2 16 3	5400	
Mark	1 17 9	3600	
Byzant	9 4½	73	8s. Saxon.
Gold Mancus	7	56	
Frank Solidus }	7	675	
Silver Mancus	4 8	450	
Ora			
Great Shilling			
Less Frank Solidus			
Less Shilling	11½	90	
Thrima	8½	67½	
Penny	2½	22½	5 in a Shilling.
Halfing.			
Ferthling.			

Saxon rent of a farm:—

300 loaves; 12 casks of strong ale; 30 casks of weak ale; 10 casks of honey; 1 cask of butter; 2 oxen; 10 wethers; 10 cheeses; 10 geese; 20 hens; 5 salmon; and 100 eels.

But this rent must have varied, for in conse-

quence of the bad system of agriculture, ordinary provisions were often ten times as dear at the end of a summer as at its beginning.

A piece of water was rented at 2000 eels; sheep-shearing was not allowed before midsummer, and the farmer sowed all his wheat in spring.

In the time of Athelstan, a poor person received for his monthly allowance from the authorities:—

An amber of meal; four pennies, or a ram; a gammon of bacon; and some coarse cloth.

Landowners were always obliged to provide the king in his military expeditions with men, of which Oxford sent two; Leicester twelve; Warwick ten; besides a tax to repair bridges and fortifications.

We have yet said nothing of the Anglo-Saxon learning, of which they were at first destitute, destroying all they found, and remaining ignorant till after they had received Christianity, which brought a new order of impulses to the heart, originated a new taste—a thirst for knowledge, and an emulation of the arts. All the celebrated Roman-British scholars, however, including Merlin, Melchior, &c., dispirited with the dark prospects of their country, had died; while their feeble successors, who never rose above the weak and plaintive spirit of the age, left no writings of consequence. But the clergy taught a little ancient geography, medicine, mixed with the wildest scraps of astrology, botany, and relics, a sort of latin, polemic theology, music, manners, customs, natural philosophy, rhetoric, astronomy, logic, mathematical mechanics, and arithmetic; the first four rules of which few of the clergy knew before the introduction of Arabic numerals, brought to England by Grabert, about 971, when their only figures were Greek and Latin letters, and other arbitrary signs. Even Aldhelm said, that nothing was so difficult to him as arithmetic. In an age when Charlemagne could not write, when there were neither books, teachers, knowledge, a press, materials for copying, nor demand for any of them, we are neither surprised to learn that Alfred gave eight hides of land for a poor cosmography; nor that such men as Boniface, Tobias of Rochester, Ceolfrid, and Willibald, were considered profound scholars. Yet, of these the monasteries produced some, as Gildas, Daniel bishop of Bangor, Adrian, the eloquent Dinot, Plegmund, Nennius, Dunwulph, Elfric the grammarian, Wulfisig, Clement, and Bede. Nor did the period want men of astonishing acuteness, as Scotus, at once the light and pest of his age, and of whose mind we may judge from the title of his best book, which was "On the Division of the Natures," and Edbert, to whom the world is indebted for the immortal Alarin. All the greater monasteries had a school; one also existed near every bishop's palace; and among those most celebrated, are the schools of Oxford, Glaston-

bury, Dunwich, Lincoln, Canterbury, and York. At the last, Edbert had collected a library, of which Alcuin has given Charlemagne a catalogue in heroic Latin verse.

The great Alcuin called these "treasures of wisdom," and so recommended them to Charlemagne, that we may conclude there were few similar. And with these helps they taught "the harmony of the sky, the labour of the sun and moon, the five zones, the seven wandering planets, the laws and risings and settings of the stars, &c.; the aerial motions of the sea, earthquakes, the nature of man, cattle, birds, and wild beasts, their various species and "figures," which appears to have been the standing school order at York. From similar studies arose Aldhelm, Bede, and Alcuin. The first, who wrote in latin, was besides the literary apostle of France, the Jeremy Taylor for sportive, never-tired, solemn fancy: and the last was the schoolmaster of this and other nations, though both are now forgotten in comparison of Bede. Thus *vicissim* appears to be the rule of fame. Seeing his countrymen deplorably ignorant, the great Aldhelm employed his fine mind in the composition of songs, to which his wonderful voice was yet necessary to arouse their attention; discovering himself at once to be a good philosopher for instructing through amusement, and a good divine, for becoming, in a good sense, "all things to all men."

Music, in that age allied invariably with painting, appears to have been almost the first art to which the Saxons applied. Such power indeed had songs over them, that they would often decide battles, liberate captives, change despair into courage, anger to laughter, and, as the monks say, "cast out devils and chain the winds." Many of them are said to have been ten years in learning music, which was more difficult before Gregory denoted the notes by A, B, C, &c.; indeed it was requisite to qualify for the best society, in which every guest was required both to sing and play the harp; and the instrument was so sacred that it could not be taken for debt. Bede tells us the harp, trumpet, pipe, tabor, psaltery, atola, flute, and organ, were in use in his days, as well as the cymbal, the violin, and the bell. Ailwyn, founder of Ramsay abbey, expended about 900*l.* of our money in building an organ in Ramsay church.

Church music is thought to have been first taught the Anglo-Saxons by John, an arch chanter, from Rome, whence he was sent by Agatha to Britain. In those times church singers were itinerant, and travelled through the continent for improvement, and the best singers went for the most learned men. Of the praises of these instruments, Bede and others are full. Nor were poets wanting, for besides Alfred Cedmon, the Cowper of his time, and Rodvald, of the Orkneys, many other names could be mentioned; but as their

works nearly all perished under the Danes, fame is at its last gasp, therefore we must omit them. The poetic art was not less complicated than critics, those wasps of genius, have made the Grecian; for, besides one hundred and thirty-six different metres in which they wrote, endless were their concerts in rhyme—apposition, and alliteration, the bounds of which, the poetic fire, the Saxon vertigo, or Shakspeare's "fine frenzy rolling" easily burst. Poets were then the teachers of the people, the flatterers of the great, and the historians of the dead: hence the florid and episodical character of our oldest chronicles, which were often compiled from ballads.

A desire to keep the notices of this astonishing man separate, is the reason why little has been yet said of Alfred. In his childhood, he was taken on a pilgrimage to Rome, learned to read after he was considerably grown, when his wise mother offered a valuable book to the first of her children who should be able to read it. After which he was self-educated. He at first refused the crown. He was for a period immoral, and oppressive to his subjects, who are said to have abandoned him; when overpowered by the Danes, he went disguised out of Somersetshire, lived for a time with a herdman, whose wife scolded him for neglecting her cakes, as he sat by the fire. He afterwards sought concealment in a morass, till an opportunity arose to surprise the Danes, whom he had paid to withdraw, which was not long wanting.

When he had somewhat settled the country, he rectified the laws, heard appeals, and important trials, expelled forty-two judges in one year, and obliged others to learn the Dom-boc; brought as many artists and monks to England as he could persuade to settle after the ravages of the Danes; spoke of learning always with approbation, and advanced learned men; compelled his nobles to send their children to school, which was thought a severe law, when many priests could not understand the Latin service; translated several books, among which were *Boetius de Consolatione*, and Gregory's "Pastorals," of which he sent a copy to each of the bishops; opened several schools at Oxford for divinity, grammar, logic, &c., which has been called founding the university, to whose support he gave an eighth of his income, and sent his own children. He made a survey of his kingdom, which was recorded in the book of Winchester, where there is a curious description of woods, towns, villages, cities, farms, and population. He divided the counties, as they have been already described, and, with the help of his daughter, built many castles. He also divided his time, which, for want of a watch, he contrived to do by candles made of the same size, into thirds, of which one was devoted to sleep, &c.; a second to the affairs of his station; and a third to learning, religion, and

good works. Of his activity few will be able to conceive, for, besides building many places which the Danes had destroyed, he personally looked after his servants, rewarding the skilful,—paid his workmen, received and dismissed his visitors, supported the monasteries, relieved the destitute, for all which he consecrated a seventh of his property. Yet he lived in a house little better than our stables, for he was obliged to keep his light in a lantern, from the winds, which, when the tapestry hangings were down, pushed in with the rain and snow, through the crevices. To which may be added, he was always subject to a very acute disease. Nor is it the least of his praise, that, by confining all legal slavery to six years, he effectually prevented its increase when it was not in his power to abolish it. To show the worth of the man, we must remember the age in which he lived: when property consisted in many places only of large herds of swine, in others of church trinkets; when the slaves, and even the clergy, eat horseflesh; when porpoises were thought to be the dainties of the rich, and periwinkles of the poor; and the common people had probably never heard of letters. His works proved that he had as good a knowledge as then existed of botany, astronomy, physics, theology, laws, geography, fables, and poems, which he ardently admired.

The language of the Anglo Saxons was remarkably simple, poetic, and vigorous; and such is the proportion in the present language of Saxon words, that of the sixty-five in the pater-noster, only five are not Saxon. And the most classical nervous words in the English language are decidedly Saxon. The following is a list of some of the names of the most important

English towns, whose names in the Saxon are significant:—

English name.	Saxon name.	Meaning.
Bath	{ Accmancester and Bathancaster }	Sick man's city
Bedford	Bedanford	Bedan's-ford
Beverley	Beverlic	Beaver-like
Bristol	Brigatow	Bridge-place
Buckingham	Buccinghamam	Beech-tree-town
Barton	Byrtune	Bear's-town
Canterbury	Cantwaraburh	Kent-men's-town
Colchester	Colneceaster	Colno-city
Chippenham	Cyppanham	Merchant's-town
Derby	Deoraby	Deer's-place
Durham	Deorham	Deer's-home
Folkstone	Wolcestan	People's-stone
Fulham	Fullenham	Foul-town
Gainsborough	Gegnesburh	Tribe's-town
Peterborough	Gildeneburh	Gilded-town
Lichfield	Licetfeld	Corpe-field
Northampton	Northampton	North-home-town
Stafford	Staford	Staff-ford
Nottingham	Snotingham	Cave-town
Wilton	Wiltun	Willow-town.

As a further specimen, many of these names, however, are thought to have been imposed at birth; these are common:—

Names of Females.

Adeleve, the noble wife	Eadwolf, the prosperous wolf
Adelfleda, — pregnancy	Ealdwolf, the old wolf
Æthelgiva, — gift	Belfric, the powerful wolf
Æthelhild, — war goddess	Beltarelf, the distinguished wolf
Eadburgh, the happy gift	Æthelwyn, the noble warrior
Beage, the bracelet	Ælfieag, as the elf, tall
Heaburghe, tall as a castle	Ethelstan, the noble rock
Wynfrede, the peace of man	
Æthelwolf, the noble wolf	

And so of the rest, from which may be seen what qualities were in greatest estimation. Few surnames were then used.

BENEFICENCE.

(From *Conder's Choir and Oratory*.)

"Blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing."—1 Peter iii. 9.

WHY are springs enthroned on high,
Where the mountains kiss the sky?
'Tis that thence their streams may flow,
Fertilizing all below.

Why have clouds such lofty flight,
Basking in the golden light?
'Tis to send down genial showers
On this lower world of ours.

Why does God exalt the great?
'Tis that they may prop the state;
So that toil its sweets may yield,
And the sower reap the field.

Riches, why doth He confer?
That the rich may minister
To the children of distress,
To the poor and fatherless.

Does he light a Newton's mind?
'Tis to shine on all mankind.
Does he give to Virtue birth?
'Tis the salt of this poor earth.

Reader, whosoe'er thou art,
What thy God has given, impart;
Hide it not within the ground;
Send the cup of blessing round.

Hast thou power? The weak defend.
Light? Give light: thy knowledge lend.
Rich? Remember Him who gave.
Free? Be brother to the slave.

Called a blessing to inherit,
Bless, and richer blessings merit.
Give, and more shall yet be given:
Love, and serve, and look for heaven.

HEMLOCK, THE POISON OF SOCRATES.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THE last day was now spent; the hour had arrived, when the servant of the magistrates, bursting into tears, and expressing his regret, announced that the time was come for drinking the fatal draught. Socrates desired that the poison should immediately be brought to him if bruised; if not, that the person upon whom this duty devolved should bruise it. Crito, one of the faithful followers of his venerable master, wishing to delay to the latest possible moment the eventful scene, and to protract the fatal moment, observed that the sun still lingered upon the mountain-top; he said that he had known many who drank from the bitter cup very much later after the announcement had been made to them; that they had even supped and drank abundantly, and had enjoyed the society of those they loved. Socrates declined such a delay; he requested that the cup should be brought to him; and when the executioner appeared with it, he put a question to him as to what he should do when he had swallowed the potion. The reply made to him was, that he had nothing further to do than, when he had drunk it, to walk about until a heaviness came on in his legs, and afterwards to lie down. Socrates asked whether it was right to make a libation to the gods; for it was the custom before drinking to spill upon the earth a small quantity. The answer made was, "We only bruise as much as we think necessary to produce the effect." With calm and philosophic indifference Socrates hastily drank the beverage. His friends, who had with difficulty restrained their emotion, burst into floods of tears, which he gently and calmly reprehended. He paced the floor of his prison till he found the weariness of his limbs come on; he then laid himself down. He who had administered to him the poison examined, at intervals, his feet and his legs; and having forcibly pressed his foot, asked him if he felt it. Socrates answered he did not. After this, the executioner, in the same way, pressed his thighs; and, gradually extending this examination upwards, showed that he was growing stiff and cold. Socrates also touched himself, and observed, that when the poison reached his heart, he should then leave

his friends. His lower belly was almost cold; and now uncovering himself,—for he had previously been covered,—he said, and these were his last words, "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; discharge this debt for me, and do not neglect it."

"Your wishes shall be attended to," was the reply of Crito; "have you any further injunctions?"

To this no reply was made by Socrates; but just afterwards he moved himself. The executioner then covered him over; Socrates fixed his eye, and then Crito closed his mouth and eyes. Such are the terms in which the last days of the philosopher are detailed; and this description has served as a picture on which all have gazed with respect and admiration.

There are some circumstances detailed in this narrative which are very interesting, first, as regards the symptoms which are spoken of, and then as leading to some conclusions as to the herb which was thus used. The effects are evidently those of a narcotic, taken in so large a dose that the stomach must have been instantaneously overpowered, so as to prevent the ejection of it by vomiting. No visible effects were produced upon the mind; the limbs first betrayed the action; the muscular powers decreased; the recumbent position became necessary. The next marked effect was the loss of sensation and diminution of animal heat, which gradually extended themselves to the great centre of life. The length of time during which this went forward is not detailed to us; but evidently it was very short. Not the slightest suffering is mentioned. We have no reason to suppose that this arose from the magnanimity of the dying man, for we learn from Ælian, that when old persons, weary of the infirmities of the close of life, were determined to quit its pain and sorrow, they invited each other to a banquet, when, crowned with chaplets, they quaffed, from a goblet containing its juice—"Death in this world, life in one hereafter." Valerius Maximus himself saw an old lady of ninety, in the island of Cos, so intimately associated with the name of Hippocrates, terminate in this manner her existence.

TRADE WINDS.

IN illustration of the adaptation of the trade-winds to the purposes of commerce, a more striking instance, perhaps, could not be adduced than the following, which is given in a volume entitled, "Four Years' Residence in the West

Indies," written by a gentleman of the name of Bayley. In the description of the island of St. Vincent, it is stated that a little sloop, the private signal of which was unknown to any of the merchants, sailed into the harbour one morn-

ing, and immediately attracted the notice of the surrounding crowd; and the history of its unexpected appearance is thus given:—

"Every one has heard of the little fishing-smacks employed in cruising along the coast of Scotland, which carry herrings and other fish to Leith, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, worked by three or four hardy sailors, and generally commanded by an individual having no other knowledge of navigation than that which enables him to keep his dead reckoning, and to take the sun with his quadrant at noon day.

"It appears that a man who owned and commanded one of these coasting vessels, had been in the habit of seeing the West India ships load and unload in the several ports of Scotland; and having heard that sugar was a very profitable cargo, he determined, by way of speculation, on making a trip to St. Vincent, and returning to the Scottish market with a few hogsheads of that commodity. The natives were perfectly astonished; they had never heard of such a feat before; and they deemed it quite impossible that a mere fishing smack, worked by only four men, and

commanded by an ignorant master, should plough the boisterous billows of the Atlantic, and reach the West Indies in safety; yet so it was. The hardy Scotchman freighted his vessel, made sail, crossed the Bay of Biscay in a gale, got into the "trades," and scudded along before the wind at the rate of seven knots an hour, trusting to his dead reckoning all the way. He spoke no vessel during the whole voyage, and never once saw land until the morning of the thirty-fifth day, when he descried St. Vincent's right a-head; and setting his gaff-top-sail, he ran down, under a light breeze, along the windward coast of the island, and came to anchor about eleven o'clock, under the circumstances before mentioned."

Such a vessel, and so manned, could hardly have performed the voyage here described, had it not been aided by the current of the trade-winds; and what, then, must be the advantages of such a wind when, instead of aiding the puny enterprise of a single and obscure individual, it forwards the annual fleets of mighty nations?—*Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise.*

THE SEA-STORM.

A FRAGMENT.

—"There I felt thee! on that sea-cliff's verge;
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air."

COLERIDGE.

I.

Oh, eyeless darkness! grim despair and death!
The sea-world shook beneath a mighty storm,
Each billow on his brow had bound a wreath
Of white foam-flowers; and every moving form
Of spectral Typhoon and sea-monster rose,
To battle wildly with the deep, wild sea—
Twin spirits dread! they fought as maddened foes
Would fight, in kingly wrath, to gain eternity.
The wind swelled up her mighty trumpet-blast,
And blew her clarion o'er the stormy deep,
The shrieking billows hurried madly past,
The Maelstrom-monster woke aghast from sleep,
And stirred again the waters of his wrath,
Hurling the quivering storm-shafts in his ire,
And scattering blood like foam upon his path,
Till the great deep glowed red, like suns when they expire.

II.

Oh, mercy, mercy! 'twas a fearful time:
The storm-rack'd billow tossed in agony,
The sea's wild wail rose up to heaven sublime,
The heaven's re-answered with a dreadful cry,
As though in thunder-sound an angel spoke.
The tempest paused to listen; but no shout,
Save the dread echo of the deep, awoke—
That still in fearless wrath ran wildly out.
The wanderer cursed the sea-deep on that night;
The lordliest bark that ever rode the wave
Lay tost and stricken by the stormy blight;
And proud, high hearts that spurned the darkling grave
Saw gleaming down beneath the horrid surge
The pale white arms that rock th' accursed to sleep,
And heard in choral strains the fearful dirge
With which the Syren lulls the doomed beneath the deep.

III.

The dark, infernal caverns of the dead
Shook off the dreamy silence of the tomb;
The great Leviathan, that droops his head
On a cloud-pillow of hell's blackest gloom,
Stirred like the sound of thunder on the flood
Of the great fountain-deeps; and forth there came
The "voice of many waters" in their roar,
Mingling like mighty blasts blown from the trumpet
Of fame.
Hell oped her wide and adamant gates
The sea-wrecked dead thronged in by thousands
there;
Satan sat throned in pomp and awful state,
Where millions bowed who only knew despair—
The living-dead! Each wore a burning star—
A breastplate, quivering with unquenching fire—
To guide their footsteps through hell's realms afar,
Whose ashes never quench, whose burnings ne'er
expire.

IV.

The wail, the wail, when storm-winds sink and die!
The weary echo of a wandering blast!
The thrill of life, when life's last agony
Hurries the dying o'er the death-sea fast!
The billow sank aghast upon the shore,
The dark surge slept beneath its shroud of foam,
The hush of death still'd the wild tempests roar,
And mad waves, monster-like, ran madly to their
home.
Uprose the cloud; the blue and lovely morn
Led the young day from out her eastern cave,
The Triton blew aloud his wild sea-horn,
The Naiad sang along the summer-wave,
The great sea spread her beauteous bosom bare,
Where the bright sunbeam like a monarch lay,
The ocean-eagle, from his rocky lair,
Spread his wild flight wide o'er the shining spray,
Day, like a star, kept watch above the sea,
To guard serene as heaven the deep's serenity.

EPHON.

REVIEW.

Sketches from Life, Lyrics from the Pentateuch, and other Poems. By THOMAS RAGG, Author of "The Deity," "The Martyr of Verulam," &c.—London. Longman and Co.

THE true poet needs no adventitious aid to secure the sympathies of his readers; his wand is that of an enchanter; he can "call spirits from the vasty deep," and they will obey his call; the whole material universe is his for the purposes of his art. There is no part of it so mean that his genius cannot clothe it with poetical attributes, and confer on it power to influence human hearts and minds. From objects the most minute and neglected he gathers the material of poetry, as the bee extracts honey from the disregarded weed; And if he were forbidden access to the inexhaustible storehouse of nature, still the creative power which he possesses would fashion imaginary worlds, and people them with airy and beauteous beings, whom his fellows would "not willingly let die." The real poet, therefore, finds access to the heart of his reader by the mere force of his genius. Mr. Ragg is a poet, and as such, needs no extrinsic recommendation to the favour of the public. Yet poets are men; and there are cases in which, while we feel with, and admire the author, we are called on to feel for, and sympathise with, the man; we would not, then, forget the fact, nor would we have our readers forget, that the author of the poems under notice, whose genius has struggled into publicity through the impediments with which the humble condition of a mechanic had environed it, has recently suffered severe domestic calamities, the consequence of which is harassing pecuniary embarrassment. The purchaser of this volume will have a double gratification; he will enrich his shelves by the addition of much delightful poetry, and, at the same time, assist to free its author from his difficulties.

"Night," the first poem of the collection, is deeply imbued with the melancholy which his trials might be expected to engender in the author's mind, but breathes throughout the spirit of resignation and piety. Religious sentiment, indeed, and amiable feeling are the characteristics of the whole, and we have not read throughout the author's productions "one line which, dying, he would wish to blot."

Among the "Sketches from Life" are some extremely touching. We select for quotation, although somewhat long, "Burnt Row," a tragical incident, simply and pathetically narrated in the fine old ballad style.

BURNT ROW.

"Have you ever been to Somercoates,
In rocky Derbyshire?
If so, then haply you've heard my tale,
If not you shall shortly hear.

For in Somercoates some houses stand,
Which people call Burnt Row;
And the elds, they dolesome things relate,
Which happened there long ago.

The sun was up, the morn was fair,
The mists were fleeing away,
And the birds sang sweet in the bushes round,
To welcome the rising day.

A mother said to her eldest girl,
To her eldest girl said she—
'We go to your aunt's to-day, my dear,
So take care of your sisters three.'

'Then give me a kiss, my sweet mother,
For you scolded me yester e'en;
And though I own I was naughty then,
I wish I never had been.

'And give me another, my mother dear,
For I feel, I can't tell why,
As though I should kiss those lips no more.'
And a tear sprang into her eye.

'Oh, foolish child!' said the good woman,
'Tis but a few miles we go;
And we shall return by the full moonlight,
By a path that well we know.

There is no river for us to cross,
No pit lies in our way;
And many along from the wake will come,
So banish your fears I pray.'

The tear went back in the daughter's eye,
And a smile came o'er her cheek;
But, oh! it was not a smile of joy,
For she felt as her heart would break.

She tended her little sisters, fair,
As merrily they played,
And strove to throw off the load of care
That on her young spirits preyed.

But her smiles were like the transient gleam,
That pierces the thick mists through,
When clouds envelope the bright sun-beam,
And the heavens wear a murky hue.

She played with her little sisters, three,
Till the long summer day was spent,
As o'er the green grass, joyfully,
They danced to their hearts' content.

And to bed they went when the night came on,
Though she trembled over her prayers,
And sleep, ere long, with his soothing charm,
Had lulled her bosom's cares.

How sweet the sleep of the young must be,
When troubles are small and few;
When the heart is light, and the thoughts are free,
And stainless as morning's dew.

For sweet it is even to see them sleep,
And watch the unconscious smile,
That o'er the rosy face will creep,
Though the lips are closed the while.

But oft 'tis but as a poison cup,
Which charms their cares away;
And greedily as they drink it up,
Destruction grasps his prey.

The moon rose over the mountains high,
The midnight hour was past,
And kindred who met at the wake that morn,
Prepared for their homes at last.

'But what is that light in the heaven, yonder!'
The wife to her good man said;
'It does not come from the moon, I wist,
It seems such a fiery red.'

'Tis the northern light,' said the company,
'Though seldom in summer-tide,
Its beautiful tints thus brilliantly,
Spread over the welkin wide.'

'But it changes not,' said the mother then,
As she thought of her distant home;
And her daughter's words rushed into her mind,
That was tossed like the wild sea's foam.

And many and deep were the mother's sighs,
As homeward they went along;
Though they laughed at her fears, and told her oft
To bridle her foolish tongue.

The flame grew brighter and brighter still,
As on the road they went,
Till nought appeared but a glowing red
Half over the firmament.

The leaves were tinged with a ruddy hue,
And the moon grew deadly pale;
And each, as he looked in the other's face,
Felt all his courage fail.

'There must be a fire in Somercoates,
For see it is drawing near.'
'Yes, there is a fire in Somercoates,
And my children are burning there.'

The mother said, with a bursting heart,
As her tears in torrents flowed;
And nothing they spake would comfort her,
As they hastened along the road.

Away, away to the fatal place
Breathlessly hurried they all,
And just arrived in time to see
The roofs of two houses fall.

'The row is on fire! the row is on fire!
How many will share in the woe?'
But from thought of the many to share her grief,
To her could no comfort flow.

For, O, what a sight for a mother there!
Her children all lifeless lay,
And the lips that sued for a kiss that morn
Were blackened and shrivelled away.

She gave at her children one long, long gaze,
Then laughed like a maniac wild,
And never another word she spake.
Save, 'Kiss thee? O yes! my child.'

Three days she suffered in speechless woe,
'Twas all that her strength could do;
Then the earth that over her children spread
Covered the mother too.

Twelve years passed on. In a distant town
Where wandered the Avon's tide,
A priest was sent for in haste one night,
To pray by a sick man's side.

'What lies on your conscience so black?' said he;
The blood that the Saviour spilt
Is sufficient, and more than sufficient, to cleanse
Every penitent heart from guilt.'

But in vain were his prayers, his preaching vain,
Still writhing in agony,
The sick man said, as he wrung his hands,
'O, there is no hope for me!'

I hated a neighbour in Somercoates,
Twelve long, long years ago,
And to injure him sought, with malice as deep
As a spirit accursed could know.

I set fire to the house where his children lay
In innocent sleep locked fast,
And twelve houses were burnt in that dreadful night,
By the brand these fingers cast.

The mother was laid in her children's grave,
The father looked up no more,
But nobody knew how the fire broke out,
And the wonder at length passed o'er.

My conscience, smitten with keenest pangs,
I fled from that dreadful scene,
Still hoping that time would banish it all,
As though it had never been.

But whithersoever my body went,
No peace could my spirit find;
The awful deed of that sad sad night
Is ever before my mind.

And now I am going, alas! to reap
The seed I have sown before,
For that brand has purchased a place for me
In fire to be quenched no more.'

'Though dark are thy deeds,' said the holy man,
'A penitent still may'st thou die,
For the Saviour came but to seek the lost;
Then now to his bosom fly.'

'I cannot, I cannot,' the sick man cried;
'See! the demons are round me now;
The brand that I threw in the house that night
Is fixed on my burning brow.

'O mercy! O mercy! 'tis all too late,
My doom it is fixed, I see!'
Then he drew up his legs, and died in bed,
Crying, 'There is no hope for me.'

Many of the "Lyrics from the Pentateuch" are sweetly and powerfully written "Caradoc" we like least, not because it is deficient in poetry, but because it is written in that species of octo-syllabic verse which, even in the hands of Scott, owed success chiefly to novelty, and in other hands is to us the reverse of pleasing.

We feel great pleasure in recommending this fourth essay of the poet to the regard of our readers. Nottingham has had the honour to produce among her poorer classes many men of considerable genius, and the author of "Sketches from Life," &c. is a worthy addition to the brotherhood.

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

CHINESE HOUSES.—Very few of the houses or temples of Canton have more than one story, the halls of which are usually of the whole height of the fabric, without any concealment of beams or rafters of the roof. Terraces are often built above the roofs; and when surrounded by a breast-work, afford, in the cool of the day, a pleasant and secure retreat, where people can ascend to enjoy a purer air, to secure a wider prospect, or to witness any event that transpires in the neighbourhood. These terraces are not, perhaps, very unlike the *flat roofs* of other orientals. In some other points, also, there is a coincidence between the houses of the Chinese, and those which are noticed in sacred literature.

Referring to these latter, professor Jahn, in his *Biblical Archaeology*, says, "the gates, not only of houses, but of cities, were customarily adorned with an inscription, which was to be extracted from the law of Moses; a practice in which may be found the origin of the *modern Mezuzaw*, or piece of parchment inscribed with sacred texts, and fastened to the door-posts. The gates were always shut, and one of the servants acted the part of a porter. The space immediately inside the gate is called the porch, is square, and on one side of it is erected a seat for the accommodation of those strangers who are not to be admitted into the interior of the house. From the porch we are in-

troduced, through a second door, into a court, which is commonly paved with marble, and surrounded on all sides, sometimes, however, only on one, with a peristyle of covered walk, over which, if the houses have more than one story, there is a gallery of the same dimensions, supported by columns and protected by a balustrade. In this court, large companies are received, at nuptials, &c. On such occasions, a large veil of thick cloth is extended by ropes over the whole court, to exclude the heat of the sun. The back part of the house is allotted to the women, and is called in Arabic, the harem, and in Hebrew, by way of eminence, *the palace*. Behind the harem there is a garden, into which the women enjoy the pleasure of looking from their apartments. In the smaller houses the females occupy the upper story. This is the place assigned them, also, by Homer in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*."

Now in the buildings of the Chinese, the various inscriptions seen on their door-posts; the porter at the outer gate, and the porch and court within; the peristyle with its columns, and, perhaps, a gallery above, and the palace, *kin-fe*, or "forbidden ground," with its garden, have a striking resemblance to those in the above description. The inner apartments of the emperor are, in like manner, called, by way of eminence, *kung-teen*, or "the palace."

GLANCES AT THE PAST.

Mexico.—When Fernando Cortez conquered Mexico, in 1518—19, the city of Mexico contained a population of upwards of sixty thousand families. It was divided into two distinct parts, in one of which lived the nobility, and in the other the castes. The public edifices and the dwellings of the court and nobility were built of stone. The temples were magnificent; the one dedicated to Vitzputzli, the god of war, and the most worshipped of all their deities, was the most spacious. Besides the dwellings of the priests erected on the inside, and the great number of squares it contained for other inferior deities, to which the people had to pay homage on their entrance, this great edifice would accommodate more than ten thousand persons, who came to dance at their regular festivals. One of the squares was set out with trees, at regular distances, through which iron bars were passed, whereon were suspended the heads of the victims who had been sacrificed to the gods. In another apartment was a large stone terminating in an acute angle, upon which the priests suspended the victim to be sacrificed, cut open his breast, and took out his heart. A splendid chapel contained the grand idol. It was the figure of a man sitting upon a high altar. His head was crowned with a helmet of burnished gold; in the right hand it held a serpent, and in the left a shield of four arrows; the countenance was most horrific. The priests slowly withdrew the curtains when they permitted the people to pay their adoration to this deity of their worship. On the left was another idol of similar display and characteristics, pretending to be his brother, and equally an object of profound adoration.

The city contained eight temples of a similar description. The chapels in these edifices amounted to not far from two thousand, dedicated to different deities. They were constructed in great magnificence, and their appendages and trappings were of inestimable value.

No one would approach the royal presence except being barefoot, with profound awe, and "my great lord" uttered in a suppressed tone. When he dined in public, (which was frequent,) he sat by himself at a superb table, being first helped from his choice of two or three hundred dishes, and then leaving the rest to the nobility. He drank several kinds of liquors from richly ornamented cans. The herd were kept out by a rail; they could look on and see the royal gormandising "in distance." Buffoons displayed themselves to amuse the royal eyes, and all sorts of music saluted the royal ear. And then the people went to the squares, to wrestle, shoot, and run, to please his grace.

The vast mines contributed much to Montezuma's prodigious wealth; besides, he drew by usage about one-third of the whole productive wealth of his subjects. The nobility were compelled to make him vast annual presents in person. The emperor was the law in all things; and the slightest disrespect towards him cost the life of a subject. Every town in the empire had a regular militia; and it is even stated that Montezuma had upwards of thirty vassals, from each of which he could have brought into the field one hundred thousand men.

NAPOLEON'S SACRIFICE OF HUMAN LIFE.—Never was there a conqueror who fired more cannon, fought more battles, or overthrew more thrones, than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quality of his glory without weighing the means he possessed, and the results which he accomplished. Enough for

our present purpose will be gained, if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood which he called into play from the rupture of the peace of Amiens, in 1804, down to his eventful exit. At that time he had, as he declared to Lord Whitworth, an army on foot of 480,000 men. (Here follows a detail of the different levies made from 1804 till 1814. Total of men, 2,965,965.) This detail, which is derived from Napoleon's official journal, the *Moniteur*, under the several dates, is deficient in the excess which was raised beyond the levies; but even if we deduct the casualties, as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1815, we shall be much under the mark in affirming that he slaughtered two millions and a half of human beings, and these all Frenchmen. But we have yet to add the thousands and tens of thousands of Germans, Swiss, Poles, Italians, Neapolitans, and Illyrians whom he forced under his eagles, and, at a moderate computation, these cannot have fallen short of half a million. It is obviously just to assume that the number who fell on the side of his adversaries was equal to that against which they were brought. Here, then, are our data for asserting that the latter years of his glory were purchased at no less expense than six millions of human lives. This horrible inroad on the fairest portion of the population of Europe, resulted in the abandonment of every conquered territory, the bringing of foreign enemies, twice within four-and-twenty months, under the walls of Paris, and the erasure of his name from the records of dominion.—*Paris Paper*.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VANITY.—The following anecdote is a very curious illustration both of the character of this great princess, and of the bad taste of the pulpit eloquence of her age:—"There is almost none that waited in Queen Elizabeth's court, and observed any thing, but can tell it pleased her very much to seeme to be thought, and to be told, that she looked young. The majesty and gravity of a scepter born forty-four yeeres, could not alter that nature of a woman in her. When bishop Rudd was appointed to preach before her, he wishing, in a godly zeale, as well became him, that she should think sometime of mortality, being then sixty-three yeeres of age, he tooke his text, fit for that purpose, out of the Psalms, (xc. 12,) 'O teach us to number our days, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom;' which text he handled most learnedly. But when he spoke of some sacred and mystical numbers, as three for the Trinity, three times three for the heavenly hierarchy, seven for the Sabbath, and seven times seven for a jubilee, and, lastly, seven times nine for the grand climacterical yeere, (her age,) she, perceiving whereto it tended, began to be troubled with it. The bishop discovering all was not well, (for the pulpit stood opposite to her majesty,) he fell to treat of some more plausible numbers, as of the number 666, making *Latinus*, with which, he said, he could prove the Pope to be the antichrist, &c. He interlarded his sermon with Scripture passages touching the infirmities of age, as that in Ecclesiastes xii.: 'When the grynders shall be few in number, and they wax darke that looke out of the windowes, &c., and the daughters of singing shall be abased;' and more to like purpose. The queen, as the manner was, opened the window; but she was so farre from giving him thanks or good countenance, that she said plainly, 'He should have kept his arithmetic for himselfe; but I see the greatest clerks are not the wisest men;' and so went away discontented."

THE LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE AGE OF REASON."

CHAPTER I.

[IN dragging forth from the oblivion into which they have been sinking for several years, the name and memory of Thomas Paine, the writer has a specific object, which he conceives will perfectly justify him in the estimation of his readers; it is, through the life of this, its modern champion, to test the character of infidelity; and then to place, in contrast with the life of Paine, the life of the apostle Paul, as a practical comment upon the nature and genius of Christianity. Let the motto to each be, "By their fruits ye shall know them."]

THE conversion of the witty and profligate Earl of Rochester, at the close of his life, from infidelity to a sincere and penitent belief in the Divine authority of the holy Scriptures, is indubitably proved by an interesting narrative of the circumstances of that event written by the celebrated bishop Burnet. This narrative has been published in the form of a tract, and is in very wide and general circulation; it ought, indeed, to occupy a distinguished place in every cottage library. The reader will, no doubt, recollect in this pamphlet a most impressive declaration of the dying Wilmot, exposing and denouncing the atrocious character of infidelity, which had well nigh destroyed his happiness in both worlds. Laying his trembling and emaciated hand on the sacred volume, he exclaimed, with unwonted and solemn energy, "The only objection against this book is a bad life." In this sincere hour the unhappy Rochester disclosed the secret of all his former and restless enmity against the Christian faith; and those most conversant with the subject, who have examined it with the scrutinising eye of philosophy and reason, unanimously concur in opinion that infidelity originates in the heart rather than in the head. Every good man must at least wish religion to be true; and it is the interest of every wicked man to persuade himself that it is false. Christianity is a system of moral restraint, addressing all our hopes and fears, to induce a life at war with appetite, passion, and vice. Infidelity takes off this restraint, and, annihilating every object of hope and fear, produces licentiousness and sin. Its maxim is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Accordingly, the Founder and apostles of Christianity exhibit an example of the most self-denying, yet ennobling and sublime virtue; while the authors and abettors of infidelity have been, almost without an exception, the disgrace and the abhorrence of their species. Infidels have generally been so perfectly aware of this, that they have deprecated all reference to personal character in our controversy with them; while they have traduced and vilified the character of prophets and confessors, and even stained the reputation of Christ himself, with the imputation

of deliberate and base imposture; they have prohibited Christians from examining and reprobating their own spirit and conduct. When the Gospel is to be attacked, it is to be attacked through the characters of those on whose moral worth, in point of testimony, its credibility depends; but infidelity is to be refuted on the ground of principles alone. We must not uncharitably scrutinise the promulgators of these principles; the arguments, not the men, are to be the subjects of investigation.

But we think, on this great moral question, very serious attention ought to be paid to both. We have no objection that Christianity should stand or fall upon her own moral character, and the moral character of her apostles and evangelists; and we are resolved to bring infidelity to the same test. Should this prove offensive to the real enemies of religion and the pretended friends of virtue, we cannot help it. We have, however, the sanction of one of their great leaders in our favour; and though it is not oracular with us, it may serve to silence them. "No man," says Cobbett, "has a right to pry into his neighbour's private concerns, and the opinions of every man are his private concerns, while he keeps them so; that is to say, while they are confined to himself, his family, and particular friends. But when he makes those opinions public, when he once attempts to make converts, whether it be in religion, politics, or any thing else; when he once comes forward as a candidate for public admiration, esteem, or compassion, his opinions, his principles, his motives, every action of his life, public or private, becomes the fair subject of public discussion."

Thomas Paine was born at Thetford, in Norfolk, January 29th, 1736, of respectable, but comparatively indigent, parents. His father followed the humble craft of stay-making, the art and mystery of which he imparted to his son, who, at the age of fourteen, having made himself master of the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic, assisted his father to supply the wants of the family. In due time he acquired a sufficient knowledge of the business to render himself useful; but the moment he felt this to be the case, his froward and restless disposition induced him to abscond from home, and to go forth into the world in quest of adventures. The sobriety of industry, the quiet regularity of the domestic sphere in which Providence had placed him, he viewed as a degradation, because it imposed upon him restraint; and restraint and slavery, in his vocabulary, were, even at that early period, synonymous terms. Of this step,

so indicative of his future character, and so distressing to his parents, he has given the following account:—

"At an early age, raw and adventurous, and heated with the false heroism of a master who had served in a man-of-war, I began my fortune, and entered on board the 'Terrible,' captain Death. From this adventure I was happily prevented by the affectionate and moral remonstrances of a good father, who, from the habits of his life, being of the Quaker profession, looked on me as lost; but the impression, much as it affected me at the time, wore away, and I entered afterwards in the 'King of Prussia' privateer, captain Mender, and went with her to sea."

Finding, however, that subordination was required at sea as well as on land, and that the shocking evil of government existed every where, he soon quitted the privateer for *terra firma*. For a few months he sought subsistence by following his trade in London. From thence he removed to Dover, and there obtained employment with Mr. Grace, a respectable stay-maker. By hypocritically professing attachment to the daughter of his master, he induced him to lend him a sum of money to enable him to commence business for himself at Sandwich. It is almost needless to add, that he neither married the young woman, nor discharged the debt to her father.

He settled at Sandwich, in April, 1759, and on the twenty-seventh of September, in the same year, he married Mary Lambert, an interesting and beautiful girl, the daughter of an exciseman at Sittingbourne, who, on the decease of both her parents, became waiting-woman to Mrs. Solly, of Sandwich. This amiable and unsuspecting young woman had no sooner confided her happiness to the man who had won her affections by the most passionate expressions of regard, than she experienced from him treatment the most cruel and infamous. He first placed her in furnished lodgings; then he procured a house, and, with difficulty, obtained furniture upon credit; but having contracted debts which he was unable to discharge, he found it convenient to take what is called in Scotland a "moonlight flitting;" and in the night between the seventh and eighth of April, 1760, Paine and his wife set out from Sandwich to Margate, carrying with them the furniture purchased on credit, a stove belonging to the house, and the stays of a customer. He sold the furniture by auction at Margate. Such, at that period, were his clear apprehensions of the rights of man, and the nature of moral obligation. We shall see, as we proceed, what he thought of the rights of women.

From Margate, Paine returned to London. His wife set out with him; but her subsequent fate is not well known. Some say that she perished on the road by ill usage and a prema-

ture birth; certain it is that, in 1761, Thomas returned without her to his father's house.

Having been unsuccessful in the business of a stay-maker, he was now anxious to leave it for the excise. In the excise, after fourteen months' study and trial, he was established, on the first of December, 1762, at the age of twenty-five. The kindness of Mr. Cocksedg, recorder of Thetford, procured for him this appointment. He was sent as a supernumerary, first to Grant-ham, and on the eighth of August, 1764, to Alford. Being detected in some misconduct, he was, on the twenty-seventh of August, 1765, dismissed from his office.

In this state of wretchedness and disgrace he repaired to London a third time. Here charity supplied him with clothes, money, and lodgings, till he was, on the eleventh of July, 1766, restored to the excise, although not to immediate employment. For support in the meantime, he engaged himself as an usher to two schools in succession, one in Goodman's Fields, the other at Kensington, to teach English and walk out with the children. About this period he would willingly have taken holy orders; but his efforts to obtain the necessary certificates were unsuccessful.

At length, in March, 1768, he entered upon his duties in the calling of an excise officer, and was sent in that capacity to Lewes, in Sussex. He was now at the age of thirty-one, but without industry or any other qualities which render a man respectable. Most of his time was spent in clubs and taverns. Though ambitious of shining among his companions as a jolly fellow, he was rather endured than welcomed. In his temper he was always sullen, litigious, overbearing, and insolent. He loved contradiction for its own sake. Every opinion, whether true or false, advanced in his presence, he spontaneously controverted; it was a matter of course with him to differ from every body. In arguing, as well as in every thing, he was utterly devoid of principle; and was more than once heard to say, "that the man who could only argue when he had truth on his side, was nobody; but he who could make falsehood appear to be truth, was the man for him."

Soon after his settlement at Lewes, having ingratiated himself with the widow and daughter of Mr. Ollive, with whom he had lodged till his death, he undertook to manage their affairs, and united to the business of an exciseman that of a grocer and tobacconist. In an evil hour for the unfortunate victim of his cruelty, he persuaded Miss Ollive to become his wife, and thus put himself in possession of an excellent shop of trade and a tobacco mill.

One of his biographers observes, "Elizabeth Ollive was a handsome and worthy woman, eleven years younger than Paine; and had it not been for her unfortunate attachment to him,

might have married to much greater advantage. Upon the occasion of this second marriage, he thought proper to represent himself in the marriage register as a bachelor."

His treatment of this amiable woman, whom he married solely for the sake of her property, impresses upon him a character of monstrous and unparalleled villany. Having pledged their mutual vows before the altar, Mrs. Paine returned to their dwelling in the full confidence that her husband would manifest towards her something of the tenderness and affection due to her sex; and the new and interesting relation upon which she had entered. But from that moment the savage repelled her from his bosom as a stranger. Yes, this boasting advocate of human rights, who shuddered at the barbarity of kings, could deliberately, coldly, and basely violate the first law of his nature, dishonour his parents, and deprive the confiding heart that had sacrificed all for him, of one of the justest rights of humanity, in a case, too, where it was impossible so much as to complain.

To this unhappy creature the endearing name of husband was but a mockery and an insult. She was, indeed, a wife; that is, she had linked her mortal destiny with a man who, in order to secure his victim, pretended, to regard her with the fondness of the most ardent attachment. How bitter must have been her disappointment, to find him the reverse of what he seemed!—a heartless monster, who had bound her with the trammels of law, only that he might squander her property, and agonise her feelings with impunity.

If this be infidel virtue, parents shield the daughters that you love from the possibility of forming alliances with the atrocious disciples of such a school. Be not deceived by their affected concern for the well-being of society. Think not that they are tender-hearted because they have nothing but "*douce humanité*" in their mouth. Even this wretch could talk in raptures of the French revolution "restoring parents to their children, and children to their parents, relations to each other, and man to society." "I ever suspect," says William Cobbett, (mark it, reader,) "I ever suspect the sincerity of a man whose discourse abounds in expressions of universal philanthropy. Nothing is easier than for a person of some imagination to raise himself to a swell of sentiment without the aid of one single feeling of the heart. Rousseau, for instance, is everlastingly babbling about his *genre humain*, ('human race,') and his *cœur aimant et tendre*, ('tender and loving heart,') He writes for the human race; his heart bleeds for the distresses of the human race; and in the midst of all this, he sends his unfortunate children to the poor-house—the receptacle of misery. Virtuous, and tender-hearted, and sympathetic Rousseau!"

Cruel to his wife, Paine was also unjust in

all his dealings. In violation of the solemn oath by which he had obliged himself faithfully to discharge his duties as an exciseman, he engaged without scruple in smuggling practices himself, and connived at the same practices in others, whose assistance he required in the nefarious traffic. Employed by his brother excisemen to draw up their case, in order to obtain for them an increase of salary, he wrote a pamphlet in their behalf, four thousand copies of which were printed at Lewes. A contribution was made by the general body to defray the expenses incurred by this measure, and also to enable them to carry their application to government. Paine undertook their cause, did nothing, pocketed the amount of the printer's bill, (reader, the printer was his particular friend,) and robbed them of an additional sum amounting to more than thirty pounds.

At length his credit failed. By gross habits of intoxication and idleness, he sunk into difficulties and distress, and, in this situation, made over a bill of sale of his whole effects to Mr. Whitfeld, a considerable grocer at Lewes, and his principal creditor. Mr. Whitfeld seeing no prospect of payment, took possession of the premises, and, in April, 1774, disposed of them as his own. The other creditors, thinking themselves outwitted by Whitfeld, and cheated by Paine, had recourse to the rigours of the law. Paine sought concealment for a time in the cock, loft of the White Horse inn. When in after-life he arose to circumstances of comparative affluence, he never chose to remember his pecuniary obligations. He was never known voluntarily to pay a single debt; and in Mr. Rickman's ledger, the father of his bosom friend Clio Rickman, there stands at this moment against the name of Thomas Paine, the sum of twenty-one guineas.

To complete his calamities, he was degraded from his situation in the excise. His forlorn-hope, in his wretchedness, was to induce his wife to purchase emancipation from his tyranny, by paying him thirty-five pounds sterling. How the poor woman procured such a sum we have no means of ascertaining; it was her all, and he kindly fleeced her of every shilling; agreeing, however, to claim no part of whatever property she might hereafter acquire.

He now returned to London; but, in defiance of his solemn engagement not to trouble his wife again, and, perhaps, hoping to wring from her friends a little more money, he once more disturbed her peace. In this mean attempt he did not succeed. They mutually entered into new articles of separation, in which it was declared, on his part, that he "no longer found a wife a convenience;" and on her's, that "she had too long suffered the miseries of such a husband."

Paine now finding that his notoriously bad

character rendered it advisable for him to leave a country where he was known, had the address to procure a recommendation to the late Dr. Franklin, in America, as a person who might, at such a crisis, be useful there. He accordingly sailed for America in September, 1774.

The following letter from his mother to his wife, written about this time, proves that she had the distress of hearing of his crimes and misfortunes, and of feeling for them as a parent naturally feels for a child wicked or unhappy:—

“*Thetford, July 27th, 1774.*”

“DEAR DAUGHTER,

“I must beg leave to trouble you with my inquiries concerning my unhappy son, and your husband. Various are the reports, the which I find came originally from the excise office; such as his ill treatment to you; his secreting upwards of thirty pounds intrusted with him to manage the petition for advance of salary; that since his discharge he have petitioned to be restored, which was rejected with scorn. Since which, I am told, he have left England. To all which, I

beg you will be kind enough to answer me by due course of post. You will not be a little surprised at my so strongly desiring to know what is become of him, after I repeat to you his undutiful behaviour to the tenderest of parents. He never asked of us any thing but what was granted, that were in our poor abilities to do; nay, we even distressed ourselves, whose works are given over by old age, to let him have twenty pounds on bond, and every other tender mark a parent could possibly show a child. His ingratitude, or want of duty, has been such, that he has not wrote to me upwards of two years. If the above account be true, I am heartily sorry that a woman whose character deserves the greatest love and respect, (as I have always on inquiry been informed your's did,) should be tied for life to the worst of husbands.

“I am, dear daughter,

“Your affectionate mother,

“F. PAINE.

“For God's sake, let me have your answer, as I am almost distracted.”

THE CITY STATE SWORD-SHEATH.

“SIR C. MARSHALL submitted, that as the Queen was to come into the City on the 9th of November, it would be necessary to repair the sheath of the City state sword, out of which several pearls had dropped on state days.

“The sword was here produced, and

“The Recorder sharply observed, that it appeared to him that the pearls which had dropped out were the very best that had adorned the sheath.”—*Report in the “Times.”*

ALAS! for the vanity of human wishes and desires. He in whose brain the idea first arose of a City sword—he who first wished for a weapon to defend the corporation—doubtless never dreamt that the day would come when, amid “piping times of peace,” it would require regeneration and repair, that it would reach a stage of corruption and decay, unfitting it to reflect back the light from the lovely eyes of our youthful and gracious Sovereign. Little would it be supposed that, in the race of time, the harness would reach the goal of dissolution and decay before the horse, that the shield of the City would become shorn of its covering, and that the civic gewgaw would become stript of its jewels, and thereby become bereft of its gems, its beauty, and its glory.

Yet such, alas! is the fact, such is the plain, honest, and simple, and naked truth; and it can no longer remain a secret from the world, that some pearls have dropped out of the sheath of the City sword. And having arrived at this all-important, this all-anxious stage of our inquiry, it becomes next our bounden duty to inquire how this unfortunate accident has occurred, how it was brought about, whether by sheer and untoward chance, or by direct connivance and con-

trivance of a brace of cockney citizens; how the stable door came to be stolen, and the steed left; how the lion's skin happened to be abstracted, and the noble animal—the right honourable the lord commissioner of the four-footed foresters—to remain; how the ass's ears came to be cut off, and the ass not taken; how the trowsers were despoiled, and the wearer left in a breechless condition. And in answering these presumptive queries, it will not do to either shirk or shrink from the question; it must be met boldly and bravely, face to face; and, as the vulgar say, (whose words, when speaking of an appropriate subject in an appropriate manner, it is sometimes worth while quoting,) “no mistake about it.”

We must beg leave to repudiate all idea of the pearls having dropped out of the aforesaid sword-sheath by mistake; it is a thing which we never heard of pearls doing, it is a habit which they are not accustomed to; and aware, as they must be, of the important official situation they held among the ranks of the civic jewellery, they would, we are quite sure, have disdained to drop from the lofty eery they occupied, of their own free will and accord. They must have been removed by main force, violence must have been done to their feelings; there must have been a struggle between the pearls and the picker; some “cunningly-devised fable” must have been “got up” to seduce them from their lawful allegiance to the lord mayor and aldermen; there must, we fear, have been something very much like “burling” in the case, when they were ruthlessly re-

moved from the parental shelter of the sword-sheath. The pearls have not been cast before swine, but before one of the anti-swinish multitude—to wit and *videlicet*—a Jew. Is there a Salomon, a Levy, a Hart, a Samuels, an Emanuel, or a Garcia, who knoweth any thing about the pearls of the sword-sheath? If there is, let him or her come boldly forward and confess to “the soft impeachment;” and own that the temptation to prig the pearls was too strong for mortal flesh, unfed and unnourished by pork, to resist. Let them come out of their hiding-places, we say, for the sake of humanity, and on behalf of the suffering state to which the nerves of every civic functionary between Temple-Bar and White-chapel church is reduced on this very lamentable occasion. Our readers would be astonished could they have witnessed the dreadful dilemma into which every one who has the dignity and importance of the City at heart is thrown, at the loss of these pearls. We have many fears for the ultimate consequences. We have been assured, as the newspapers say, “upon competent authority,” that they were “pearls of greatest price;” that they were nonsuches in their way; that they had neither brothers nor sisters at all resembling them; that they stood alone in the world, having neither equal nor superior, and

receiving the due homage and respect of all inferior pearlets.

But, alas! the immutable mutability of all earthly things is come upon them; the power of “passing away” has reference to pearls as well as to persons. They are, for aught we know, now suffering under the various chances and changes of this mortal life. They have left their apartments, vacated their lodgings, changed their quarters, undergone what the French so pathetically call a *changement de domicile*; they are missing; they have strayed or have been stolen; they are found wanting at the bottom of King-street. The sword of civic state groweth rusty; the sheath lacks lustre, it has lost its pearls.

Now what is to be done under these trying circumstances? Why, we think we should——

“Please, sir, I wants your place, to put this here gen’tm’n’s plate in.”

“What?”

The question was repeated.

“Why——What the plague——Well”——

Reader, we beg you ten thousand pardons; we have been writing this at Williams’s *a-la-mode* beef house, in the Old Bailey. We declare we did not know where we were. We must, surely, have been dreaming.

ERHON.

COSMOGONY OF MOSES.

ARTICLE VI.

AND what is this world in the immensity which teems with them? and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little, in its splendour and variety, by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnificence of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf.

After these illustrations of the minuteness and the magnitude of the creation, a mind enlightened by Divine revelation glows with adoring admiration, and pays its duteous and awful homage at the footstool of the supreme Intelligence who called the glorious and stupendous scene into existence. Supposing the original principle—the being of a God—to be established in our conviction, the more we know of the extent of nature the loftier will be our conception of Him who sits in high authority over the concerns of so wide a universe. Is it not adding to the bright catalogue of Divine attributes another glorious gem, when we say that while magnitude does not overpower him, minuteness cannot escape him, and variety cannot bewilder him; and that at the very time while the mind of the Deity is abroad over the whole vastness of creation, there is not one particle of matter, there is not one individual principle of rational or of animal existence, there is not one single world in that expanse which teems with them, that his

eye does not discern as constantly, and his hand does not guide as unerringly, and his Spirit does not watch and care for as vigilantly, as if it formed the one and exclusive object of his attention?

Having thus seized the grand fundamental principle that the whole universe owes its existence and preservation to one eternal Being, infinite in wisdom and power, how delightful is it to range through his creation, amid the innumerable and wonderful displays of his goodness! Of this goodness, as displayed in the works of creation, the proof rests upon two propositions, each capable of being made out by observations drawn from the appearances of nature. The first is,—that in a vast plurality of instances in which contrivance is perceived, the design of the contrivance is beneficial.

The second,—that the Deity has super-added pleasure to animal sensations beyond what was necessary for any other purpose, or when the purpose, so far as it was necessary, might have been effected by the operation of pain.

With regard to the first, we may observe that no production of nature displays contrivance so manifestly as the parts of animals; and the parts of animals have all of them a real and, with very few exceptions, all of them a known and intelligible subserviency to the use of the animal.

Now, when the multitude of animals is considered, the number of parts in each, their figure and fitness, the faculties depending upon them, the variety of species, the complexity of structure, the success—in so many cases—and felicity of the result, we can never reflect without the profoundest adoration upon the character of that Being from whom all these things have proceeded; we cannot help acknowledging what an exertion of benevolence creation was—of a benevolence how minute in its care! how vast in its comprehension!

When we appeal to the parts and faculties of animals in particular, we state, I conceive, the proper medium of proof for the conclusion which we wish to establish. I will not say that the insensible parts of nature are made solely for the sensitive parts; but this I say, that when we consider the benevolence of the Deity, we can only consider it in relation to sensitive being. Without this reference, or referred to any thing else, the attribute has no object, the term has no meaning. Dead matter is nothing; the parts, therefore, especially the limbs and senses of animals, although they constitute, in mass and quantity, a small portion of the material creation, yet, since they alone are instruments of perception, they compose what may be called the whole of visible nature, estimated with a view to the disposition of its Author. Consequently it is in these that we are to seek his character, it is by these that we are to prove that the world was made with a benevolent design.

Nor is the design abortive. It is a happy world after all; the air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view: "the insect youth are on the wing;" swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air; their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation they feel in their lately-discovered faculties. A bee among the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon; its life appears to be all enjoyment, so busy and so pleased; yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race; plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it would seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but this is a state of grati-

fication; what else should fix them so close to the operation, and so long? Other species are running about, with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure; large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves; their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement,) all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the seaside in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the waters. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps, in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then,—what I have no doubt of—each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment, what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing any thing of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run, (which precedes walking,) although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having any thing to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided; happiness is found with the purring cat, no less than with the playful kitten; in the armchair of dozing age, as

well as in either the sprightliness of the dance, or the animation of the chace. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds—what is in no inconsiderable degree an equivalent for them all—“perception of ease;” herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest, whilst, to the Imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important respect the advantage is with the old: a state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure; a constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau, to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures, cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life under all or most of its various forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far—even as an observer of human life—from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one. As a Christian, I am willing to believe that there is a great deal of truth in the following representation, given by a very pious writer, as well as an excellent man:—“To the intelligent and virtuous, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyments, of obedient appetite, of well-regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and dignified state, placed, as it were, in the confines of two worlds, the mind of a good man reviews what is past with the complacency of an approving conscience, and looks forward with humble confidence in the mercy of God, and with devout aspirations towards his eternal and ever-increasing favour.”

What is seen in different stages of the same life, is still more exemplified in the lives of different animals. Animal enjoyments are infinitely diversified. The modes of life to which the organisation of different animals respectively determines them, are not only of various, but of opposite kinds. Yet each is happy in its own; for instance, animals of prey live much alone; animals of a milder constitution, in society: yet the herring which live in shoals, and the sheep which live in flocks, are not more happy in a crowd, or more contented amongst their com-

panions, than is the pike or the lion with the deep solitudes of the pool or the forest.

But it will be said that the instances we have here brought forward, whether of vivacity or repose, or of apparent enjoyment derived from either, are picked and favourable instances. We answer, first, that they are instances, nevertheless, which comprise large provinces of sensitive existence; that every case which we have described is the case of millions. At this moment, and every given moment of time, how many myriads of animals are eating their food, gratifying their appetites, ruminating in their holes, accomplishing their wishes, pursuing their pleasures, taking their pastimes! In each individual, how many things must go right for it to be at ease! yet how large a proportion out of every species is so in every assignable instant! Secondly, we contend, in the terms of our original proposition, that throughout the whole of life, as it is diffused in nature, and as far as we are acquainted with it, looking to the average of sensations, the plurality and preponderancy is in favour of happiness by a vast excess. In our own species, in which, perhaps, the assertion may be more questionable than in any other, the preponderancy of good over evil,—of health, for example,—and ease over pain and distress, is evinced by the very notice which calamities excite. What inquiries does the sickness of our friends produce! what conversation their misfortunes! This shows that the common course of things is in favour of happiness; that happiness is the rule, misery the exception. Were the order reversed, our attention would be called to examples of health and competency, instead of disease and want.

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of the Creator, is the very extensiveness of his bounty. We prize but little what we share only in common with the rest or with the generality of our species. When we hear of blessings we think forthwith of successes, of prosperous fortunes, of honours, riches, preferences, that is, of those advantages and superiorities over others which we happen either to possess, or to be in pursuit of, or to covet. The common benefits of our nature entirely escape us; yet these are the great things; these constitute what most properly ought to be accounted blessings of Providence, what alone—if we might so speak—are worthy of its care. Nightly rest, and daily bread, the ordinary use of our limbs, and senses, and understandings, are gifts which admit of no comparison with any other; yet, because almost every man we meet with possesses these, we leave them out of our enumeration; they raise no sentiment, they move no gratitude. Now, herein is our judgment perverted by our selfishness. A blessing ought, in truth, to be the more satisfactory; the bounty, at least, of the donor is rendered more conspicuous

by its very diffusion, its commonness, its cheapness, by its falling to the lot and forming the happiness of the great bulk and body of our species as well as of ourselves. Nay, even when we do not possess it, it ought to be matter of thankfulness that others do; but we have a different way of thinking. We court distinction; that is not the worst—we see nothing but what has distinction to recommend it. This necessarily contracts our views of the Creator's beneficence within a narrow compass; and most unjustly. It is in those things which are so common as to be no distinction, that the amplitude of the Divine benignity is perceived.

But pain and privations no doubt exist in numerous instances, and to a degree which, collectively, would be very great if they were compared with any other thing than with the mass of animal fruition. For the application, therefore of our proposition to that mixed state of things which these exceptions induce, two rules are necessary; and both, I think, just and fair rules. one is, that we regard those effects alone which are accompanied with proofs of intention; the other, that when we cannot resolve all appearances into benevolence of design, we make the few give place to the many, the little to the great: that we take our judgment from a large and decided preponderancy, if there be one. When God created the human species, either he wished their happiness, or he wished their misery, or he was indifferent and unconcerned about either.

If he had wished our misery, he might have made sure for his purpose, by forming our senses to be so many sores and pains to us, as they are now instruments of gratification and enjoyment: or by placing us amidst objects so ill suited to our perceptions, as to have continually offended us, instead of ministering to our refreshment and delight. For example, he might have made every thing we tasted bitter; every thing we saw loathsome; every thing we touched a sting; every smell a stench; and every sound a discord.

If he had been indifferent about our happiness or misery, we must impute to our good fortune (as all design by this supposition is excluded) both the capacity of our senses to receive pleasure, and the supply of external objects fitted to produce it. But either of these, and still more both, being too much to be attributed to accident, nothing remains but the first supposition, that God, when he created the human species, wished their happiness, and made for them the provision which he has made with that view, and for that purpose. The same argument may be proposed in different terms, thus: Contrivance proves design; and the predominant tendency of the contrivance indicates the disposition of the designer. The world abounds with contrivances: and all the contrivances which we are acquainted with are directed to beneficial purposes. Evil,

no doubt, exists; but is never, that we can perceive, the object of contrivance. Teeth are contrived to eat, not to ache; their aching now and then is incidental to the contrivance, perhaps inseparable from it; or even, if you will, let it be called a defect in the contrivance, but it is not the object of it. This is a distinction which well deserves to be attended to. In describing implements of husbandry, you would hardly say of the sickle that it is made to cut the reaper's hand; though from the construction of the instrument, and the manner of using it, this mischief often follows. But if you had occasion to describe instruments of torture or execution, this engine, you would say, is to extend the sinews; this to dislocate the joints, this to break the bones; this to scorch the soles of the feet. Here pain and misery are the very objects of the contrivance. Now nothing of this sort is to be found in the works of nature. We never discover a train of contrivance to bring about an evil purpose. No anatomist ever discovered a system of organisation calculated to produce pain and disease; or, in explaining the parts of the human body, ever said, this is to irritate; this to inflame; this duct is to convey the gravel to the kidneys; this gland to secrete the humour which forms the gout: if by chance he come at a part he knows not the use of, the most he can say is, that it is useless; no one ever suspects that it is put there to incommode, to annoy, or to torment.

Our second proposition is, "that the Deity has added pleasure to animal sensation; beyond what was necessary for any other purpose; or when the purpose, so far as it was necessary, might have been effected by the operation of pain." This proposition may be thus explained: The capacities, which according to the established course of nature are necessary to the support or preservation of an animal, however manifestly they may be the result of an organisation contrived for the purpose, can only be deemed an act, or a part of the same will as that which decreed the existence of the animal itself; because, whether the creation proceeded from a benevolent or malevolent being, these capacities must have been given, if the animal existed at all. Animal properties, therefore, which fall under this description, do not strictly prove the goodness of God: they may prove the existence of the Deity; they may prove a high degree of power and intelligence; but they do not prove his goodness; for as much as they must have been found in any creation which was capable of continuance, although it is possible to suppose, that such a creation might have been produced by a being whose views rested upon misery. But there is a class of properties which may be said to be superadded from an intention expressly directed to happiness; an intention to give a happy existence, distinct from

the general intension of providing the means of existence; and that is, of capacities for pleasure, in cases wherein, so far as the conservation of the individual or of the species is concerned, they were not wanted; or wherein the purpose might have been secured by the operation of pain. The provision which is made of a variety of objects not necessary to life, and ministering only to our pleasures, and the properties given to the necessities of life themselves, by which they contribute to pleasure as well as preservation, show a further design than that of giving existence. A single instance will make all this clear. Assuming the necessity of food for the support of animal life, it is requisite that the animal be provided with organs, fitted for the procuring, receiving, and digesting of its food. It may be also necessary that the animal be impelled by its sensations to exert its organs. But the pain of hunger would do all this—why add pleasure to the act of eating? sweetness and relish to food? why a new and appropriate sense for the perception of the pleasure? Why should the juice of a peach, applied to the palate, affect the part so differently from what it does when rubbed upon the palm of the hand? This is a constitution which, so far as appears to me, can be resolved into nothing but the pure benevolence of the Creator. Eating is necessary; but the pleasure attending it is not necessary; and that this pleasure depends, not only upon our being in possession of the sense of taste, which is different from every other, but upon a particular state of the organ in which it resides—a felicitous adaptation of the organ to the object—will be confessed by any one who may happen to have experienced that vitiation of taste which frequently occurs in fevers, when every taste is irregular, and every one bad.

In mentioning the gratifications of the palate, it may be said that we have made choice of a trifling example: I am not of that opinion. They afford a share of enjoyment to man; but to brutes I believe that they are of very great importance. A horse at liberty passes a great part of his waking hours in eating. To the ox, the sheep, the deer, and other ruminating animals, the pleasure is doubled. Their whole time almost is divided between browsing upon their pasture, and chewing their cud. Whatever the pleasure be, it is spread over a large portion of their existence. If there be animals, such as the lupous fish, which swallow their prey whole and at once, without any time, as it should seem, for either drawing out or relishing the taste in the mouth, is it an improbable conjecture that the seat of taste with them is in the stomach; or, at least, that a sense of pleasure, whether it be taste or not, accompanies the dissolution of the food in that receptacle, which dissolution in general is carried on very slowly? If this opinion be right, they are more than repaid for the defect of palate.

The feast lasts as long as the digestion. In seeking for argument, we need not stay to insist upon the comparative importance of our example; for the observation holds equally of all, or of three at least, of the other senses. The necessary purposes of hearing might have been answered without harmony; of smell without fragrance; of vision without beauty. Now, if the Deity, as we before said, were indifferent about our happiness or misery, we must impute to our good fortune (as all design by this supposition is excluded) both the capacity of our senses to receive pleasure, and the supply of external objects fitted to excite it. I allege these as two felicitous, for they are different things, yet both necessary: the sense being formed, the objects which were applied to it might not have suited it; the objects being fixed, the sense might not have agreed with them; a coincidence is here required, which no accident can account for. There are three possible suppositions upon the subject, and no more:—The first, that the sense, by its original constitution, was made to suit the object;—the second, that the object, by its original constitution, was made to suit the sense;—the third, that the sense is so constituted as to be able, either universally or within certain limits, by habit and familiarity, to render every object pleasant. Whichever of these suppositions we adopt, the effect evinces, on the part of the Author of nature, a studious benevolence.

If the pleasures which we derive from any of our senses depend upon an original congruity between the sense and the properties perceived by it, we know by experience, that the adjustment demanded, with respect to the qualities which were conferred upon the objects which surround us, not only choice and selection, out of a boundless variety of possible qualities, with which these objects might have been endued, but a proportioning also of degree, because an excess, or defect of intensity spoils the perception, as much almost as an error in the kind and nature of the quality. Likewise, the degree of dulness or acuteness in the sense itself is no arbitrary thing, but in order to preserve the congruity here spoken of, requires to be in an exact or near correspondency with the strength of the impression. The dulness of the senses forms the complaint of old age. Persons in fevers, and, I believe in most maniacal cases, experience great torment, from their preternatural acuteness. An increased, no less than an impaired sensibility, induces a state of disease and suffering.

The doctrine of a specific congruity between animal senses and their objects, is strongly favoured by what is observed of insects in the election of their food. Some of these will feed upon one kind of plant or animal, and upon no other: some caterpillars upon the cabbage alone; some upon the black currant alone. The species of caterpillar which eats the vine will starve

upon the elder; nor will that which we find upon fennel touch the rose-bush. Some insects confine themselves to two or three kinds of plants or animals. Some, again, show so strong a preference as to afford reason to believe that, though they may be driven by hunger to others, they are led by the pleasure of taste to the few particular plants alone; and all this, as it should seem, independently of habit or imitation. But should we accept the third hypothesis, and even carry it so far as to ascribe every thing which concerns the question to habit, (as in certain species, the human species most particularly, there is reason to attribute something,) we have then before us an animal capacity, not less perhaps to be admired than the native congruities which the other scheme adopts. It cannot be shown to result from any fixed necessity in nature, that what is frequently applied to the senses should of course become agreeable to them. It is, so far as it subsists, a power of accommodation provided in these senses by the Author of their structure, and forms a part of their perfection.

In whichever way we regard the senses, they appear to be specific gifts ministering not only to preservation, but to pleasure. But what we usually call the senses are probably themselves far from being the only vehicles of enjoyment, or the whole of our constitution, which is calculated for the same purpose. We have many internal sensations of the most agreeable kind, hardly referrible to any of the five senses. Some physiologists have held, that all secretion is pleasurable; and that the complacency which in health, without any external assignable object to excite it, we derive from life itself, is the effect of our secretions going on well within us. All this may be true; but if true, what reason can be assigned for it except the will of the Creator? It may reasonably be asked, Why is any thing a pleasure? And I know no answer which can be returned to the question, but that which refers it to appointment. We can give no account of our pleasures in the simple and original perception; and even when physical sensations are assumed, we can seldom account for them in the secondary and complicated shapes in which they take the name of diversions. I never yet met with a sportsman who could tell me in what the sport consisted; who could resolve it into its principles, and state that principle.

The "quantum in rebus inane," whether applied to our amusements or to our graver pursuits, (to which in truth it sometimes equally belongs), is always an unjust complaint. If trifles engage, and if trifles make us happy, the true reflection suggested by the experiment is upon the tendency of nature to gratification and enjoyment; which is, in other words, the goodness of its Author towards his sensitive creation.

Rational natures, also, as such, exhibit qualities which help to confirm the truth of our position. The degree of understanding found in mankind is usually much greater than what is necessary for mere preservation. The pleasure of choosing for themselves, and of prosecuting the object of their choice, should seem to be an original source of enjoyment. The pleasures received from things great, beautiful, or new, from imitation, or from the liberal arts, are in some measure not only superadded, but are mixed gratifications, having no pains to balance them.

I do not know whether our attachment to property be not something more than the mere dictate of reason, or even than the mere effect of association. Property communicates a charm to whatever is the object of it. It is the first of our abstract ideas; it cleaves to us the closest and the longest. It endears to the child its plaything, to the peasant his cottage, to the landholder his estate. It supplies the place of prospect and scenery. Instead of coveting the beauty of distant situations, it teaches every man to find it in his own. It gives boldness and grandeur to plains and fens; tinge and colouring to clays and fallows.

All these considerations come in aid of our second proposition. The reader will now bear in mind what our two propositions were. They were, first, that in a vast plurality of instances, in which contrivance is perceived, the design of the contrivance is beneficial; secondly, that the Deity has added pleasure to animal sensations beyond what was necessary for any other purpose; or when the purpose, so far as it was necessary, might have been effected by the operation of pain. Whilst these propositions can be maintained, we are authorised to ascribe to the Deity the character of benevolence; and what is benevolence at all, must in him be infinite benevolence, by reason of the infinite, that is to say, the incalculably great number of objects upon which it is exercised.

STATISTICS OF CRIME AT PRESTON.

BY THE REV. JOHN CLAY; READ AT THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY, AND PRINTED IN THE ATHENÆUM.

THE second paper read stated, first, the number of persons committed for felony to Preston gaol in each year, together with the result of their trials, and the nature of their sentences, at

length. One gratifying fact which this exhibits is worthy of notice, namely, that the number of committals has considerably decreased within the last two years, the average of that period being less by 23 per cent. than the average of the four preceding years. The results of the trials also indicate the offences to have been of a much less serious character than during former years. The proportion of offences was then compared with the population of the several towns and districts in which they were committed. In the district of Pendle Forest, containing more than 7000 inhabitants, and in Oswaldtwistle, containing 5697 inhabitants, the number of offences in two years was only one in each. In the other fifteen districts the average fluctuates between one offender in 2853 inhabitants to one in 530. Mr. Clay had examined these proportions in order to discover whether they indicated any excess of crime in either the manufacturing or the agricultural districts; but he found that any reference to the employment of the population would fail to afford an adequate cause for the disparity; thence he concludes, that these variations are not differences in the amount of *real* crime, but only in that which is *detected*—that there exists no great real disparity in the moral state of the inhabitants of the several districts, but that irregular characters are more closely watched, and the police more efficient in some places than in others, and that consequently the laws are not enforced with that uniformity which is essential to their proper efficacy.

Two causes likely to affect any comparisons between the amount of crime existing in different districts are, proximity to a large town, which will occasion an increase in the number of offences, although the population of the district may share in them to a very small extent; and a difference in the practice of disposing of cases by summary conviction instead of committing the parties to the Quarter Sessions.

Another circumstance to be taken into consideration is, the difference between the number of offences committed at a place, and the number of offenders resident there.

From all these circumstances, it is almost impossible, in the present state of criminal statistics in this country, to form any correct estimate of the comparative morality of different districts.

The next point noticed was the ages of the prisoners, divided into periods of five or ten years, and the proportion which the number within each period bears to the total population in the same class.

Thus, of 1046 persons committed in five years,

71 or $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. were under 15 years of age.
 289 ... $27\frac{1}{2}$... between 15 and 20.
 361 ... 34 ... 20 and 30.
 167 ... 16 ... 30 and 40.
 84 ... 8 ... 40 and 50.
 67 ... 7 ... above 50.

Taking the average yearly committals for four years, and comparing each of the above classes with the gross publication, as given in the census of 1831, it appears that the proportion of yearly offences to the population, between the ages of 10 and 15, was one to 2076 persons; between 15 and 20 one in 500; between 21 and 30 one in 583; between 31 and 40 one in 1238; between 41 and 50 one in 1406; and above 50 one in 2453.

Thus it is shown that 35 per cent. of the number of offences is committed by persons under 20 years of age, and 34 per cent. by persons between 20 and 30, after which age the proneness to crime seems to diminish rapidly; but it is to be observed, that criminals are not long lived, and many are transported.

It appears, also, that the proportion of crimes committed by persons between 15 and 20 years of age exceeds that committed by persons of any other class; and this latter point must be taken into consideration in any estimate of the prevalence of crime among persons of one age compared with those of another. It must be remembered that the number of persons existing at any one time of a certain age, considerably exceeds the number existing of another age; and hence, although the greatest numerical amount of offence existed among persons between 21 and 30 years of age, yet the greatest proportionate amount was among those between 15 and 20.

Offences committed by children under 15 are equal in number to those committed by persons between 40 and 50, which is doubtless the direct consequence of parental neglect.

These reports contain valuable statements as to the causes which led to violations of the law, exhibited sometimes in connexion with the nature of the offences, sometimes with the ages of the offenders. The information was obtained chiefly by personal inquiry from the prisoners themselves, who are stated generally to manifest a great degree of candour in detailing the circumstances connected with their offences.

The following is an abstract of 723 cases:—

Drunkenness	375
Want	50
Temptation	19
Neglect of parents	6
Weak intellects	6
Combination	11
Idleness and bad company	52
Idleness and ignorance	18
Confirmed bad habits	16
Alleged innocence and various causes	170

723

It hence appears that no less than 375, or 52 per cent., arose from drunkenness directly connected with the crime; either from offences which took place in public houses and beer shops, or when the offender, or party upon whom the

offence was committed, was in a state of intoxication. Mr. Clay expresses his opinion, that if all the particulars connected with a criminal's guilt were made known, or if his general habits could be ascertained, drunkenness, which now appears to account for 52 per cent. of the offences, would manifest itself as being little short of the universal cause of criminality.

A comparison of the causes of crime with the ages of the offenders, shows that the influence of intoxication in causing crime is greatest between the ages of 20 and 30.

In the two principal classes of offences, felonies and assaults, the number of the latter arising from intoxication was 74 per cent. of the whole, while the felonies, from the same cause, did not exceed 58 per cent.

The occupations of the persons indicted for felonies during three years were noticed, showing that of 550 men and boys, 268, or 48½ per cent., were immediately connected with manufactures; 78, or 14 per cent., were labourers; and 26, or 5 per cent., were tramps. The remaining 22½ per cent. comprehended persons engaged in various trades, or occupations of a mixed nature.

Upon the subject of the influence of the factory system in producing crime, the Report remarked, that the rigid discipline, vigilance, and ceaseless activity, in cotton mills, precludes opportunity for concerting the commission of crime.

The following statement was given of the degree of instruction which had been received by each individual:—

Of 340 men, 153, or 43 per cent., were altogether unable to read; 82, or 23 per cent., were barely able to read.

Of the remainder, 76, or 22 per cent., could read easy sentences, while only 41, or 13 per cent., could read well.

Of the 340 men, 25 could write their names; 17 others could write a little; 14 could write tolerably well; and only 10 could write with any facility.

Of 78 women, 33, or 43 per cent., were unable to read; 28, or 36 per cent., could barely read; 12, or 15 per cent., could read easy sentences; and 5, or 7 per cent., only could read well.

Of the 78 women, 4 could write their names; 2 others could write a little; and 2 could write well.

From which it appears that, instruction in reading is less general in this district among females than among males. The proportion of females instructed in writing is also much smaller.

The Report contained some just remarks upon the frequent misapplication of the term education. It was stated, that it is certainly mistaking the means for the end, to suppose that a man is educated, when, by having been taught to use books, he is only put into a capacity for attaining education—that is, for cultivating his understanding, and learning to regulate his principles. It was added, that of the 398 prisoners who could in some degree read and write, there were not more than 14 or 15 to whom the term "educated" was at all applicable.

A great difference was noticed between the state of instruction among the criminals at Preston and those in the gaols of London. It appears from the report of the Chaplain of Cold Bath Fields, that of 966 prisoners, the uneducated portion amounted to 103, and the educated to 863. Thus, while at Preston the number of uneducated criminals is considerably more than double that of the educated, in London the proportion of uneducated is only one-ninth. London, it was said, is the attractive centre and receptacle for the greatest portion of the trained thieves in the kingdom, who subsist by a skill dependent on education, or rather knowledge; while the criminals of a neighbourhood like that around Preston are such as have been born within it, and therefore furnish better data for estimating the moral value of education.

The last point noticed in the Report related to the state of religious instruction among the prisoners. In 1836, there were in 198 persons only 8 persons who possessed any competent knowledge of the Christian religion; and 116 were wholly unable to answer the simplest questions about it. It was remarked as an omission of the greatest importance, that no information was given respecting the number and circumstances of relapsed criminals; and that great misconception prevails with respect to the extent of crime and the number of habitual criminals, it being a fact that the number of criminals bears a small proportion to the number of offences committed, so that the government might readily adopt measures for confining or otherwise ridding the country of its whole criminal population.

BEARDS AND WIGS.

THAT very important and unexpected effects arise from the most trivial causes, is to be discovered in every page of history, as well as in every line of the passing volume of life. Circumstances, to all appearance, the most inconsequential and insignificant, have not only dipped

thousands of pens in the bitter ink of controversy, produced infinite envy, heart-burning, and calumny, but have also turned the ploughshare and the pruning-hook into weapons of bloodshed and destruction.

Turning away, with alarm, from the subject at

large, which would be little less than the history of the world, permit me to call your attention to the virulent animosities which have been created, among a large and powerful part of mankind, in different ages, by the modes of dressing the hair, wearing beards, and weaving periwigs.

It is not with any view to instruct you that I mention the great veneration which in former times has been paid to the hair, but to give somewhat of order and arrangement to the weighty matter under my immediate consideration. That the tresses of pious virgins were thought an acceptable offering to their tutelary goddess, is well known by every classical student; nor is it less an object of common literary knowledge that, among the Greek and Romans, the first fruits of the human temples, as well as of the chin, were claimed, with great ceremony, by the altars of Bacchus, Neptune, and other presiding divinities. In later times, but in the early part of our era, (you perceive I write as a Christian,) an oath was supposed to demand instant conviction, when a man swore by his hair; and the act of salutation was never so graceful or acceptable as when it was accompanied by the plucking an hair from the head, and presenting it to the person who was the object of respectful attention. The offering the hair to be cut was an acknowledgment of sovereignty, and an acceptance of the offer was considered as an assurance of adoption. The serf, or bondsman, was distinguished by the shortness of his hair; and the insolvent debtor, on resigning himself to the future service of his creditor, presented potent scissors, whose instant sharpness was applied to his flowing locks, the marks of that freedom he no longer possessed.

Long hair being at this period the distinguishing proof of a gentleman, and, of course, an object of great care and attention, became a subject for pulpit sarcasm; and religious oratory did not fail to make the churches echo with the crime of toilet assiduity. At length, however, some of the younger clergy, sighing after the appearance of fashionable life, ventured upon the reigning mode, and gave a new *ton* to clerical *cœffure*, which was soon adopted by a long train of their complying brethren. This schism in dress caused the ecclesiastics to turn the tide of invective from the lay world to each other, and produced a division in the church, which drew forth, through no small period, the retaliating menaces of damnation from the long-haired and short-haired clergy.

The respect which has been shown to the beard, in all parts of the civilised, and in some parts of the uncivilised world, is well known to the slightest erudition; nay, a certain prejudice in its favour still exists even in the countries where the razor has long been omnipotent. This impression seems to arise very naturally from the habit of associating with it those ideas of expe-

rience and wisdom of which it is the emblem. It cannot wait upon the follies of youth; its bushy and descending honours are not known to grace the countenance of early life; and though it may be said in some degree to grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, it continues to flourish in our decline, and attains its most honourable form and beauty when the knees tremble, the voice grows shrill, and the pate is bare.

When the bold and almost blasphemous pencil of the enthusiastic painter has aimed at representing the Creator of the world upon the canvas, a flowing beard has ever been one of the characteristic and essential marks of the Supreme Divinity. The pagan Jupiter, and the graver inhabitants of Olympus, would not be known without this majestic ornament. Philosophy, till our days, has considered it as the appropriate symbol of its profession. Judaic superstition, Egyptian wisdom, Attic elegance, and Roman virtue, have been its fond protectors. To make it an object of dissension, and alternately to consider it as a sign of orthodoxy or the standard of heresy, was reserved for the fanatical zeal of the antichristian church.

In more modern times, not only provincial and national, but general councils have been convened, synods have been summoned, ecclesiastical congregations and cloistered chapters of every denomination have been assembled, to consider, at different periods, the character of this venerable growth of the human visage; infinite disputes have been, of course, engendered, sometimes with respect to its form, at other times in regard to its existence. Religion interested itself in one age in contending for that pointed form to which nature conducts it; at a succeeding period, anathemas have been denounced against those who refused to give it a rounder shape; and to these, other denunciations have followed, which changed it to the square or the scollop. But while religious caprice—for religionists, sorry am I to say it, seem to be troubled with caprices—quarrelled about form and shape, the disputes were confined within the pale of the western church; but when the beard lessened into whiskers, and the scythe of ecclesiastical discipline threatened to mow down every hair from off the face, the east sounded the alarm, and the churches of Asia and Africa took up the cause, and supported with all the violence of argument and remonstrance those honours of the chin that they still preserve, and to which the existing inhabitants of those climates offer up a perpetual incense.

In the history of the Gallic Church, (for by some unaccountable accident I have sometimes stumbled upon a page of ecclesiastical story,) the scenes of religious comedy still live in description. For example: a bearded bishop appears at the door of a cathedral in all the pomp of

prelacy, and demands installation to the diocese to which he is appointed. He is there met by a troop of beardless canons, and refused admittance unless he will employ the golden scissors they present to him, to cut that flowing ornament from his face, which they would think a disgrace to their own, as well as to the religion they profess. This same history, also, is not barren of examples, where the sturdy prelate has turned indignant from the disgraceful proposal, and sought the enforcing aid of sovereign power, which has not always been able, without much difficulty, to compel the reluctant chapter to acknowledge a bearded diocesan. Others, unwilling to risk or delay the power and wealth of an episcopal throne for the sake of a cumbrous bush of hair, have, by the ready sacrifice of their beards, been installed amid acclamations and hosannas, as disgraceful as they were undeserved. It may appear still more ridiculous, but it is no less true, that some of these bishops have compounded the matter with their refractory clergy, in giving up the greater part of the beard, but retaining the growth of the upper lip in the form of whiskers. The idea of a bishop *en moustaches* must trouble the spirit of a modern Christian; but such there have been, who, in the act of sacrificing to the God of peace, have exhibited the fierce terrific aspect of a German pioneer.

At length the persecuted beard, which has been the object of such faithful veneration, finds in our quarter of the globe (if we except the corner of European Turkey) its only asylum in the Capuchin cloister; unless we add the casual protection which is given to it by the fanatical Jew or mendicant hermit.

The wig, peruke, or periwig, with the clerical tonsure, have been the cause of as much ecclesiastical contention as the Arian and Athanasian schisms. The last century experienced all its fury, which would not have given way to less important events than the Edict of Nantes and the Questions of Jansenius. The former turned bigotry to a more engaging object, and lost common sense in astonishment; while the latter opened a new vent in the combustious volcano of religious discord.

The first wig which is mentioned in history was the hairy skin of a goat, which the daughter of Saul is related to have employed to save the life of her husband. In a succeeding age, Xenophon makes mention of the periwig of Astyages, the grandfather of Cyrus; and describes the astonishment which seized the royal boy on beholding his ancestor so majestically covered. Suidas and Tacitus both bear testimony that Hannibal, of Carthage, wore a peruke, and that his wardrobe was furnished with a very large assortment of wigs, of all kinds, fashions, and colours, not only for the purpose of magnificence, but also from the policy which frequently obliged him to change his appearance.

The Romans, and in particular the fashionable ladies of Rome, had great recourse to false hair; that of a white colour was the *ton* in Ovid's days; and it was imported from Germany, where it was common:—

*"Nunc tibi captivos mittit Germania crines;
Cultu triumphata munere gentis eris."*

This courtly gallant poet is very severe upon the custom; Martial has made it the subject of several epigrams; and Juvenal charges Messalina with wearing the adscititious ornament of her head to obtain concealment in the pursuit of her debaucheries. The ladies of the present day may, therefore, shelter themselves behind the greater extravagance of the female Romans. The latter imported their borrowed locks from a foreign country, while the former are contented with the spoils of death in their own, and do not shudder at mingling with their own tresses such as are furnished by the fatal hand of disease in hospitals and infirmaries.

Louis XIII., of France, having lost his hair, was obliged to ask, or, as he was king, I should rather say, command, the comfortable aid of a periwig; and the necessity of the sovereign cut off all the hair of his fashionable subjects. Louis XIV. annexed great dignity to his peruke, which he increased to an enormous size, and made a lion's mane the object of its similitude. That monarch, who daily studied the part of a king, was never seen with his head uncovered but by the barber who shaved him. It was not his practice to exchange his wig for a night-cap till he was enclosed by his curtains, when a page received the former from his hand, and delivered it to him in the morning before he undrew them. The figure of the great Bourbon must at times have been truly ridiculous. But of ridiculous figures—had I lived in the reign of good Queen Anne, my thread-paper form and baby face must have been adorned with a full-bottom periwig, as large as that which bedecks the head and shoulders of Mr. Justice Blackstone, when he scowls at the unhappy culprit who is arraigned before him.

It is, I believe, very generally known, that there is no small number of the clergy who love a little of the *ton* as well as the ungodly laymen: the question, therefore, of wearing wigs, with the form of ecclesiastical tonsure, became a matter of bitter controversy; and the first *petit-maitre* of a clergyman, who was bold enough to appear in a wig, was called *le patriarche des ecclésiastiques emperruqués*. At this time was published the famous book in favour of periwigs, with the admirable title of "Absalom," whose melancholy fate was caused by his hair; and I remember in the humorous exhibition of sign painters, with which I think Bonnel Thornton amused the town some years ago, that he adopted this idea in a representation of the Jewish prince suspended in mid-air, as related in Holy Writ, which

was entitled "A Sign for Peruke makers." Tom Warton, of Oxford, wrote a little Latin *jeu d'esprit* on the subject of wigs, with their applications and effects, of which it concerns me to remember no more than that it possessed his usual latinity and classical humour. Hogarth also employed his pencil to ridicule the full bottoms, especially the aldermanic ones of the last coronation, with his accustomed success. But of the histories that relate to this subject, the most extraordinary, and which will be hardly credited by posterity, is the petition delivered by the peruke makers of London to his present majesty, praying him, for the benefit of their trade, to resume the wig he had been pleased to lay aside: and, what adds to the ridicule, as well as the impudence of the measure, I have been informed, by a spectator of their procession, that a considerable number of them actually wore their hair, though they openly avowed the sacrilegious wish to pluck that ornament from the pate of sovereignty.

In the Augustan age of the Roman empire, the wit and the satirist have employed their different weapons against the prevailing attentions to the decorations of the hair; and Seneca, in

one of his epistles, writes with solemn indignation against the Roman toilets, which he describes in the precise form and process of our own. Some of the fathers were equally severe against the female coquettes of their time, as their denunciations seem to be more particularly levelled at the fairer part of the creation. One of them, in particular, declares, that they who employ their hours in arranging their hair, instead of performing the duty of Christians, sacrifice to the fabled deities of impurity.

But, to conclude my unsuspected learning on this subject, I must add the curious reproach of Tertullian against the high head-dresses, as well as the practice of dying the hair, so prevalent in his day. He concludes his earnest address on this subject to the ladies, by impressing on their attention the sacred text, that we cannot make an hair white or black, or cause the least addition to our stature; and reproaches them on employing the above-mentioned arts of the toilet to effect both these purposes, and thereby giving an express lie to the Divine declaration of the Gospel.—*Lord Lyttleton's Letters.*

REVIEW.

The Progress of Creation considered with reference to the present Condition of the Earth. By MARY ROBERTS. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1837.

THIS is really a very elegant volume, full of valuable matter, illustrated by fourteen steel and wood engravings, and printed and bound in a manner which must please the most fastidious. We have but little acquaintance with its fair author, (for how is it possible in these busy days to know a tithe of those who press forward to literary fame?) but we are sure that the mind which could produce a volume like that on our table, is destined to extensive usefulness. The crowded state of our pages will not allow us to go into the subject of this book as we would otherwise do, but we will quote a paragraph or two from the preface, illustrative of the sound principles on which the work is constructed, and will then extract a single passage from the book itself, to show the interesting manner in which the author has executed her task.

"My meditations on this subject have led me to pass on to the present condition of the earth, and to consider its animal and vegetable productions with an especial reference to the benefits which they confer on man. I have further observed their adaptation to different portions of the globe, and how wonderfully the most inhospitable regions are rendered habitable by the location of some peculiar species. Remarkable phenomena on the surface of the earth have been also pointed out; and, in so doing, I must confess my obligations to the learned author of the 'Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mosaic Geologies,' and to 'Cuvier's Essay on the Theory of the Earth'."

"Throughout this volume, I have ever kept in view, that the heavens and earth were finished, and all the host of them, in six days; and that no theory, however plausible, can be admitted in opposition to the Divine record."

We select the following passage on the means by which the beds of the great rivers were first formed:—

"If a flood of waters was to descend for the first time from a mountainous source, and spread itself along a level country, and increase by means of the waters that continually followed with

equal violence and rapidity, what would be the natural consequence? If the first rushing waters found no bed ready to receive them, no channel through which to flow, they would spread themselves in all directions, and roll on in a state of wild and uncontrolled inundation, or rush tumultuously down some steep declivity, to overflow the lower ground. Most assuredly they could not form for themselves a narrow and confined channel, below the level of the plain, and between upright banks. Let any one, for instance, survey the course of the Rhine, and see that majestic river flowing for upwards of thirty miles, from the Seven Mountains to Cologne, through a vast and level plain, and in a bed, whose uniform breadth appears in the distance, like an azure ribbon drawn along that plain, and he will be sensible that the gradual diffusion of even a considerable stream could not have formed for that river the deep channel through which it flows. For let us consider what the bed of a river really is. It is a vast and extensive trench, and we know that in the forming of a trench, considerable labour is required; the soil must be thrown out with care, and the stones removed. But this could not be done by the action of the waters. The Danube, for example, could never have won its way to the Black Sea, a distance of seven hundred leagues, and often through a level country; where the land, on either side the banks, slopes considerably; yet over these the waters are prevented from falling, by the restraint of their banks, when without them, the surrounding country would be liable to perpetual inundations. In tracing the original formation of these river-beds, and of the valleys through which they occasionally pass, we must again refer to the era of the deluge. When the waters which had overwhelmed the earth began to roll towards the place that was assigned them, they must have produced on the soft and yielding earth, effects proportioned to their rapidity and weight. Currents of such mighty power, when driven forward by the wind that was made to pass over them, were fully adequate to furrow the soil, and to excavate the valleys. The winds, therefore, and the currents, produced those undulations on the surface of the earth, which are either gently sloping hollows, or deep valleys, or those deeper channels that form the beds of rivers, which are so turned in many places from the nearest seas, and conducted through extensive inland regions, that it is impossible to contemplate them, without being forcibly struck with the excellency of their arrangement. This is especially discoverable in the Danube, and the Ganges, the Nile, and the Amazon. The direction of all these rivers is determined by the valleys in which they begin to flow. The first formation of those valleys must therefore be ascribed to Him who sendeth the springs to flow among them, and who by their means gives drink to every beast of the field. Were it not for this admirable method of irrigating the earth, the whole system of vegetation must necessarily perish.

"The varied arrangement of those depressions, which are called valleys, and their connexion, both with mountains and with rivers, can therefore only be referred to the one 'Great Cause from which all things proceed.' And it is a blessed thing to refer them to that one 'Great Cause.' Every thing shall live whither the river cometh,* and why? Because a channel is cut for each, and all are collectively directed, where they are most wanted. But if the streams had overflowed, when the waters gushed out, without confinement or direction, many portions of the earth would have perished, either because the rivers could not have extended to them; or because the unconfined waters would have stagnated, or have pursued the nearest declivities that tended to the sea. Instead of this, God cut out the rivers among the rocks, and sent the springs into the valleys.† He cleft the earth with rivers,‡ and thus watered its separate portions.

'The sea, the sea, the deep proud sea!'

"What a glorious prospect is afforded by its vast expanse! How admirably are all things adjusted for the convenience of this world! What boundaries are set to the wild impetuosity of the billows! At one time high mural rocks forbid their encroachments; at another, smooth sand is placed for the bound of the sea, by a perpetual decree that it cannot pass it, and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet they cannot prevail; though they roar, yet they cannot pass over it." Jer. v. 22. pp. 260—262.

We cannot resist the temptation we feel to place before our readers the following beautiful passage with which the volume closes; assured that such a book must commend itself to the judgment of every enlightened mind:—

* Ezekiel xlvii. 9. † Psalm civ. 10. ‡ Habak. iii. 9.

"One thousand millions of human beings are conjectured to exist upon this revolving planet. But who can number the quadrupeds and birds, the fishes that pass along the great waters, and the insect population that inhabit every leaf and opening flower. Examine a map of the world. There are the Alps and the Rhipæan hills, and Caucasus, and the magnificent sweep of the Andes. There are the Cordilleras, and the high hills of Tartary and China. Yonder are the snow-clad mountains of the frozen regions, and beneath them rolls the Arctic sea. Lower down is Iceland, the cultivated fields of Britain, civilised Europe, and burning Africa, the vast continent of America, stretching from north to south, the smiling plains of Mexico, Peru, and Chili, turbaned India, and all the glory and luxuriance of the east. Look again, but with the mental eye, for the visual organ can no longer follow it; dissimilar races of men are conspicuous in various portions of the globe. One part is crowded with fair men, in another are seen clear olive faces, in another, black. Some are swarthy, others of pale complexions. Their languages are various, and their modes of thinking widely different. Each continent, and every large island, has also its own peculiar kind of quadrupeds, and birds, and insects. The lordly lion, the bear, the antelope, the wild bison, the tusked elephant, the reindeer, the wolf, the bear, and arctic fox, have all their boundaries assigned them. The air is filled with a winged population. The lakes and ponds, every sea and river, is stocked with fish and animated beings, of strange forms and aspects. Myriads of insects, and creeping things innumerable, are seen walking in the green savannah to their forests of interminable length, and among the branched moss that clothes the roots and branches of high trees. And more than even these, every leaf that quivers in the sun-beam, and every flower that drinks the dew of heaven, is in itself a world of animated life.

"Over the mighty whole watches One who never slumbers, and whose ear is ever open to the prayers of his children. He is our Father; his eye is perpetually upon us; the darkness of the night cannot hide from him, he sleeth out all our ways. He will not overlook us in the thronged city; nor need we fear to be forgotten in the most solitary place."

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

LEPROSY.—There is, near the walls of Morocco, about the north-west point, a village, called the Village of Lepers. I had a curiosity to visit it; I mounted my horse, and took two horse-guards with me, and my own servant. We rode through the lepers' town; the inhabitants collected at the doors of their habitations, but did not approach us; they, for the most part, showed no external disfigurement, but were generally sallow. Some of the young women were very handsome; they have, however, a paucity of eye-brow, which, it must be allowed, is somewhat incompatible with beauty; some few had no eyebrows at all, which completely destroyed the effect of their dark animated eyes. They are obliged to wear a large straw hat, with a brim about nine inches wide; this is their *badge of separation*, a token of division between the clean and the unclean, which, when seen from the country, or on the road, prevents any one from having personal contact with them. They are allowed to beg, and accordingly are seen by the sides of the roads, with their straw hat badge, and a wooden bowl before them to receive the charity of passengers, exclaiming, "Bestow on me the charity of God!" "All belongs to God!" reminding the passenger that he is a steward, and accountable for the appropriation of his property; that he derives his property from the bounty and favour of God. When any one gives them money, they pronounce a blessing on him, as "May God increase your good," &c.—*Jackson's Morocco.*

AMERICAN MUSQUITOES.—The musquitoes seldom annoyed us at mid-day; but when we wished to enjoy the refreshing coolness of a morning or evening's walk, they fastened on us with their horrid stings, against which we had no defence except leather. By smoking, we might indeed keep them at a civil distance from our noses and the parts thereunto adjacent; but this was a preventive which, if constantly practised, would have

in a short time reduced our tobacco to a small quantity. The annoyance during our meals was worse. We were obliged to have an iron pot at each end of the table, filled with saw-dust or rotten wood; which substance, when ignited, produced a quantity of thick smoke without flame. It effectually drove them away; but it was a desperate remedy; for during the process of mastication we were nearly suffocated from the dense clouds of vapour by which we were enveloped. In the meantime our tormentors hovered about the doors and windows, watching the gradual dispersion of the smoke; and the moment the atmosphere became sufficiently clear, they charged in from all directions on our heads, necks, ears, faces, and hands, from whence it was impossible to dislodge them, until a fresh supply of saw-dust, thrown over the dying embers, put them once more to flight. The horses also suffered severely from these insects and the horse flies. We caused several fires of rotten wood to be made in the prairie in which they were grazing, and round which they instinctively congregated to avail themselves of the protection afforded by the smoke. Those which had short tails and cropped manes suffered more than the others; for with these weapons of nature (of which in America, at all events, it is cruel to deprive them) they could whisk off great numbers of the enemy; while the cropped horses, having no such defence, often had their hoofs and legs severely burned by standing in the fires to avoid the stings of their assailants. I have often observed the poor animals, when the smoke began to evaporate, gallop up to the fort, and neigh in the most significant manner for a fresh supply of damp fuel; and on perceiving the men appointed for that purpose proceed to the different fires, they followed them, and waited with the most sagacious patience until the smoke began to descend and disperse their tormentors.—*Cox's Columbia River.*

THE BOATMAN'S FOUNDLING.

It is a truth so generally believed as to have become almost an axiom, that benevolence always meets with its reward. Indeed, if no other reward were met with, the feelings it produces were sufficient; for it is, as Scripture plainly declares, "more blessed to give than to receive."

It was midnight; the busy hum of nature was hushed, and the gentle breezes of summer, as they kissed the soft waters of the canal, upsent a feeble murmur that seemed the lullaby of care. The boat of Robert Edwards was sinking in one of the locks about ten miles from the town of B——, where he resided, when suddenly he heard at a distance a splashing and a feeble cry. Impelled by humanity as well as curiosity, he hurried to the spot, and saw, by the light of the moon, something white floating in the middle of the stream. Fearless of that which was now, as it were, his native element, without waiting to undress himself, he rushed in, and lifted up in his arms an infant child. Not knowing what route the miscreant who had perpetrated the dark deed had taken, to attempt a pursuit would have been useless; so, as his wife was not blessed with any children, he resolved to adopt the little unprotected creature as his own. Hastening, therefore, back to the boat, he took off its wet clothes, wrapped it up in a blanket, and laid it to rest near his cabin fire.

Robert was not the best nurse in the world; but he managed to keep his little charge pretty quiet by feeding it with bread and milk, till his arrival at home; he then presented it to his wife for her protection. It is somewhat remarkable, that many women who have no children are most partial to them; and such was the case with Sally Edwards. She received the little creature as a precious boon, and found herself sufficiently repaid for her maternal cares by watching its infantile antics,

"And those quick bursts of joy, those glances bright,
Those gentle gleams of the half-risen sun
Upon the young horizon of its brow,
Those smiles that seemed reflections of her own,
So fond, so tender, which she sometimes met,
When waking from its rosy, peaceful sleep,
It upward fondly turned its azure eyes,
Like planets toward their suns, to catch the light
That flowed from hers."

Henry, for that was the name they gave the young foundling, soon grew a fine boy, and was as much distinguished for his dutiful attention to his foster-parents as many children are for their want of it to those who have still farther claims on their regard. At an early age he was put to a Sabbath-school in the neighbourhood, where he gained the respect of his teachers for his good behaviour and attention; and before he was ten years old, (as near as they were able to calcu-

late,) he occasionally accompanied his foster-father with the boat.

It was during one of these voyages that the mind of the lad seemed one evening unusually lost in thought; and the pained eye of his protector perceived, or thought he could perceive, a great depression of spirits. In vain he pointed out to him the beauties of the scenery; in vain he directed his attention to the gambols of the fishes, as they leaped up exulting in the air. Unusual gloom overspread his fair countenance, and the waters of his eye looked dim.

"Father," he at length exclaimed, "do you think we shall go to heaven?"

"I hope so, my lad," replied Edwards, "but what made you ask that question?"

"Because," he returned, "teacher told me last Sunday, that those *what* want to go to heaven should walk in the way there; and, above all things, pray to God."

"And so they should, my lad," answered Robert, with somewhat of an involuntary tremor.

"And why not you pray, father," said the boy; "and pray for me too?"

These words, spoken in the sweetest simplicity, touched the very soul of the boatman. The kind attentions of Henry, and his constant fulfilment of his commands, brought home to his thoughts his own neglect of that Father who had constantly supplied him with all that he needed. The sun, at that moment sinking behind the western hills, reminded him that the sunset of his existence was at hand. He burst into tears; and while the arms of the child were twined fondly round his neck, sunk upon his knees in fervent prayer.

The distant landscape was immersed next morning in the brilliance of the rising sun, and looked, to the rapt eye of the saint, like the new Jerusalem descending in its glory from on high. The eye of young Henry was lit with its usual vivacity on his waking from the dreams of night. Robert requested him to read a chapter in the Bible which had been given him by his teachers, and knelt down with him to prayer—a practice which, though begun in a moment of peculiar excitement, he carried on, whenever he was able, till the day of his departure from this world. The confidence of the apostle was not vain. He who beginneth a good work in the heart of man, carries it forward to the day of the Lord Jesus. The few words which the child had spoken so simply in his ear had sunk deep in the heart of the boatman; and both were eventually led to Him whose arms are ever open to receive the returning sinner.

Time rolled on, and brought its changes: the foster-father fell ill, and Henry, then about fifteen years of age, was obliged to attend (for a few

times he hoped) the boat in his stead. But the death-warrant of the old man was sealed by the Eternal, and the angels were commissioned to bear his happy spirit to a place of rest.

The heart-broken youth had already gone three voyages by himself, when, on returning from the last of them, he found the saviour and protector of his life sinking beneath the strokes of mortality, and she who had rocked the cradle of his infancy weeping beside him.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the dying man as he entered, "I behold thee then once more, my child, my darling child. O, blessed be those lips that first taught me the way of salvation! and blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who gave to me such an inestimable treasure! I leave thy mother with thee. He who has sealed thee as a jewel of his own will teach thee thy duty towards her."

"My father! my more than father!" exclaimed Henry—he could say no more. He grasped the hand that was held out to him, and sinking on his knees, bathed it with tears.

Sally wept aloud. Robert Edwards alone, in the prospect of approaching dissolution, was unmoved, and calmly rebuked them for their sorrow. "Mourn not," he cried, "as those who have no hope. Have ye not heard that there is a resurrection from the grave? Have ye not

heard that they who are alive and remain at the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent those which are asleep, who first shall rise to meet him in the air. The days of my pilgrimage are almost over; but I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that though worms after my flesh devour this body, he shall raise it again to reign with him for ever.

The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

"Thanks be to God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

"My father! O my father!" exclaimed Henry, may the God of all grace and mercy"—tears again choked his utterance; he sobbed violently, and Sally, sinking on her knees beside him, seemed swallowed up in grief.

The old man himself was moved; he shed tears; but that momentary burst of feeling was too much for his weakened frame: the pangs of death gat hold upon him; he cast an affectionate look at his wife, another at his child, and fervently exclaiming, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," expired without a groan.

J. R.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE,

AUTHOR OF THE "AGE OF REASON."

CHAPTER II.

It was in America, in the most critical period of the struggle between Great Britain and her colonies, that the intellectual powers of Paine were developed, and that he wrote the most popular and least noxious of his works.

As this memoir is not designed to exhibit the political opinions of its subject, or to follow him in the stormy career of anarchy and revolution, his writings and his conduct during this period will be only so far noticed as they discover the state of his mind and heart in reference to the genius and spirit of Christianity, and as they prepared him to become the author of a work so detestable and dangerous as the "Age of Reason." To deny the writer of "Common Sense," the "Crisis," and the "Rights of Man," talents of a very superior order, would be an act of the silliest injustice. These productions are unquestionably written with great power of intellect, and great dexterity of management. They are exactly suited to an agitated state of public feeling, and are admirably calculated to rivet the attention and to control the judgment of the multitude, as they just awake to a sense of political wrongs.

Their tendency is not to reform, but to eradicate, to alter the very substance of existing governments, to get rid of all their essential good, as well as of all the accidental evil annexed to them. They aim not to improve, but to destroy. They magnify and exaggerate the acknowledged evils of ancient establishments. They even transfer the faults of human nature from the mass of mankind to these establishments. They call for a total revolution in every country where there is a monarch and an aristocracy, and propose, with an air of confidence,—as if political constitutions were as easily formed out of the elements of anarchy as they are drawn and exhibited on paper,—that the people should first will their disenthralment, and then immediately proceed to harmonise the chaos, and legislate for themselves. The politician who values himself on the following dogma, as a new discovery in political science, ought surely to be regarded in no other light than as a visionary, dropped down from the regions of Utopia, or rather as a demon of evil, sent up on an embassy of mischief from the bottomless pit:—

"Some writers have so confounded society

with government, as to make little or no distinction between them, whereas, they are not only different, but have different origins. Society is produced by our wants, government by our wickedness; society, in every state, is a blessing, but government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil."

This is the keystone of Paine's mighty arch of political principles, it is the germ of his "Rights of Man;" it is the original sin which taints and perverts all the children of his prolific brain; and as it is a fundamental error, it is fatal to his whole system. A man who understood the subject would have said, society is the union of all for the safety of every one; happiness is the end of this union, and government is the means for the attainment of this end. Government and society being thus parts of one whole, and being thus directed to the same end, have the same origin, and cannot, without each other, exist. Government defines and embodies all the principles of moral rectitude, and brings them to act, with all its sanctions, upon society; and so far from contemplating the best government as a necessary evil, we may recognise in it all the glories with which the venerable Hooker has invested the abstract principle of law: "Of law, there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels, and men, and creatures, of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

Having accomplished, as he vainly supposed, a great design in America, he sailed, in April, 1787, from the United States, for France, to mingle with and to increase the pent-up elements of revolution, which were then just ready to burst forth with volcanic fury upon that ill-fated country. From France he passed over to England, in September, 1787, where he continued writing and publishing upon every topic likely to harass government, and to inflame the public mind, till the year 1792. He was hailed by the discontented and turbulent as their apostle. I do not know that he designated himself the advocate of the human race; it was certain, however, that he professed to be the friend of every man, and the willing and unrewarded servant of all. His admirers have dwelt with ludicrous complacency on what they term the manly and generous disinterestedness which he evinced in the disposal of his literary property. Indeed, it was his frequent boast, that he was resolved not to derive the profit of a shilling from his numerous works, which he wrote solely for the good of oppressed mankind. This is his published declaration to the world; let us see what

were his secret views and expectations, and how facts disprove the one and corroborate the other. In a confidential letter which he wrote to his friend Mr. King, and which Cobbett, by some means, procured and printed, this is his truly patriotic and disinterested language:—

"DEAR KING,

"I DON'T know any thing these many years that surprised and hurt me more than the sentiments you published in the 'Courtly Herald,' the twelfth of December, signed 'John King, Egham-Lodge.' You have gone back from all you ever said, You used to complain of abuses as well as me, and wrote your opinions on them in free terms. What, then, means this sudden attachment to kings? this fondness of the English government, and hatred of the French? If you mean to curry favour by aiding your government, you are mistaken; they never recompense those who serve it; they buy off those who can annoy it, and let the good that is rendered it be its own reward. Believe me, King, more is to be obtained by cherishing the rising spirit of the people than by subduing it. Follow my fortunes, and I will be answerable that you shall make your own.

"THOMAS PAINE.

"Paris, Jan. 3, 1793."

Here the mask completely drops off; and what is the evidence of facts?

"I did not," says the hypocrite in the second part of what he calls the "Rights of Man,"—"I did not, at my first setting out in public life, turn my thoughts on subjects of government from motives of self-interest; and my conduct, from that moment to this, proves the fact."

Long before the publication of this last-quoted performance, he had been appointed secretary to the committee of foreign affairs in America, expressly as a reward for the service which he was supposed to have rendered to the colonies, by the writing of "Common Sense," and the "Crisis;" and though his conduct in this office made it imperious on his employers to dismiss him for ever from their confidence, in the year 1785, he procured from congress, "by much importunity," says Mr. Cheetham, three thousand dollars; from Pennsylvania, five hundred pounds; and from the opulent and more liberal state of New-York, the confiscated estate of Mr. Davoe, valued at not less than four hundred pounds per annum. And not contented with this remuneration, many years afterwards he set up a visionary claim to a large sum of money from congress, as a compensation for expenses incurred by a visit to France, which he undertook without any appointment from the government of America, and without achieving any thing for the good of his adopted country. Congress frowned with indignation upon the mercenary wretch who could thus ungratefully

forget their former kindness, and coldly resisted his application, notwithstanding the dreadful threat with which he endeavoured to intimidate them. The following paragraphs from his letters to the speaker of the house of representatives, will exhibit his disinterestedness in a very amiable point of view.

The generous services to which he alludes were publishing "Common Sense," the various numbers of the "Crisis," and a few other pamphlets, all of which might have been written in a few months, and when bound together, form but a slender octavo volume. He had already received for these performances the sums and the estate before mentioned. Thus, then, he writes to his liberal benefactors:—

"It will be convenient to me to know what congress will decide on, because it will determine me whether, after so many years of generous services, and that in the most perilous times, and after seventy years of age, I shall continue in this country, or offer my services to some other country. It will not be to England, unless there should be a revolution.

"The explanation I sent to the committee respecting a resolve of the old congress while they sat at New York, should be known to congress; but it seems to me that the committee keep every thing to themselves, and do nothing. If my memorial was referred to the committee of claims for the purpose of losing it, it is unmanly policy. After so many years of service, my heart grows cold towards America."

Paine was the subject of many base appetites, but his ruling passions were vanity, ingratitude, and revenge. When writing on American affairs, every thing good and great either originated with him, or was carried forward by his wisdom and zeal. Though no more than a private secretary, he styled himself, in the title-pages of his subsequent publications, "Secretary for Foreign Affairs to Congress during the American war."*

In September, 1792, after he had resided long enough in England to provoke, by his seditious writings, a prosecution from the attorney general, he was opportunely chosen a member of the national convention of France. This inflated his vanity to the highest degree, and he conceived himself nothing less than a demi-god among men. Delighted with this honour, he took his seat in the assembly of revolutionists and infidels, till proscribed and imprisoned by Robespierre.

In his confinement he was attacked by disease, the effect of a long-continued habit of inebriation; and would have perished in captivity, but for the humane and judicious atten-

tion of Mr. Bond, an Englishman, who was incarcerated for the foul crime of confiding in French hospitality. The medical skill of Mr. Bond renovated the health of his companion, who, being sufficiently restored to resume his studies, employed the first hours of his convalescence in preparing for the press the first part of his "Age of Reason." The sudden downfall of Robespierre reinstated Paine in his former dignity as member of the convention. Thus elevated to power, and owing, as he did, his very life to the assiduity and skill of Mr. Bond, it will scarcely be believed, but it is nevertheless true, that he left his benefactor in the dungeon, and though importuned, neglected to make a single effort to obtain his liberation. Of his vanity we have spoken; here was an instance of his base ingratitude; and what I have next to record exhibits in him a disgraceful union of ingratitude and revenge. To general Washington he was under greater obligations than to any man on earth. To his kind interposition he was indebted for the bounty of congress; and at his table he was supported when he was homeless and friendless; yet because the general declined to attempt what he could not consistently undertake in his behalf, impelled by furious revenge, and unmindful of all the favours he had received, he thus assails his generous friend and patron: "As to you, sir, treacherous in private friendship, and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor; whether you have abandoned good principles, or whether you ever had any." At the same period he wrote the following epigram:—

"Take from the mine the hardest, roughest stone,
It needs no fashion, it is Washington;
But if you chisel, let your strokes be rude,
And on his breast engrave 'Ingratitude.'"

About this time the French convention proceeded to try and execute their king. Paine protested against a sanguinary sentence, and recommended perpetual banishment. Yet, though his proposal was rejected with scorn, he continued to sit with regicides and murderers. He even made a speech commending a paper constitution submitted to this enlightened and humane assembly, in which he virulently abused the principles and plan of the American government, which he had in former instances, and in all his publications, applauded, as the only perfect model of a constitution upon earth. It was about this period his friend King addressed to him the following remonstrance:—

"If the French kill their king, it will be a signal for my departure, for I will not abide amongst such sanguinary men." These, Mr. Paine, were your words at our last meeting; yet after this you are not only with them, but the chief modeller of their new constitution, formed

* American independence, it seems, was exclusively his work. This is his modest account of himself in the "Age of Reason": "I wrote 'Common Sense' the latter end of 1775, and published it the first of January, 1776; independence was declared the fourth of July following."

on principles so heterogeneous and inconsistent, so hypothetical and contradictory, as shows me, that provided your theories obtain fame, you are indifferent how the people may be disappointed in the practice of them."

We have now conducted the hero of our tale to an important era in his literary and moral history. The politician now becomes a theologian. He relieved the tedium of imprisonment by putting together his thoughts on religion. He apprehended himself to be every moment at the point of death; his life was in jeopardy, and every time he heard the creaking of the door of his dungeon, he expected to be led forth to the guillotine. He had not a Bible in his possession; but he had received a Christian education; he had passed the greater part of his life with Christians, and was no stranger to the facts and doctrines of the holy book. He reflects on its well-remembered pages; it has been his guide and polar star amidst the darkness and storms of his feverish being, and now its cheering light is thrown upon a scene of beauty and glory in which he is shortly to recreate his wearied spirit.

The angel of mercy is identified in his imagination with the messenger of death, and the terrors of the scaffold vanish before the benignant splendors of the crown with which the ministering spirits of the Christian patriot and martyr long to invest his honoured brow. O that this were more than a bright illusion! Alas! the wretched captive, darting his keen, malignant eye through the gloom of this antichamber to the grave, is neither Christian, patriot, nor martyr. Having spent his life in labouring to dethrone the monarchs of earth, and to shiver the frame of civil society to atoms, he now regards, with convulsive rage and vengeance, the thrones, the prince-doms, the orders, and the royalties of heaven. The agents of darkness eagerly hover round him, and a black inspiration pours its unhallowed and pestiferous *afflatus* on a head and heart the fittest instruments of satanic delusion and malice that were ever conjoined in one being since the days of Judas Iscariot, and which seem to constitute that being the connecting link in the moral chain which unites the human with an infernal nature.

THE POET'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

ETERNAL God! thy presence we behold
In all thy works—in river, land, or sea,
Where bounding waves since Time's first birth have
rolled,

Charming the soul with deep sublimity:
I hear thee in the summer's sighing gale,
And view thee in the peaceful, slumbering vale.
I praise thee, O my God!

Thou art where Andes rear their giant forms,
Capped with an everlasting snow-wreathed crown;
Home of the clouds, and cradle of the storms,

That o'er the land with sullen darkness frown:
In the deep mountain-stream's impetuous fall,
Rocks call to floods, and floods to mountains call,
To praise thee, O my God!

Thou form'dst the world, and madest man to dwell
A humble denizen on earth below,
Yet lord o'er all, as holy records tell,

Fraught with deep inspiration's sacred glow:
For mines of wealth, a rich unbounded store,
Gifts from that land where angel-bands adore,
I praise thee, O my God!

Swift at thy word the blazing star of day
Springs from the gloomy shadows of the night;
Chases the mountain mists and clouds away,

And yields to earth his glad refulgent light:
That thou hast given to man his quickening rays,
My soul shall speak her mighty Maker's praise:
I praise thee, O my God!

That thou hast given the fanning, balmy gale,
And made the lucid streamlet softly glide;
Hast formed the peaceful haunt—the silent vale,

The leafy grove, the mountain's grassy side;
And bid the verdant scenes of earth arise,
A glorious Eden 'neath the azure skies:
I praise thee, O my God!

Thou to the flower hast given its beauteous form,
Its scented fragrance—its alluring hue;
Rul'st the whirlwind, ridest on the storm,
Speak'st in the thunder; in the heaven's blue

Thou, Lord! art seen; o'er all thy foot hath trod;
"Earth with her thousand voices praises God!"
I praise thee, O my God!

That thou hast made my soul rejoice, and feel
The raptures of devotion's holy flame;
That thou hast taught me with delight to kneel,
And offer homage to thy sacred name;
That I have felt the peace thy Spirit brings,
Unbought by richest gems of eastern kings,
I praise thee, O my God!

That thou didst look from heaven with pitying eye
When earth was sunk in wretchedness and sin:
That Jesus' spirit groaned on Calvary,
Redeeming grace for guilty man to win;
That thou, within the realms of light above,
Wilt crown us with thy everlasting love,
I praise thee, O my God!

Long as life beats within this mortal frame,
To thee, O God, my grateful song I'll raise;
Welcome reproaches, and all earth calls shame,
If to thy glory shall redound the praise:
If thou art mine, and heaven my future rest,
No sorrow shall disturb my peaceful breast:
I praise thee, O my God!

Earth's fleeting joys are formed of hopes and fears,
Gliding ephemeras of a hasty hour,
Cradled in sin, and washed in guilt's big tears,
That, torrent-like, their watery deluge pour:
O! may I seek enduring joys on high,
Where streams of bliss shall roll eternally,
And praise thee, O my God!

And when relieved of all this sin and shame
I feel below, and to the heavens above
I've winged my flight, thy ever glorious name
I'll praise, and chaunt a Saviour's dying love;
And in sublimer strains of melody,
Hymn to the golden harp his grace so free,
And praise thee, O my God!
T. W. A.

A LEAF FROM THE HISTORY OF THE FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

ON the banks of the fair Rhine, opposite the town of Coblenz, and close to the confluence of the Moselle and Rhine, stands a lofty rock, crowned by the shattered ruins of Ehrenbreitstein. This once impregnable fortress, with its varied fortunes and magnificent locality, has become so familiar to us by means of "Tours," "Views," &c., as to need no description. Its image, frowning over the waves of that exulting and abounding river, which nobly foams and flows at the base, and its shattered wall, "black with the miner's blast," is present to every one. The remembrances induced by the sight of the dismantled fortress are of a character peculiarly affecting and tragic; and the scenes of suffering included in the brief notices of the blockade of Ehrenbreitstein have few parallels in the annals of war. In the course of the campaigns immediately following the French revolution, this castle experienced, on several occasions, the vicissitudes of war, and more than once exchanged its possessors by force, stratagem, or capitulation. In 1797 it endured a close siege for eighteen months, terminated only by the peace of Leoben, which transferred it from the elector of Mayence to French mastery. On this occasion, colonel Faber was its brave and resolute commandant; and determined, with his veteran garrison, to abide the event of the siege, for which he was well prepared as to means of defence. The excavated galleries and bomb-proof walls of Ehrenbreitstein bade defiance to the enemy; but a sorer foe lurked within her walls than force or fraud, and not many days had passed before the governor appointed a more economical distribution of provision, in order to avert, as long as possible, the dreaded evil of famine. Among the fated inmates of the castle were Count D'Aubigny, his lovely wife, and their child, the blooming Eugene. They had sought safety in emigration during the reign of terror in Paris, and had quitted their residence in that city, and the quiet scenes of their native land, until more peaceful times. Now too hastily attempting a return to their loved home, they had been intercepted by the officers of the German government, and their passports proving unsatisfactory to the authorities of Coblenz, the noble prisoners were transferred to Ehrenbreitstein, and there detained as valuable hostages. Count D'Aubigny felt the peculiar severity of his lot in thus being captured at the very threshold of his own country; detained for an indefinite time, and shut within these guarded walls by his own friends, who were, without unfriendly intentions, to prove the means of the severest suffering to him and his unfortunate family.

• But he dreaded most the threatened evils of the siege for his gentle Eveline and darling child.

He pleaded for permission to send them under a flag of truce to Coblenz, while he remained and shared the lot of the garrison; he asked not for liberty even for them, but only a change in their place of imprisonment, that they might not incur the risk of the most horrible of deaths.

The sturdy Faber denied the suit. "The lady's tongue," said he, "is not to be trusted; she will betray our present destitute condition. She and her son must share our fare and our famine; and when the provisions fail, as fail they will ere I yield the fortress, perhaps the knowledge of a lady's sufferings may dispose your gallant countrymen to come more readily to terms."

D'Aubigny returned to the apartment of his countess, who already guessed the terrible truth. Her mind was as firm, her character as elevated, and her love as faithful, as her disposition was feminine and gentle, and she strove to soothe and comfort her agonised husband, whispering words of hope which she hardly felt. The cup of woe from which the tender mother and heroic wife shrunk not on her own account, was, however, to be drained to its last most bitter dreg, and every day brought an increase of suffering, beneath which the firmest soldier quailed. The frail and delicate boy, ill prepared by his careful and luxurious training to bear such trials, was the first to sink; and his agonised parents saw his cheek fade, his laughing eye become dim, and his step bound less playfully over the courtyard, and they gazed mournfully on each other, and on their drooping blossom.

The count took Eveline's hand and said, "Could I, my loved wife, could I have believed when I sought your heart in scenes of festal gaiety and wealth, that I should only win it to share in the horrors of such a destiny, or could I have dreamed, when I first looked on my child's face, that I should live to wish him unborn rather than see him perish thus slowly and horribly,"—

"Hush! D'Aubigny," said his gentle wife, "repine not; we are still the objects of the love and care of a merciful God, and he will soon give us freedom and happiness, if not on earth, in the world of enjoyment above. But, see! our boy sleeps; let us cherish his repose; it will win him a few minutes from hunger."

"No, mamma, I cannot sleep," said the languid voice of the little Eugene.

The count took up the emaciated child in his arms, and forced his way to colonel Faber, exclaiming, in a voice broken by sobs, "Look on my boy; he is my only child. If you have the heart of a man, pity him before it is too late; send him away from Ehrenbreitstein."

"I cannot," replied Faber resolutely, though

his eye glistened with a tear of sympathy as he spoke; "I am responsible to my country for the fulfilment of the trust which she has given me. Your child shall have my share of provision; but my duty sternly forbids your request, I cannot, sir, I cannot grant it."

"Do not weep, dear papa," murmured the child; "I never saw you weep before. I shall soon be better. I will eat what we can still procure. O, do not weep, dear papa."

With an effort mighty at his age, did the little Eugene force himself to share the loathsome morsels scantily doled out to the starving garrison. The flesh of dogs and horses had long been exhausted, and were now vainly sought as the highest luxuries. Many of the troops had already perished; and the fair young mother and her boy showed, by their failing strength and tremulous voices, that they were soon about to follow. Again the wretched father and husband attempted to move the governor, who continued inexorable; and becoming almost frantic by repeated denials of his request, was ordered to solitary confinement. "A merciful punishment," said Faber, "since the unfortunate man will now be spared the misery of looking on sufferings which he cannot alleviate."

Deprived of the society of her husband, the last resource of her wretchedness, the only solace in her deep anguish, the countess and her little son remained in a lonely chamber in the loftiest tower of the fortress, and with longing eyes and yearning hearts looked out on the free waters of the Rhine that sparkled brightly as they flowed, eight hundred feet below the walls of their prison. The glad sunshine streamed through the narrow slits which afforded them light and air, and from which they could see the white city of Coblenz glittering among the trees on the opposite side of the river. It was a beautiful sight to look upon; but the mental anguish the mother endured as she gazed upon her boy, and thought shudderingly of the husband who had been torn from her side, and who was wont to soothe her in her sorrows, prevented her from deriving the pleasure she was accustomed to experience when

beholding the glories of nature and the productions of art.

Hour after hour slowly waned away, the stillness of their apartment broken only by the hoarse mingled sounds of the besieging army, or the step of the sentinel before the tower in which they were confined. Within the fortress all was dismay: the succours which they had asked from the city of Rastadt had been refused; and men looked on each other's pale and withered features, each seeking to read the opinion of his brother-in-arms, as to the probability of the iron-hearted Faber surrendering the trust reposed in him, now that all external aid was helpless, or whether, still keeping the gates closed, he would perish within the walls.

But the sufferings of the beautiful wife of D'Aubigny were fast ending. On the morning of the day on which the governor capitulated, the mother spoke faintly to her child, who laid with his face on her bosom, "Eugene," said she, if you survive this peril, let the deliverance be a pledge to you of the never-failing mercy of God, and let it teach you sympathy with the wants of others. Never let the poor and the hungry plead with you in vain."

"Mamma," feebly articulated the child, "let me hold your hand."

She clasped it; it was cold. She looked upon her boy; his eye was closing; he gave her one glance of affection, and his spirit fled.

An hour afterwards the fortress surrendered. The brother of Eveline was in the army of the conquerors; he knew his sister and her husband and child were in Ehrenbreitstein; and hastily commanding one of the fainting garrison to lead him to their apartment, rushed eagerly into the room. No living one was there save himself; and at the sight that met his view, he stood transfixed with horror. Eugene was lying on the bed, his limbs composed in death, and the wasted form of his once-beautiful mother lay beside him. She had perished while performing the last sad offices of affection for her child.

The count lived but to receive the embrace of his brother, and died in his arms.

MEMORY.

BY LORD NORTHAMPTON.

[Extracted from "The Tribute," a volume edited by the noble lord above named, for the benefit of the family of the late Rev. E. Smedley, M. A.]

O, memory, thou ever restless power,
Recalling all that's vanish'd from our sight;
Thy pencil dipp'd now in the rainbow's light,
New in the gloomy tints of midnight's hour;
From youth's gay garden, manhood's blighted bower,
Culling thy varied chaplet, dark and bright—

The rose, the rue, the baleful aconite;
Alternating the cypress and the flower:

Casting, with lightning speed, thy wizard glance
Through th' long retrospect of by-gone years,
Whence, at thine behest, in dim array, advance
Shadows of idle hope and idle fears?
Half cheerful is thy saddest countenance,
Thy sweetest smile, alas! is moist with tears.

THE INVENTION OF PAPER.

(From Hallam's History of European Literature.)

THE date of the invention of our present paper, manufactured from linen rags, or of its introduction into Europe, has long been the subject of controversy. That paper made from cotton was in use sooner, is admitted on all sides. Some charters written upon that kind not later than the tenth century were seen by Montfaucon; and it is even said to be found in papal bulls of the ninth. The Greeks, however, from whom the west of Europe is conceived to have borrowed this sort of paper, did not much employ it in manuscript books, according to Montfaucon, till the twelfth century, from which time it came into frequent use among them. Muratori had seen no writing upon this material older than 1100, though in deference to Montfaucon, he admits its employment earlier. It certainly was not greatly used in Italy before the thirteenth century. Among the Saracens of Spain, on the other hand, as well as those of the east, it was of much greater antiquity. The Greeks called it *Charta Damascena*, having been manufactured or sold in the city of Damascus. And Casiri, in his catalogue of the Arabic Manuscripts in the Escorial, desires us to understand that they are written on paper of cotton or linen, but generally the latter, unless the contrary be expressed. Many in this catalogue were written before the thirteenth, or even the twelfth century.

This will lead us to the more disputed question as to the antiquity of linen paper. The earliest distinct instance I have found, and which I believe has hitherto been overlooked, is an Arabic version of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, the manuscript bearing the date of 1100. This Casiri observes to be on linen paper, not as in itself remarkable, but as accounting for its injury by wet. It does not appear whether it were written in Spain, or, like many in that catalogue, brought from Egypt or the east.

The authority of Casiri must confirm beyond doubt a passage in Peter, Abbot of Clugni, which has perplexed those who place the invention of linen paper very low. In a treatise against the Jews, he speaks of books, *ex pellibus arietum, hircorum vel vitulorum, sive ex biblis vel juncis Orientalium paludum, aut ex rasuris veterum pannorum, seu ex aliâ quâlibet forte viliori materia compactos*. A late English writer contends that nothing can be meant by the last words, "unless that all sorts of inferior substances capable of being so applied, among them, perhaps, hemp and the remains of cordage, were used at this period in the manufacture of paper." It certainly at least seems reasonable to interpret the words *ex rasuris veterum pannorum*, of linen rags; and when I add, that Peter Cluniacensis passed a consider-

able time in Spain, in 1141, there can remain, it seems, no rational doubt, that the Saracens of the Peninsula were acquainted with that species of paper, though perhaps it was as yet unknown in every other country.

Andrés asserts, on the authority of the Memoirs of the Academy of Barcelona, that a treaty between the kings of Arragon and Castile, bearing the date 1178, and written upon linen paper, is extant in the archives of that city. He alleges several other instances in the next page; when Mabillon, who denies that paper of linen was then used in charters, which indeed no one is likely to maintain, mentions, as the earliest specimen he had seen in France, a letter of Jonville to St. Louis, which must be older than 1270, Andrés refers the invention to the Saracens of Spain, using the fine flax of Valencia and Murcia; and conjectures that it was brought into use among the Spaniards themselves by Alfonso of Castile.

In the opinion of the English writer to whom we have above referred, paper, from a very early period, was manufactured of mixed materials, which have sometimes been erroneously taken for pure cotton. We have in the Tower of London a letter addressed to Henry III. by Raymond, son of Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, and consequently between 1216 and 1222, when the latter died, upon very strong paper, and consequently made, in Mr. Otley's judgment, of mixed materials; while in several of the time of Edward I., written upon genuine cotton paper of no great thickness, the fibres of cotton present themselves every where at the backs of the letters so distinctly that they seem as if they might even now be spun into thread.

Notwithstanding this last statement, which I must confirm by my own observation, and of which no one can doubt who has looked at the letters themselves, several writers of high authority, such as Tiraboschi and Savigny, persist not only in fixing the invention of linen paper very low, even after the middle of the fourteenth century, but in maintaining that it is undistinguishable from that made of cotton, except by the eye of a manufacturer. Were this indeed true, it would be sufficient for the purpose we have here in view, which is not to trace the origin of a particular discovery, but the employment of a useful vehicle of writing. If it be true that cotton paper was fabricated in Italy of so good a texture that it cannot be discerned from linen, it must be considered as of equal utility. It is not the case with the letters on cotton paper in our English repositories, most, if not all, of which were written in France or Spain.

Sir Henry Ellis has said, that "few, very few instances indeed occur before the fifteenth century, of letters written upon paper. The use of cotton paper was by no means general, or even, I believe, frequent, except in Spain and Italy,

perhaps also in the South of France. Nor was it much employed even in Italy for books. Savigny tells us that there are few manuscripts of law books among the multitude that exist, which are not written on parchment."

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NOBODY.

THE "pensive public" has of late years been overwhelmed with "Lives," "Memoirs," "Reminiscences," "Autobiographies," and "Biographical Sketches," "Diaries," "Note Books," "Conversations," and after-dinner chit-chat have issued, as a torrent, from the press. In truth, we have been so nauseated with the "Life, death, last dying speech and confession" of anybody, and every body, that, by way of variety, we have determined to present our readers with a biographical sketch of Nobody.

Nobody is so exalted above other men, that no human being can be brought, however remotely, into comparison with him. Nobody is older than Methuselah was when he died. Indeed, when nature was emerging from chaos, and the Spirit of the Almighty breathed upon the shapeless mass, Nobody was by. Nobody plucked the olive leaf with which Noah's dove returned to the ark; and, when the waters had subsided, and Noah left his floating habitation and placed his foot again on the slimy earth, Nobody was there to receive him. Nobody communicated to Joseph the purport of the dreams which he interpreted to Pharaoh's butler and baker, while in prison.

When Pharaoh attempted to pass through the Red Sea, in pursuit of the Israelites, to the destruction of himself and his host, Nobody escaped. Nobody recollects the building of the Pyramids; Nobody had the honour to trim the beard of Nebuchadnezzar during the entire period of his banishment; Nobody saw the she-wolf affectionately suckling the brothers, Romulus and Remus; and, when "the eternal city" was in flames, Nobody danced to the fiddling of Nero. During Napoleon's campaign in Russia, Nobody anticipated the early frost and the burning of Moscow. Nobody saw the devil fling an ink-stand at Luther, in his study, and Nobody interfered to prevent its taking effect. Nobody was present when Eugene Aram committed the murder for which he suffered.

Nobody has traversed every part of the globe, and encountered perils of every description. When the *Royal George* went down with Kempenfeldt and his eight hundred men, Nobody was saved. Nobody enjoyed the squeeze and suffocation in the black-hole at Calcutta.

Nobody has a perfect knowledge of all the laws to which the several phenomena of nature may be referred. Nobody is acquainted with the

kind of matter of which the earth's centre is composed. The nature and various phenomena of light, heat, electricity, Galvanism, &c., are as familiar as the first three letters of the alphabet to Nobody. The principles of aerostation are fully understood by Nobody; and when poor Cocking fell a victim to his temerity, in descending in a parachute of his own construction, Nobody was astonished. The Newspapers, the other day, favoured us with a long and very circumstantial account of a balloon, which was seen descending in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's-lane, from which narrative it appears, that when the gaping and breathless multitude, who had been watching its progress, reached the car, they found Nobody in it. Nobody can steer a balloon in a direction exactly opposed to the current of the wind; it is, accordingly, Nobody's amusement, atmospherically, to circumnavigate the globe in order to acquire an appetite for dinner.

Nobody is credulous on all subjects and occasions, believing, for instance, the statements contained in the travels of Gulliver and Munchausen, American newspapers, hustings declarations of parliamentary candidates, epitaphs, and love-letters. When Mr. Waterton published a book, and prefixed to it a frontispiece representing himself astride a large crocodile, which appeared to be trotting him obediently to the next village—the reptile's fore-legs serving for a bridle—and stated that the event actually occurred, Nobody believed him.

Nobody is universally generous. Burns experienced *his* bounty, for he says,

"I have a penny to spend,
There—thanks to Nobody;
I have nothing to lend,
I'll borrow from Nobody."

When Otway, the gifted, the neglected Otway, was so reduced by misfortune that a penny tart was to him an almost unattainable luxury, Nobody relieved him! In fact, most of the sons of genius have risen to eminence in spite of the sleek dunces who fattened on their brains; and if some have escaped obscurity, misfortune, and indigence, they have been indebted for their comparative good fortune to Nobody.

Nobody has read every work that has proceeded from the press, of whatever country. Accordingly, the literary knowledge of Nobody is universal. Nobody knows who was the author of the series of letters published with the signa-

ture "Junius." Every body has read some of the works of the Laureate—Nobody has read them all. Many people made desperate attempts at his "Vision of Judgment," but Nobody liked—Nobody comprehended it; most people quizzed—Nobody failed to laugh at it. We are bound, in candour, to acknowledge that, as an author, Nobody surpasses Mrs. Trollope in falsehood, vulgarity, ignorance, and conceit: yet Nobody can, when he pleases, by the force of his eloquence, make a man believe himself to be another person. Nobody can, by dint of mere rhetorical flourish, convert a ditch into "a river," a swamp into "a lake," a dung heap into "a gentle declivity," an old tumble-down house into "an ancient mansion," better than George Robins. Nobody thinks Lord Londonderry wrote the "History of the Peninsular War," which bears his name, for Nobody doubts that Mr. Gleig wrote it for him. When the clever author of the Pickwick papers attempted to delineate what he had evidently never seen—a type of that class of ignorant hypocrites who hover on the skirts of all sects of Christians, as suttlers and fortune-tellers do on the track of an army, yet have as little in common with the former, as such vagabonds have with the latter, Nobody recognised the portrait, and no wonder—it represents Nobody.

The knowledge of Nobody is without limit. Every body has his or her opinion as to the justice and propriety of entailing on us the national debt, but Nobody knows when or how it is to be liquidated. Nobody knows the meaning, purport, and use of the "Unknown Tongues:" Nobody has witnessed the performance of an Irvingite miracle. Nobody knows how the vast sums of money appropriated to the repair and alteration of Buckingham-palace can have been absorbed by that sponge-like piece of deformity. Nobody can tell what will be the result of any known suit in any existing court of law; for our legislators appear to have taken great pains so to frame the laws which they have made, as to render them intelligible to Nobody. There is an ecclesiastical law, too, which appears to have been enacted

for the especial benefit of Nobody—Nobody may marry his grandmother!

Nobody is of so sympathetic a nature, that he mourns for all who die. An instance of Nobody's extreme sensibility is narrated in an old epitaph, which we quote from memory:—

"Beneath lies John Tomkins. When he died
Nobody sorrowed, and Nobody cried;
And where he is gone to, and how he fares,
Nobody knows, and Nobody cares."

This John Tomkins must have been a very particular friend of Nobody.

Nobody is wise at all times, yet Nobody likes to be considered a fool. Nobody is insensible to pain, therefore Nobody likes to have his corns trodden on. Nobody likes to be a principal in a duel with a good shot for his antagonist. Nobody perfectly understands wherein consists the justice and honour of shooting a man whom you have offended, or suffering him to shoot you; and, when two men quarrel, fire at each other, and, as is usually the case, both miss, yet immediately become reconciled, Nobody comprehends on what rational principle the reconciliation is effected. Nobody prefers cold boiled mutton to hot. Nobody is responsible for the neglect and omissions of the whole human race, for "what is every body's business is Nobody's." Nobody is exempt from liability to disease of any kind; yet Nobody, when in possession of his senses, takes Morison's Pills.

We could furnish the reader with many more interesting anecdotes of Nobody, so as to make our narrative as long as the biography of Anybody. But we have no particular desire to be esteemed by Nobody, and if we extend our article we are sure Nobody will be pleased; suffice it then, that as Nobody has existed from the moment of creation, so Nobody will continue to exist till matter shall be no more; and when the elements shall be resolving into their original nothingness, the mighty flames which still embrace a universe in their destructive grasp will possess power to effect the annihilation of Nobody.

N. (*not Nobody.*)

FICTION.

THIRD ARTICLE.

In our last paper on this subject (which has preceded this by a much longer period than we could have wished) we alluded in a general manner to the well-known fact, that "the golden ages" of Greece and Rome possessing, as they did, a very rich and abundant supply of materials for the construction of novels and romances, did yet hesitate to avail themselves of them, and did not bring to bear upon the literature of their country the scenes and sketches either of cha-

racter or society which were so aptly fitted for display in the hands of a *litterateur* either in the pages of a novel or a romance.

We believe that the reasons why the moderns have, and the ancients had not, this form of composition, may be found in the fact, that although the materials for it were good, and the situations in, and characters of life, the very ones best suited and adapted to the purpose—that the persons (or those who go under the generally significant

title of "the public," in our day and generation) to whom they would have been addressed, would have turned a deaf ear to the soft words and the winning entreaties, and would not, therefore, have brought either to the pockets of printer, editor, author, or publisher, that rich reward which is gained daily and weekly by every one of the parties connected with *Ward's Miscellany*. In those early days of literature, the only species of literary composition which "went down" with the public was the drama, which was among the earliest forms of fiction extant. On this subject an able writer thus appropriately expresses himself: "The old Greeks as a people could not read, nor if they could, was it possible to supply them as a people with books. The elements of their narrative and lyric poetry, therefore, were gradually blended together in a form of composition, which in addition to the original accompaniments of music and dance, admitted those of action and spectacle, and with this elaborated into perfection by consummate art and genius, the lively, the essentially southern imagination of a people, whose talent was prodigiously superior to their knowledge, was abundantly satisfied. The Romans borrowed not only the form but the substance of their drama from the Greeks; and to little purpose, for the character of the people was essentially military, and the display of martial skill, the pomp of warlike processions, and, above all, the horrible interest of actual combats between man and beasts, and man and man seem to have left little room in the popular affections for the milder and more elegant excitements of dramatic art. Even had the political circumstances of the country been as favourable as in the olden times, when poetical art flourished in any shape, they were otherwise to the theatrical display of the heroic characters and events of the national history on the one hand, or the free *coram populo* exposure of actual national manners on the other."

In the earlier times of modern literature we find that songs and ballads occupied the foremost rank—the minstrel was the *litterateur* of the day—his life was spent in musical wanderings from castle to castle, and from abbey to abbey; his precarious livelihood was derived from the largess of the lord or the charity of the monk. The poetic romance soon degenerated into the prose narrative; the troubadour became the *trouveur*, and from this anomalous and ambiguous birthright sprang the romance and novel of those days which, though changed somewhat in name and character, are still the same, which in our own day alternately enchant and enliven, captivate or subdue the weak and willing spirits who bend to their perusal. Cervantes, the Spanish author, was the first who amalgamated and enwoven together the materials which an every day life afforded him for the "perpetration" of a novel,

and he may be considered as the father of novelists. We shall pass over here (as unsuitable altogether to the object which we have in view in these papers) all mention of the origin, rise, and progress of that department of literary fiction to which the drama more particularly appertains, simply observing, in the words of a well-known author, that "it demands brevity of expression, and concentration of parts, as among its first requisites; it trusts much to the aid and assistance of apparatus; and much more to the ready imaginations of persons excited during a brief space by external stimulants; and although it has been fortunate enough to be the vehicle of the very highest genius, and also of the very highest art that the annals of poetry have to display, it seems impossible not to admit that it hopes in vain to advance in power and popularity along with the growing intelligence of the people at large." This passage was written many years since, and suns have risen and set over the sentiments which it conveys, and have not altered its power or falsified its justice; its latter portion has become, in our day and generation, a true and prophetic one, and every hour and every day only hastens the advent of its fulfilment.

But ere we close this article we have some few concluding observations to make upon that class of candidates for approval in the world of fiction—we mean vicious novels.

It will be surely conceded by the most inveterate novel reader, that not one novel out of twenty conveys either a good or even a satisfactory moral principle to the minds of its readers, or that it even pretends to any thing of the kind. This observation is as applicable to what is termed the religious novel as to one whose author is utterly guiltless of all knowledge of the holiest and most sacred of all principles. We had occasion, a short time since, to revert to a very bad example of this kind in reviewing the "Monk of Cimés," and we refer our readers to the remarks we then made on that subject.

Novels are again to be deprecated on account of the fallacious views which they take on most topics which they presume it to be their province to discuss. The writers of this class of fiction paint virtue in such bright and dazzling colours as are sufficient to blind the eyes of all who contemplate her masquerade attire; and vice is too hideously deformed in the hands of the novelist to admit of any transforming power or influence affecting it in the slightest degree. Every action and sentiment, although the property of characters who profess to be mortal, is utterly at variance with the truth of such a supposition. Their "sayings and doings" are more appropriate to those who obtain chance "glimpses of the moon," than to mere inheritors of mortal flesh and blood. The personages, more especially the hero and heroine, are invariably either preter-

naturally good or superlatively evil; their "lives and conversations" are either seraphic or satanic, and their difficulties, trials, and hair-breadth escapes, out of all sorts of impending death and dangers, are such as to put competition out of the question, and at utter defiance. But these points are some of the lightest to which the evil of this class of writings is attached. The impression which they make upon all grades of intellectual and moral power is such as tends to their utter degeneracy, degradation, and downfall. To the young, whose unformed and hitherto uncontaminated minds gladly resort to the perusal and contemplation of the fictitious lives and exploits which this false class of fictions display, the effect of such canker-poison is destructive in the highest degree. The young give an easy credence to the gorgeous scenery of a pantomime, and a ready belief to the purity of character with which one or more of the personages of a novel are sure to be graced; and

in proportion to the truth with which they invest all they read, is the disappointment they experience when treading from the threshold of the golden doors of fiction they step out among the busy throngs of the every-day world of reality around them. The bright vision then fades—the sunny landscapes, with which in their imagination they had invested life, then dissolve away, and,

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck behind."

The truth of the change does violence to the false feelings which fiction had engendered. The mind becomes unsettled, disquietude and discontent soon step in, and a mock fatigue and weariness of the world in which their lot has been placed assumes the sway and power, where the happiness and contentment which a gracious Benefactor has vouchsafed to them should be the cause of great and sincere thankfulness of heart.
EPHON.

COSMOGONY OF MOSES.

ARTICLE VII.

THE ABSURDITY OF THE MERE INVENTION OF MAN AS THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD.

Thus have the discoveries of science lent their useful aid to those of revelation; and it is pleasing to reflect that the Cosmogony of Moses is the only account of the creation which remains unimpeached, and even strengthened by the results of philosophical inquiry. Yet it is important to observe, that science alone could never conduct the human mind to God, as the first cause of all things; and a very humiliating reflection it forces upon us when we take a review of the inventions and schemes of the wisest philosophers, who, without the guidance of the holy Scriptures, have attempted to account for the phenomena of nature, or to describe the origin of the universe. Our next reflection therefore regards,

Secondly, The ignorance and folly of man; the utter insufficiency of his reason to attain a knowledge of the Deity, through the medium of his brightest works; and the arrogance of his presumption in assigning to those works either eternity of existence or a commencement by the operation of causes that are altogether inadequate and absurd.

It was the Jewish legislator who first laid down the hypothesis, which is the foundation of his whole system, that every thing which exists owes its existence to a first Being: to Him who is the fountain of being; to him who calls himself "I am," by excellence. This is the title of his sovereignty over the creatures; this is that which renders him worthy of the honours of adoration; for if we do not owe him all that we

are, if any be before him, if he does not exist by himself, we cannot pay him the supreme homage of our minds and of our hearts; which supposes a sovereign perfection in him that receives it: as it does an absolute dependance in him that renders it. The hypothesis of the newness and beginning of the world, which naturally implies the being of a God, puts everlasting bars to idolatry, that admits of several gods, as it does to irreligion, which allows of none. It was absolutely indispensable that Moses should make this supposition of the newness of the world the corner-stone, (as one may call it,) upon which he was to build the whole system of religion which he was about to impart to the church. How necessary was this lesson, especially in those ages in which the legislator lived, as well as for some of the ages that immediately followed! One is amazed to read the different opinions of the heathen philosophers about the beginning of the world. It is not to be conceived how men who were formerly the admiration of their own times, and whose fame has descended from age to age, even to this time, were capable of such strange notions upon this subject. Let a man consult the famous work of Cicero, entitled *De Natura Deorum*, and which ought rather to be looked upon as a list of extravagant fancies, which he had formed about the Divinity, than as a treatise upon his nature, and he will find this remark most abundantly confirmed.

What a wretched account was that of the Egyptians, (from whom the Epicureans borrowed

their hypothesis,) that the world was made by chance, and mankind grew out of the earth by a kind of vegetative process! What strange stories does the Grecian theology tell us of Jupiter and Saturn! and what sad work do their ancient writers make, when they come to form men and women out of projected stones! How unaccountably does the Phenician historian make a dark and windy air the principle of the universe; all intelligent creatures to be formed alike in the shape of an egg, and both male and female awakened into life by a loud clap of thunder! The Chinese are accounted a wise people; and yet the articles of their creed are such as these:—That one Tayn, who lived in heaven, and was famous for his wisdom, disposed the parts of the world into the order in which we find them; that he created out of nothing the first man Panson, and his wife Pansone; that this Panson by a power from Tayn, created a man called Tanhom, who was a great naturalist, and thirteen *laen* more, by whom the world was peopled, till after a while the sky fell upon the earth, and destroyed them all; but that the wise Tayn afterwards created another man, called Lotziram, who had two horns, and an odoriferous body, from whom proceeded several men and women, who stocked the world with the present inhabitants. The moderns, who have either perverted Divine revelation, or daringly rejected it, have promulgated absurdities quite as gross and incredible as their less culpable predecessors. The prophet of Arabia has outdone all that went before him in extravagance, when yet he had undoubted access to the holy Scriptures; and the proudest genius of our own times, but who was too great and too wise to believe in the being of a God, has vied with Mohammed in absurdity, while he has infinitely surpassed him in the imposing splendour of his impious speculation. Mohammed was simply an impostor, who invented the most extravagant falsehoods, in order to insure the devotion of his weak and credulous followers. Buffon was a philosopher, who hated creeds and faiths, and who could not be persuaded that there was a Being in the universe greater than himself. The Mohammedan account of the formation of the world is the following:—It tells us that the first things which were created were, the throne of God, Adam, Paradise, and a great pen, wherewith God wrote his decrees; that this throne was carried about upon the necks of angels, whose heads were so stupendously large, that birds could not fly in a thousand years from one ear to another; that the heavens were propped up by the mountain Koff; that the stars were firebrands, thrown against the devils when they invaded heaven, and that the earth stands upon the top of a great cow's horn; that this cow stands upon a white stone, this stone upon a mountain, and this mountain—but here they are lost. The formation of Adam is thus described. That

after God, by long continued rains, had prepared the slime of the earth out of which he was to form it, he sent the angel Gabriel, and commanded him, of seven layers of earth, to take out of each a handful; that upon Gabriel coming to the earth, he told her, that God had determined to extract that out of her bowels whereof he proposed to make man, who was to be sovereign over all and his viceregent; that surprised at this news, the earth desired Gabriel to represent her fears to God; that this creature, whom he was going to make in this manner would one day rebel against him, and draw down his curse upon her; that Gabriel returned and made a report to God of the earth's remonstrances; but God, resolving to execute his design, despatched Michael, and afterwards Asraphel, with the same commission; that these two angels returned, in like manner, to report the earth's excuses, and absolute refusal to contribute to this work; whereupon he deputed Azrael; who, without saying any thing to the earth, took a handful out of each of the seven different layers or beds, and carried it to a place in Arabia, between Mecca and Taief; that after the angels had mixed and kneaded the earth which Azrael brought, God with his own hand formed out of it a human statue, and having left it in the same place for some time to dry, not long after, communicating his Spirit or enlivening breath, infused life and understanding into it; and clothing it in a wonderful dress, suitable to his dignity, commanded the angels to fall prostrate before it; which Eblis (by whom they mean Lucifer) refusing to do, was immediately driven out of Paradise. Thus puerile was the mind of that daring impostor, who has set up a rival throne to that of the Messiah. Such is the wisdom of man when he presumes to reject the counsel of God.

The philosophers of Europe were for a season dazzled with the sublime invention of Buffon, but, like a meteor, it gleamed, and passed away. It was invested with only momentary splendour, and, like every system of nature from which a Deity is excluded, fell by its own dead weight. Let us place it in contrast with the Mosaic Cosmogony, and we shall soon perceive that the most wonderful human intellect, in its bold attempt to supersede the inspired narrative, is driven to admit absurdities, which even credulity rejects, and superstition laughs to scorn. When vain man would be wise in opposition to his God, it is at his peril. He descends from his high eminence as an intelligent creature, to become the sport of the wildest fancies, and the most irrational chimeras.

The system of Buffon, (and we give it as the *ne plus ultra* of the human mind, in the most enlightened age of the world,—an age, when it was assumed that in another generation philosophy would probably triumph over revelation,)

depends principally upon two facts, which, though generally true, were totally insufficient to sustain his extravagant hypothesis.

It had been long observed, that such flinty, or silicious bodies as form a part of the composition of glass, are among the most abundant materials which compose the earth, and that many of them nearly resemble glass in colour, transparency, lustre, hardness, and specific gravity. As glass is produced by fusion in a strong heat, it was inferred by Buffon, that the flinty bodies found in the earth, derived their origin from a similar fusion; and as no heat, sufficient to produce so great an effect, could be found on our globe, the author has recourse to the sun as its source. He supposes the planets, and the earth among the number, to have originally formed a part of the body of the sun. In this situation, a comet falling in on that great body, might have given it such a shock, and so shaken its whole frame, that some of its particles might have been driven off, like streaming sparkles from red-hot iron; and each of these streams of fire, though very small in comparison of the sun, might have been large enough to form a planet much greater than our earth, or any other of the planetary system. In this manner the planets, together with the globe which we inhabit, might have been driven off from the body of the sun by impulsion; and in this way they would have continued to recede from it for ever, had they not been arrested by the superior power of attraction exerted on them by the sun; and thus, by the combination of the centrifugal and centripetal forces, they were whirled round in the orbits which they now describe.

After giving a number of reasons for the credibility, or at least possibility, of the foregoing supposition, the author concludes that it is evident that the earth assumed its present figure when in a melted state. "It is natural to think," says he, "that the earth when it issued from the sun, had no other form but that of a torrent of melted and inflamed matter; that this torrent, by the mutual attraction of its parts, took on a globular figure, which its diurnal motion changed into a spheroid; that when the earth cooled, the vapours, which were expanded like the tail of a comet, gradually condensed, and fell down in the form of water upon the surface, depositing at the same time a slimy substance mixed with sulphur and salts, part of which was carried by the motion of the waters into the perpendicular fissures of the strata, and produced metals, and the rest remained on the surface, and gave rise to the vegetable mould which abounds in different places, with more or less of animal or vegetable particles, the organisation of which is not obvious to the senses."

Thus the interior parts of the globe were originally composed of vitrified matter, and probably they are so at present. Above this were placed

those bodies which had been reduced by the heat to the smallest particles, as sand, which are only portions of glass, and above these pumice stones, and the scoræ of melted matter, from which were afterwards produced the several kinds of clay. The whole mass was covered with water, to the depth of five or six hundred feet, arising from the condensation of the vapours when the earth began to cool. This water deposited a stratum of mud, mixed with all those substances which were capable of being sublimed or exhaled by fire, and the air was formed of the most subtle vapours; which, from their small specific gravity, floated above the water.

Such was the condition of the earth when the tides, the winds, and the heat of the sun, began to introduce changes on its surface. The diurnal motion of the earth, and that of the tides, elevated the waters in the equatorial regions, and necessarily transported thither great quantities of slime, clay, and sand; and by thus elevating those parts of the earth, they perhaps sunk those under the poles about two leagues, or a two hundred and thirtieth part of the whole; for the waters would easily reduce into powder pumice stones, and other spongy parts of the vitrified matter upon the surface; and by this means excavate some places and elevate others, which, in time, would produce islands and continents, and all those inequalities on the surface, which are more considerable towards the equator than towards the poles. The highest mountains lie between the tropics and the middle of the temperate zones, and the lowest from the polar circles towards the poles. Indeed, both the land and sea have most inequalities between the tropics, as is evident from the incredible number of islands peculiar to these regions.

The other circumstance which forms a principal part of the basis of this theory, is derived from the composition of sea-shells. It is well known that these shells consist chiefly of an earth like that which constitutes the principal part of limestone or marble; and it was hence inferred, that, after a series of ages, these shells being broken down into minute particles, produced those immense masses of calcareous substances which are now found either in vast mountains; or in stratified plains, in almost every part of the earth.

Buffon conceives, very naturally, that the surface of the earth must, at the beginning, have been much less solid than it is at present, and consequently the same causes which at this day produce but slight changes, must then, on so yielding a body, have been attended with very considerable effects. There is, he thinks, every reason to suppose that the earth was at that time covered with the waters of the sea; and that these waters were above the tops of our highest mountains, since, even in such elevated situations, we find shells and other marine productions in

very great abundance. It appears also that the sea continued for a considerable time upon the face of the earth; for as these layers of shells are found so frequently at such great depths, and in such prodigious quantities, it seems impossible for such numbers to have been supported all alive at one time; so that they must have been brought there by successive depositions. These shells also are found in the bodies of the hardest rocks, where they could not have been all deposited at once, at the time of the deluge, or at any such instant revolution; since that would be to suppose that all the rocks in which they are found were at that instant in a state of dissolution, which would be absurd to assert. The sea, therefore, deposited them wherever they are now to be found, and that by slow and successive degrees.

It will appear, also, that the sea covered the whole earth, from the appearance of its layers, which, lying regularly one above the other, seem all to resemble the sediment formed at different times by the ocean. Hence, by the irregular force of its waves and its currents, driving the bottom into sand-banks, mountains must have been gradually formed within this universal covering of waters; and these, successively raising their heads above its surface, must, in time, have formed the highest ridges of mountains upon land, together with continents, islands, and low grounds, all in their turns. This opinion will receive additional weight by considering that, in those parts of the earth where the power of the ocean is the greatest, the inequalities on the surface of the earth are highest; the ocean's power is greatest at the equator, where its winds and tides are most constant; and, in fact, the mountains at the equator are found to be higher than in any other parts of the world. The sea, therefore, has produced the principal changes in our

earth; rivers, volcanoes, earthquakes, storms, and rain, having made but slight alterations, and only such as have affected the globe to very inconsiderable depths.

"In the formation of this theory," says Mr. Kirwan, "genius (I mean genius in its primitive sense, the sublime talent of fascinating invention, and not the energetic power of patient, profound, and sagacious investigation) unhappily presided. Yet dazzled by the splendid but delusive scenery,—pourtrayed by an ardent imagination soaring to the source of light, and rending from its flaming orb the planetary masses that surround it, then marking with daring and overweening confidence, fancied successive epochs of the consolidated fabric of the terraqueous globe,—the public attention was long arrested by the magical representation, and the understanding nearly betrayed into a partial, if not a total, assent to it.

"This proud gigantic theory was, however, like another Goliath, soon demolished by a common flint or pebble—the very substance it sprung from. Common glass essentially contains an alkaline salt, to which alone it owes its fusibility; silicious substances contain none, and are absolutely infusible when unassociated with any. Macquer found them infusible but in the still incomparably superior heat of inflamed oxygen. Hence the hypothesis, grounded on the assumed identity of these substances and common glass, vanished like the unembodied visions of the night. With respect to limestone, the other pillar on which this theory rests, Cronstedt, Ferberborn, Arduini, and Bergman, demonstrated the existence of numerous and immense mountains, in which not only no vestiges of shells could be traced, but whose internal structure of position was incompatible with the supposition of an origination thence derived."

VICTORY.

WARR not to me the blast of fame,
That swells the trump of victory;
For to my ear it gives the name
Of slaughter and of misery.

Boast not so much of honour's sword,
Wave not so high the victor's plume;
They point me to the bosom gored,
They point me to the blood-stained tomb.

The beastful shout, the revel loud,
That strive to drown the voice of pain,
What are they but the fickle crowd
Rejoicing o'er their brethren slain?

And ah, through glory's fading blaze,
I see the cottage taper, pale,
Which sheds its faint and feeble rays
Where unprotected orphans wail.

Where the sad widow weeping stands,
As if her day of hope was done;
Where the wild-mother clasps her hands
And asks the victor for her son:

Where the lone maid in secret sighs
O'er the lost solace of her heart,
As prostrate in despair she lies,
And feels her tortured life depart:

Where, midst the desolated land,
The sire lamenting o'er his son,
Extends his pale and powerless hand,
And finds its only prop is gone.

See, how the bands of war and woe
Have rifled sweet domestic bliss;
And tell me if your laurels grow
And flourish in a soil like this?

Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

REVIEW.

A Tabular Chronological Epitome of the History of Architecture in England. By GEORGE GODWIN, Jun., Architect. J. Weale; C. Tilt.

This is one of the most valuable Architectural Epitomes we have ever witnessed; it is, in the words of Mr. Godwin—"an attempt to show at one view an approximation to the date, duration, and characteristics of the principal styles which have prevailed; some examples; and names of eminent architects." The most prevalent style of architecture observed amongst our principal cathedrals, churches, and castles, is the Gothic, under the different divisions of Early Pointed, Pointed, Florid Pointed, and Elizabethan; and the information connected with these is well given by Mr. Godwin: for instance, the Florid Pointed style was most prevalent from the commencement of the reign of Richard II., in 1377, to that of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., in 1509, including the reigns of 10 kings, and occupying a period of about 140 years. The leading features of this style are thus enumerated by our author—"Windows very large; occasionally with horizontal embattled transoms; General lines of mullions, &c., perpendicular; Horizontal transoms over doorways with ornamented spandrels; Lofty turrets and cupolas; Elaborate panneling; Rich fan-like tracery to vaultings; Heraldic ornaments; Pointed arches obtuse; Details overwrought. In private residences security less studied than during preceding periods, and convenience more." The best examples of this style may be easily seen by our readers—they are to be met with at Westminster Hall, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and Henry the VIIIth's. Chapel, Westminster. The most eminent architects of this style were Bishop Waynesflete, Bishop Beauchamp, Bishop Alcock, Sir Reginald Bray, John Hylmer, and Prior Bolton.

We should recommend to Mr. Godwin, whose love of his art, and perseverance in its pursuit, are very great, to construct an architectural chart, on a plan somewhat similar, but more extensive of course, than this epitome. A more ample series of details might there be given of every point connected with the history of architecture, and diagrams and sketches slightly shadowed might be introduced, which we can conceive would tend to enhance its value in a ten-fold degree, both to the architectural student and professor, and be, we should conceive, of far higher service than the most elaborate literary finish which we know Mr. Godwin gives to all his works.

The Waldenses, or Protestant Valleys of Piedmont Dauphiny. By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. Illustrated in a series of views, taken on the spot expressly for the work, by Messrs. Bartlett and Brockedon. First quarterly part. George Virtue, Ivy-lane.

We have waited a considerable time for the subsequent parts of this splendid specimen of a work, which if it equals its promise, will, no doubt, meet with the most liberal patronage. Besides a beautiful vignette, exhibiting the Villar, Val Pelice, this part is enriched with eighteen illustrations of the valleys, by the artists employed in this truly noble undertaking.

The Bridge of the Po is a scene of quiet beauty, gradually rising in the distance to a degree of sublime magnificence. All possess merit, and as works of art, portraying nature in every diversified form of grandeur and loveliness, they are highly gratifying to the eye of taste; but some of them awaken a powerful moral interest. Every mountain and every glen, every dark recess and deep ravine, have witnessed heroic deeds and sufferings, which induce us to gaze upon them with breathless awe and intense sympathy, while they call up to our recollection the events, the deeds, and woes of other times. We conclude our brief notice of this portion of the work with a paragraph from the introduction, which is in exact accordance with our views and feelings:—

"With respect to the scenery of these valleys, the engravings speak for themselves, they embrace a rich and striking variety of subjects, such as may be expected on the confines of two countries so different in physical character, and range between the awful solitudes of Fressinière, or Dormelleuse, and the summer valleys of the Luzern and the Po. But had nature been less auspicious to the painter—had the scenery been less sublime, or picturesque, or beautiful than it is—the actions alone, of which, for so many centuries, it has been the theatre, would stamp its bleakest rocks with an interest which no mere landscape, however beautiful, could inspire. The scenery indeed is well calculated to fascinate the eye and enchant the imagination. But it is only when surrounded by associations that it has power to reach the heart, addressing us like an intelligent spirit, through the allurements of a beautiful exterior. The connexion between natural scenes and historical records is here so peculiarly striking, that it would be difficult to fix on any point of Waldensian landscape, which in the almost incredible series of thirty-three wars, has not been the 'vantage ground of religious freedom, or the sepulchre of its champions.—*Monsieur mesio quo pacto, locis ipsis quibus eorum quos diligimus aut admiratur adsumt vestigia.*—Cicero De Legibus."

As the work advances we shall avail ourselves of some of its heart-stirring tales for the gratification of our readers.

GLANCES AT THE PAST.

SIMPLICITY.—When the Americans first perceived the intercourse the Spaniards kept up with each other at immense distances, by means of little bits of white paper, they imagined some spirit to be concealed within them, who communicated what was ever going on. An Indian boy being sent with a present of figs to a Spanish captain, ate part of them by the way. Upon the captain reading the letter which accompanied them, he discovered the deficiency, to the astonishment of the poor boy, who, the next time he was sent on a similar errand, determined to outwit the spirit, and prevent his telling tales; he therefore cunningly placed the letter under a stone, while he indulged his appetite with the coveted luxury.

INGENUITY OF NECESSITY.—Although the ancient Peruvians were civilised in comparison with the other nations of America, they were to be considered, with

respect to Europe, as in a state of great barbarity. Of singular ingenuity, however, their history affords many traits. The great road of the Incas, which extended from north to south upwards of one thousand five hundred miles, was intersected, in its course, by all the torrents which roll from the Andes toward the Western Ocean. The Peruvians could not construct bridges either of stone or timber; but necessity, the parent of invention, suggested a device which supplied that defect. They formed cables of great strength, by twisting together some of the pliable osiers with which their country abounds. Six of these cables they stretched across the stream parallel to one another, and made them fast on each side; these they firmly bound together, by interweaving smaller ropes, which being covered with branches of trees and earth, they passed along with complete security.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A CONDEMNED MAN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

PART I.

CONDEMNED to death!—For five weeks has this thought dwelt alone with me; I have been always frozen by its presence, always crushed down beneath its weight. Formerly—for it seems to me these are rather years than weeks—I was a man as others are. Each day, each hour, each minute had its idea; my spirit, young and lofty, was full of phantasies. It amused me to unravel them, the one after the other, without order and without end, embroidering, from inexhaustible arabesques, this rough and slender staff of life. There were visions of young maidens, splendid mitres, battles won, theatres filled with light and sound, and again young maidens and solemn walks at night beneath huge branches of chestnut-trees. There was always a festivity in my imagination. I could think on what I would; I was free.

Now I am a captive; my body is in irons in a dungeon; my spirit imprisoned in one idea, one horrible, bloody, implacable idea. I have but one thought, one conviction, one certainty—I am condemned to death.

Whatever I do it is always there—that infernal thought!—like a leaden sceptre at my side, alone, jealous, chasing all distraction, face to face with me, miserable, and shaking me with its two icy hands, when I would turn away my head or close my eyes. It creeps into all forms where my spirit would flee from it, and it mingles, like the horrible burden of a song, with all the words that are addressed to me; it glues itself with me to the hideous gratings of my dungeon, possesses me when awake, watches my convulsive sleep, and reappears in my dreams as a knife.

I have just started in my sleep from its pursuit. Ah! it is but a dream. Well, even before my eyes have had time to open sufficiently to see, this fatal thought, written in the horrible reality which surrounds me, on the damp and sweltering flag-stone of my cell, in the pale rays of my night-lamp, in the coarse woof of the cloth of my garments, in the gloomy figure of the guard-soldier, whose cartouch-box shines through the grating of my dungeon; it seems that a voice has already murmured in my ear, "Thou art condemned to death!"

It was a beautiful morning in August. For three days my trial had been entered upon, for three days had my name and my crime drawn together each morning a cloud of spectators, who came crowding down on the benches of the hall of audience like ravens around a carcass; for three days had all the phantasmagoria of judges, witnesses, advocates, and king's attorneys passed and repassed before me, sometimes grotesque, sometimes bloody, but always gloomy

and fatal. The two first nights of uneasiness and terror I had not slept, the third night I slept from lassitude and fatigue. At midnight I had left the jury deliberating; I had been brought back to the straw of my dungeon, and I had fallen immediately into a deep sleep, into a slumber of oblivion. They had been to me the first hours of repose for many days.

I was in the depth of this profound sleep, when they came to awake me. This time, neither the heavy step, nor the iron shoes of the jailer, nor the clashing of his knot of keys, nor the harsh gnashing of the bolts, were sufficient; it required his rude hand on my arm, and his rough voice in my ear, to arouse me from my lethargy.

"Awake!" said he.

I opened my eyes, and rose up scared upon my seat. At that moment, through the high and narrow window of my dungeon, I saw, on the ceiling of the neighbouring gallery, the only sky I could have a glimpse of, that yellow reflection in which eyes accustomed to the darkness of a prison know so well how to recognise the sun. I love the sun.

"It is a fine day," I said to the jailer.

He remained a moment without answering me, as though not knowing whether it were worth the trouble of a word; but after some effort he answered bluntly, "It is possible."

I remained immovable, my spirit half lulled asleep, my mouth in a smile, my eyes fixed on that soft golden reverberation that diapered the ceiling. "Here is a fine day," I repeated.

"Yes," answered the man. "They wait for you."

These few words, like the thread that breaks the insect's flight, threw me back violently into reality. I saw again, suddenly, as in a flash of lightning, the gloomy hall of the assizes, the horse-shoe range before the judges covered with bloody hues, the three ranks of the stupid-faced witnesses, the two *gend'armes* at each end of my bench, the dark robes rustling, and the heads of the crowd swarming in the depth of the shadow, and the fixed looks of the twelve jurymen—who had watched while I slept—resting upon me.

I arose; my teeth chattered, my hands trembled, and I knew not where to find my clothes. My legs were weak; at the first step I made I stumbled like a street-porter overcharged; nevertheless, I followed the jailer.

The two *gend'armes* waited for me at the threshold of my cell. They replaced the handcuffs. They had a small complicated lock on them, which they closed carefully. I let them do it: it was a machine on a machine.

We traversed an interior court. The light

air of the morning revived me. I lifted up my head. The sky was clear; and the warm rays of the sun, divided by the long chimneys, described large angles of light on the summit of the high and gloomy walls of the prison. It was indeed a fine day.

We mounted a circular staircase; we passed along one corridor, then another, then a third, then a low door opened; a hot air mingled with sounds struck my face—it was the breath of the crowd in the hall of the assizes. I entered. At my apparition there was a rumour of arms and voices; the raised benches were displaced with a noise, the partitions cracked; and whilst I traversed the long room, between two masses of people walled in with soldiers, I seemed like a centre to which were attached the threads which moved all those inclined and gaping faces.

At that minute I perceived that I was without irons; nor could I remember either when or where they had been removed from me.

There was then a great silence. I had reached my place: at the moment the tumult ceased among the crowd, it ceased also in my ideas. I suddenly and clearly understood that which, until then, I had only seen in confused glimpses—that the decisive moment was come, and that I was there to hear my sentence.

Let him explain it who can; but from the manner in which this idea came to me, I can state that it caused me no terror. The windows were opened; the air and the noise of the city came freely from without; the hall was bright as for a bridal. The gay beams of the sun traced here and there the luminous figure of the casements, sometimes lengthened on the floor, sometimes developed on the tables, sometimes broken at the angle of the walls; and from these shining lozenges of the windows each ray cut out in the air a large prism of golden dust. The judges at the end of the hall looked contented, probably from the delight of their task being soon finished. The face of the president, softly lit up by the reflection of a window, had something of calmness and goodness spread over it; and a young barrister was talking, almost gaily, and grasping the hand of a pretty woman in a rose-coloured hat, placed, by favour, behind him. The jurors alone appeared wan and dejected; but it was apparently from the fatigue of having watched all the night. Some of them yawned; nothing in their countenances indicated men who had just borne sentence of death; and in the figures of these good citizens I could divine nothing beyond a great wish for sleep.

EPHON.

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.—No. II.

GEMINI, THE TWINS.

In discussing the subject of the sign *Taurus*, I produced a variety of pagan evidence to the truth of holy writ: to bring together all the proof would overwhelm me beneath the load of my arms. That which ought to shield, (gorgeous and impenetrable as it might be,) would crush me beneath its weight, like Tarpeia beneath the Sabine shields. Let it suffice, that the substance of a beautiful and universal creed has come down to us in a variety of ancient fables, beautifully, but variously and capriciously told. Sometimes it was Persephoneh, "the lost fruit," which human nature (Isis, Isheb, "the woman") sought in vain, and found in death. Anon it was the secret of primitive perfection, which Theseus and Pirithous strove to ravish from the initiatory rites, but perished in the attempt. It was the loss of light which Isis wept over Horus; it was the decree of death which Venus wept over Adonis. It was the promise of his revival which shook with triumph the valley of Egypt, and echoed in gratulation from the hills of Libanus. Sometimes this creed depicted Orpheus descending into hell in search of his lost love, stung to death by a *serpent*, and *bitten in the heel*. At other times it represented Psyche, ("the fallen soul,") deserted by heavenly love, descending into the realms of night, and opening the repository of

evil. Again, it portrayed the first woman, urged by curiosity to open the forbidden chest, and introducing the plagues of sin and death into the world, while *nothing but hope* (hope of the future seed) remained. Lastly, it portrayed the promised seed, (so the pagans thought,) the *magnum Jovis incrementum*, the self immolated Hercules, dragging up the grave (Cerberus, the "cry of the grave") in triumph; wounding *Haris*, or hell, (Pluto,) trampling on the dragon's head, (see the modern sphere,) and grasping the immortal fruit. I revert to the order of the signs, and my proposed investigation.

The Gemini of the ancient Zodiac were sometimes represented as a male and female. On the Farnese globe, Venus and Apollo occupy this sign, and so it is on some of the ancient planispheres of Egypt, preserved by Kircher. They were the Dioscuri of the Greeks, Castor and Pollux, the story of whom springing from an egg, and their half year's division of light and darkness, sufficiently attests Egyptian original. They were emblems of the upper and lower spheres, of the light and darkness, and of the mingled good and evil which were produced from the egg of chaos. In the language of the Rabbins, they were the *two arms* of the Deity, and are frequently represented as such among the hieroglyphics, the

right hand holding an emblem of resurrection, (the *Taw*.) and the left a besom of destruction. Philosophically considered, their embrace (the attitude in which they are usually represented) was a type of the harmony produced by the contest of attraction and repulsion, or *love* and *war*, as Aristophanes argued; and thence it was, perhaps, that on one of the Roman spheres, the Twins are represented as Venus and Mars. But these were later inventions. The Dioscuri and Cabiri were the oldest deities of the world, and, indeed, were the same deities; they were the visible potencies of the most ancient trinity; for though the Dioscuri and Cabiri were originally three, Pausanias expressly says, that "two only of these gods were visible, while the third and and greatest was invisible. It was unlawful," he adds, "to pronounce their name; but they were afterwards called Dioscuri." Bochart says, that "the Cabiri were Proserpine, Ceres, and Pluto."

In the mystical metaphors of the sacred dialect, they occupied the same place as the twin Cherubim of the ark, and the witnesses referred to by Zechariah iv. 12, 14, and the Apocalypse, xi. 4, "These are the two olive trees, and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth." "And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit (that is, *Typhon*, for so he is precisely depicted, as a dragon with seven heads) shall kill them; and their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt: and after three days and a half the Spirit of life shall enter into them, and they shall stand upon their feet."

As to the Egyptian Dioscuri there cannot be a doubt that the "brothers" were Osiris and Typhon; the one representing light and the other darkness, and both springing from the mundane egg.

On the Zodiac of Esneh, they are represented under the double form of a harpy, as an amphibæna; as two dragons, flying different ways; and as two seraphs, uniting their wings over an ark. On one of the planispheres in Kircher, they are represented by two serpents; in another by the caduceus of Mercury; the knot of which united the warring principles of good and evil, was called "Hercules and Harmonia." This wand, consisting of the globe, wings, and two serpents, was a talisman, connected with the deepest mysteries of magic. The figure of a man, in the same sign, grasping a serpent in either hand, was, doubtless, connected with the same mysterious philosophy of good and evil.

On the planisphere of Dendera, the sign is represented by a double shaped monster, on one side a baboon, on the other a wolf. Little argument is necessary to prove that the *royal prophet* (so Horus Apollo explains the first hieroglyphic) was Osiris; and the impious man, (so he interprets the latter,) his brother Typhon. The

wolf, as a symbol of evil, has found its way even to the Edda, and plays an important part in the last battle between the great serpent and the gods. It is still considered as the great enemy of the sun and moon (Osiris and Isis) by the remotest nations, negroes and Chinese. On one of the planispheres of Kircher, he is depicted as in the act of being transfixed by Orus, a representation which has, indeed, descended to the modern celestial globe, whereon there still is to be seen the wolf transfixed by the Centaur.

The Cabiri are called "the sons of King Sadek, by Sanchoniatho." Bishop Cumberland supposes Sadek, which means "a just man," was Shem. But is he not more likely to have been Noah, who is called "a just man" by Moses? Indeed, nothing is more probable than that his three sons were the first objects of hero worship. But there are fearful characteristics, relating to the rites of the Cabiri, which are not reconcileable with the history of those three patriarchs, which would seem to point to some antediluvian enormity of the accursed line of Cain, and which possibly was the immediate cause of the deluge. Perhaps the crime may be that mysterious one confessed by Lamech to Adah and Zillah, his wives. "Hear my words, ye wives of Lamech, and hearken unto my speech, for I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt. If Cain shall be avenged seven-fold, surely Lamech seventy and seven-fold." To warrant such a scale of comparison the enormity must be great indeed.

It is curious that the cause of the deluge, as assigned by Ovid, is the offering up a human victim to Jupiter by Lycaon (the wolf.)

But however this be, the rites of the Cabiri were of the gloomiest possible character. They had a temple near Memphis, which none but the priests could enter. All things black were offered to them; and here it may not be unworthy of remark, as a singular corroboration, that the Copts, who call the three larger pyramids by the names of the three sons of Noah, are in the habit of offering a *black cock* at that which they call the pyramid of Shem. The Cabiritic rites were certainly bloody. Bochart says that a man was supposed to have been sacrificed in their mysteries, from a perverted notion of the predicted seed, and the necessary atonement. Hence perhaps the fable of Busiris and his human victims, the name of Busiris merely signifying the "house" or "tomb" of Osiris. Men, it appears, were originally sacrificed to Osiris, under the form of a vulture: but Alnasis ordered images of wax to be offered in their stead. As a proof that a mediatorial atonement was implied by the Egyptian sacrifices, it was customary to place a seal on the oxen selected as victims, which seal had upon it the figure of a man kneeling, with his hands bound to a stake and a sword to his throat. There is one of these representations

among the hieroglyphics in Denon. As to the human sacrifices at the tomb of Osiris, and elsewhere, the Greeks fabled that the Egyptian priests were going to offer up Hercules to his father Jupiter, but that he delivered himself by slaying the sacrificants. Every one knows that he afterwards became a voluntary victim.

Many wild and dark traditions seem to point to an atrocious antediluvian crime, committed under a blasphemous interpretation of the expected atonement. Thus Chronus, in Sanchoniatho, is described as offering his own son, Ilus, in sacrifice, in order to realise a prophecy. Atlas, the king of the Atlantis, which was submerged by the deluge, was murdered and thrown into a pit, by Hermes and Chronus, his brothers. So Lynceus was slain by the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux. Now all this is corroborated by what Julius Firmianus intimates, that the Cabiri were three brothers, one of whom was slain by the other two, and then deified; and he describes "his worshippers as holding up their bloody hands to the once bleeding."

Were the Cabiri then the Mercury, (Jabal,) the Vulcan, (Tubal Cain,) and the Apollo, (Jabal,) of holy writ? Was the latter murdered by his brethren? and was this the "young man," whose murder is rated at so enormous a proportion of criminality, by Lamech, the repentant father?

Certain it is that similar stories of murder and mangling of a body, with its subsequent deification, are related of other personages besides Osiris. Thus Orpheus, the primitive bard, was torn to pieces. Apollo was, by some accounts, slain by Python, and partook of a three days' death; Adonis was torn by a boar; Bacchus was cut in pieces by the Titans, and Jupiter by the giants; the Manicheans had their Manes, and the Freemasons their Hiram. In all, the same family feature of violence and funereal mourning is strikingly apparent.

The following allusion to the sign *Gemini*, or the "brothers," Jacob's blessing to the tribes wonderfully corroborates, and strikingly illuminates the whole of the above inferences:—

"Simeon and Levi are the 'brothers;' instruments of cruelty are in their habitations. Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret, (mysteries,) and unto their assembly be not thou united, (be not initiated,) my honour. For in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged a well, (this agrees with the fable of Atlas,) or houghed an ox, (this agrees with the Tentyrian planisphere.)"

Nothing can agree more completely with this reproving exclamation, nor with the history to which it seems to allude, than the ancient sign *Gemini*, and the symbols and figures which surround it. On all sides of it the planisphere of Dendera presents "instruments" and memorials of "cruelty." Typhon, a compound figure of a hog and crocodile, leans on a sacrificial knife,

with which he appears to have just destroyed the sacred bull. The scriptural term of "houghing an ox," seems borrowed from the twin symbols of the ox's thigh and the knife. Close at hand appears a figure, intended perhaps to represent the Gorgon head, with its single eye, severed by the Egyptian Perseus, and from the blood of which the giants are said to have been born. The symbol is an eye and a circle, which agrees precisely with the word *Cyclops*, implying also an eye and a circle. Now the race of giants were called "*Cyclopean*," and it is to the enormities of that race of giants that Moses attributes the flood. Beneath this is a gigantic figure, (the Orion and Nimrod of the modern sphere,) who grasps an animal by the neck, and has just lopped off the head of an ox, or cow, perhaps, for it has human feet, and in that manner Isis is sometimes represented. The Chaldean Ormorca was fabled to be beheaded, with reference to a similar tradition. So was Oannes, who predicted the flood. Belus also, like Osiris, was beheaded, and the head of the latter is seen carried above his coffin on the zodiac of Tentyra, while amidst the diluvian signs of the same zodiac appears a beheaded man.

The Egyptian "brethren," therefore, were Typhon and Osiris, who were twins, *Gemini*, and to these Jacob doubtless alluded. The "secret assembly" and conspiracy of Typhon need not be insisted on, nor the resurrection of Osiris in the form of Horus. The Greek fables of *Cœlus*, Saturn, and Jupiter, their mutual cruelties, and "wrath," and contentions, are no doubt derived from this source. No painting nor narrative could explain more forcibly the words of Jacob than the hieroglyphics of the planispheres and zodiacs in question, and the fables I have shown to be connected with them.

Beyond a doubt, the words of Jacob point to a greater sufferer than Osiris, and so did what I conceive to be the antediluvian picture-writing of the prophecy. But could any symbolic representative of the great atonement more apposite be found than the *great teacher* Osiris, the priest and king, slain by his brethren, and doomed to a three days' sepulture and resurrection? or his *thousand years' reign of gold*, as Horus, (the word implying "gold and light?") Could any symbol more apposite be found for the desolation of the future church than the widowhood of his wife, or her persecution and flight, than its persecutions and flight? The Apocalypse evidently sanctions the inference that these symbols were prophetic. "And to the woman (or the church, *Isheh*, *Isis*) were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness from the face of the serpent." (Typhon.) Now *Isis* was supplied with quail's wings to fly with her son from the successful treason of Typhon. The same wanderings and flight are recorded of *Latona* and her son, (the Greek *Horus*, or *Apollo*.)

and the same persecution imputed to Python, the "great serpent." Can any one for a moment doubt that these things are the *disjecta membra*

of one most ancient, most sublime, traditional, homogeneous religious system?

E. C.

SCRIPTURE TALES.

SIDDIM.—GENESIS, CHAPTER XIV.

THE waters of the deluge had wholly disappeared from the bosom of the earth, and with them had vanished all thoughts of the judgment from the hearts of her apostate sons. God was again forgotten amid their strivings for empire; especially by the race of Ham. The miraculous dispersion from Babylonia appeared also to be utterly lost upon their idolatrous minds. Expelled from the region they unjustly usurped, the Rebrodian Cuthites sought refuge in various portions of the world. Some penetrated beyond the Indus and the Ganges; others possessed themselves of part of the inheritance of Mizraim; some patiently sought the allotment given to their father, in the more southerly districts of Afric; and others took possession of the land of promise between Jordan and the sea of Tarshish, from Hobnah to the vale of Siddim.

But the dispersion of the rebel tribes was not the only consequence of the check they received at Babel. Thence also arose the first protracted struggle that stained the face of the newly regenerated earth with blood. In the mythological reveries of the Ethnic writers we read of a decennial war between the Titans and the gods. That war, and the fabled conquests of the Assyrians, who are said to have achieved such victories over many nations in days when those nations could scarcely be established, we have intimated to us, in language free at once from ambiguity and hyperbole, in the word of the living God.

A few of the Hamonians, notwithstanding the fate of Nebrod and their own discomfiture, yet lingered in Shinar and Babylonia; and a much greater number, as previously remarked, still resisting the command for their dispersion, settled on the coasts of Tarshish, and the region round about; while Canaan took possession of that country which the Lord had reserved for another, and claimed as his own peculiar portion. These people, powerful as they had been, and trained to ambition and warfare under their fallen leader, whom they now worshipped as a god, excited the jealousy of the children of Shem, who entered into a family confederacy against them. Aramphal, king of Shinar, (which had been recovered by the Shemetic tribes,) Arioch, king of Ashur or El-Asur, Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, and Tidal, king of the nations of the children of Aram, were the principals in this confederacy, by which not only the scattered Chaldees of Shinar, but all the Hamonians even

to the cities of the plain were brought into subjection. Twelve years they served Chedorlaomer, and in the thirteenth they rebelled; and in the fourteenth year came Chedorlaomer and those that were with him, bringing on their armies to battle, resolved to reduce them to obedience, or expel them from the land.

The martial trumpet sounded through Sodom, and assembled her bold sons at the command of Bera, to give battle to the foe. Imposing was the appearance of the warriors as they marched through the streets of the city arrayed in the habiliments of destruction, and rending the air with loud shouts of "freedom to our children," and "vengeance on the foe." But beneath those breast-plates of steel beat many a heart whose palpitations confessed a sway other than Bera's, many a heart that could not leave behind the tender ties which bound it to home and kindred, from which the din of martial clamour could not erase the impress of near and dear ones whom they had left perhaps for ever.

Go, look into the homes of Sodom! why are their wives so sad? and why are her children weeping? will not the spirit-stirring sound of martial music quell their fears? will not the sight of their mail-clad husbands and fathers inspire them with ardour? Oh, what are these but mockeries to the bosom that has clung to the warrior's last embrace? One truth only is present before them—they have parted perhaps for ever.

The temples of the city were filled with devotees, who implored their deaf idols to assist their heroes in the strife. But alas! they turned not from their iniquities, nor acknowledged the hand that in righteousness had smitten them. There every kind of vice was rampant, and few heeded, none obeyed, the mandates of that law which had been transmitted by their father Noah. One heart only in Sodom, the heart of a Shemite who was sojourning among the people, was lifted to the one true God, and owned the justice of the rod that afflicted them.

"Why art thou so sad?" exclaimed Shelah to her consort, "they call thee not forth to battle."

Lot wandered to and fro in the court of his house, and heeded not her words. He had before felt his spirit wounded to see the iniquity of the land. But now that battle and destruction drew nigh, he experienced more keenly the bitterness of dwelling among the wicked.

"Wretch that I am," he exclaimed mentally, "why was I not satisfied to abide with my own kindred, and marry among them? Now the judgments of the Lord are upon me, and I too must suffer with the idolaters, among whom I dwell. Oh God of Enoch and of Noah! I have hidden thy name in my heart, and have not declared thy almightiness among my neighbours, more anxious about my own safety than theirs; while I have gathered up wealth among them, I have let their dark deeds go unreprieved. Now justly dost thou mix me with them in condemnation, and the sword is coming upon me."

"What ails thee, Lot?" cried Shelah in a louder voice. "On what are thy thoughts thus wandering?"

"I was thinking," he answered, "of peace and the plains of Bethel, where the son of Terah feeds his flocks."

"And what has peace or war to do with thee?" said she, "thy hands are not required to raise the sword; and soon will the brave citizens of Sodom free their people from the bonds of Chedorlaomer."

Lot shook his head in token of dissent, but answered not. He knew that the eye of the Eternal kept watch upon the earth, and he felt the guilt of the people had brought this judgment down upon them; making the tribe of the apostate usurper, so soon after the prophecy had been uttered, "a servant of servants." He looked at his playful daughters, then like young flowrets in their bloom, destined perhaps to fall by the rough hands of the exasperated foe. The pangs of his heart brought tears into his eyes. He wished himself again beside the tent of his uncle, the favoured of the Lord; and cursed the time when the quarrels of their herdsmen had urged him from his presence.

That day was an anxious one for Sodom. Many were they who looked with glad surmising towards the plain; but no army came back with shouts of victory, and palm branches in their hands. Towards evening many scattered ones hurried through the vale. But they stayed not in the cities. They fled to the mountains for shelter.

What means that voice of wailing, "the king is fallen?" Wail, Sodom, 'tis the season of thy widowhood, and the spoiler is upon thee. Her king, with that of Gomorrah, is overthrown in the battle; and the army of the victors are poured into her gates. There all is confusion. The houses are sacked by the invaders; the temples are pillaged; and the shrieks of mothers and daughters carried off by the foe heighten the din of anarchy.

Lot seized his children in his arms, hugged them to his breast, and burst into tears. But

tears were of no avail to stay the hands of the ruffian soldiery. Father, mother, and daughters were forced along with them. Their house was cleared of its contents, and their flocks were driven before them for the use of the marauders.

"Oh God!" exclaimed the Hebrew, "to thee I make my appeal, forsake not thy servant in this distressing hour."

"God is with us!" replied one of the soldiers, "he hath aided us in the day of battle."

"God winks not at oppression and injustice," responded Lot, "ye are striving for a land which does not belong to you, and have ravaged the country to the borders of Mizraim. He may punish by your hands the iniquities of others; but he will not on that account be less mindful of yours. When the true owner asserts his claim to the region of Jordan, then will he drive out the nations before him; but that region is not yours."

"Cease your preaching, old dotard," cried several of them at once, "we have no time to listen to your dreams;" and they hurried him along with the spoils of the vale of Siddim, whose fair daughters were subjected to the rough insults of their conquering foes.

Day and night they hastened them along, scarcely stopping for needful rest or refreshment, till they had travelled as far as Hobnah on the north. Then they heard in their rear the shouts and footsteps of pursuers, the heart of Lot bounded within him, for he knew the voice of Abraham.

"He is come," he exclaimed, "he to whom authority is given. Thanks be to God for this seasonable succour."

Soon was the air rent with the clashing of weapons, and the loud alarms of contending hosts. War roared, and the darkness of midnight made its roarings more awful, while amid the hoarse thunderings of battle flashed beneath the pale moon-beams the lightning of conflicting steel.

But not long the contest continued. The Hebrew and his followers, with those of his brave allies, Mamre, Eschol, and Aner, soon made dreadful slaughter in the ranks of the enemy, and the captives, catching the spirit of valour from the shouts of the recusants, struggled again for freedom. The eyes of Lot were uplifted to heaven, as he prayed for the success of his kinsman. Absorbed in God he knew not that the contest was over, till snatched with his wife and daughters from the grasp of the oppressor, he looked round for a moment with inexpressible delight, then fainted in the arms that had cherished him in childhood, the arms of the Son of Terah.

T. R.

MEDICINE OF NATURE.

It becomes us, before we decree the honours of a cure to a favourite medicine, carefully and candidly to ascertain the exact circumstances under which it is exhibited, or we shall rapidly accumulate examples of the fallacies to which our art is exposed. What has been more common than to attribute to the efficacy of a mineral water those fortunate changes of constitution that have entirely, or in great measure, arisen from salubrity of situation, hilarity of mind, exercise of body, and regularity of habits, which have incidentally accompanied its potation? Thus the celebrated John Wesley, while he commemorates the triumph of "sulphur and supplication" over his bodily infirmity, forgets to appreciate the resuscitating influence of four months' repose from his apostolic labours; and such is the disposition of the human mind to place confidence in the operation of mysterious agents, that we find him more disposed to attribute his cure to a brown paper plaister of egg and brimstone, than to Dr. Fothergill's salutary prescription of country air, rest, asses' milk, and horse-exercise. The ancient physicians duly appreciated the influence of such agents; their temples, like our watering-places, were the resort of those whom medicine could not cure; and we are expressly told by Plutarch that these temples, especially that of Esculapius, were erected on elevated spots, with the most congenial aspects; a circumstance which, when aided by the invigorating effects of hope, by the diversions which the patient experienced in his journey, and perhaps by the exercise to which he had been unaccustomed, certainly performed many cures. It follows, then, that in the recommendation of a watering-place, something more than the composition of a mineral spring is to direct our choice. The chemist will tell us that the springs of Hampstead and Islington rival those of Tunbridge and Malvern; that the waters of Bagnigge Wells, as a chalybeate purgative, might supersede those of Cheltenham and Scarborough; and that an invalid would frequent the spring in the vicinity of the Dog and Duck, in St. George's Fields, with as much advantage as the celebrated spa at Leamington: but the physician is well aware that, by the adoption of such advice, he would deprive his patient of those most powerful auxiliaries to which I have alluded, and, above all, lose the advantage of the *medicina mentis*. On the other hand, the recommendation of change of air and habits will rarely inspire confidence, unless it be associated with some medicinal treatment—a truth which it is more easy and satisfactory to elucidate and enforce by examples than by precept. Let the following story by Voltaire serve as an illustration:—

"Ogul, a voluptuary, who could be managed

but with difficulty by his physician, on finding himself extremely ill from indolence and intemperance, requested advice.

" 'Eat a basilisk stewed in rose-water,' replied the physician.

"In vain did the slaves search for a basilisk, until they met with Zadig, who, approaching Ogul, exclaimed, 'Behold that which thou desirest! But, my lord,' continued he, 'it is not to be eaten; all its virtues must enter through thy pores; I have therefore enclosed it in a little ball, blown up, and covered with a fine skin. Thou must strike this ball with all thy might, and I must strike it back again, for a considerable time; and by observing this regimen, and taking no other drink than rose-water for a few days, thou wilt see and acknowledge the effect of my art.'

"The first day, Ogul was out of breath, and thought he should have died from fatigue; the second he was less fatigued, and slept better; in eight days he recovered all his strength. Zadig then said to him, 'There is no such thing in nature as a basilisk; but thou hast taken exercise and been temperate, and hast therefore recovered thy health.'

But the medical practitioner may, perhaps, receive more satisfaction from a modern illustration; if so, the following anecdote, related by Sydenham, may not be unacceptable:—

"This great physician, having long attended a gentleman of fortune, with little or no advantage, frankly avowed his inability to render him any further service, adding, at the same time, that there was a physician of the name of Robinson, at Inverness, who had distinguished himself by the performance of many remarkable cures of the same complaint as that under which his patient laboured, and expressing a conviction, that if he applied to him he would come back cured. This was too encouraging a proposal to be rejected. The gentleman received from Sydenham a statement of his case, with the necessary letter of introduction, and proceeded without delay to the place in question. On arriving at Inverness, and anxiously inquiring for the residence of Dr. Robinson, he found, to his utter dismay and disappointment, that there was no physician of that name, nor ever had been, in the memory of any person there. The gentleman returned, vowing eternal hostility to the peace of Sydenham; and on his arrival at home, instantly expressed his indignation at having been sent on a journey of so many hundred miles for no purpose.

" 'Well,' replies Sydenham, 'are you better in health?'

" 'Yes, I am now quite well; but no thanks to you.'

"No," says Sydenham; "but you may thank Dr. Robinson for curing you. I wished to send you a journey with some object of interest in view; I knew it would be of service to you. In

going, you had Dr. Robinson and his wonderful cures in contemplation; and in returning, you were equally engaged in thinking of scolding me."—*Paris's Pharmacologia*.

A SEAMAN'S FUNERAL.

VERY shortly after poor Jack dies he is prepared for his deep-sea grave by his messmates, who, with the assistance of the sail-maker, and in the presence of the master-at-arms, sew him up in his hammock; and having placed a couple of cannon shot at his feet, they rest the body (which now not a little resembles an Egyptian mummy) on a spare grating. Some portion of the bedding and clothes are always made up in the package, apparently to prevent the form being too much seen. It is then carried off, and being placed across the after-hatchway, the union Jack is thrown over all. Sometimes it is placed between two of the guns, under the half-deck, but generally, I think, he is laid where I have mentioned—just abaft the mainmast. I should have mentioned before, that as soon as the surgeon's ineffectual professional offices are at an end, he walks to the quarter-deck, and reports to the officer of the watch that one of his patients has just expired. At whatever hour of the day or night this occurs, the captain is immediately made acquainted with the circumstance.

Next day, generally about eleven o'clock, the bell on which the half hours are struck is tolled for the funeral; and all who choose to be present assemble on the gangways, booms, and round the mainmast, while the forepart of the quarter-deck is occupied by the officers. In some ships (and perhaps it ought to be so in all) it is made imperative on the officers and crew to attend the ceremony. If such attendance be a proper mark of respect to a professional brother, as it surely is, it ought to be enforced, and not left to caprice. There may be, indeed, times of great fatigue, when it would harass men and officers needlessly, to oblige them to come on deck for every funeral; and upon such occasions, the watch on deck may be sufficient. Or when some dire disease gets into the ship, and is cutting down her crew by some daily and nightly, or, it may be, hourly ravages, and when two or three times on watch the ceremony must be repeated, those only whose turn it is to be on deck need be assembled. In such fearful times the funeral is generally made to follow close upon the death.

While the people are repairing to the quarter-deck, in obedience to the summons of the bell, the grating on which the body is placed, being lifted from the main-deck by the messmates of the man who has died, is made to rest across the lee-gangway. The stanchions for the man-

ropes of the side are unshipped, and an opening made at the after-end of the hammock-netting sufficiently large to allow a free passage. The body is still covered by the flag already mentioned, with the feet projecting a little over the gunwale, while the messmates of the deceased range themselves on each side. A rope, which is kept out of sight in these arrangements, is then made fast to the grating, for a purpose which will be seen presently. When all is ready, the chaplain, if there be one on board, or, if not, the captain, or any of the officers he may direct to officiate, appears on the quarter-deck, and commences the beautiful service which, though but too familiar to most ears, I have observed never fails to rivet the attention even of the rudest and least reflecting. Of course, the bell has ceased to toll, and every one stands in silence and uncovered as the prayers are read. Sailors, with all their looseness of habits, are well disposed to be sincerely religious; and when they have fair play given them, they will always, I believe, be found to stand on as good 'vantage ground, in this respect, as their fellow-countrymen on shore. Be this as it may, there can be no more attentive or apparently reverent auditory than assembles on the deck of a ship of war on the occasion of a shipmate's burial.

The land service for the burial of the dead contains the following words:—"Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God, of his great mercy, to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope," &c. Every one, I am sure, who has attended the funeral of a friend, (and whom will not this include?) must recollect the solemnity of this stage of the ceremony, where, as the above words are pronounced, there are cast into the grave three successive portions of earth, which, falling on the coffin, send up a hollow, mournful sound, resembling no other that I know. In the burial service at sea, the part quoted above is varied in the following very striking and impressive manner:—"Forasmuch," &c., "we therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come," &c. At the commencement of this part of the service, one of the seamen stoops down and disengages the flag from the remains of his late shipmate, while the others, at the

words, "we commit his body to the deep," project the grating right into the sea. The body being loaded with shot at one end, glances off the grating, plunges at once into the ocean, and

"In a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into its depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown."

This part of the ceremony is rather less solemn than the correspondent part on land; but still there is something impressive, as well as startling, in the sudden splash, followed by the sound of the grating, as it is towed along under the main-chains.—*Captain Basil Hall's Sketches.*

THE LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE AGE OF REASON."

CHAPTER III.

THE "Age of Reason," the first and second parts, is a virulent, and blasphemous attack on Divine revelation: it is full of coarse and vulgar sentiments and allusions. Ribaldry is substituted for argument, and the most unfair advantage is taken of the ignorance of common readers. It is well adapted to unsettle superficial believers in the Divine authority of the Scriptures, and to strengthen, with a show of reason, the prejudices with which vice always arms its votaries against sanctity. In short, the book is a fair, or I should rather say, a foul and frightful picture of the man. His "Age of Reason," is the dictate of a black and bloodless heart, charred with the flames of its own raging and restless passions. It has nothing of the fire of youth, nothing of the sober maturity of enlightened age. It is just such a work as a demon would write, and which no man but Paine could have conceived and dictated. If he had possessed a remnant of a virtue he would have paused before he had denounced the Gospel of Jesus Christ, before he had trampled on a system of ethics so perfect in all its parts, so pure in all its principles.

There is that in a sublime morality, when embodied in the doctrines and precepts of true religion, which only minds of virtuous tendencies are able to understand or appreciate. Jesus Christ insisted upon this, as a pre-requisite in those who wished to examine into the truth of his mission. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Surely no higher presumptive evidence can possibly be offered in favour of any system of religion than that it requires moral goodness as the indispensable character of those who would investigate and adjust its claims; as it would certainly be a powerful argument against a pretended revelation from heaven, that it was congenial with the principles and sought the alliance of the vicious and the base. We sometimes talk of "the anticipated Christianity of Socrates," and we may, with the same propriety, speak of the anticipated infidelity of Epicurus. If the life of the one prepared him for a cordial reception of the Christian doctrine, had it been presented to his mind, the principles

and conduct of the other would have, as certainly, induced him to reject it. And we might as soon have expected that Satan would love God, as that Thomas Paine would love the Bible. Such contrarieties can never harmonise; either the Bible must repeal all its laws, and abolish their sanctions, or Paine must deprecate and abhor it as his accuser and judge. The same class of feelings which induce culprits to hate the Old Bailey and the new drop, influenced Paine to reprobate the sacred Scriptures. It would be a happy world for thieves and infidels if the majesty of the people could but destroy prisons, gibbets, and Bibles.

"The Age of Reason" Paine considered as his last gratuitous labour for the public good. His generous spirit meditated nothing less than the complete emancipation of the human mind: the thralldom of civil government, and the vassalage imposed by religion, must yield to "The Rights of Man," and "The Age of Reason."

Whether he always entertained this noble purpose in all its extent, may well be doubted. Even philanthropy does not spring up at once to maturity! it grows with our growth, and enlarges its sphere of action with our opportunities and our means.

In some of his works we meet with plain recognitions of the divinity of the Scriptures, and the truth of Christianity.

In a rhapsody about the new American constitution which he proposed to establish, he tauntingly remarks, "But where, say some, is the king of America? I will tell you, friend: he reigns above, and does not make havoc of mankind. Yet, that we may not appear to be defective, even in earthly honours, let a day be solemnly set apart for proclaiming the charter; let it be brought forth, placed on the Divine Law—the word of God; let a crown be placed thereon, by which the world may know that so far we approve of monarchy; that, in America, the law is king."

In another page of the same work, we meet with a direct recognition of Christianity, as a religion from heaven. "For myself, I fully and conscientiously believe, that it is the will of the

Almighty there should be diversity of opinions among us; it affords a larger field for our Christian kindness: were we all of one way of thinking, our religious dispositions would want matter for probation; and on this liberal principle, I look upon the various denominations among us to be like children of the same family, differing only in what is called their Christian names."

Either Paine, when he wrote these sentences, had not conceived the lofty idea of dethroning religion from the consciences of mankind, or he was an arrant and profligate hypocrite. There are two reasons which, in my mind, strengthen the latter position; his flagrantly vicious conduct when he professed to write as a Christian, and a remark he once made to a friend, with his own account of his inducement to favour the world with his thoughts on religion.

"In deism," observes Mr. Cheetham, "Paine was, in all probability, a hypocrite. Generally he expressed detestation of atheism; and yet he has uttered opinions favourable to it. He believes, he repeats, in his 'Age of Reason,' in one God; but it is probable that he believed in nothing superior to matter. In conversation with Mrs. Palmer, widow of the deistical haranguer, he let out his materialism. Stewart, 'the traveller,' an insane man, had published a pamphlet, which he called *Opus Maximum*, denying the existence of every thing but matter. Referring to it, Mrs. Palmer remarked, 'Stewart's doctrine, Mr. Paine, may be correct.' 'It is well enough,' replied Paine, 'to say nothing about it; the time is not yet come!'"

In the second part of the "Age of Reason," the preface contains the following passage: "I have already mentioned, in the former part of the 'Age of Reason,' that it had long been my intention to publish my thoughts upon religion, but that I had originally reserved it to a late period of life, intending it to be the last work I should undertake."* Compare these extracts with the opinions and sentiments quoted from his "Common Sense," and what can you think of the man? Are we not forced to conclude that a time-serving and mean policy alone influenced him to hide the atheist behind the Christian mask?

It is now time that we follow Paine from France to America, where he exhibited the efficacy of his principles in life and death. He continued in France from the year 1797 to the year 1802, "associating during that time," says Mr. Cheetham, "with the lowest company, and indulging, to still greater excess, his thirst for

liquor. He became so filthy in his person, so mean in his dress, and so notorious a sot, that all men of decency, in Paris, avoided him. On the third of October, 1802, he arrived at Baltimore, under the protection of President Jefferson.

Soon after, followed him, abandoning her husband, (Paine's particular friend,) Margaret Brazier Bonneville, and her three sons Lewis, Benjamin, and Thomas. "Thomas," says Cheetham, "has the features, countenance, and temper of Paine."

At New York, in 1802, Mr. Cheetham waited on him, having received a note from him, announcing his arrival. He was accompanied in his visit by Mr. George Clinton, jun. His account of the interview is characteristic and amusing: "We rapped at the door; a small figure opened it within, meanly dressed, having on an old top coat, without an under one, a dirty silk handkerchief, loosely thrown round his neck; a long beard of more than a week's growth; a face well carbuncled, fiery as the setting sun, and the whole figure staggering under a load of inebriation. I was on the point of inquiring for Mr. Paine, when I saw in his countenance something of the portraits I had seen of him. We were desired to be seated. He had before him a small round table, on which were a beefsteak, some beer, a pint of brandy, a pitcher of water, and a glass. He sat eating, drinking, and talking, with as much composure as if he had lived with us all his life. I soon perceived that he had a very retentive memory, and was full of anecdote. The Bishop of Llandaff was almost the first word he uttered, and it was followed by informing us that he had in his trunk a manuscript reply to the bishop's apology. He then, calmly mumbling his steak, and ever and anon drinking his brandy and beer, repeated the introduction to his reply, which occupied him nearly half an hour. This was done with deliberation, the utmost clearness, and a perfect apprehension, intoxicated as he was, of all that he repeated. Scarcely a word would he allow us to speak. He always, I afterwards found, in all companies, drunk or sober, would be listened to. Having repeated the introduction to his manuscript reply, he gave us the substance of the reply itself. He then recited from memory, in a voice very plaintive, some Asiatic lines, as specimens of morality, equalling at least the sublime doctrines of the New Testament. He had read but little in the course of his life; much less than may be supposed; but that little he had sorted, laid up in his intellectual storehouse with care, and could deal it out with a facility and discrimination, which, however hated and despised, or on whatever account, was truly admirable."

In the receipt of four hundred pounds per annum, and with a good house, had he chosen to occupy it, this sage, this illuminator of the old and the new world, was constantly removing from one

* Since writing the above, I have found in the "Age of Reason" the following declaration, which proves his hypocrisy, when writing "Common Sense," beyond a question. "I could see injustice in the doctrine of redemption when only seven years of age; and I believe in the same manner to this day."

pot house to another. Sometimes, when he could induce persons to lodge him in more private dwellings, he would become their inmate, till in their own defence they were forced to dismiss him. Madame Bonneville and her children he treated with the greatest cruelty. More than once he endeavoured to abandon her. One of the boys, disgusted with his treatment, and feeling towards him the most sovereign contempt, indignantly quitted him and his mother for ever, and worked his passage back to France. This youth frequently declared with a sigh, that Paine had destroyed the peace of their family, and that bad as his character was in America, it was considered to be far more infamous in France. He would pay no demands made upon him till absolutely compelled; and would sacrifice the dearest friend on earth, if he asked him for a shilling. He was so scandalously unjust, and despicably mean, as to force a poor servant who had waited upon him with the utmost assiduity and tenderness, to sue for her wages. And his mistress must have starved, if she had not gained a precarious subsistence by undertaking to teach the French language. He was habitually drunk; and, in a state of intoxication, once or twice endangered his life. A detail of the facts which disgraced the latter period of his mortal existence, would excite no other feelings than those of disgust and abhorrence. Avarice sat brooding in his heart; malignity gave its dark and deadly character to his fierce and fiery eye; he was deserted by the good; and the meanest dependants, impelled by their necessities, could scarcely be induced to approach him. The following extracts from a letter written to him by an individual who was a disciple in his school, and who treated him with more than a brother's kindness, but who at length abandoned him, because he disputed with him a just debt, will prove that the statement I have given falls far short of the truth.

"It is a well known fact, that you drank one quart of brandy per day at my expense. I am not paid, and found you room and firing besides.

"I will ask you what consolation you derive to your mind in departing from truth, and endeavouring to evade paying a just and lawful debt?

"You complain that I left your room the night you pretend you were seized with the apoplexy; but I had often seen you in those fits before, and particularly after drinking a large portion of ardent spirits, those fits have frequently subjected you to falling. You remember you had one of them at Lovett's hotel, and fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom. You likewise know I have frequently had to lift you from the floor to the bed. You must also remember, that you and myself went to spend the evening at a certain gentleman's house, whose peculiar situation in life forbids me to make mention of his name; but I had to apologise for

your conduct; you had two of these falling fits in Broadway, before I could get you home.

"I believe you have broken up the domestic tranquillity of several families with whom you have resided; and I can speak by experience as to my own.

"An old acquaintance of yours and mine called on me a few days ago. I asked him if he had been to see you? his answer was, he had not, neither did he want to see you. He said, he believed that you had a good head but a very bad heart. Have you lost all principles of gratitude, as well as those of justice and honesty? or did you never possess one virtue?

"A respectable gentleman from New Rochelle called to see me a few days past, and said, that every body was tired of you there, and no one would undertake to board and lodge you. I thought this was the case, as I found you at a tavern, in a most miserable situation. You appeared as if you had not been shaved for a fortnight, and as to a shirt, it could not be said that you had one on; it was only the remains of one, and this, likewise, appeared not to have been off your back for a fortnight. Do you not recollect the pains I took to clean you? that I got a tub of warm water, and soap, and washed you from head to foot, and this I had to do three times before I could get you clean. I likewise shaved you and cut your nails, that were like birds' claws. Have you forgotten the pains I took with you when you lay sick, wallowing in your own filth?" I really can transcribe no more.

The wretched being who has been the subject of so much attention, is now drawing near the close of his ill-spent life. He went to reside with a Mr. Jarvis, who managed him better than might have been expected. He continued to drink excessively; but once Mr. Jarvis knew him to abstain from liquor two weeks. He would sit up at night tipping till he fell from his chair. Disposed to listen to his conversation, Mr. Jarvis sat up with him one night from twelve till three, doing all he politely could to keep him sober. At three he left him at his bottle. At four he returned to the room, and found him drunk on the floor. Mr. Jarvis wished to raise him up; but Paine desired to lie still. "I have the vertigo, the vertigo," said he. "Yes," said Mr. Jarvis, taking up the bottle, and looking at its diminished contents, "you have it deep-deep!" In this posture and plight he talked about the immortality of the soul. "My corporeal functions have ceased," he said, "and yet my mind is strong. My body is inert, but my intellect is vigorous. Is not this a proof of the immortality of the soul?" "I am glad," said Mr. Jarvis, "that you believe in the immortality of the soul, and in a future state." "That," said Paine, "is a wrong term. We have strong testimony; I have strong hope of a future state; but I know

nothing about it." "As the soul (said Mr. Jarvis) will live hereafter, will it be conscious that it has lived now?" "To live hereafter," said Paine, "and not be conscious that I have lived now, would not be identity; it would amount to nothing."

One day, sitting with a volume of his works on a table before him, containing his "Age of Reason," the servant girl took it up to read. Mr. Jarvis said she should not open it for the world, and took it from her. "Why?" said Paine, rising up angrily. "Because she is a good girl now; she has the fear of God, and will do nothing wrong. She cannot reason as you can, and if she reads your 'Age of Reason,' and divests herself of those restraints which now govern her conduct, she may cheat me, she may rob me, she may be undone." "Pshaw, pshaw!" said Paine, walking testily across the room, with his hands behind him: "why should any body believe in Jesus Christ?" "Come here," said Mr. Jarvis, "to the window; look there; (pointing to a congregation of people of colour coming out of their church;) do you see that black man? Three years ago he was a great reprobate; he was guilty of all sorts of offences; he had not been brought up as my servant has; he was egregiously immoral; he had no religious awe; and was not disposed to make use of the little reason he possessed. He has since been converted. He is now a regular attendant on his church. You see that he is dressed well, and has a goodly appearance. All in his neighbourhood now shake hands with him, and are his friends; formerly he was avoided by them all as a pestilence." Paine had no answer to make, but "Pish" and "Pshaw," and "I had not thought that you were such a man."

He remained with Mr. Jarvis five months, and then removed, in succession, to several other places. The last residence which he selected was a small alehouse, where a sixpenny show was daily exhibited. About this period he wrote the "Memorial to Congress," for a compensation for his services already noticed.

In January, 1809, his friends having removed him by force from his paltry lodging, placed him in the house and under the care of a Mr. Ryder, a respectable man; he began to be so feeble and infirm as to be incapable of doing any thing for himself. Often Mr. Ryder found him in tears. He was very anxious to die; but still more anxious about his body after death. He wished to be interred in the cemetery of the Quakers. This, however, was refused. Symptoms of his dissolution increased so rapidly, and he was so sensible of this himself, that on the 4th of May he was removed from Mr. Ryder's to a small house in the neighbourhood. The house was rented by Madame Bonneville for Paine, who occupied the whole of it. A nurse was provided for him, a pious elderly matron, named

Hedden. Aware of Paine's bad temper, she determined to take all the care of him she could, but not to bear ill-treatment. During the first three or four days, his conduct was tolerable, although he always quarrelled with Madame Bonneville when she went into his room. About the fifth day, his language was offensive to Mrs. Hedden, who told him she would instantly leave the house. Sensible of her value as a nurse, and that in all probability no other person would attend him, he made her satisfactory concessions, and was afterwards civil. He suffered severe pain, and would long and frequently cry out, "O Lord, help me!" "O Lord, help me!" "O Christ, help me!" "O Christ, help me!" Dr. Manley, his physician, once observed to him, that if he would throw himself on the mercy of Jesus Christ, he would find relief. To this he made no reply. He professed to be above the fear of death. Yet, one night, when he apprehended immediate dissolution, he exclaimed, "I think I can say what *they* make Jesus Christ to say—my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" After this he would not be left alone night nor day; he not only required to have some person with him, but he must see that he or she was there, and would not allow his curtain to be closed at any time; and if, as it would sometimes unavoidably happen, he was left alone, he would scream and halloo until some person came to him.

A young lady who resided in the family of a gentleman, a near neighbour of Paine in his last illness, sometimes visited him, taking from the table of the family, refreshments more adapted to his comfort than those he usually enjoyed. In making these visits, she found him frequently writing; and believed, from what she saw and heard, that when his pains permitted, he was almost always so engaged, or in prayer, in the attitude of which she more than once saw him, when he thought himself alone. One day he inquired of her, whether she had ever read his "Age of Reason;" and being answered in the affirmative, desired to know her opinion of that book. She replied, that she was but a child, when she read it; and he, probably, would not like to hear what she thought of it; on which, he said, if old enough to read, she was capable of forming some opinion; and that from her he expected a candid statement of what her opinion had been. She then acknowledged, that she thought it the most dangerous, insinuating book she had ever seen; that the more she read, the more she wished to read, and the more she found her mind estranged from all that is good; and that from a conviction of its evil tendency, she had burnt it, without knowing to whom it belonged. To this Paine replied, that he wished all who had read it had been as wise as she; adding, "If ever the devil had an agent on earth, I have been one." At another time, when she

was in his chamber, and the master of the family was sitting by his bed-side, one of Paine's former companions came in; but, on seeing him with him, hastily retired, drawing the door after him with violence, and saying, "Mr. Paine, you have lived like a man; I hope you will die like one." Upon which Paine, turning to his principal visitor, said, "You see, sir, what miserable comforters I have!"

"I took occasion," says Dr. Manley, "during the night of the 5th and 6th of June, to test the strength of his opinions respecting revelation. I addressed him in the following manner, the nurse being present:—

'Mr. Paine, your opinions, by a large portion of the community, have been treated with deference: you have never been in the habit of mixing, in your conversation, words of course: you have never indulged in the practice of profane swearing: you must be sensible that we are acquainted with your religious opinions, as they are given to the world. What must we think of your present conduct? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe that he can help you? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ? Come now, answer me honestly;—I want an answer as from the lips of a dying man: for I verily believe that you will not live twenty-four hours.' I waited some time at the end of every question; he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim after the above manner. Again I addressed him: 'Mr. Paine, you have not answered my questions: will you

answer them? Allow me to ask again—Do you believe?—or let me qualify the question—Do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?' After a pause of some minutes he answered,—'I have no wish to believe on that subject.'"

From the anxiety he expressed to obtain something like Christian burial, and from the testimonies of the state of his mind in the alarming prospect of dissolution, I think it is evident that Paine, like most of the same school, had not even the cold comfort afforded, by "the full assurance of infidelity." In life, who would wish to imitate him? In death, who can envy him? He departed on the 8th of June, 1809. Thus this venerable apostle of infidelity, whose precious relicts are transported to the country which gave him birth, to be distributed among the faithless who cherish his memory (as we are told) with enthusiasm, died at the age of seventy-two, a martyr, not to his principles, but to drunkenness—his vitals were consumed, not with fire, but with his darling *Eau de vie*—in plain English—with Brandy. The unpitied eye of heaven never looked on so forlorn, so wretched, so despicable a being. Humanity never felt itself so insulted and degraded as in his loathsome person. By his own confession he was forsaken of God, and by man he was denied the last hope of the miserable, the common privilege of sepulture. He lies with no kindred dust. The misanthrope perished alone!

A LEAF FROM THE HISTORY OF THE WALDENSES.

HISTORICAL associations impart a higher character to natural scenery than it can possess when only regarded as an assemblage of material images. While the eye gazes, memory recalls the deeds of olden time; and mountains, valleys, rocks, and rivers, that have been the scenes of spirit-stirring events, when beheld, awaken emotions of a peculiar kind; and the events themselves seem to be clothed with the freshness of yesterday's exploits. When Imagination waves her magic wand, the barriers of time disappear, the gathered mists of ages vanish, the battleplain is once more thronged with the bold and the brave, the helmet and the plume are again seen, the banners are floating on the breeze, the trumpets are heard sounding to the charge, foe meets foe, sword glitters near sword, now rises the victor's shout, and now the dying wail of the conquered breaks fearfully on the air.

"The earth is covered thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial blent."

To legend and romance is owed much of the interest attached to scenes, as well as to the authentic annals of the chronicler. The wizard of the north has immortalised many spots in his

own beautiful and romantic country, and the dwellers in other lands are not unfrequently found wending their way to some of the places which he has made celebrated by his works. Still there is in scenes where real events have happened a more indescribable charm, and the feelings produced by their contemplation will be modified by the character of the deeds with which they are associated in the pages of history.

"Oh who could, even in bondage, tread the plains
Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise
Kindling within him? who, with heart and eyes
Could walk where liberty had been, nor see
The shining footprints of her Deity?
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
Which mutely told her spirit had been there."

Who could traverse the wide steppes of Poland,* uninspiring as is the aspect of that country, and not feel his soul thrill within him, while he remembered how often the soil had been

* "The name of Poland is derived from a Slavonic word, signifying a 'plain,' the country being almost one uninterrupted level. A balloon might pass at the height of twenty toises over almost the whole extent of Poland, without fear of coming in contact with any mountains or other obstructions."—*L'Observateur en Pologne, par H. Vautrin.*

stained by the blood of her patriotic children, and the watch-word of liberty had sounded over those hapless plains. Who, beneath the sunny sky of Spain, could forget the spirit-stirring deeds of chivalry and romance, wrought by her sons and their valiant invaders? or fail to recognise in the rapid alternation of garden and desert, which characterises her scenery, the mementos of Gothic barbarism and Moorish luxury? But recollections of a higher and holier order pertain to localities, consecrated by having been the asylum of religion, the home of the persecuted, the scene of their calamities, and the theatre of their heroic achievements.

Scotland and Piedmont appeal, on these grounds, more forcibly than perhaps any other countries, at least in reference to events noticeable by modern history. In the latter country, every object seems to tell of the self-devotion and heroism of the Waldenses.

"The very gale their names seem sighing,
The waters murmur of their name,
The woods are peopled with their fame;
The ivied pillar, lone and grey,
Claims kindred with their silent clay;
Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkles o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with their fame for ever;
Despite of every yoke she bears,
The land is glory's still, and theirs!"

Among these scenes the little commune of Rora addresses itself peculiarly to the reader of Waldensian history, as having been a strong-hold of pure and undefiled religion; and as giving birth to an individual whose blameless life and daring intrepidity, have earned him undying laurels, amidst that band of truest heroes—the victims of persecution.

Shut out from the fertile districts of the Po and the Pelice, and environed by Alps, whose everlasting ramparts seem to deny all ingress, Rora is scarcely known; and Janavel, the leader of its little band of patriots, in 1655, has not his name enrolled among warriors and generals.

The adjacent valleys had suffered deeply from fire and sword, while the inhabitants of this peaceful district were permitted to lead lives of patriarchal simplicity and quiet; but at length it was sentenced to a bloody doom, and Count Christovel was charged with the execution of the cruel mandate. Janavel gained information of the impending calamity, and seconded by only eight co-patriots, threw himself into a rocky defile, which guarded the village capital of their beloved valley. From this post of defence the aggressors received a deadly welcome, and Christovel returned, with the scanty remains of his troops, to tell of disgrace and defeat.

To retrieve this failure, a fresh attempt was made to force the mountain pass with a larger number of soldiers, but Janavel, encouraged by the past, and with his numbers augmented to

seventeen, again repulsed the enemy with equal success.

Again and again was the sword of persecution raised for the destruction of Rora, and as often was it struck down by the determined courage of men who fought for the sanctity of their altars and hearths. At length the brilliant career of these champions of religion and liberty was to close; and the arm that had been so undauntedly interposed between Rora and its enemy was to become powerless. A numerous force surrounded the valley, and by distracting the attention of its defenders, succeeded in forcing the natural barriers.

This effected, the infuriated soldiery, goaded by revenge for past defeats, rushed headlong to the work of pillage and massacre. Marquerita, the sister of Janavel, was among the first victims of their rage. She possessed a spirit which might almost ennoble guilt, but which invests the martyr's name with a holy lustre. She was actively engaged in assisting in the defence of Rora, when she received a shot in her bosom, which she only noticed by exclaiming to her husband, "Heed it not! do not be shaken by this event, hold out to the end, endure the cross that you may win the crown!"

The fall of this heroic female was followed by the most revolting atrocities; and the victors, deaf to the voice of nature, and dead to every feeling that could elevate the conqueror above the beast of prey, answered every supplication for mercy with the sabre, till the devoted hamlet presented the spectacle of a vast scaffold strewed with victims and streaming with blood. When the morning sun arose on the hapless village, not a voice was heard breaking the deadly stillness that reigned around; not a dwelling was left standing; and only a heap of smouldering ashes, through which appeared at intervals the ghastly features of the slain, remained to tell of the happy homes and sacred altars, which had adorned the smiling valley only the day before. But the smoking ruins and blood-stained hearths of Rora carried their loud appeal to the gates of heaven!

At this disastrous epoch, Janavel, having witnessed the violation of his home, the destruction of his kindred, and the enemy in full possession of every approach, and there being nothing now to defend in the solitudes of Rora, transferred his unbroken energies to another field of action, and being reinforced by a few undaunted spirits, maintained a kind of guerilla warfare, amidst the natural fastnesses of Augrogne. Here he kept the enemy in constant check, and by driving in their outposts, seizing their convoys, and cutting off their detachments, became in every sense the avenger of his murdered kindred.

Pianessa, who succeeded Count Christovel in the command of the army appointed to exterminate

nate the Waldenses, proved himself a worthy agent of the cruel and tyrannical author of this persecution.

On one occasion he offered to Janavel the alternative of apostacy, or the Inquisition. Such an offer, to one possessed of that Christian fortitude which can blunt the fiercest pangs of corporeal suffering, and transform even the terrors of the scaffold into a triumph, was likely to be repulsed with the scorn it deserved; and Janavel returned an answer worthy of himself: "What was once said to Pilate I now say to Pianessa—'Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above.' Shall I abjure those principles I have so long defended with my blood?—principles unchangeable as the word of God! Shall I desert His cause for the hopes of a renegade, who, abjuring obedience to

his lawful master, looks for protection and friendship from those he had formerly opposed, and who would be the first to taunt him with his infidelity? No! in that cause, which I have thus freely espoused, I am ready to perish. The terrors of the Inquisition, fearful though in themselves they be, are mild compared with the upbraidings of conscience. I will never incur the one by shrinking from the other."

He kept his word, and died in the defence of the cause to which he had consecrated his heart's blood. To the last, amid peril and danger, despite alike of promises and threats, unrestrained by fear, undazzled by offers of reward, he maintained firmly his consistent character, as the uncompromising champion of religious freedom.

INVENTION,

AS APPLIED TO THE FINE ARTS.

THE highest range to which that faculty of the mind termed "Invention" can be carried in the pursuit of the fine arts, is in the important branch of historical painting, properly so called, in the delineation of those subjects whose composition exercises an active and extensive exertion of thought and feeling; and it is to such high developments of the mind as these require, that the study and attention of the artist can with the greatest advantage to himself and to the art which he follows be directed. It will enable him to exercise a higher judgment over all other minor classes of composition.

This peculiar exercise of the mental powers may be truly said to be as applicable to the cultivation of the sciences of the philosopher, the chemist, and the mechanic, as to the appreciation and promotion of the fine arts of the painter; but whilst we allow the truth of this statement we would add, that this power of invention may be considered as having a closer and more specific attachment, a firmer and a nearer bond of union, with the cultivation of the fine arts than with any other. An artist can neither commence, continue, nor finish a painting without having recourse to this aid. "It directs his lines, it commixes his colours, it controls his arrangements of them, and having provided him with the means of proceeding, it continues, to be his guide throughout the whole of his labour and his main support." But invention must not be confounded with creation—the latter consists in the arrangement and composition of forms and things not yet seen—the former in the union and disposition of such as have been already impressed

upon the fancy, or the imagination—the greatest inventor, therefore, will be he who can retain with the closest recollection those forms and images which he has seen, and newly classify and arrange them in the combination and composition of any work or works of art.

The range of invention and imagination in poetry is wide and boundless; in art its circle is narrower in limit, and admits not of such high and lofty flights of fancy; its colourings and conceptions have a specific boundary assigned to them, and are confined to such thoughts, dreams, and objects, as will bear positive, definite, and material display.

The objects and scenes on which the artist may rely for extending the faculty of invention, are all such as combine together in unison, ideas of beauty, grace, tenderness, sublimity, power, or terror. Every scene, incident, and circumstance of life should unravel and develop to his mind some novel association or idea, and the different colourings or picturesque combinations, in which such diversified scenes can be well displayed, will afford constant subjects for his study and research. The knowledge of the attitude and expression of the varied feelings and passions of the human mind should be familiar to him, "as household things," that his stores of memory may serve effectually in guiding his pencil. The object of invention, in reference to the fine arts, is to render the idea or subject depicted clear and intelligible to the person viewing it, and to raise in his mind a high impression of the character or characters depicted.

EPHON.

REVIEW.

The Condensed Commentary and Family Exposition of the Holy Bible: containing the most valuable Criticisms of the best Biblical Writers, with Practical Reflections and Marginal References, Chronology, Indexes, &c. By the Rev. INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. London: Ward & Co., Paternoster-row.

THE title of this work, comprehensive as it is, is fully borne out by its contents; but it must be studied daily, as an instructor and a guide, before it can be justly appreciated. At its first appearance we sat down to its perusal as a task imposed upon us in virtue of our critical office; we have ever since made it the companion of the study and the closet; and the industry and judgment of Mr. Cobbin have inspired us with growing admiration and gratitude. The present notice is a spontaneous expression of these sentiments; and if the "Condensed Commentary" required another recommendation after the unusually favourable testimonies of individuals of eminence, and several of our popular journals, we should most cheerfully tender ours.

Is the editor, the printer, or the corrector of the press responsible for the statement which heads the First Epistle of Peter? Is it an error, or did Peter "write his Second Epistle not long after his martyrdom at Rome?"

Memoir of the Rev. William Newman, D.D., &c., &c. By GEORGE PRITCHARD. Ward and Co., Paternoster-row.

DR. NEWMAN was well known and most highly respected by all parties as a minister of the Baptist denomination, and for several years the theological tutor of one of their principal seminaries. His friend Mr. Pritchard has put upon record, not only the incidents of his life, which exhibited little variety, and are calculated to excite as little interest, but he has done more, he has furnished extracts from the diary of his subject extending through more than forty years, literally constructed upon the plan *nulla dies sine linea*; thus we are introduced into the sanctuary of his mind, and are able to form a tolerably just estimate of his character. The work will be highly acceptable to Dr. Newman's personal friends, and the members of his church and congregation; his brethren will also hail it as a memento of one with whom they often took sweet counsel, and with whom they were pleasantly associated in many a work of faith and labour of love; while, as another addition to our stock of Christian biography, it will obtain a place in our vestry and private libraries.

GEMS.

DIVINE GOODNESS.—As the powers and goodness of Heaven are infinite in their extent, and infinite in their minuteness, to the mind cultivated as nature meant it to be, there is not only delight in contemplating the sublimity of the endless sea, or everlasting mountains, or the beauty of wide-extended landscapes, but there is a pleasure in looking at every little flower, and every little shell that God has made. Nature has scattered around us on every side, and for every sense, an inexhaustible profusion of beauty and sweetness, if we will but perceive it. The pleasures we derive from flowers, from musical sounds, from forms, are surely not given us in vain, and if we are constantly alive to these, we can never be in want of subjects of agreeable contemplation, and must be habitually cheerful.—*Captain Basil Hall.*

BIBLICAL THEOLOGY.—As to your present studies, for such portions of your time as you can prudently appropriate to reading, without wrong to the claims of health and social relaxation, there is one department of knowledge, which, like an ample palace, contains within itself mansions for every other knowledge; which deepens and extends the interest of every other, gives it new charms, and additional purpose; the study of which, rightly and *liberally* pursued, is beyond any other *entertaining*, beyond all others tends at once to tranquillise and enliven, to keep the mind elevated and steadfast, the heart humble and tender: it is *biblical theology*—the philosophy of religion, the religion of philosophy. I would that I could refer you to any *book* in which such a plan of reading had been sketched out in detail, or even but generally.—*Coleridge.*

FALSE HAPPINESS.—False happiness is like false

money; it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we feel the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.—*Pope.*

ARGUMENT.—Let the end of the argument be rather to discover a doubtful truth, than a commanding wit; in the one thou shalt gain substance, in the other froth; that flint strikes the steel in vain that propagates no sparkles; covet to be truth's champion, at least to hold her colours: he that pleads against the truth, takes pains to be overthrown; or, if a conqueror, gains but vain-glory by the conquest.—*Quarles.*

NATURE.—Surely there is nothing in the world, short of the most undivided reciprocal attachment, that has such power over the workings of the human heart, as the mild sweetness of nature. The most ruffled temper, when emerging from the town, will subside into a calm at the sight of an extended landscape reposing in the twilight of a fine evening. It is then that the spirit of peace settles upon the heart, unfetters the thoughts, and elevates the soul to the Creator. It is then that we behold the Parent of the universe in his works; we see his grandeur in earth, sea, sky; we feel his affection in the emotions which they raise; and half-mortal, half-etherialised, forget where we are, in the anticipation of what that world must be, of which this lovely earth is merely the shadow.—*Miss Porter.*

FRIENDSHIP.—It is not the least advantage of friendship, that by communicating our thoughts to another, we render them distinct to themselves, and reduce the subjects of our sorrows and anxiety to their just magnitude for our own contemplation.—*Coleridge.*

ON THE MAGNITUDE AND GRANDEUR OF THE SUN.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DICK, LL.D.

Among all the objects of the visible creation there is none whose beauty is so much admired, and whose benign influence is so generally appreciated, as the sun. Every day this glorious orb visits us with his cheering beams, dispels the shades of night, and diffuses joy and animation among all the tribes of sensitive existence; without whose powerful energy, our world would soon become a dark and shapeless chaos, without life, order, or enjoyment. But the splendour of this luminary, and the benefits it confers, are so common, and so regularly continued, that we are apt to view them with indifference; and we seldom contemplate, with the eye of an enlightened understanding, the wonderful nature of that vast globe on which surrounding worlds depend for all the comforts and beneficial agencies they enjoy. To the vulgar eye, the solar orb appears only like a flat luminous circle of a few inches diameter; and there are thousands of mankind who consider it in no other light than as a brilliant lamp, of no great size, hung up in the firmament to give us light by day, and to enable us to prosecute our daily labours. Even minds of a more elevated and reflecting cast have seldom entered into all the sublime ideas connected with the nature and properties of this august luminary: and it is questionable whether the greatest astronomer now existing is capable of forming a conception of the magnitude and sublimity of the solar orb, corresponding to its vast extent and its real grandeur. To enable the reader to form some faint idea of the immense magnitude of the sun, we extract the following passage from a work now in the press, entitled, "*Celestial Scenery*."

"The magnitude of this vast luminary is an object which overpowers the imagination: its diameter is calculated at 880,000 miles, its circumference is 2,764,600 miles, its surface contains 2,432,800,000,000 square miles, which is twelve thousand three hundred and fifty times the area of the terraqueous globe, and nearly fifty thousand times the extent of all the habitable parts of the earth; its solid contents comprehend 356,818,739,200,000,000, or more than three hundred and fifty-six thousand billions of cubical miles. Were its centre placed over the earth, it would fill the whole orbit of the moon, and reach two hundred thousand miles beyond it on every side. Were a person to travel along the surface of the sun, so as to pass along every square mile on its surface at the rate of thirty miles every day, it would require more than two hundred and twenty millions of years before the survey of this vast globe could be completed. It would contain within its circumference more than thirteen hundred thousand globes as large as the earth, and a thousand globes of the size

of Jupiter, which is the largest planet in the system. It is more than five hundred times larger than all the planets, satellites, and comets belonging to our system, vast and extensive as some of them are. Although its density is little more than that of water, it would weigh 3360 planets such as Saturn, 1067 planets such as Jupiter, 329,000 globes such as the Earth, and more than two millions of globes such as Mercury, although its density is nearly equal to that of lead. Were we to conceive of its surface being peopled with inhabitants, at the rate of 280 to every square mile, (which is the rate of population in England,) it would contain 681,184,000,000,000, or more than six hundred and eighty billions, which would be equal to the inhabitants of eight hundred and fifty thousand worlds such as ours.

"Of a globe so vast in its dimensions, the human mind, with all its efforts, can form no adequate conception. If it is impossible for the mind to take in the whole range of the terraqueous globe, and to form a comprehensive idea of its amplitude and its innumerable objects; how can we ever form a conception, approaching to the reality, of a body one million three hundred thousand times greater? We may express its dimensions in figures or in words; but in the present state of our limited powers, we can form no mental image or representation of an object so stupendous and sublime. Chained down to our terrestrial mansion, we are deprived of a sufficient range of prospect so as to form a substratum to our thoughts when we attempt to form conceptions of such amazing magnitude. The imagination is overpowered and bewildered in its boldest efforts, and drops its wing before it has realised the ten thousandth part of the idea it attempted to grasp. It is not improbable that the largest ideas we have yet acquired, or can represent to our minds, of the immensity of the universe, are inferior to a full and comprehensive idea of the vast globe of the sun in all its connexions and dimensions. And therefore, not only must the powers of the human mind be invigorated and expanded, but also the limits of our intellectual and corporeal vision must be indefinitely extended, before we can grasp the objects of overpowering grandeur which exist within the range of creation, and take an enlightened and comprehensive view of the great Creator's empire. And as such endowments cannot be attained in the present state, this very circumstance forms a presumptive argument that man is destined to an immortal existence, where his faculties will be enlarged, and the boundaries of his vision extended, so as to enable him to take a large and comprehensive view of the wonders of the universe, and the range of the Divine

government. In the meantime, however, it may be useful to allow our thoughts to expatiate on such objects, and to endeavour to form as comprehensive an idea as possible of such a stupendous luminary as the sun, in order to assist us in forming conceptions of objects still more grand and magnificent. For the sun which enlightens our day is but one out of countless millions of similar globes dispersed throughout creation, some of which may far excel it in magnitude and glory."

As the sun is a body of inconceivable magnitude, it appears that extensive and amazing processes and operations are going forward on its surface, or in its immediate vicinity: "this appears from the immense size both of the dark and the luminous spots, and the sudden and extensive changes to which they are frequently subjected. Spots have been observed on the solar disk so large as the one-twentieth part of the sun's diameter, and, of course, 44,000 miles in lineal extent, comprising an area of one thousand five hundred and twenty millions of square miles. Now, it is known from observation, that such spots seldom or never last longer than forty-four days; and, consequently, their borders must approach at the rate of at least a thousand miles a day, but in most cases with a much more rapid motion. What, then, shall we think of the motions and operations by which a large spot has been made to disappear in the course of twenty-two hours? as I have sometimes observed; yea, which have disappeared in the course of a single hour? And what shall we think of the process by which a spot as large as the earth was broken into two during the moment of observation, and made to recede from each other, as was observed both by Dr. Long and Dr. Wollaston? How powerful the forces! how rapid the motions! and how extensive the changes which must have been produced in such cases! Whether we consider such changes to be produced in the solid globe of the sun, or merely in the luminous atmosphere with which it is environed, the scale on which such movements and operations must be conducted is immense, and altogether overpowering to the imagination. What should we think were we to behold the whole of the clouds which float in the earth's atmosphere, dissipated in a moment? the continent of America detached from its basis, and transported across the Atlantic? or the vast Pacific Ocean, in the course of a few days, overwhelming with its billows the whole of Asia, Africa, and Europe? Amazing as such changes and revolutions would appear, there are, in all probability, operations and changes, though of a very different description, taking place on the solar surface or atmosphere, upon a scale of much larger extent. It is found by calculation, that the smallest space containing a visible area which can be distinctly perceived on the sun with good telescopes, is about 460 miles; and a

circle of that diameter contains above 166,000 square miles. Now, those ridges or corrugations formerly termed *faculae*, which are seen near the sun's margin, are more than twenty times larger than such a space; they evidently appear to be elevations and depressions on the solar surface, and are almost as distinctly perceptible as the wavings and inequalities on the surface of the moon. How immensely large and elevated, then, must such objects in reality be, when we perceive their inequalities so distinctly at the distance of ninety-five millions of miles! The elevated parts of such objects cannot be less than several hundreds of miles above the level of the valleys or depressions, and extending in length several thousands of miles; yet sometimes in a few days, or at most in a few weeks, these extensive objects are either dissipated, or dark spots appear in their room, evidently indicating the existence of stupendous powers, which are in constant operation in connexion with this august luminary."

The following is a comparison of the expansive view from Mount Etna with the amplitude of the sun: "When we ascend to the top of Mount Etna or Mount Blanc, and survey the vast group of surrounding objects which appear around and beneath us, when the morning sun illuminates the landscape, we behold one of the largest and most expansive objects that can meet our eye in this sublunary scene, and we can compare it with objects that are smaller, and with those that are somewhat larger. But the amplitude of such a scene extends only to about one hundred and fifty miles in every direction, which is less than the least visible spot or point which we can perceive on the sun with the most powerful telescopes.

"Let us compare more particularly the view from Mount Etna with the amplitude of the sun. 'There is no point on the surface of the globe,' says Mr. Brydone, 'that unites so many awful and sublime objects as the top of Etna, and no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and magnificent a scene. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracts both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Pinari, Alicudi, Lipari, Stromboli, and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet, and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and can trace every river through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side, so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity.' Yet this glorious and expansive prospect is comprised within a circle about 240 miles in diameter, and 754 in circumference, containing 45,240 square miles, which is only the $\frac{1}{13,775,000}$ part of the surface of the sun; so that fifty-three millions seven hundred and seventy-six thousand landscapes, such as beheld from Mount Etna, beheld to pass before us ere

we could contemplate a surface as expansive as that of the sun. And if every such landscape were to occupy two hours in the contemplation, and twelve hours every day allotted for the survey, it would require twenty-four thousand five hundred and fifty-four years before the whole surface of this immense globe could be in this manner surveyed; and, after all, we should have but a very imperfect view of the vast system of the sun.

"It is owing to the existence and agency of the sun that our globe is a habitable world, and productive of enjoyment. Almost all the benign agencies which are going forward in the atmosphere, the waters, and the earth, derive their origin from its powerful and perpetual influence. Its light diffuses itself over every region, and produces all that diversity of colouring which enlivens and adorns the landscape of the world, without which we should be unable to distinguish one object from another. By its vivifying action vegetables are elaborated from inorganic matter, the sap ascends through their myriads of vessels, the flowers glow with the richest hues, the fruits of autumn are matured and become, in their turn, the support of animals and of man. By its heat the waters of the rivers and the ocean are attenuated and carried to the higher regions of the atmosphere, where they circulate in the form of vapour, till they again descend in showers to supply the sources of the rivers, and fertilize the soil. By the same agency, all winds are produced, which purify the atmosphere, by keeping it in perpetual motion; which propel our ships across the ocean, dispel noxious vapours, prevent pestilential effluvia, and rid our habitations of a thousand nuisances. By its attractive energy the tides of the ocean are modified and regulated, the earth conducted in its annual course, and the moon sustained and directed in her motions. Its influence extends even to the mineral kingdom, and is felt in the chemical compositions and decompositions of the elements of nature. The disturbance in the electrical equilibrium of the atmosphere, which produces the phenomena of thunder, lightning, and rain, and the varieties of terrestrial magnetism; the slow degradation of the solid constituents of the globe, and their diffusion among the waters of the ocean, may all be traced, either directly or indirectly, to the agency of the sun. It illuminates and cheers all the inhabitants of the earth, from the polar regions to the torrid zone. When its rays gild the eastern horizon, after the darkness of the night, something like a new creation appears; the landscape is adorned with a thousand shades and colours, millions of insects awake and bask in its rays, the birds start from their slumbers and fill the earth with their melody, the flocks and herds express their joy in hoarser acclamations, man goeth forth to his work and to his labour, all nature smiles, and the

'hills rejoice on every side.' Without the influence of this august luminary, an universal gloom would ensue, and surrounding worlds, with all their trains of satellites, would be shrouded in perpetual darkness; this earth would become a lifeless mass, a dreary waste, a rude lump of inactive matter, without beauty or order; no longer should we behold the meadows clothed with verdure, the flowers shedding their perfumes, nor the valleys covered with corn; the feathered songsters would no longer chant their melodious notes, all human activity would cease, universal silence would reign undisturbed, and this huge globe of land and water would return to its original chaos."

What a glorious idea, then, does such an object as the sun present to us of the grandeur of the Deity, and the energies of Omnipotence! There is no single object within the range of our knowledge that affords a more striking and august emblem of the great Creator. In its lustre, in its magnitude, in its energy, in its boundless influence, and in its beneficial effects on this earth and on surrounding worlds, there is a more bright display of Divine perfection than in any other material being with which we are acquainted. Could such a magnificent orb have been produced by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, and placed in its proper position to distribute light and attractive influence to the worlds which roll around it? Could chance have directed the distance at which it should be placed from the respective planets, or the size to which it should be expanded, in order to diffuse its energies to the remotest part of the system? Could chance have impressed upon it the laws requisite for sustaining in their courses all the bodies dependent upon it, or have endowed it with a source of illumination which has been preserved in action from age to age? To affirm such positions would be to undermine and annihilate the principles of all our reasonings. The existence of the sun proves the existence of an eternal and supreme Divinity, and, at the same time, demonstrates his omnipotent power, his uncontrollable agency, the depths of his wisdom, and the riches of his beneficence. If such a luminary be so glorious and incomprehensible, what must its Creator be? If its splendour be so dazzling to our eyes, and its magnitude so overpowering to our imagination, what must He be who lighted up that magnificent orb, and bade a retinue of worlds revolve around it, who dwells in light inaccessible, to which no mortal eye can approach? If the sun is only one out of many millions of similar globes dispersed throughout the illimitable tracts of creation, how great, how glorious, how far surpassing human comprehension must be the plans and the attributes of the infinite and eternal Creator! "His greatness is unsearchable, and his ways past finding out." Could we thoroughly comprehend the depth of

his perfections, or the grandeur of his empire, he would cease to be God, or we should cease to be limited and dependant beings. But in presenting to our view such magnificent objects, it is evidently his intention that we should rise in our contemplations from the effect to the Cause,

from the creature to the Creator, from the visible splendours and magnificences of creation to the invisible glories of Him who sits on the throne of the universe, "whose kingdom ruleth over all, and before whom all nations are counted as less than nothing and vanity."

RISE OF MUSEUMS.

THE term "museum" is derived from the Greek name of the muses, one of whose attributes was to preside over the polite and useful arts; it signifies, in the present day, a building in which are deposited specimens of every object, natural and artificial, that is in any degree curious, or which can tend to illustrate physical science and to improve art. A complete museum should be an epitome of nature; it should contain collections of preserved beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and, in fact, a specimen of every creature that moves on our globe; herbariums containing dried specimens of the vegetable kingdom, as also specimens of minerals; it should be "a representative assembly of all the classes and families of the world; it should also contain collections of ancient records, medals, and coins, which attest and explain laws and customs; also paintings and statues, that, by imitating nature, seem to extend the limits of creation;" as also every thing that can exhibit the manners and customs of men in distant ages and nations. In ancient times the word museum had no such extended signification, it simply implied a building in which scientific men assembled to discuss matters of science and literature. Such appears to have been the museum of Alexandria—a splendid building, ornamented with porticoes, galleries, and large and spacious apartments: but it does not appear to have contained any thing like the collections of our museums. It is rather to the temples of the ancients that we must look as the first repositories of rare and curious things, as any rare production, or natural object extraordinary for size or beauty, was consecrated to the gods. When Hanno returned from his distant voyages, he brought with him to Carthage two skins of the hairy women whom he found on the Gorgades Islands, and deposited them, as a memorial, in the temple of Juno, where they continued till the destruction of the city. The monstrous horns of the wild bulls which had occasioned so much devastation in Macedonia, were, by order of king Philip, hung up in the temple of Hercules. The crocodile found in attempting to discover the source of the Nile, was preserved in the temple of Isis, at Cesarea. A large piece of the root of the cinnamon-tree was kept in a golden vessel in one of the temples of Rome, where it was examined by Pliny. The skin of that monster which the Roman army

attacked and destroyed, and which probably was a crocodile, was, by Regulus, sent to Rome, and hung up in one of the temples, where it remained till the time of the Numantine war. In the temple of Juno, in the island of Melita, there were a pair of elephant's teeth of extraordinary size. The head of the basilisk was exhibited in one of the temples of Diana. And the bones of that sea monster—probably a whale—to which Andromeda was exposed, were preserved at Joppa, and afterwards brought to Rome. Many other instances of this custom are given by Beckmann, from whom we have gathered the foregoing, and many of the following particulars. In the course of time, these natural curiosities became so numerous as to form large collections; and though it is certain that all these articles were not properly kept there for the purpose to which our collections of natural history were applied, yet, at the same time, it must be allowed that they might be of important use to naturalists.

The ancients appear to have had no private collections, though, perhaps, we must except that formed by Aristotle, at the command of Alexander; as also a collection of natural curiosities formed by the emperor Augustus. The principal cause of their being unable to form collections must have arisen partly from their ignorance of the proper means of preserving such bodies as soon spoil or corrupt. They employed for that purpose either salt, wax, or honey.

There is no account of any collections during the middle ages, except in the treasures of princes, where, besides articles of great value, curiosities of art, antiquities, and relics, there were occasionally found scarce and singular foreign animals, which were dried and preserved. Such objects were to be seen in the old treasury at Vienna; and in that of St. Denis were exhibited the claw of a griffin, sent by the king of Persia to Charlemagne, the teeth of the hippopotamus, and other things of the like kind. In later times, we find that menageries were established to add to the magnificence of courts, and stuffed skins of rare animals were hung up as memorials of their having existed. Public libraries, also, were made receptacles for such natural curiosities as were from time to time presented to them. At a later period, collections of this kind began to be formed by private persons. The

object of them was rather to gratify the sight than to improve the understanding ; and they contained more rarities of art, valuable pieces of workmanship, and antiquities, than productions of nature. Private collections, however, appear for the first time in the sixteenth century ; and there is no doubt that they were formed by every learned man who, at that period, applied to the study of natural history. About the same period, collections began to be formed in England ; but not till the seventeenth century did the public derive any benefit from them, when Elias Ashmole left his valuable collection of rarities, which he had in part inherited from the Tradescants, to the University of Oxford, upon condition that they erected a building to receive it, which they consented to, and commenced it in the year 1679, and it was completed in 1683. It is known as the Ashmolean Museum. From that time to the present it has been continually receiving additions. The collection of Martin Lister was added to it, as also the manuscripts of Aubrey, Dugdale, and Wood, the collections of natural history of Dr. Plott, Edward Lloyd, and Borlase, the historian of Cromwell. From a list of the curiosities contained in this museum we select the following :—

The skull of Oliver Cromwell, or a fragment of mortality supposed to be such ; a jewel of gold once belonging to king Alfred, found in 1639, in Newton Park, a short distance northward of the Isle of Athelney, in Somersetshire, where king Alfred found shelter when the Danes had overrun the country. The jewel is enamelled like an amulet, and in Saxon characters is circumscribed, "Alfred ordered me to be made." A figure sitting, crowned, appears on one side, probably Alfred himself, holding two lilies ; on the other is a rudely-engraved flower. This relic was given to the university by Thomas Palmer, Esq., of Fairfield, Somersetshire, in 1718. A head of the bird called a "dodo," the species of which is extinct. Dr. Shaw, the celebrated naturalist, discovered it in the museum, before which he considered the accounts of this extraordinary bird to be fabulous. Besides a good collection of objects of natural history, there are also many Egyptian antiquities, and a few good pictures.

This is, perhaps, the earliest museum formed in England, and probably coeval with most of those on the continent ; but they have left us far behind in the establishment of institutions for the advancement and fostering of the arts and sciences. Private individuals have generally undertaken what could, perhaps, be only fully accomplished by the state. Our principal collections of natural history have been chiefly formed by the exertions, and at the expense, of private individuals ; and, until within a very short period, our national collection was little better than a national disgrace. No country in the world has such opportunities of rendering her collections in natural history the most perfect of any. The power of England extends to the two hemispheres ; her colonies are to be found in every part of the habitable globe ; yet, with the greatest means, her museums are found to be the most defective, to such a degree, that our writers on natural history are necessitated to go to Paris for that information which they ought to be enabled to find at home.

A taste for natural history has become more prevalent among all classes of society, as may be collected from the support given to the Zoological Society and other institutions of a similar nature. Our national museum has already felt the impulse given by the advancing knowledge of the people. Let us hope that, in a few years, it may rival those of the continent, and then we shall doubtless adorn our scientific annals with names as great as Buffon, Daubenton, Cuvier, and Lamarck.

The British Museum, which will soon be one of the most splendid institutions of our metropolis, contains under its roof our national library, which is peculiarly rich in mss. ; a collection of Greek and Roman sculptures ; Egyptian antiquities and sculptures ; Terra Cottas and Roman antiquities ; a splendid collection of coins and medals ; a very fine collection of prints and drawings ; as also the collections of natural history, which are at present very incomplete. This museum has now for a long time been accessible to the public on three days of every week ; and we are much gratified to learn that great numbers have of late availed themselves of this privilege.

CHANGE.

It is pleasant in spring-tide to look from the door
Upon fields that are barren and dreary no more ;
On the opening leaves, and the myriads of flowers,
That start into life beneath sunbeams and showers.

It is pleasant of summer to note the rich glow,
The blue sky that tinges the water below,
The breeze that springs up at the close of the day,
And wafts to the sense the sweet odour of hay.

It is pleasant in autumn to mark, o'er the plain,
Asleep 'mid the poppies, the heavy brown grain ;

The trees with lithe branches that tend to the ground,
Weigh'd down by the bursting fruit tinted and round.

It is pleasant in winter to witness on high
The sun beaming bright in a clear frosty sky ;
White smoke staining ether, else stainless and free ;
And hoary frost spread over meadow and lea.

There is beauty in change. Indestructible change !
Thou alone art eternal in matter's wide range !
Thou art part of all things, present, past, and to be—
Worlds and atoms alike are made subject to thee.

N.

NAPOLEON AND AN OLD SOLDIER.

"If he is anxious for popularity," said the Duke de Frioul, "he has reason to be satisfied. Our stroll this morning was through the Faubourg Saint Antoine. I did not myself think that he was so much in favour as he is. You cannot form an idea, Junot, of the enthusiasm of the people. He stopped before some houses that are being built in the Rue Charonne. His hat was slouched over his forehead, as usual, but in spite of that, it is so easy to recognise him, that I am always apprehensive of something unpleasant occurring in these expeditions, in which I play the Giafar. This morning we were surrounded by two hundred workmen, who were all labouring with their pickaxes and shovels. The emperor was as calm as if he had been surrounded by his old guard. While he was observing the men at work, he fixed his eyes particularly on one, who moved his arm with difficulty, and appeared to be less active than his comrades."

"It is singular," said the emperor, "but I think I know that man's face."

The workman observing that the *little man* looked at him so stedfastly, looked very hard at him in his turn. The scrutiny was not long, and the workman, who was an old soldier, recognised his general. His pickaxe fell from his hand, and his limbs seemed to tremble under him.

"General!" exclaimed the man, in a voice faltering with emotion.

"Well, well, my brave fellow!" said the emperor, "so you know me, do you? *Pardieu!* and I recollect you. I said to Duroc, as soon as I saw you, That is a face I knew. Now I recollect you perfectly; you were a corporal in the thirty-second, and you were wounded at the bridge of Arcola: *pardieu!*"

To every word uttered by the emperor, the man replied by bowing his head, and saying, "Yes, general."

"But why have you betaken yourself to this work?" inquired the emperor, "if you can lift a spade, you can shoulder a musket."

"No," replied the man, with an oath expressive of his vexation; "no, I cannot carry a musket." And he showed us the difficulty he had in raising his arm.

"But you were in the guards at Austerlitz," continued the emperor. "Your name is Bernard, is it I mistake not?"

"It is, general."

"And why are you not in the Invalids?"

"I am entitled to be there, general, but—"

"Oh, yes; I remember now what you allude to;" and a cloud gathered on his brow. "Marshal Serrurier did not give me a good report of you. How happens this? If you entertain opinions unfavourable to the government, you may leave France, and go and build houses in America."

"But, general, in that case, I must not only

leave my country, but you, whom I love even more than my country."

"Me?" said the emperor, laughing. "*Pardieu*, this is strange enough. How do you reconcile your attachment to me with your hatred of the empire?"

"Because, general, it is to you personally,—to you alone."

"I am certain," pursued the Duke de Frioul, "that the man had no idea of the force of meaning conveyed in these simple words, 'to you alone,' though they evidently came sincerely from his heart. The emperor felt them, and understood at once the noble mind of the man who uttered them. Even the title of 'general,' with which he constantly addressed the emperor, had its bright side in this little story; for it was not dictated by any feeling of insolence, but was merely the effect of habit in the old soldier. The emperor looked at him with some little expression of dissatisfaction; but more of kindness. The old soldier stood there before him, hat in hand, and with as respectful an air as if he had been under arms on a parade day at the Tuileries."

"Ah, *ça!*" exclaimed the emperor; "have you not the cross?"

Bernard half opened his jacket, and showed the cross on his bosom. "You see, general, it is in its right place. You gave it me at the battle of Wagram, for a ball which the Austrians fired at me. You were passing at the moment when they were raising me up, and seeing me wounded, like a brave man, you gave me the cross; it has been a healing plaster to my wound. I never take it from my breast; I sleep with it, and when I come to work I put it within my jacket."

"Why so?" said the emperor. "Do you think that your work would disgrace the cross? Your labour is honourable, and you should not blush to perform it. What would your comrades think of you? Those comrades to whom you preach republicanism. They must laugh at you, my poor Bernard; for surely this is nothing but pride."

Bernard knew not what reply to make. He recollected that some of his comrades had laughed at him, and others had been offended with him. He cast down his eyes.

"Have you not the pension attached to your cross?" resumed the emperor after a short pause. "I am sorry that the marshal did not ask me what was to be done before he turned you out of the old soldier's retreat. Was there not some other reason besides that which I have just alluded to? Come, tell the truth."

"To be candid, general, there was another reason. The truth is, I was a little unsteady on the *décadés*: that is to say, I mean, the Sundays, I was punished several times, and then

came that affair.* You know what I allude to, general. Well, thought I, since they have turned me out, I must try and get my bread elsewhere, and so I tried my hand at the spade and pickaxe. But still I am sorry at being out of the Invalids; and if you can, general, I wish you would get me sent back again."

He raised his head to look at the emperor, and his expressive countenance was at that moment irresistibly persuasive; for the big tears which overflowed his eyes ran down a furrow, formed by a deep scar in his left cheek. The emperor made no reply, but stood looking at him for some moments; then, turning to me, he asked me for my purse, and taking out three napoleons, he presented them to Bernard.

"There is something for you and your comrades to drink my health. Now go to breakfast; but do not get tipsy, for then I shall be obliged

to pay your master for the loss of your day's work. Adieu!"

The workmen all threw down their spades, shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and thronged round Napoleon to kiss his hands. Bernard alone was silent, and he kept back from the rest; but there was more real affection expressed in his silence than in the shouts of his companions, which were raised for a gift of money. The emperor, stepping up to him, said:—

"Bernard, you must call on General Sougis, or Marshal Bessières; or, if you prefer it, come to the castle and ask for this young man;" (striking me on the shoulder, said Duroc;) "he will have a message for you from me."

So saying, he took off his hat, and bade adieu to the workmen, who continued crying "*Vive l'Empereur,*" long after he was out of sight.—*Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes.*

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A CONDEMNED MAN.

PART II.

BEFORE me was a window widely opened. I heard on the quay the laugh of the flower-women, and on the edge of the casement a little yellow flower, interpenetrated by a ray of the sun, played with the wind in a cleft of the stone. How could any sinister idea have its birth among so many kind sensations? Overflowing with the air and the sun, it was impossible to think of aught else but liberty; hope shone within me as the day around me; and in confidence I awaited my sentence, as one awaits deliverance and life. However my advocate arrived. He had been waited for. He had just made a hearty breakfast, and with a good appetite. Having reached his place he leant once towards me with a smile—"I hope," said he.

"Is it not so?" I answered, light and smiling, also.

"Yes," returned he, "I know nothing of their declaration, but they have doubtless discarded all premeditation, and then it will be but hard labour for life."

"What say you, sir?" I replied indignantly. "Rather death a hundred times! yes, death!"

"And besides," responded within me an unknown internal voice, "what risk I by saying it?"

"Never has sentence of death been pronounced otherwise than at midnight, in a dark and gloomy hall, and in a cold night of wintry rain. But in the month of August, at eight o'clock in the morning, and these good jurymen; it is impossible!" And my eyes again returned to fix themselves on the pretty yellow flower in the sunshine. Suddenly the president, who waited but for the attorney, invited me to rise. The

* The affair, as he termed it, was, that he got tipsy one day, and called out "*Vive la République!*"

troops carried arms, and as by an electric movement, the whole assembly stood up at the same instant. A dull and insignificant figure, seated at a table beneath the tribunal, it was I believe the recorder, now spoke, and read the verdict, which the jurors had pronounced in my absence. A cold sweat started over all my limbs—I leant against a wall to prevent myself from falling.

"Advocate, have you aught to say on the application of the punishment?" demanded the president.

I myself should have had all to say, but nothing came to me. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth.

"Condemned to death!" echoed the crowd; and whilst I was led away, they rushed upon my footsteps, with the havoc of a destroying edifice. I myself walked intoxicated and stupefied. A revolution had occurred within me. Until the sentence of death, I had felt myself respire, palpitate, live in the same medium as other men; now I distinguished clearly a separation between the world and myself. Nothing appeared to me under the same aspect as before. The large luminous windows, the beautiful sun, the pure sky, the pretty flower, they were all pale and white as a sheet. Those men, women, and children who thronged upon my path, I found them but as phantom shapes.

At the base of the staircase a black, dirty, grated vehicle was in waiting for me. At the moment of my entering it, I hastily looked into the square. "A man condemned to death!" exclaimed the passers by, as they ran towards the vehicle. Through the cloud which seemed interposed between all things and myself, I distinguished two young girls, who followed me

with anxious eyes. "Good," said the youngest, as she clapped her hands, "it will take place in six weeks!"

Condemned to death!—Well, and why not? I remember having once read in a book that contained nothing else of good, "Men are all condemned to death with indeterminable reprieves." What is there then so changed in my situation?

Since the hour when my sentence was pronounced to me, how many are dead who set themselves in order for a long life! How many have gone before me, who, young, free, and healthy, counted the chances of seeing my head some day fall in the *Place de Grève*! How many perhaps between here and there who walk and respire the wide air, and enter and go out at their will, who will go before me still!

And besides, what then has life to be regretted for by me? In truth the gloomy day, and the black bread of the dungeon, the portion of thin boillon drawn from the troughs of the galley-slaves, form a rough and harsh life to me, who am refined by education, to be roughly used by jailers and the guards of galley crews; to see no human being who considers me worthy of a word, or to whom I can render one; to be constantly thrilling with fear at what I have done, and what may be done to me, these are very nearly the only benefits which the executioner may remove from me.

Well,

"I care not—though horrible enough it be!"

The black vehicle has transported me here, in this hideous bicetre.

Seen from a distance this edifice has something majestic about it. It spreads itself out on the horizon in front of a hill, and, at a distance, bears somewhat of its ancient splendour, the air of a royal castle. But in proportion as you approach, the palace becomes a ruin. The unrepai red gables shock the eye. I know not what of ignominy and impoverishment defiles these royal façades; it seems as though the walls were smitten with leprosy. No panes, no glass to the windows, but massive bars of iron inter-crossed, to which cling here and there the ghastly figure of some maniac or galley-slave.

"It is life seen with a closer eye!"

Scarcely had I arrived when iron bands

secured me. The precautions were multiplied; neither knife nor fork for my repast; the *camisole de force*, a species of sack or sail cloth, imprisoned my arms; they were answerable for my life. I was taken care of for death. This onerous office might be required of them for six or seven weeks, and it was important to guard me safe and sound to the *Place de Grève*.

During the first days I was treated with a mildness that was horrible to me. The looks of a turnkey smell of the scaffold. Happily in a few days custom assumed the superiority, they confounded me with other prisoners, in one common brutality, and bore towards me none of those unaccustomed distinctions of politeness which placed the executioner constantly before my eyes. Nor was this the only amelioration. My youth, my docility, the cares of the chaplain of the prison, and more than all, some Latin words which I addressed to the keeper, who did not understand them, opened for me, once every week, the usual walking place with the other prisoners, and loosened the paralysis of my sail-cloth dress. After many hesitations I have also had the use of pens, ink, and paper, and a night lamp granted to me.

Every Sunday, after church, at the hour of recreation, I am allowed to walk loose upon the green. There I talk with the prisoners. They are good fellows—these miserable men. They tell me of their tricks, which are horrible; but I know that they boast. They teach me to talk slang; it is a language engrafted on common, every-day language, like a species of hideous excrescence or wart. It will sometimes betray a singular energy or a frightful picturesque of expression. Sometimes a light and joyous spirit animates their language, in the midst of which, every now and then, words odd, mysterious, ugly, and filthy, creep out no one knows whence. The executioner and the place of execution have each their separate signification in this toad and spider language. When you hear it spoken it has the effect of something dirty and dusty kicked up from a bundle of rags before you.

These men, however, pity me, and are the only ones who do. The jailers, the turnkeys, the key-bearers, (I do not want them,) laugh and talk of me, and before me, as of "a thing." EPHON.

TO TEA-DRINKERS.

VESSELS intended to contain a liquid at a higher temperature than the surrounding medium, and to keep that liquid as long as possible at the higher temperature, should be constructed of materials which are the worst radiators of heat. Thus, tea-urns and tea-pots are best adapted for their purpose when constructed of polished metal, and worst when constructed of

black porcelain. A black porcelain tea-pot is the worst conceivable material for that vessel, for both its material and colour are good radiators of heat, and the liquid contained in it cools with the greatest possible rapidity. On the other hand, a bright metal tea-pot is best adapted for the purpose, because it is the worst radiator of heat, and therefore cools as slowly as possible.

A polished silver or brass tea-urn is better adapted to retain the heat of the water than one of a dull brown colour, such as is most commonly used.

A tin kettle retains the heat of water boiled in it more effectually if it be kept clean and

polished, than if it be allowed to collect the smoke and soot to which it is exposed from the action of the fire. When coated with this, its surface becomes rough and black, and is a powerful radiator of heat.—*Dr. Lardner's Treatise on Heat.*

NATURAL AND REVEALED TRUTH.

[We extract the following remarks from an able sermon, preached at the Triennial Visitation of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln in July last, by the Rev. W. G. Moore, M.A., Rector of West Barkwith, and Vicar of Stixwold, and since published by Messrs. Smith and Elder. We should greatly rejoice to see Visitation Sermons displaying the talent and breathing the spirit of the one before us.]

THE word Truth is not merely expressive of a bare notion, an abstract idea, but of a comprehensive system, embracing doctrines peculiar to it, and these again based upon principles of universal and eternal obligation. It is the development of a scheme, which, by its influence upon the mind and will of man, his thoughts, words, and actions, proves the purity of its source, and which by its adaptation to his especial wants, situation, and circumstances, must conduce to his temporal and eternal welfare. The necessity for some such scheme is apparent from the restless though futile endeavours of every age and people, to mark out some unerring rules of right, to define the duties of mankind to God, and their fellow-creatures; so that by repressing the waywardness and the folly of individual passions, and bringing the conduct of all to one common standard, the comfort and well-being of society might be most effectually promoted.

Now, those rules thus elicited from the experience of the wise and good, and consented to by the reason and consciences of men, have been termed collectively, moral philosophy, or natural religion. And undoubtedly society could never be upheld under any form of government, unless some such rules were allowed to operate with their fullest effect, and met with universal acceptance. The natural reason of man is sufficient to prove to him that, if there be a God, some worship must be paid, some tokens of obedience and subordination rendered to Him: that if the necessities or the inclinations of mankind lead them to congregate into societies, some control must be exercised over individual freedom of action, that the restlessness and miseries of an irresponsible state of being may be avoided. The object, therefore, which, viewed as a corrective of selfish feelings and interests, the truths of natural religion seek to further, is by no means a contracted, or unimportant one, for it is this,—from a view of the order, the harmony, the beauty of the operations of nature, to lift the eye of adoration and love to Him who spreads out before us the every-day proofs of His all-wise care, and providential goodness, and infinite wisdom;

and it is likewise to bind man to man, by the union of common interest, and in every sphere of life in which he may be called to move, to instil those maxims of practical wisdom and virtue, which, in their exercise, have necessarily a vast and grateful influence upon society.

But a moment's consideration will show the utter inadequacy of such a system to all the demands of the Deity, or all the wants of mankind. What is defective in principle, must prove inefficient in practice. Principles are the germs or seeds of action; if the former be therefore false, built upon mistaken notions, or erroneous views, the latter can never be in accordance with Him, one of whose glorious attributes is truth; never adequate to the wants of society, because they will be subjected to momentary caprice, and the eddying winds of human passions. Now, that natural religion does not comprehend the truth, the inspired truth of the apostle, though granted to be in accordance with the duties of reason and conscience, and elicited from the necessities and experience of mankind, is evident from this fact,—that, under his present circumstances it is powerless to enable man to discharge his obligations to God and his fellow-creatures. I say, under his present circumstances, for in this lies the broad line of demarcation between natural and revealed truth. Man is not the being he was created, and consequently the religion of his nature, when holy, and innocent, and happy, is not the religion of his nature, when unholy, and guilty, and unhappy, with his faculties and inclinations perverted by the ingress of sin into the heart, and with evil principles predominant over good. From the very constitution of our being, it is clear, that every system which is not based upon the present circumstances and condition of the human race, which does not rest its capabilities and derive its force from principles foreign to their natural tastes, and subversive of their natural pride, immutable and eternal as the God of their adoration, and the requirements of His law, (which are the same now as in Paradise as a rule of life,) must be denominated false, superficial, and worthless. Unhappily, however, true to the bias which sin has given, we still dream of ability to discern the path of duty, and to perform our moral and religious obligations, though destitute of the first principles of right action, and averse to seek them in that way by which alone they can be recovered. Heedless

of the change which has come over our destiny, and which renders imperative a renewal of the heart once more after the Divine image; "a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness," we laboriously strive to do in our own strength what our estrangement from God renders impossible. We seek to guide our own path, and to direct that of others, by a light which has burned down to the socket; we are, in short, ambitious of effecting by the aid of morality, or natural religion, a design, whose grandeur defies human art, invention, or discovery. The inefficiency of the means to the end, of natural religion, that is, to bring about any deep or abiding change in the habits, the affections, and the desires of a fallen creature, to remould him after his Divine original, to make him love what he naturally dislikes, to hate what naturally wins his affections, is proof sufficient that it cannot be adapted to the wants of human nature. However sufficient, if carried into full operation, to fit a person for the discharge of some of his most prominent duties to God and his neighbour, it depends for its existence, and its sanction, upon human expedience; it is superficial in its design, limited in its extent, and what is of the greatest importance, it has not necessarily any influence upon the heart. It teaches the necessity, and implies the expectation, that man should cheerfully and unreservedly obey a God, whose commands are opposed to almost every desire of his heart, and while boasting of freedom in the utmost latitude of thought and action as his birthright, should still be passive under the hand of a master, and surrender that liberty in some measure to the powers that be;—but it does not embrace, it cannot communicate any principle equal to this necessity or this expectation. It is a plan of human device formed by the impulse of conscious duty, for the purpose of self-regulation, but destitute of any inherent power sufficient to the end proposed, and which, therefore, however pertinaciously adhered to by the pride of man, will only issue, as age after age has testified that it has hitherto done, in the utter discomfiture of his hopes. In well regulated minds, indeed, the demands of God upon his dependant creatures, and of man upon his fellow, may be in some degree met and acted up to; reason and common sense will come in to their aid, and supply them with the assistance necessary to the performance of their moral duties. But it is beyond their sphere, and beyond their ability, to render devotion to the Almighty the homage of the heart; or the love of our neighbour equal to the love of self. The great bulk of mankind are, however, influenced by sudden impulse, or unhallowed prejudice, not by cool, dispassionate reason, and even were their principle of action ever so rigidly worked out, yet being in its very nature defective, because it originates in necessity, not in a true

knowledge of God and human nature, its results must be defective likewise. Human passions will ever prove themselves too strong for human motives; and though society, from the progress of civilisation, extended education, and a more general acquaintance with the common interests, may move so smoothly that an unpractised eye may be able to discern no defects in its moral organisation, there is a natural inherent discordancy of materials which must necessarily affect its durable or equable motion, and which no power, save that which is Divine, can counteract. Man is an immortal being; he is not, he never can be, directed wisely, constantly, by principles which are evanescent as his own earthly frames and wishes, which rest upon the mere fitness of things, upon convictions and resolutions which are the formation of the moment, which look to his temporal interests *primarily*, and *secondarily* to the demands of God and the soul.

A system, then, by whatever term dignified, visionary and antichristian as that which we have just considered, in its nature and operation, must bear the mark of reprobation, which has attached itself to every scheme of human device, ever since the fall, and can never certainly embrace that truth which it behoves us, my brethren, to inculcate. It possesses a fair, a promising exterior, but it is like the Jewish temple, when the symbol of the Divine presence had departed; the light it sheds is that of nature, not of revelation, and is consequently undeserving our notice or adoption. Its foundation is laid upon a false estimate of human powers, an erroneous view of human nature, and upon sentiments respecting the Deity inconsistent with his character, his attributes, and his glory.

Let us now inquire into the design and operation of revealed truth. Truth, in the abstract, is a vital spark from God, and revealed truth is that clear and undiverging light, which, falling upon the darkened path of man, directs his toilsome steps through the wilderness of the world, to God, his sole happiness, and heaven, his proper home. The precepts of morality may be found every where, and in every age, more or less pure. Heathen philosophy, and the rules of savage life, supply us with instances of the truth of this observation. The precepts of Christian morality are of a higher order; they are better adapted for the government of mankind, for the regulation of their intercourse with their Creator, and to restore those broken links of a once happy union, which made the requirement of the moral law an easy and natural deduction from the simple and comprehensive law of love, the sole element of control to men while innocent. Still, even these precepts, if maintained and inculcated independently of the grand truths of revelation, will but render the character beautiful as the statue in all its proportions, but wanting that inspiration which gives life to its form, and a motive for its

actions. Revealed truth discloses the real character of the Divine Being; His great and beneficent object in the creation of man; the vastness of His design in counteracting the malignant efforts of Satan; the immensity of His love in finding a ransom for the apostate and the rebel; the wonders of His grace and condescension in the gift of that spiritual light, perception, and power, by which the heir of wrath may be made an heir of glory. And it points out likewise, as consequent upon the revelation of such godlike object, the proper being, end, and aim of man, the true nature of happiness, the just extent of duty. It shows the relation in which he stands to the Author of his existence, the source of every blessing, temporal and eternal; how imperative is a consistent and diligent performance of the duties incident upon such a relationship, and how invariably, uniformly, and of necessity, when engrafted upon the heart by the Spirit of God, it leads to *repentance* and *faith*, to purity of motive and holiness of practice, to the life of God in the soul of man, to the exemplification of the Christian pattern as defined and exhibited by his divine Master.

The expression, "revealed truth," sufficiently denotes the nature of the doctrines comprehended by it. They are, in fact, such as we never could have attained the knowledge of but by Divine teaching. Such as, unless they bore upon them the constant impression of their unearthly origin, would long since have been obliterated from the tablet of human remembrances, and have been numbered among the doubts, the difficulties, and the falsehoods of tradition. To the "law and to the testimony," we have been most properly instructed to refer every principle and every doctrine, and assuredly, unless the Word of God, the book of Revelation, be a sufficient guide for the steps of man from earth to heaven, from the path of duty to that of happiness, eternal truth has been left a prey to mortal chances and human caprice. The lamp of revealed truth discovers man to himself; it shows the deformity of sin, the beauty of holiness. It enables us to see every thing in its proper colours, to try every thing by an unerring standard, to form a just estimate of all sublunary good; and it gives a substance and reality to pleasures, which,

like the thin vapours, seek the higher regions of the atmosphere, and are only made sensible to the refined enjoyments of the Christian, when they fall as dew from heaven, and freshen the path of his pilgrimage. It defines our course when we have entered the valley of the shadow of death, and are left in the solitude of the tomb; it shines beyond that world of spirits where the soul awaits her sentence; it casts its mild rays upon the threshold of eternity, and, although it may not enable us fully to conceive of the glories of heaven or the terrors of hell, it will direct every true member of Christ and child of God to the sure means of obtaining the one and avoiding the other. The mode in which revealed truth operates in producing such effects is, by displacing man from the lofty pedestal upon which his pride and over-weening confidence have exalted him, and, by bringing him down to his proper level, enabling him to see himself in his just proportions. And when it has really reached and lit up the deep recesses of the heart, when it has cherished there, as a nucleus of immortal light, the germ of a truly divine philosophy, it induces men to contemplate, with unaffected humility, the weakness of their constituent elements, their decayed powers, their lost energies, their benighted views, their mistaken affections, their feeble conceptions, their shorn glories,—and by force of the convictions of reason, the experience of the past, and the restless reproaches of conscience, it compels them to look for some deeper cause for their lapse from God, and their numberless deficiencies, than (as is the general supposition) that they are owing to want of instruction on the subject of moral duties and responsibilities, or of any assistance which a fellow-sinner has it in his power to dispense. The ability to think, as well as to do, must come from above; and as a Paul may plant, or an Apollos water in vain, unless the Divine blessing attend those operations, it is our duty, with all fidelity and diligence, to use the means with which we are so highly favoured for the dissemination of the revealed Word of God, waiting and asking for that blessing upon our labours, by which He assuredly will honour his own word, and us the unworthy instruments of its communication.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE OF THE CLASSICS.

[In an age in which the higher branches of literature are made the subject of popular study, and in which they have, consequently, much increased the sphere of their influence, we think it advisable to bring before general notice some suggestions as to their moral tendency from the pen of John Foster, "The Essayist." They appeared a few years ago in a periodical publication of very limited circulation, and now extinct.]

MYTHOLOGY.

I FEAR it is incontrovertible, that what is denominated polite literature, the grand school in

which taste acquires its laws and refined perceptions, and in which are formed, much more than under any higher, austere discipline, the moral sentiments, is, for the far greater part, hostile to the religion of Christ; partly by introducing insensibly a certain order of opinions unconsonant, or at least not identical, with the principles of that religion; and still more by training the feelings to a habit alien from its spirit. And in this

assertion I do not refer to writers palpably irreligious, who have laboured and intended to seduce the passions into vice, or the judgment into the rejection of Divine truth ; but to the general community of those elegant and ingenious authors who are read and admired by the Christian world, held essential to a liberal education, and to the progressive accomplishment of the mind in subsequent life, and studied often without an apprehension, or even a thought, of their injuring the views and temper of spirits advancing, with the New Testament for their chief instructor and guide, into another world.

It is *modern* literature that I have more particularly in view ; at the same time it is obvious that the writings of heathen antiquity have continued to operate till now, in the very presence and sight of Christianity, with their own proper influence, a correctly heathenish influence, on the minds of many who have never thought of denying or doubting the truth of that religion. This is just as if an eloquent pagan priest had been allowed constantly to accompany our Lord in his ministry, and had divided with him the attention and interest of his disciples, counter-acting, of course, as far as his efforts were successful, the doctrine and spirit of the Teacher from heaven.

It is, however, no part of my object to remark on the influence, in modern times, of the fabulous religion that infested the ancient works of genius. That influence is, at the present time, I should think, extremely small, from the fables being so stale ; all readers are sufficiently tired of Jupiter, Apollo, Minerva, and the rest. As long, however, as they could be of the smallest service, they were piously retained by the Christian poets of this and other countries, who are now under the necessity of seeking out for some other mythology, the northern or the eastern, to support the languishing spirit of poetry. Even the ugly pieces of wood worshipped in the South Sea Islands, will probably at last receive names that may more commodiously hitch into verse, and be invoked to adorn and sanctify the *belles lettres* of the next century. The Mexican abominations and informalities have already received from us their epic tribute. The poet has no reason to fear that the supply of gods may fail ; it is at the same time a pity, one thinks, that a creature so immense should have been placed in a world so small as this, where all nature, all history, all morals, all true religion, and the whole resources of innocent fiction, are too little to furnish materials enough for the wants and labours of his genius.

The few observations which the subject may require to be made on ancient literature, will be directed to the part of it most immediately descriptive of what may be called human reality, representing character, sentiment, and action. For it will be allowed that the purely speculative

part of that literature has, in a great measure, ceased to interfere with the intellectual discipline of modern times. It obtains too little attention, and too little deference, to contribute materially to the formation of the mental habits which are adverse to the Christian doctrines and spirit. Divers learned and fanatical devotees to antiquity and paganism have, indeed, made some effort to recall the long departed veneration for the dreams and subtleties of ancient philosophy. But they might, with as good a prospect of success, recommend the building of temples or a pantheon, and the revival of the institutions of idolatrous worship. The greater number of intelligent, and even learned men, would feel but little regret in consigning the largest proportion of that philosophy to oblivion ; unless they may be supposed to like it as heathenism more than they admire it as wisdom ; or unless their pride would wish to retain a reminiscence of it for contrast to their own more rational philosophising.

The ancient speculations of the religious order include, indeed, some splendid ideas relating to a Supreme Being ; but these ideas impart no attraction to that immensity of inane and fantastic follies, from the chaos of which they stand out, as of nobler essence and origin. For the most part, they probably were traditionary remains of Divine communications to man in the earliest ages. A few of them were, possibly, the utmost efforts of human intellect, at some happy moments excelling itself. But, in whatever proportions they be referred to the one origin or the other, they stand so distinguished from the accumulated, multifarious vanities of pagan speculation on the subject of Deity, that they throw contempt on those speculations. They throw contempt on the greatest part of the theological dogmas and fancies of even the very philosophers who would cite and applaud them. They rather direct our contemplation and affection toward a religion divinely revealed, than obtain any degree of favour for those notions of the Divinity which sprung and indefinitely multiplied from a melancholy combination of ignorance and depraved imagination. As to the apparent analogy between certain particulars in the pagan religions, and some of the most specific articles of Christianity, those notions are presented in such fantastic, and varying, and often monstrous shapes, that they can be of no prejudice to the Christian faith, either by pre-occupying in our minds the place of the Christian doctrines, or by indisposing us to admit them, or by perverting our conception of them.

As to the ancient metaphysical speculation, whatever may be the tendency of metaphysical study in general, or of the particular systems of modern philosophers, as affecting the cordial and simple admission of Christian doctrines, the ancient metaphysics may certainly be pronounced inoperative and harmless.

The part of ancient literature which has had incomparably the greatest influence on the character of cultivated minds, is that which has turned, if I may so express it, moral sentiments into real beings and interesting companions, by displaying the life and actions of eminent individuals. A few of the personages of fiction are also to be included. The captivating spirit of Greece and Rome dwells in the works of the biographers; in so much of the history as might properly be called biography, from its fixing the whole attention and interest on a few signal names; and in the works of the principal poets.

No one, I suppose, will deny that both the characters and the sentiments, which are the favourites of the poet and the historian, become the favourites also of the admiring reader; for this would be a virtual denial of the excellence of the performance, in point of eloquence or poetic spirit. It is the high test and proof of genius that a writer can render his subject interesting to his readers, not merely in a general way, but in the very same manner in which it interests himself. If the great works of antiquity had not this power, they would long since have ceased to charm. We could not long tolerate what caused a revolting of our moral feelings, while it was designed to please them. But if their characters and sentiments really do thus fascinate the heart, how far will this influence be coincident with the spirit, and with the design of Christianity?

Among the poets, I shall notice only the two or three pre-eminent ones of the epic class. Homer, you know, is the favourite of the whole civilised world; and it is many centuries since there needed one additional word of homage to the prodigious genius displayed in the *Iliad*. The object of inquiry is, what kind of predisposition will be formed toward Christianity in a young and animated spirit, that learns to glow with enthusiasm at the scenes created by the poet, and to indulge an ardent wish, which that enthusiasm will probably awaken, for the possibility of emulating some of the principal characters? Let this susceptible youth, after having mingled and burned in imagination among heroes, whose valour and anger flame like Vesuvius, who wade in blood, trample on dying foes, and hurl defiance against earth and heaven; let him be led into the company of Jesus Christ and his disciples, as displayed by the evangelists, with whose narrative I will suppose he is but slightly acquainted before. What must he, what can he, do with his feelings in this transition? He will find himself flung as far as "from the centre to the utmost pole;" and one of these two opposite exhibitions of character will inevitably excite his aversion. Which of them is that likely to be, if he is become thoroughly possessed with the Homeric passions?

Or if, reversing the order, you will suppose a

person to have first become profoundly interested by the New Testament, and to have acquired the spirit of the Saviour of the world, while studying the evangelical history; with what sentiments will he come forth from conversing with heavenly mildness, weeping benevolence, sacred purity, and the eloquence of Divine wisdom, to enter into a scene of such actions and characters, and to hear such maxims of merit and glory, as those of Homer? He would be still more confounded by the transition, had it been possible for him to have entirely escaped that deep depravation of feeling which can think of crimes and miseries with little emotion, and which we have all acquired from viewing the prominent portion of the world's history as composed of scarcely any thing else. He would find the mightiest strain of poetry employed to represent ferocious courage as the greatest of virtues, and those who do not possess it, as worthy of their fate, to be trodden in the dust. He will be taught, at least it will not be the fault of the poet if he be not taught, to forgive a heroic spirit for finding the sweetest luxury in insulting dying pangs, and imagining the tears and despair of distant relations. He will be incessantly called upon to worship revenge, the real divinity of the *Iliad*, in comparison of which the Thunderer of Olympus is but a subaltern pretender to power. He will be taught that the most glorious and enviable life is that to which the greatest number of other lives are made a sacrifice; and that it is noble in a hero to prefer even a short life attended by this felicity, to a long one which should permit a longer life also to others.

The terrible Achilles, a being whom, if he had really existed, it had been worth a temporary league of the tribes then called nations to reduce to the quietness of a dungeon or a tomb, is rendered interesting, even amidst the horrors of revenge and destruction, by the intensity of his affection for his friend, by the melancholy with which he appears in the funeral scene of that friend, by one momentary instance of compassion, and by his solemn references to his own impending and inevitable doom. A reader who has even passed beyond the juvenile ardour of life, feels himself interested, in a manner that excites at intervals his own surprise, in the fate of this fell exterminator; and he wonders, and he wishes to doubt, whether the moral that he is learning be, after all, exactly no other than that the grandest employment of a great spirit is the destruction of human creatures, so long as revenge, ambition, or even caprice may choose to regard them under an artificial distinction, and call them enemies. But this is the real and effective moral of the *Iliad*, after all that critics have so gravely written about lessons of union, or any other subordinate moral instructions which they discover or imagine in the work. Who but critics ever thought or cared about any such

drowsy lessons? Whatever is the chief and grand impression made by the whole work on the ardent minds which are most susceptible of the influence of poetry, *that* shows the real moral; and Alexander and Charles XII., through the medium of "Macedonia's madman," correctly received the genuine inspiration.

If it be said that such works stand on the same ground—except as to the reality or accuracy of the facts—with an eloquent history which simply exhibits the actions and characters, I deny the assertion. The actions and characters are presented in a manner which prevents their just impression, and empowers them to make an opposite one. A transforming magic of genius displays a number of atrocious savages, in a hideous slaughter-house of men, as demi-gods in a temple of glory. No doubt an eloquent history might be so written as to give the same aspect to such men and such operations; but that history would deserve to be committed to the flames. A history that should give a faithful representation of miseries and slaughter, would set no one who had not attained the last depravation on fire to imitate the principal actors. It would excite, in a degree, the same emotion as the sight of a field of dead and dying men after a battle is over—a sight at which the soul would shudder and revolt, and earnestly wish that this might be the last time the sun should behold such a spectacle; but the tendency of the Homeric poetry, and of a great part of epic poetry in general, is to insinuate the glory of repeating such a tragedy. I therefore ask again, how it would be possible for a man whose mind was first completely assimilated to the spirit of Jesus Christ, to read such a work without a most vivid antipathy to what he perceived to be the moral spirit of the poet? And if it were not too strange a supposition, that the most characteristic parts of the *Iliad* had been read in the presence and hearing of our Lord, and by a person animated by a fervid sympathy with the work—do you not instantly imagine him expressing the most emphatic condemnation? Would not the reader have been made to know, that in the spirit of that book he could never become a disciple and a friend of the Messiah? But then, if he believed this declaration, and were serious enough to care about being the disciple and friend of the Messiah, would he not have deemed himself extremely unfortunate to have been seduced, through the pleasures of taste and imagination, into habits of feeling which rendered it impossible, till their predominance should be destroyed, for him to receive the only true religion, and the only Redeemer of the world? To show how impossible it would be, I wish I may be pardoned for making another strange and, indeed, a most monstrous supposition, namely, that Achilles, Diomedes, Ulysses, and Ajax had been real persons, living in the time of our Lord, and

had become his disciples, and yet (excepting the mere exchange of the notions of mythology for Christian opinions) had retained entire the state of mind with which their poet has exhibited them. It is instantly perceived that Satan, Beelzebub, and Moloch might as consistently have been retained in heaven. But here the question comes to a point: if these great examples of glorious character pretending to coalesce with the transcendent Sovereign of virtues would have been probably the most enormous incongruity existing, or that ever had existed, in the creation, what harmony can there be between a man who has acquired a considerable degree of congeniality with the spirit of these heroes, and that paramount Teacher and Pattern of excellence? And who will assure me that the enthusiast for heroic poetry does not acquire a degree of this congeniality? But unless I can be so assured, I necessarily persist in asserting the noxiousness of such poetry.

Yet the work of Homer is, notwithstanding, the book which Christian poets have translated, which Christian divines have edited and commented on with pride, at which Christian ladies have been delighted to see their sons kindle into rapture, and which forms an essential part of the course of a liberal education over all those countries on which the Gospel shines. And who can tell how much that passion for war which, from the universality of its prevalence, might seem inseparable from the nature of man, may have been, in the civilised world, reinforced by the enthusiastic admiration with which young men have read Homer and similar poets, whose genius transforms what is and ought always to appear purely horrid, to an aspect of grandeur?

If, then, such works do really impart their own spirit to the mind of an admiring reader, and if this spirit be totally hostile to that of Christianity, and if Christianity ought really and in good faith to be the supreme regent of all moral feeling, then it is evident that the *Iliad*, and all books which combine the same tendency with great poetical excellence, are among the most mischievous things on earth. There is but little satisfaction, certainly, in illustrating the operation of evils without proposing any adequate method of contending with them; but, in the present case, I really do not see what a serious observer of the character of mankind can offer. To wish that the works of Homer and some other great authors of antiquity should cease to be read, is just as vain as to wish they had never been written. As to the far greater number of readers, it were equally in vain to wish that pure Christian sentiments might be sufficiently recollected and loved, to accompany the study, and constantly prevent the injurious impression of the works of pagan genius. The few maxims of Christianity to which the student may have assented without thought, and for which he

has but little veneration, will but feebly oppose the influence; the spirit of Homer will vanquish as irresistibly as his Achilles vanquished. It is also most perfectly true, that as long as pride, ambition, and vindictiveness hold so mighty a prevalence in the character and in the nature of our species, they would still amply display themselves, though the stimulus of heroic poetry were withdrawn, by the annihilation of all those works which have invested the worst passions and the worst actions with a glare of grandeur. With or without the infections of heroic poetry, men and nations will continue to commit offences against one another, and to avenge them, to assume an arrogant precedence, and account it and laud it as noble spirit, to celebrate their deeds of destruction and call them glory, to idolise the men who possess and can infuse the greatest share of an infernal fire, to set at naught all principles of virtue and religion in favour of some thoughtless, vicious mortal who consigns himself, in the same achievement, to fame and perdition; to vaunt—in triumphal entries, or funeral pomps, or bombastic odes, or strings of scalps—how far human skill and valour can surpass the powers of famine and pestilence: men and nations will continue thus to act, till a mightier intervention from heaven shall establish the dominion of Christianity. In that better season, perhaps, the great works of ancient genius will be read in such a disposition of mind as can receive the intellectual improvement derivable from them, and, at the same time, as little coincide or be infected with their moral spirit as, in the present age, we venerate their mythological vanities.

In the meantime, one cannot believe that any man who seriously reflects how absolutely the religion of Christ claims a conformity of his whole nature, will, without regret, feel himself animated with a class of sentiments, of which the habitual prevalence would be the total preclusion of Christianity.

And it seems to show how little this religion is really understood, or even considered, in any of the countries denominated Christian, that so many who profess to adopt it never once thought of guarding their own minds, and those of their children, against the eloquent seductions of so opposite a spirit. Probably they would be more intelligent and vigilant if any other interest than that of their professed religion were endangered. But a thing which injures them only in that

concern is sure to meet with all possible indulgence.

With respect to religious parents and preceptors, whose children and pupils are to receive that liberal education which must inevitably include the study of these great works, it will be for them to accompany the youthful readers throughout, with an effort to show them, in the most pointed manner, the inconsistency of many of the sentiments, both with moral rectitude in general, and with the special dictates of Christianity. And in order to give the requisite force to these dictates, it will be an important duty to illustrate to them the amiable tendency, and to prove the awful authority, of this dispensation of religion. This careful effort will often but partially prevent the mischief; but it seems to be all that can be done.

Virgil's work is a kind of lunar reflection of the ardent refulgence of Homer, surrounded—if I may extend the figure—with a beautiful halo of elegance and tenderness. So much more refined an order of sentiments might have rendered the heroic character far more attractive to a mind that can soften as well as glow, if there had actually been a hero in the poem. But none of the personages intended for heroes take hold enough of the reader's feelings to assimilate them in moral temper. No fiction or history of human characters and actions will ever powerfully transfuse its spirit, without some one, or some very few individuals of signal peculiarity or greatness, to concentrate and embody the whole energy of the work. There would be no danger, therefore, of any one's becoming an idolater of the god of war through the inspiration of the *Æneid*, even if a larger proportion of it had resounded with martial enterprise. Perhaps the chief counteraction to Christian sentiments which I should apprehend to an opening, susceptible mind, would be a depravation of its ideas concerning the other world, from the picturesque scenery which Virgil has opened to his hero in the regions of the dead, and the imposing images with which he has shaded the avenue to them. Perhaps, also, the affecting sentiments which precede the death of Dido might tend to lessen, especially in a pensive mind, the horror of that impiety which would throw back with violence the possession of life, as in reproach to its great Author, for having suffered that there should be unhappiness in a world where there is sin.

PRAYER FOR THE QUEEN.

THOU by whose fiat, Lord of all!
Empires and monarchs rise or fall,
Our supplications hear!
To thee, O God! our prayer we raise,
That she who Britain's sceptre aways
May govern in thy fear!

Regard her sex—regard her youth—
Pour on her mind the light of truth,
Be that her guide alone;
From flattery's wiles—from envy's darts
Shield her, and make a nation's hearts
The bulwark of her throne!

Her path-way may the placid star
Of peace illumine; nor raging war
His blood-red standard rear;
May Christian joy and love be spread
Among us, and their influence shed
Wherever seas can bear!

And when, in plenitude of years,
She, 'mid a nation's gloom and tears,
Shall to the tomb go down;—
When earth's cold fleeting pageant's fled,
Then, Saviour, on her sainted head
Place an immortal crown!

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

THE GRAVE OF WYOMING.—Many years since, the peaceful inhabitants of the sweet valley of Wyoming, then a settlement of Pennsylvania, far removed from other settlements, were suddenly set upon by a numerous body of French and Indians, and almost entirely exterminated. The survivors fled and alarmed the country. An armed force suddenly collected and proceeded to the bloody field, where they performed the duty of interring the dead in one grave. The blood-drenched fields of this lovely valley were long deserted; the very spot where the grave was had become unknown, and could not be found by some of the descendants of those who fell on that destructive day. The fate of the lovely vale of Wyoming and its spicy groves, perishing under the rude scathe of war, had been sung in trans-Atlantic poetry. Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming" has conferred a poetic immortality upon the sufferings of that little band of settlers.

Accident, however, has lately discovered the resting-place of those who have slept the sleep of death for more than half a century. The grave has been found on the delightful plain on which the village of New Troy now stands, on the western bank of the Susquehanna, and but a short distance above Wilkesbarre. Eighty skulls have been uncovered; on each one the marks of the scalping-knife; in many are found the balls that caused death, while other skulls are cleft with the tomahawk, or broken by the war-club.

This disinterment has brought all the scenes of that bloody day again into fresh remembrance. A monument will be erected over the grave where the forefathers of Wyoming sleep.

STATISTICS.—The proportion of the insane to the sane population throughout Europe is 1 to 1000; in Wales, 1 to 800; in Scotland, 1 to 574; in the United States, 1 to 262; which facts support the opinion that madness advances with the excitements of civilisation—commercial speculation, cheap spirits, and other social circumstances being expressly assigned by Brigham as the causes of American madness. Study, by itself, does not seem to be so injurious as is commonly supposed. Out of 472 cases, Esquirol refers only 13 to the excess of study, whilst 100 result from "excess of the propensities, and 90 from an uneducated and ill-regulated state of the sentiments." Georget's lists afford similar evidence: out of about 1000 cases, he enumerates 25 victims of mental labour, 20 of an ill-conducted education, 106 drunkards, and 470 affected from other moral causes. On a wide examination of statistical tables of insanity, one half of the cases are resolvable into crimes, follies, and ignorance. It may comfort the sentimental to mention, that statistics do not support Conolly's assertion that geometricians, physicians, naturalists, and painters are rarely insane, whilst mad poets, painters, priests, and musicians are rife. There are not sufficient facts to decide whether rich madmen proportionately exceed poor; nor, if more complete, would they be of much use, unless the respective numbers of the sane in each class were also ascertained. States of high political excitement, such as revolutions, add greatly, it is well known, to the number of the insane; so do commer-

cial convulsions. No age is secure from madness; infants and octogenarians become insane; but the prime of life—as might be supposed from its exertions and excitements—is the period most liable to attack. Out of tables whose aggregate gives nearly 4500 patients, more than one-fifth became deranged between the ages of thirty and forty. As regards the sexes, mad women are, upon the whole, more numerous than mad men; though there is a national exception in the case of Norway, and the proportions fluctuate in other countries. Let our bachelor readers note, that the single are more obnoxious to madness than the married. At Charenton, out of 1557 patients, only 695 were yoked, whilst 859 were unmarried or widowed; and Dr. Duncan gives only 578 married out of 2357; the proportion of the whole being more than three to one in favour of the conjugal state.—*Spectator*.

WASHING.—Further on, where the brook fell into a deeper basin, we saw some women washing linen by stamping on it with their feet,—the universal method of washing here, where nearly every thing is done in a manner precisely the reverse of ours. For example, the Arabs mount their horses on the right side; write from right to left; wear the crooked sabre with the concave side in front; let the beard grow, and shave the head; sit on their own legs instead of a chair; eat their bread hot, and their meat cold; take their soup at the end of the meal, instead of the beginning; bare their feet instead of their heads on entering a room; and many other things in like manner. If our laundresses chose to adopt the Arabian fashion, they would have a double advantage: they could wash and knit at the same time. You see I profit by my travels. We afterwards saw a man pass on horseback who had put meat under his saddle, in the manner of the Tartars, to make it tender; by which means it really becomes more tender and better flavoured than it does by all the beating the cutlets get with us, to soften their dispositions.—*Semilasso in Africa*.

THE FRENCH REIGN OF TERROR.—The sun of liberty was in eclipse, while the crested hydra of the coalition glared round the horizon; the atmosphere was dark and sultry; there was a dead pause, a stillness in the air, except as the silence was broken by a shout like distant thunder, or the wild chant of patriotic songs; there was a fear as in the time of a plague, a fierceness as before and after a deadly strife. It was a civil war raging in the heart of a great city as in a field of battle, and turning it into a charnel house. The eye was sleepless; the brain heated. Signs of horror grew familiar to the mind, which had no other choice than that of being either the victim or the executioner. What at first was stern necessity, or public duty, became a habit and a sport; and the arm, inured to slaughter, struck at random, and spared neither friend nor foe. The soul, harrowed up by the most appalling spectacles, could not do without them, and "nursed the dreadful appetite of death." The habit of going to the place of execution resembled that of visiting the theatre. Legal murder was the order of the day, a holiday sight, till France became one scene of wild disorder, and the revolution a stage of blood.—*Haslitt's Life of Bonaparte*.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHERS.

A PROPOSAL to Publish the Prose and Poetical Productions of Peregrine Prosy, Esq., in 365 portable volumes, prettily adorned with Pictorial Illustrations. To be produced on a plan peculiarly calculated to be profitable to the Proprietors, and particularly pleasing to Purchasers.

Twaddle-Hall,
Oct. 1st, 1837.

GENTLEMEN,

I SHALL not apologise for making this communication, believing, as I do, that it is a matter of national importance, and that to you, as publishers, it will discover a flowery pathway to certain and incalculable wealth. To have obtained an introduction to you, would have been to have availed myself of an expedient as common-place as assuredly, in my case, it is unnecessary. Fame has, doubtless, long since made your ears familiar with my patronymic; and the character which common report assigns to you, both professionally and personally, renders me desirous that you should become partakers of my immortality. Yes, gentlemen, I am willing, nay, anxious, that, as the names of Tonson, Lintot, Constable, Murray, and Longman, are associated with those of Dryden, Swift, Pope, Scott, Byron, and Moore, so the names of Ward and Co. shall be syllabled by all literary posterity, in connexion with the productions of Peregrine Prosy.

The fact is, I am less young than when I first devoted my powers of mind to the cause of human advancement; and the wasting toil of the midnight study, aided, perchance, by the sixty-five winters which have shed their snows upon my scanty locks, has rendered me less capable of severe and continuous exertion than formerly. I therefore consider it my duty to collect my multifarious productions, and issue them to the public in a form which shall render them acceptable, and insure their transmission to posterity, whose intellectual character will, for the most part, be moulded and fashioned by them. If, gentlemen, you should be disposed to aid me in the undertaking, you will, besides becoming the Rothschilds of the Row, acquire the reputation of philanthropists, and justly so; for think not it is a light thing, in an age of book-making like the present, when facts and whimsies are indiscriminately hashed up and seasoned like French dishes, according as the vanity of the *artiste* may dictate; think not, I say, that it is a trifling matter to afford the reading public a supply of wholesome, nutritious mental aliment, which will

require the application of a life-time wholly to imbibe.

The form of publication which I have decided on, if it should receive your approbation, is that adopted in the cases of my clever, but somewhat trifling and superficial contemporaries, Scott and Byron. By issuing a small volume monthly, at the price of five shillings, you will, I think, secure the purchasers of the works of the two authors mentioned; and we shall be certain, in addition, of the patronage of all sensible people, but few of whom, probably, sanctioned the waste of talent which is exhibited in the useless novels of the one, and the jingling absurdities of the other. I calculate I have matter enough, published and in manuscript, to fill three hundred and sixty-five volumes. A very pretty set of books they will be when completed! I think we may anticipate the sale of, at least, fifty thousand volumes per month. Be particular to employ a printer and a binder who possess means adequate to the production of these punctually; for fifty thousand copies are not an ordinary impression.

You will, of course, provide a steel-plate frontispiece, and an engraved title, including a vignette, for each volume. The frontispiece to the first will appropriately consist of a full-length portrait of the author. I intend that, like my works, it shall be very much out of the common way; in fact, that it shall indicate the contents of the series, and the universality of the genius of him who produced them. I purpose being represented as standing near the window of my study, with a variety of articles about me, tastefully arranged, and bearing reference to my attainments and pursuits. My right hand will be placed on a terrestrial globe, implying that my labours have been prosecuted for the benefit of mankind at large. My right eye will be raised to the starry heavens, emblematical of the loftiness of my aspirations, and the exalted nature of my studies. In order to convey an impression of my extreme versatility, of the readiness with which I can change "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," my left eye will be fixed on the gambols of a kitten, whose vivacious fancy my left arm—furnished with a piece of string attached to a cork—will be employed in stimulating. This, if well done, will doubtless assist much to sell the first volume; the intense interest to be excited by the contents of which, consisting, as they will, of a narrative of my life to the end of the second year, will create an unprecedented demand for the other three hundred and sixty-four volumes.

Before I enter farther into negotiation with you in this matter, I request that you will read the enclosed specimen of my compositions, when

you will be better able to decide on the terms and conditions you may see fit to offer and impose.

I am, gentlemen,

Your very obedient servant,

PEREGRINE PROST.

Messrs. Ward & Co., Paternoster-row.

POSTSCRIPT.

I THINK it right to add a list of my several works, with the number of volumes which, according to my estimate, each will extend to. The specimen I herewith send is a chapter from my autobiography. In a few days I shall have time to copy, as further specimens, one of my "Esquimaux Melodies," and a part of the "Life and Opinions of an Oyster," being his love-letters.

LIST OF THE WORKS OF PEREGRINE PROST, ESQ.

	Vols.
Autobiography.....	24
Life and Opinions of an Oyster, including his Correspondence	14
Esquimaux Melodies	7
Ill Effects of wearing Tight Shoes; with a Digression on the Corn-Laws	12
Facts relating to the Cod Fishery in Newfoundland; with a Dissertation on the Phenomena of Sounds... ..	6
Billinggate Pastorals	8
Lawkamassymee: an Epic Poem in 402 Cantos.....	32
Lives of Eminent Contemporaries, who have been more or less connected with the Author.....	10
The Derivation and Uses of the word Pudding.....	13
Biographical Sketch of John Jones, Esq., many years Surgeon and Accoucheur in the Village of Swampum-on-the-Ditch, Gloucestershire	8
The Phenomena of the Gout, Practically yet Philosophically Considered	12
A New System of Astronomy; Proving Newton and all others who have written on the Science to have been totally Wrong; and Accounting, on New and Uncontrovertible Principles, for all Celestial Phenomena, Observed and Unknown	25
An Argument to Prove that the Red Sea is not so Called on Account of the Colour of its Water	27
Lives of Eminent Graziers and Slaughtermen. Originally compiled for Lardner's Cyclopædia, but omitted to be published in that series, the style being pronounced too exalted for the many.....	15

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Suggestions for the Preservation of Mirrors and Looking-Glasses, by means of a Permanent Covering of India-Rubber	7
Papers on Various Subjects, furnished to the Gentlemen's Magazine at Intervals during the last Half-Century	44
An Inquiry into the Causes of Vibration in the Tails of Dogs	13
Essays on every known Subject not Treated of in the Foregoing List	37
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Oct. 1st, 1837.

PEREGRINE PROST.

EXTRACT FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHOWETH THAT I WAS BORN, AND UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES.—NARRATETH MY BEHAVIOUR ON THAT IMPORTANT OCCASION.—INTRODUCETH THE READER, PARENTHETICALLY, TO MRS. PIPKIN AND JOHN JONES, ESQ.—ENLARGETH ON THE ATTENTIONS SHOWN ME.—PRESENTETH THE READER WITH VARIOUS RECIPES FOR THE PRODUCTION OF A PRE-EMINENTLY-COMFORTABLE BEVERAGE.—DESCRIBETH, CIRCUMSTANTIALLY, A PUBLIC CEREMONIAL, SPECIALLY GOT UP ON ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR;—AND CONCLUDETH WITH A STORY OF APPALLING INTEREST, RELATING TO BROWN THE CONSTABLE AND PEGGY PADDLE.

I was born at twenty-five minutes and four seconds after eleven of the clock, ante-meridian, on the fifteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-two, at the village of Swampum-on-the-ditch, in Gloucestershire. South-west winds had prevailed for some days; and the one so important to myself, and, I may add without vanity, to my species, had been ushered into equivocal existence amid a dark, dreary, mizzling mist, which lasted till five-and-forty minutes after eight A.M., when a change took place in the weather—from bad to worse, the only kind of change to be looked for in an English November. The multitudinous small particles of moisture which floated hither and thither till they found a resting-place, and congregated with myriads of their fellows on the coat, hat, or whiskers of the unfortunate pedestrian, were succeeded by a regular and, apparently, interminable fall of rain. At nine my mother, who appears to have been endowed with a prophetic spirit, desired that the horse should be harnessed to the chaise, and that John should drive to the adjoining village

of Clamperclodhopper, to bring therefrom Mrs. Pipkin, the nurse. My mother, as was her wont when she expected a stranger to visit her, made up a little party to receive me. The party on this occasion consisted of the aforesaid nurse Pipkin, John Jones, Esq., surgeon and accoucheur, and my mother's mother, Mrs. Brown, daughter of Mr. Joseph Fudge, who, in his day and generation, was a common-councilman of the city of London. Mr. Jones and Mrs. Pipkin had been invited some time previously. I may observe here, that it was not to save time that my mother sent the chaise for the last-named excellent and actively-benevolent woman, but from a regard for the old lady's health—a trait in my mother's character which induces me to think that, from her, I inherit the philanthropic disposition which has, I trust, distinguished me through life. It was about half-past ten when Mr. Jones arrived; and a most interesting conversation immediately ensued, sustained by him, Mrs. Pipkin, my mother, and grandmother, chiefly relating to myself. Although eight of the volumes which will follow this are devoted to the biography of that great man, I think it necessary to state some particulars respecting him, in order that the reader may know something of the society into which I was first introduced. Mr. Jones's father had a small farm in the county of Essex. If I was correctly informed, the farm consisted chiefly of grass land, and was used to fatten calves for the London market. The genius of young Jones soon began to develop itself. It is a remarkable fact that he disliked veal, even when quite an infant; and his boyhood loathed the feeding of calves. He was evidently intended to figure in science; and that his mind, at a very early age, was directed to anatomy, was evinced by the pleasure he took in amputating the legs of flies, separating the anterior and posterior halves of wasps, and causing cockchafers to spin round on a pin, in order, doubtless, the better to observe them from all points of view. When ordinary boys do these things they richly deserve the application of a horse-whip, to acquaint them, slightly, with the nature of pain, which they inflict so abundantly and recklessly on creatures alike incapable of resistance and complaint; but young Jones probably thought only of benefiting science, an opinion in which I am strengthened by the fact, that full-grown experimentalists practise similar barbarities with an equal result.

When John was fourteen he sighed with all his might for the lancet; "he had heard of battles," and, like that great man Norval, sighed to be among them, or, at least, in their neighbourhood; not to cleave skulls and perforate limbs, nor to submit to such operations in his own person, but to repair such mischief when inflicted and sustained by others. An army surgeon he aspired to be; and after much preparatory study, and considerable outlay on the part of the old

grazier, an army-surgeon he became. His adventures in that capacity I shall not narrate here, as they will be found in his biography; suffice it, that after a few years he grew tired of a roving life, married, settled at the village of Swampum-on-the-Ditch, and devoted himself chiefly to introducing young strangers to the community, and attending them after their arrival. His wife was a Miss Shank, daughter of Mr. Peter Shank, who was, for many years, somewhat eminent as a boot and shoe maker, in the neighbouring village of Clamperclodhopper. Miss Shank's baptismal name was Lucy. As I have, of course, in the Life of her husband, made particular mention of this union, and given copious notices of the more remarkable of Mrs. Shank's relatives and other connexions, I shall not dwell on these topics here; suffice it, that Mr. Jones's marriage with Miss Shank laid the foundation of a practice which, at the important period when I made my *debut* in mundane affairs, extended through three villages. To the same circumstance must be attributed the remarkable coincidence of his being the first to give me the hand of welcome on the occasion above alluded to. Old Mr. Shank used to make shoes for my father, and they were parish-officers together, for the village of Clamperclod (as it was familiarly called) was included in our parish. It was therefore natural that intercourse should subsist between my parents and their friend's son-in-law.

Mrs. Jones had acquired great celebrity by her attentions to the sick. She was the widow of the best cricketer in the parish, and, of course, was much respected. Her husband having been more skilled to "urge the flying ball" than to manage his business, left his relict unprovided for. Jones had been in the "general line;" the stock consequently consisted of cheese, salt-butter, bacon, eggs, sand, matches, brimstone, whiting, blacking, treacle, candles, oil, pickles, brushes, red-herrings, string, sugar, vinegar, tea, tobacco, toys, ginger-bread, lollypops, table-beer, catchup, crockeryware, bread, grits, flour, coals, coke, charcoal, picture-books, nutmeg, ginger, plums, currants, oatmeal, snuff, glue, tape, pins, needles, pens, writing-paper, fire-wood, bees-wax, thread, honey, starch, blue, curd-soap, mottled-soap, yellow-soap, soft-soap, mops, birch-brooms, coffee, rods, capers, slate-pencils, whip-cord, bricks, hearth-stone, lamp-oil, lard, salt, hooks-and-eyes, nails, sugar-candy, sieves, liquorice, sugar-plums, cinnamon, fish-sauce, shirt-buttons, sealing-wax, hardbake, lamp-cottons, split-peas, fish-hooks, and many other articles which, for the reader's sake, I wish I could recollect; but if he will take the trouble to enter one of those numerous warehouses vulgarly called chandler's shops, he will see with his own eyes what a treacherous memory prevents me from laying fully before him. It was found after the funeral that Jones's debts exceeded the value of his

stock. The widow's friends, therefore, thought, as old Mrs. Byby—who for twenty years had earned a respectable livelihood by assisting those ladies who were engaged in providing subjects for the future sovereigns of England—had lately died, that she might become a worthy successor. This post she had filled six years at the period under consideration. It occurs to me that I ought to devote a few pages here to the personal description of Mr. Jones and Mrs. Pipkin, but as I omit to do so in order the more speedily to return to matters relating to myself, I am certain my readers will pardon me.

I was introduced to the company, assembled to receive me, in an upper room of our cottage, with a southerly aspect. This my mother chose for the occasion, because it was the quietest in the house. My mother's taste appears to have resembled my own in this respect; I was always fond of retirement, even of seclusion.

For the particulars hereafter related I can adduce the authority of Mrs. Pipkin; to make inquiries of whom, for the purposes of this narrative, I not long since took a journey of a hundred and forty miles. I am happy to say that I found her, although very old and weak, in full possession of her intellectual faculties. It appears that, as soon as I was born, I took great pains to ascertain the quality and condition of my lungs. This was in itself sensible, as might be expected from me, for the lungs are of extreme importance in the animal economy; but I am sorry to say the manner in which I pursued the investigation was discreditable to my taste. In short, reader, I cried. Let extreme juvenility palliate, if it cannot excuse, the act. Mrs. Pipkin of course sought to console and reconcile me to the society I had so recently entered. It did not escape her scrutinising eye that I was entirely without clothing; and thinking, probably, that this unbecoming condition had occasioned my dissatisfaction, she clothed me from head to feet, and, although of the male sex, placed a cap upon my head. The fact appears to have been that I was at that time nearly bald. She says, I looked very engaging in my new dress; though, from her description, I am inclined to think my outer garment was longer than my stature required.

I know not whether it was apprehended that consumption might lurk in my system, or what other reason my parents, Mrs. Pipkin, and Mr. Jones, had for their proceeding, but the fact is certain, that by common consent they placed me for a considerable time on milk diet; which, however, evidently agreed with me. The most plausible solution of the difficulty is the following. Strange as the statement may appear, I have Mrs. Pipkin's positive testimony to its correctness:—

I was born without teeth. Those organs so necessary to the process of digestion, because of

mastication, began to make their appearance, one or two at a time, several months later. When the awful effects of indigestion are considered, we shall not find it difficult to justify their choice of regimen for me.

My philosophical and contemplative tendencies appear even thus early to have betrayed themselves, for I regarded objects, however near to me, with an indifference and abstraction almost amounting to absence of mind; my own reflections absorbing, apparently, every faculty. I slept much at this period; enjoying a *siesta* often in the course of the day. A few weeks after, for my greater convenience in this respect, an article was procured, made of wicker-work like a basket. Its length exceeded its breadth, and it was larger at the feet than at the head. The latter was surmounted by a canopy, composed of the same material as the other parts. The whole was placed on a couple of semi-circular pieces of wood, called "rockers," so that by a very slight touch this ingenious couch, which I believe was called a "cradle," was made to incline to the one side and to the other alternately, producing an undulating motion, which my friends very correctly imagined would be soothing and pleasing to me.

I have heard of ill effects, even death, occurring from excess of joy. To this cause I suppose I must attribute an indisposition which confined my poor mother to her bed and room for several weeks.

The importance of the event appears to have been duly felt in the neighbourhood; for most of my mother's acquaintance came to see me, and such was their joy when I was introduced to them, and such their satisfaction at Mrs. Pipkin's attentions to me, that but few of them retired without making her a present; while she, anxious that the occasion should be duly honoured on all hands, concocted for the entertainment of our visitors, a beverage, almost unknown, I fear, among the degenerate-beings of the present generation: it was called "caudle." It may be made according to the following recipe. Make a fine smooth gruel of half-grits; strain it when boiled well; stir it at all times till cold. When to be used, add sugar, wine, and lemon-peel, with nutmeg: some like a spoonful of brandy besides the wine; others like lemon-juice. If the latter be used, the beverage will probably have a stronger flavour of acid than in the other case. If preferred, the caudle may be made as follows:—Boil up half a pint of fine gruel, with a bit of butter the size of a large nutmeg, a large spoonful of brandy, the same of white wine, one of capillaire, a bit of lemon-peel and nutmeg. If additional strength is required, the most approved method is to increase the quantity either of the brandy or wine. The following is a third recipe:—Into a pint of fine gruel, not thick, put while it is boiling-hot, the yolk of an egg, beaten

with sugar, and mixed with a large spoonful of cold water, a glass of wine, and nutmeg; mix, by degrees. Some like gruel, with a glass of table-beer, sugar, &c., with or without a tea-spoonful of brandy. If it is intended that the caudle should be taken cold the following method will succeed best. Boil a quart of spring-water; when cold, add the yolk of an egg, the juice of a small lemon, six spoonfuls of sweet wine, sugar to your taste, and syrup of lemons one ounce.

N.B. It must not be expected that the spring-water will be found cold the moment the boiling ceases. This process takes time. There may be many methods of carrying it on, but I believe the most popular is to leave the water exposed for a time to the action of the atmosphere. It may be well to add, that in whatever way the caudle may be prepared, the same rule should be observed in drinking it. It should be poured from a cup or some other vessel, at a moderate speed, between the lips of the imbibor.

My father has been dead many years; indeed he died at so early a period of my existence that I have no recollection of his personal appearance, he must, however, have borne a great resemblance to myself, for every visitor declared that she discovered in me a most striking likeness to my papa. I presume my mother's complaint was one requiring quiet and repose, for some of the visitors most earnestly conversed with her, by the hour together, upon the impropriety of talking much, and made her promise over and again to be obedient to their injunctions.

A sensation almost supernatural appeared to have been produced throughout the whole neighbourhood. My arrival was publicly noticed at the parish church, in the course of morning prayers on the Sunday following. At home the proceedings were of a most revolutionary character; to use a phrase as forcible as it is classically elegant, "the house was turned out at window." The room which I have alluded to was the best bed-room in the house, and that in which my parents ordinarily slept. This was accordingly fixed on for my apartment; and as the observance of state befitting the occasion required the constant attendance of Mrs. Pipkin, my father, with much courtesy and hospitality, adjourned to the sofa-bed in the back parlour.

Thus matters proceeded until the third day after my arrival. This was a most momentous day to me, in fact the first of my appearance as a public character; I was received by the clergyman in his robes of office, and so cordially that he clasped me in his arms. Many of the parishioners were present. A ceremonial entirely relating to myself was conducted by the clergyman, and a subordinate ecclesiastical parish functionary. Its object was not to confer on me the honour of knighthood, for the power to do so was possessed only by his majesty George III.,

whose acquaintance it was not my happiness to enjoy; yet I received from the hands of the reverend old man an honour which I have enjoyed as a distinction among my fellow-men ever since. He conferred on me the name of Peregrine. This name it appears was chosen by my parents. Why, I cannot tell. Sometimes I think it may have been an old family name; yet, surely, if such were the case, I should not be ignorant of the fact. Once I indulged the thought that I was named after the celebrated Peregrine Pickle, but this cannot have been, for he was certainly not of the Prosy family. A piece of plate was presented to me on the occasion; or rather three pieces of plate—a knife, fork, and spoon. They were contained in a red-morocco case, each compartment, for there were three, being lined with crimson velvet. The case divided into two parts, when opened; consisting of an upper and a lower. These were united at the back at all times, by a couple of ingeniously constructed pieces of metal, called hinges; and in the front, when closed, by two small pieces of brass somewhat shapen like sickles; these being fixed in the lower half of the case by the handle end, the blade passed through little rings affixed to the upper section, and thus the two halves of the cases were held together during the pleasure of the owner.

A yet more handsome present was a gorgeous robe, the tribute of Mrs. Brown, no relation of my grandmother, who lived in the little thatched cottage, with the honey-suckle and clematis climbing about it. She was a widow. Her husband had been a distinguished man in his day. He owed his celebrity chiefly to an act of heroism, which will certainly hand his name, festooned with laurel leaves, to the latest posterity. He was parish constable that year. One night Peggy Paddle knocked at his door, and told him that she observed, as she passed Mrs. Wheezum's house, in which it was well known only Mrs. W. and her two daughters slept, that the door was ajar, which she conceived indicated that a robber was within. Mr. Brown, who presented himself at the window in his night-gear with a horse pistol held forth at arm's length, very judiciously suggested that, the night being warm, the door might have been left open to admit the cool night air; and added, which proves him to have been as distinguished for delicacy of feeling as he was for courage, that if he proceeded to the spot he could not choose but alarm the females, and who could foretell the result? Would it, he added, be becoming in him, a peace-officer, to disturb the peace of three unprotected females? Peggy was not satisfied. She insinuated that Brown was not exactly calculated for the office he filled, and in spite of the most eloquent appeals to her womanly sympathies, she went so far as to use the word "coward." This Brown could not endure. What man of honour and

courage could? So, having looked pistols, blunderbusses, and forty-eight pounders, at the hapless Peggy, he withdrew his head and shoulders from the external atmosphere, laid aside his pistol, and began to don his daily habiliments. Never had Brown been so long in completing his task. The night must have been less warm than his over-anxiety for the welfare of Mrs. Wheezum and the Misses Wheezum led him to imagine, for through an awful shivering fit which seized him, his fingers refused to perform their wonted office. Every limb shook; his teeth chattered; and his garments remonstrated, as much as inanimate things could do, against resuming their ordinary office at such an unseasonable hour. It is clear that the wind must suddenly have changed from south to east, or the dews which fall so plentifully in warm weather had chilled the atmosphere, and by consequence the blood and sinews of the gallant constable. At length he was equipped, and proceeded towards Mrs. Wheezum's, slowly, very slowly, in order that he might not dissipate any portion of his strength, all of which was likely shortly to be needed. On his arrival, he found the door ajar, as Peggy had described it to be when she passed; and apparently it had not been fastened, for the door-key was hanging within, on the hook which it customarily occupied. Of this, Brown most judiciously and courageously possessed himself, and took his station on the outside, quite in the shadow of the cottage, that he might not be observed, conceiving it was his duty, as peace-officer, to take care that no one entered the premises. All was still for some time, and Brown began to think that the door, which had evidently been latched only, had been blown open; when, suddenly, screams issued from Mrs. Wheezum's sleeping apartment, and a small rattle was whirled round, and round, and round, with more than feminine energy. Brown instinctively cast his eyes along the passage, and beheld a male human figure descending the stairs. With that rapidity of decision which characterises military genius, the constable closed the door, and securely locked it, having previously inserted the key on the outside. This was most skilful generalship, for the housebreaker and murderer was effectually secured; the back of the premises being bounded by the lofty brick walls of farmer Gosling's barn and stables, and the windows, after the cottage fashion, being barred and narrow. Another excellent purpose was answered; Mrs. Wheezum and her daughters were necessarily restrained from sallying forth, and thus encountering unknown dangers. As fast as a pair of thick calves, or rather all-calf, legs would bear him, Brown ran to the house of butcher Wilkins, who, with his men, John Scragg and William Sweetbread, returned with him to the spot. The military genius of Brown was now admirably dis-

played in the arrangement of his forces. He gave Wilkins the key, with directions to open the door and seize the offender, while Scragg and Sweetbread supported him in the rear. Brown, being armed, thought it better to station himself on the opposite side of the road, in order that if the robber escaped the three butchers, he might be brought down by the contents of the pistol. The door being opened, little Tommy Shovel, the chimney-sweeper's apprentice, threw himself on his knees before Wilkins, and exclaimed in piteous accents, while the big tears chased each other down the white channels which their predecessors had made in his sooty cheeks, "Do forgive me this time—I'll never do so no more." It appeared Tommy had been sent for to a distant chimney, in which some soot had ignited, and on his return, observing Mrs. Wheezum's door ajar, it not having been securely latched, and the locking part of the business having been forgotten by Jenny Wheezum, who had an affair of the heart on the tapis, Tommy thought he would walk up to the store-room and taste a few apples, of a very choice sort, for which Mrs. Wheezum's orchard was celebrated. Tommy had often relished their flavour while on the trees, and he wished to ascertain whether they were better or worse for keeping. He did not very readily find the heap he was in search of; and, in his over-anxiety, he trod on a small hillock of Ripstone pippins, which rolled from beneath him, laying him prostrate and making not a little noise, as some of the pippins bounded against the wooden partition. This aroused and alarmed the inmates of the house, and occasioned the subsequent incidents which we have already narrated. Thus did the husband of Mrs. Brown immortalise himself. Although the danger was not so great as was apprehended, the courage and sagacity of Brown are not the less to be admired. None but a man of genius could, by one spontaneous act, have made the three Wheezums secure, and also have secured their supposed intended murderer, by locking them all up together.

I ought in this place to insert my description of the splendid robe presented to me by Mrs. Brown, on occasion of my first appearance in public; but as it will occupy twelve or thirteen printed pages, I will not introduce it at the end of a chapter, but take an opportunity of doing so a few chapters on, when I shall again have occasion to make mention of the generous donor. In the meanwhile I beg the reader will not partially peruse the intervening matter, from a feeling of impatience to arrive at a description so animating and interesting, as I can assure him that that matter will involve incidents of vast importance, which occurred between the third and the fifteenth day of my existence. N.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A CONDEMNED MAN.

PART III.

I SAID to myself :—Since I have the means of writing, why should I not do it? but what to write? Enclosed within four walls of cold and naked stone, without liberty for my steps, or horizon for my eyes, the only distraction to be mechanically occupied all the day in following the slow march of that whitish square that the Judas at my door cuts out upon the dark wall opposite to me; in lonely companionship, with one idea—an idea of crime, of punishment, of murder, and of death! Can I have any thing to say; I who have nothing else to do in this world? And what shall I find in this empty and withered brain worth the trouble of being written?

Why not? If all around me is monotonous or discoloured, is there not within me a storm, a wrestle, a tragedy? This fixed idea, which possesses me, does it not present itself to me every hour, every instant, under some new form, always more hideous and bloody in proportion as the time of its consummation approaches? Why should I not try to speak to myself all that I feel of secret and violent in the abandoned situation in which I am? Certainly the material is rich; and how short soever my life may be, there will be yet in the agonies, in the terrors, in the tortures which will fill it from this hour to the last in which this pen may be used and this ink dry up. Besides, the only way to lessen the suffering of these agonies is to contemplate them, and the depiction of them will divert me from them.

Besides, what I shall write may not be, perhaps, useless. This journal of my sufferings, hour by hour, minute by minute, torment by torment, if I have the power to carry it up to the moment when it will be *physically* impossible to continue it—this history, necessarily unfinished, but as complete as possible, of my feelings, will it not carry with it a deep and profound precept? Will there not be in this verbal process of agonised thought, in this continually increased progression of pains, in this species of intellectual autopsy of a condemned man, more than one lesson for those who condemn? Perhaps this lesson may render the hand less light when it becomes a question to throw a head which thinks—a man's head, into what they call the scales of justice! Perhaps these unfortunates have never

reflected on this slow succession of tortures that is contained in the expedite formulary of a sentence of death. Have they only never been struck with the poignant idea, that in the man whom they cut off there is an understanding, and an intelligence, which had calculated upon life; a soul, which has not prepared itself for death? No. They see in all that but the vertical fall of a triangular axe, and doubtless think that for the condemned there is neither past nor future.

These pages will undeceive them. They may be published some day, and will arrest for a few minutes their thoughts on the sufferings of the spirit, for those are they which they do not suspect. They rejoice in being able to kill without scarcely causing the body to suffer. And that is the point in question. What is physical pain compared to moral suffering? Honour and pity—laws made this! A day will come, and perhaps these memories—the last confessions of a miserable man may have contributed to them.

* * * * *

Unless after my death the wind should not play on the green with these morsels of paper, soiled with mud, or that they should not rot in the rain, clinging in stars to the broken window of a turnkey.

That the words which I write here may be one day useful to others, that it may stop the judge in his judgment, that it may save the unfortunates, whether innocent or guilty, from the agony to which I am condemned—Why? To what good? What does it signify? When my head has been cut off, what will it be to me if they cut them off from others? Is it truly that I can have thought of these follies? Throw down the scaffold after I have mounted it! I ask you what will return to me? What! the sun, the spring, the fields filled with flowers, the birds, who awaken the morning, the clouds, the trees; nature, liberty, life, all that is no longer mine! Ah! it is I who must be saved! Is it quite true that such cannot be, that one must die tomorrow, to-day, perhaps, that this should be thus? The horrible idea of breaking one's head against the wall of one's dungeon!

EPHON.

A SHARK HUNT.

THE lunarian, busy taking distances, crams his sextant hastily into the case; its computer, working out his longitude, shoves his books on one side; the marine officer abandons his

eternal flute; the doctor starts from his nap; the purser resigns the complete book; and every man and boy, however engaged, rushes on deck to see the villain die. Even the monkey, if there be one on board, takes a vehement interest in the whole progress of this wild scene. I remember once observing Jacko running backwards and forwards along the after-part of the poop hammock-netting, grinning, screaming, and chattering at a rate, that, as it was nearly calm, he was heard all over the decks. "What's the matter with you, Master Mona?" said the quarter-master, for the animal came from Teneriffe, and preserved his Spanish cognomen. Jacko replied not, but merely stretching his head over the railing, stared with his eyes almost bursting from his head, and, by the intensity of his grin, bared his teeth and gums nearly from ear to ear. "Messenger! run to the cook for a piece of pork," cries the captain, taking command with as much glee as if it had been an enemy's cruiser he was about to engage. "Where's your hook, quarter-master?" "Here, sir, here!" cries the fellow, feeling the point, and declaring it as sharp as any lady's needle, and in the next instant piercing with it a huge junk of rusty pork, weighing four or five pounds; for nothing, scarcely, is too large or too high in flavour for the stomach of a shark. The hook, which is as thick as one's little finger, has a curvature about as large as that of a man's hand when half closed, and is from six to eight inches in length, with a formidable barb. This fierce-looking grappling iron is furnished with three or four feet of chain, a precaution which is absolutely necessary; for a voracious shark will sometimes gobble the bait so deep into his stomach, that, but for the chain, he would snap through the rope by which the hook is held as easily as if he were nipping the head off an asparagus.

A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but in the rare cases, when he is not in very good appetite, he sails slowly up to the bait, smells it, and gives it a poke with his shovel-nose, turning it over and over. He then edges of to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, but soon returns again, to enjoy the delicious *haut goût*, as the sailors term the flavour of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected, if it can be found. While this coquetry, or shyness, is exhibited by John Shark, the whole afterpart of the ship is so clustered with heads that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love or money. The rigging, the mizen top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak—the hammock-nettings and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or can find leisure for any thing but fixing their gaze on the monster, who as yet is free to roam the ocean, but who, they trust, will soon be in their power. I have seen this go

on an hour together; after which the shark has made up his mind to have nothing to say to us, and either swerved away to windward, if there be any breeze at all, or dived so deep that his place could be detected only by a faint touch or flash of white many fathoms down. The loss of a Spanish galleon, in chase, I am persuaded, could hardly cause more bitter regret, or call forth more intemperate expressions of anger and impatience. On the other hand, I suppose, the first symptom of an enemy's flag coming down in the fight was never hailed with greater joy than is felt by a ship's crew on the shark turning round to seize the bait. A greedy whisper of delight passes from mouth to mouth; every eye is lighted up, and such as have not bronzed their cheeks by too long exposure to sun and wind, may be seen to alter their hue from pale to red, and back to pale again, like the tints of the dying dolphin.

When a bait is towed astern of a ship that has any motion through the water at all, it is necessarily brought to the surface, or nearly so. This, of course, obliges the shark to bite at it from below; and as his mouth is placed under his chin, not over it, like that of a Christian, he must turn nearly on his back before he can seize the floating piece of meat in which the hook is concealed. Even if he does not turn completely round, he is forced to slue himself, as it is called, so far as to show some portion of his white belly. The instant the white skin flashes on the sight of the expectant crew, a sudden cry or murmur of satisfaction is heard amongst the crowd; but no one speaks, for fear of alarming the shark.

Sometimes, at the very instant the bait is cast over the stern, the shark flies at it with such eagerness that he actually springs partially out of the water. This, however, is rare. On these occasions he gorges the bait, the hook, and a foot or two of the chain, without any mastication or delay, and darts off with his treacherous prize with such prodigious velocity and force that it makes the rope crack again as soon as the whole coil is drawn out. In general, however, he goes more leisurely to work, and seems rather to suck in the bait than to bite at it. Much dexterity is required in the hand which holds the line at this moment; for a bungler is apt to be too precipitate, and to jerk away the hook before it has got far enough down the shark's maw. Our greedy friend, indeed, is never disposed to relinquish what may once have passed his formidable batteries of teeth; but the hook, by a premature tug of the line, may fix itself in a part of the jaw so weak that it gives way in the violent struggle which always follows. The secret of the sport is to let the voracious monster gulp down the huge mass of pork, and then to give the rope a violent pull, by which the barbed point, quitting the edge of the bait, buries itself in the coats of the victim's throat or stomach. As the shark is

not a personage to submit patiently to such treatment, it will not be well for any one whose foot happens to be accidentally on the coil of the rope, for, when the hook is first fixed, it spins out like the log line of a ship going twelve knots.

The suddenness of the jerk with which the poor wretch is brought up, when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, taunts, and other sounds of rage and triumph, so long suppressed. A steady pull is insufficient to carry away the line; but it sometimes happens that the violent struggle of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and so gets off, to digest the remainder as he best can. It is, accordingly, held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns, and twists, and flings himself about, his eye glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the blood tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the hour when it may be his turn to writhe under the tender mercies of his sworn foe! No sailor, therefore, ought ever to think of hauling a shark on board merely by the rope fastened to the hook; for, however impotent his struggles may generally be in the water, they are rarely unattended with risk when the rogue is drawn half way up. To prevent the line breaking, or the hook snapping, or the jaw being torn away, the device of a running bow-line knot is always adopted. This noose, being slipped down the rope, and passed over the monster's head, is made to jam at the point of junction of the tail with the body. When this is once fixed, the first act of the piece is held to be complete, and the vanquished enemy is afterwards easily drawn over the taffrail and flung on the deck, to the unspeakable delight of all hands. But although the shark is out of his element, he has by no means lost his power of doing mischief; and I would advise no one to come within range of his tail, or trust his toes too near the animal's mouth. The blow of a tolerably large-sized shark's tail might break a man's leg; and I have seen a three inch hide tiller-rope bitten more than half through, full ten minutes after the wretch had been dragged about the quarter-deck, and had made all his victors keep at the most respectable distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method for measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he

thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depth which his teeth should pierce the lead would furnish a sort of scale of the force exerted.

I need scarcely mention, that when a shark is floundering about, the quarter-deck becomes a scene of pretty considerable confusion; and if there be blood on the occasion, as there generally is, from all this rough usage, the stains are not to be got rid of without a week's scrubbing, and many a growl from the captain of the after-guard. For the time, however, all such considerations are superseded—that is to say, if the commander himself takes an interest in the sport, and he must be a rather spoony skipper that does not. If he be indifferent about the fate of the shark, it is speedily dragged forward to the fore-castle, amidst the kicks, thumps, and execrations of the conquerors, who very soon terminate his miserable career, by stabbing him with their knives, boarding-spikes, and tomahawks, like so many wild Indians.

The first operation is always to deprive him of his tail, which is seldom an easy matter, it not being at all safe to come too near; but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then closed with by another, who leaps across the prostrate foe, and with an adroit cut rips him open from snout to tail, and the tragedy is over, so far as the struggles and sufferings of the principal actor are concerned. There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity as to his inside; but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the way, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage; all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark, stood with a foot on each side, and drew out the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him, like a curtain, and exclaimed, "There my lads; d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide!"—*Captain Hall*.

A FARM SCENE IN SPAIN.

FROM STORIES OF SPANISH LIFE.

ANTONIO's paternal house was one of the first on entering the village. It exhibited towards the street a principal building, or habitation, of about thirty feet in breadth, of two stories, with an azotea or terraced roof, and one single broad window, with a balcony on the second floor, whilst the first floor had only a small aperture. To this part of the house was attached a long and low building, covered with tiles, which extended about sixty feet, till it reached the next house. This building had no windows at all; but only here and there irregular apertures, and a great gateway, having a small door in one of its wings. Such an exterior as this could not truly present any great architectural beauties; but it was snow-white, and kept in the cleanest condition.

Antonio stepped with his sister through the open door. It led immediately into a great hall, or more properly, a covered court, which occupied the whole of the above-mentioned low building, and measured about sixty paces in length and thirty in breadth. The roof was supported by a row of coarsely-worked wooden pillars, the bases of which rested on blocks of stone, and which went round the whole space. Against these were hung all kinds of implements of husbandry, harness for horses and mules, and also some arms.

Some waggons and carts stood in the back ground of this space, and on both sides there were about twenty mules, and a few horses separated from them by a partition, and tied up to racks. On the left side, one stepped from this space into a small court, from which there was no separation, and which we only call a court to distinguish it from the other space, because the roof which covered the former, ceased here. This court was about thirty feet in length, that is to say, the same as the breadth of the above-mentioned covered space, and was about fifteen yards wide from the last pillars of the roof up to the wall of the proper dwelling-house. On two sides of the court were covered passages, supported by somewhat prettier columns than those of the first space, but without any kind of architectural ornament. On the third side of the court, there was a kind of a well, inasmuch as an immense earthen jar full six feet in diameter was sunk deep into the earth. In this draw-well, or rather jug, the water is kept fresh, even during the greatest heat. Near the well a date palm rose high above the house. Along the same side of the wall an immense vine stretched itself out, which covered also a great part of the house, and had formed a green wall over one part of the corridor itself, interwoven with purple red grapes in almost incredible number and size. Lastly, in one corner of the court stood some

pomegranate and orange trees, the first nearly bent to the earth by the weight of their curiously-formed reddish capsules, and the latter shining with an abundance of golden fruit and fragrant blossoms, covering the ground on all sides.

All round the corridor there were several doors, one of which led by a stair to the upper floor of the house, and the others to the apartments on the ground floor, to which they also served as windows. The upper story of the house had some windows towards the court, but they were without glass. The whole was cleanly, it is true, but it is evident that this cleanliness was more the effect of a fine climate than of any particular pains on the part of the inhabitants; for half-crushed oranges were lying all about in the court, and the rank grass grew up from between the paving stones.

When Antonio entered, some servants were employed in the semi-obscure of the court, taking care of, and feeding the mules and horses. Nearest to the court, and turning his back to them, was a young man in his shirt sleeves employed in mending a bridle. Under the corridor, on a small wooden stool, sat a young woman of about five and twenty, in negligent domestic attire, with her head bare, and some roses in her black hair. She was occupied in cleaning vegetables, a great heap of which lay before her. Opposite to her, seated upon an old arm chair, made of twisted willow, was an old Carmelite monk, with a long white beard and fiery eyes, but of mild expression.

Two boys, of nine or ten years old, were playing about in the court, without any other clothing than a shirt and short brown trowsers. * * On perceiving Dolores, they both ran to her with loud cries of "Aunt Dolores! aunt Dolores! what have you brought us?" At this, the young man got up, (it was Antonio's eldest brother, Juan,) and held out his hand to Antonio (for without recollecting him, he guessed it could be no one else) with a hearty "Welcome Antonio." Dolores was embraced by her sister-in-law, whilst the two boys would not willingly let go of her; but at length she extricated herself from them, and ran up to the ecclesiastic, whose hand she kissed with great respect, making many eager inquiries after his health, whilst he, stroking her cheeks with visible emotion, said, "The holy Virgin bless you a thousand times!"

Antonio recognised him immediately as the old Father Hilario, whose favourite he had been as a boy, and to whom he had, in many respects, reason to be thankful; he hastened up to him, and seizing his proffered hand, kissed it in speechless emotion.

The old man appeared surprised for a moment, and then said, with tears in his eyes, "God bless you, Antonio! you are always, then, my good son."

Dolores had looked on with folded hands, and Juan said, with a softer voice than was usually his custom, "That is our brother Antonio, wife."

This last made an embarrassed courtesy, and wished to kiss the hand of her reverend brother-in-law, but he would not suffer it, and, shaking her cordially by the hand, reminded her of their early acquaintance. Juan seized the two boys, who had crept shyly behind their aunt, and they were now obliged to kiss their uncle's hand, as in duty bound, but ran away immediately, and could only be allured back when they saw Dolores displaying her little presents. The servants also had come up at the noise of the welcoming, and greeted their young mistress (who had something friendly to say to everybody) with cordial joy, and welcomed also Antonio in a reverential manner, yet not without visible pride at the honour which accrued to their master's family by having a son in the church. They then hastened away to unload the mules, who had come up with their burdens, and announced their presence impatiently by clattering the bells upon their heads.

"Father and mother are on the farm," said Juan at last, when the party had become somewhat more calm, "but they will be home directly;" and accordingly, almost immediately afterwards, they made their appearance.

The mother, an old woman, who must have been once very handsome, with a countenance such as is given to St. Anne, in Murillo's pictures, wore a Basquina of coarse black velvet, and on her head a Mantilla of the same material without any trimming. She sat sideways on a handsome ass, which carried her without requiring any guidance, and beside her stepped the father, a hale man, who did not show the seventy years full of labour and dangers of all kinds, through which he had lived. He wore a short jacket of black plush, ornamented with some silk braids and with embroidery, and short white pantaloons of the same stuff, a fine and very broad jabot, and a silk handkerchief round his throat, a red sash round his body, and lastly,

shoes and gaiters of light brown leather, reaching close up under his knees, yet so that one could see the white linen clothing which he wore beneath. He carried a long Biscayan firelock on his shoulder, and beside him ran two handsome greyhounds. A maid followed her master, driving an ass before her laden with vegetables and fruits—such as melons, cucumbers, and glowing red pimientos; figs, oranges and grapes; together with a small bundle of juicy sugar-cane, which last the children immediately pounced upon, and began to suck it, and to beat each other with it.

Antonio hastened to meet his mother, who recognised him immediately, and fell speechless and sobbing upon his neck. She only relaxed her embrace in order to consider him with the careful look of motherly love, and again to press him in her arms, till Dolores, who had greeted her father with a timid kiss of the hand, at last claimed her share also of motherly affection, and Antonio could turn to his father, who shook him cordially by the hand without any particular emotion, but with a hearty "Welcome Antonio, welcome home." After the first storm of joy and emotion of questioning and answering was past, the father reminded them that it was time for the evening meal. A plank was now laid upon two low blocks, which formed together a long low table in the middle of the court, and this was covered with a coarse but clean cloth. A few common earthenware dishes full of gazpacho* were then brought, and all the inhabitants of the house seated themselves on low stools round the table; the servants and the maid at the lower end, at the upper end Father Hilario, who was always a welcome guest; next to him, old Lara and his wife, and beside the latter Antonio, to whom Dolores had been obliged to yield her place. The wooden spoons which drew from all sides upon the dishes soon emptied them, and olives, together with snow-white bread, concluded the frugal repast. Some glass jugs of wine, however, were not wanting, from which the men poured the wine down their throats, holding them with a skilful hand high above their heads.

* Gazpacho is a sort of macedoine, consisting of cucumbers, crumbs of bread, garlic, pimiento, vinegar, oil, and water, and is a very cooling dish.

ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY AT NIGHT.

WHY, O thou wanderer lone,
Hast thou come forth when purple evening dies?
To gaze at Hesper on her radiant throne,
And watch the pale moon in the deep blue skies?
Say, has thy fluttering wing,
Wet with the silvery dews, so mildly bright,
Borne thee to where the elves, in fairy ring,
Dance to their joyous music through the night?
Leav'st thou the wood's deep shade,
Where the blue violet her odour breathes?
Or where the moonbeams glance along the glade?
Or where the ivy round the oak entwreathes?

Hast thou thy pathway lost,
Borne on thy snow-white wings along the air?
And, on the pinions of the night-wind tossed,
Sought, yet in vain, to reach thy mossy lair?
Or in some purple bell,
Or tulip's painted cup, hast thou been sleeping,
Till the meek twilight's lengthening shadows fell,
And darkened clouds o'er all the east were sleeping?
Haste, haste thee to thy home,
Darkness has throned herself upon the sky,
'Tis not the fitting hour for thee to roam,
When nightly wild winds breathe their sullen sigh,
T. W. A.

CATS.

ARTICLE IV.

CATS—view them in any light you may, or under whatever circumstances you choose—are, to say the least of them, most uncommon queer creatures indeed. With respect to throwing them out of a window, it is no punishment whatever to them, provided it be from a height somewhat less than the top limb of the cross of St. Paul's. Take, for instance, the top of the Monument, or the Column in Waterloo-place, they would think nothing of it, and treat it as a mere joke. And this is easily accounted for when we remember the great propensity they possess for putting their best feet forward even when falling; it seems a part of the contract they entered into with nature ere they exuded from the stage of kittenhood, that they should touch the ground with nothing else than their feet. We have given the height of St. Paul's as the loftiest from which they have come down "on foot;" but we forget that the late lamented and desperate Mr. Cocking was in the habit of experimenting upon the dangerous passion for parachutes, by which he eventually lost his life, by means of the very creatures of whose propensities we are now discoursing. He sent up numberless cats on aerial peregrinations in parachutes, to taste the fresh air above the "smoke and din of this lower world;" and we doubt not (though we may lack the positive assurance of the fact) but that they kept their "footing" among the clouds as became their firmness of character in the high and exalted situations which, by the pious provision of the parachute and the voluntary will of Mr. Cocking, they were called upon to fill. Such scientific speculations being generally hazarded at evening-time, the cats in question being picked favourites, doubtless realised the adage of "catching larks for supper;" which they no doubt relished with a keener appetite than they would of such mundane animals as rats and mice; small blame to them for doing so, being, at the same time, duly allowed.

Though it is allowed—and we are very ready to believe it—that cats are the cleanliest animals in Christendom, yet this fact can only be metaphysically arrived at by comparing the relative superficial extent of clean and dirty skin which they carry on their backs. We believe the latter state to have the predominance in them as in most others, and that cleanliness should be written against their names as a requisite. They have, as is well known, a very strong antipathy to water; and one of the most effectual methods of keeping them in the kitchen, is to have a bucket of water staring them in the face at the door of every room in the house. One of the most effectual methods of washing them, is to

place them in a washing-tub floating down a river, on a pouring wet day. The shock of the natural shower-bath is not more than their strength can bear. They cannot and dare not leap from the barque in which they are borne; and of a dark night, their bright eyes floating onwards over the water, they not unaptly resemble a river-sprite, or an old shoe with two cigars stuck in it, or what—by a great stretch of the imagination—may be supposed to be the Indian Cupid floating down the Ganges.

A passionate love and admiration for cats has ever been considered as a true and decided symptom of insanity; many instances might be adduced in support of this statement, although, *per contra*, much amusing and entertaining argument might be urged against it. We believe that, from the earliest days of Eve down to our own, no woman has ever lived who has not, at some one unfortunate period of her life or other, showed many most decided marks of preference and affection for some one or more members of the feline race. Our readers may doubtless remember the case of a certain noble lady of rank, who domiciled some short time since, somewhere in the immediate vicinity of Portland-place; her wits frequently left her for a long period of time, for change of air; and during one of these witless periods, a solemn inquisition *de lunatico inquirendo* caught her in its trammels, and soon detected the poor lady's melancholy weakness. One of the strongest proofs adduced against her was that of her keeping a very large and extensive establishment of cats, numbering, we believe, from twenty to thirty. One of the witnesses, we remember, dwelt with a strong and emphatic emphasis on the numberless and diversified peculiarities of these "gentle grimalkins," enumerating all their professed points of attraction and repulsion, enlarging broadly upon every distinguishing characteristic which they severally displayed, and altogether bestowing upon the court, in the course of her evidence, such an immense mass of information upon the subject, that we have regretted much that we did not at the moment take fuller notes of her highly-interesting evidence, and that we, at the same time, neglected availing ourselves of the honour of a personal introduction to her. The good old lady, we remember, had a regular service of china on which the cats had their meals served up; the finest and best joints were cooked up for their use; and the quantity they devoured was, as a consequence, any thing but inconsiderable. Their appetites, doubtless, grew with what they fed upon; and we dare to say, that whoever remained unsatisfied when his quantum was devoured, fell instantly on his next neighbour's "mess

of pottage," and assisted him in the devourment. There arose, in consequence, many "border-frays" around the plates, and the splutter and carnage must have formed the "*entremets*" on these festive occasions. Many a tooth and whisker that had revelled in beef and mutton, turned round in horrid cannibalism to the dismemberment of its own species. Knives and

forks there were in abundance, but they refused the use of such vulgar weapons, and turned, with tooth and nail, and paw and claw, to the dreadful and savage scrimmage. All this, and much more than this, was revealed on the above occasion; but our memory has grown grey since that period, and our heads are nearly as white as a whiskered cat. EPHON.

ART.

WHEN from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art! sweet Art! New radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed:—
The thistle shrunk—the harvest smiled,
And Nature gladdened as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength, and domes of taste.

Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave;
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And the destroying knife to save.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
Rocks disappear before his skill:
With thoughts that swell his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illumine the page,
And proudly scorning time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers in the realms on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

SPRAGUE.

REVIEW.

Religion in America; a Narrative of the Deputation from the Baptist Union in England to the United States and Canada. By the Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D.; and the Rev. J. Hoby, D.D.—Ward and Co. 1837.

IN some of our former numbers, when introducing to the notice of our readers the principal points of Mr. Livingstone's Code of Penal law, we stated that America might with much justice be denominated "The land of progress." The most careless and incautious observer of the state of the western world cannot indeed fail to be struck with the rapid and unchecked progress which is being made in America in the various branches of art, of literature, and of science: already, indeed, on many of these subjects she has outstripped the fostering nurture which the genius of her earliest children received from their "Fatherland," and recognising neither limit nor boundary to his progress, nor foreseeing check or danger in his career, who shall boldly tell the enterprising American when to stop, or say unto him "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther?"

But the progressive tide of civilisation and improvement which has spread over the vast regions of the western states, has fertilised her soil with a richer and a purer growth—has called forth the intellectual energies of her great men to strive for the gaining of a crown of glory, which can neither be sought for nor won in the fields of literature, art, or science. The best and the greatest men of America, from the early days of Penn and Franklin even down to our own, have been distinguished for the purity and simplicity of their lives and conduct, as well as for their readiness to follow,

whithersoever it might lead them, the rules and doctrines of that faith which was in them. The comforting assurances of religion gave to their hearts the quiet sanctity of that peace which passeth all understanding, and to their children and their children's children have they bequeathed the legacy of a fervent faith in the promises of the holy Scriptures, whose assurances and consolations of salvation have given unto them a livelier energy, and kept alive among them that pure and exalted faith which we rejoice to say animates the hearts of our friends and brethren on the wide and western shores of the Atlantic.

We have been led to make these remarks, as expressing in some faint degree the pleasure we have derived from the perusal of the work before us. It has now reached a third edition, and as it has received a new title, and contains much new and important matter, it approaches more appropriately to a "corrected" and "improved" edition than many "professing" third editions do. Accounting for its change of title, its authors state that, "on several accounts, it has been expedient to alter our original title; so that, instead of 'The Baptists in America,' we have adopted 'Religion in America.' Our chief reason is, that as the *book* is not sectarian, the *title* ought to be more general." We quote the following introductory remarks for the admirable and liberal spirit in which they are conceived and written:—

"The principle upon which the present work is constructed, being that of avoiding indiscriminate censure, which would be unjust, and undistinguishing panegyric, which would be injudicious, it is fair to observe at the outset upon the questioning habits of the western world, that as curiosity is one of the elements of our mental constitution, and a great instrument of acquiring knowledge, if Americans possess more of this spirit than ourselves, which the very objection seems to imply, it

does but afford an evidence of their intellectual vigour, and may suggest the caution that we do not allow ourselves to be beguiled by self-confidence and sluggishness into the loss of the race and the rivalry of knowledge. But if the reproach be intended solely to represent their sensitiveness with regard to the conclusions to which their friends from the 'Fatherland' may come respecting themselves or their institutions, then it may be viewed as, at least, complimentary. It presupposes that our judgment is thought to be of some importance; and that as an older and more advanced country, we are competent to form some estimate of their intellectual and moral condition. Why should we seem to spurn as a meanness, or contempt as a folly, even an excessive eagerness to obtain the approving smile of Britain upon their efforts, which a generous rivalry will not withhold, and which will promote a friendship between us that must be reciprocally beneficial? United by a common origin, a common language, a common Christianity, we are capable, if ready to act in fraternal combination, of impressing a character upon the future destinies of the world.

"In some points of view, indeed, the question proposed, whether for the purpose of eliciting praise or challenging criticism, scarcely admits of a very direct or very definite answer. Vague and general terms may easily be used in reply, which, when analysed, have hardly a meaning, and which are often the substitutes rather than the expressions of intelligent ideas. It is true that there is a far greater identity among the confederated republics of America than among the separate kingdoms of Europe; but time must be allowed for them to be moulded into homogeneous uniformity. If the inquiry regarded particular states or sectional divisions, a general outline, even of the ever-fluctuating transatlantic world, approximating national character in each, might be given; but we must be content at present with few generalisations, and allow the hand of time to mix and prepare the colours for the ultimate exhibition of a finished portraiture of the whole.

"If, however, it would be difficult to draw a general feature, it is not so to describe a general feeling. The progress of political events has combined with the increase of commercial and social intercourse, to awaken in the minds of the great majority on the other side of the Atlantic, a sentiment which we believe is extensively reciprocated on this, that the endeavour to promote dislike of each other among either people by partial and prejudiced representations, must be discountenanced by both, and that nothing can be more desirable than a sincere and permanent union. It is not exclusively or primarily to statesmen or legislators we must look; but to men who can coalesce upon another and a nobler principle than the politics of this world supply. It must be based on *Christianity*, the prevalence of which in both countries is already giving indications that the time is hastening when this consummation of all pious wishes and prayers will be accomplished."

The above extract will serve to acquaint our readers with something of the general spirit and tone in which the work before us is written—the scope and design which the deputation had in view was high and praiseworthy; and the extracts which we shall present as we proceed in our notice of the work, will prove that the mission and the reception were equally worthy of the high and holy cause which it was intended to accomplish.

Upon the arrival of the deputation at New York, they were received with much warmth of hospitality and kindness by their Christian friends and brethren, with whom, however, the urgent demands upon their time and attention only allowed of their making a short stay. From New York they proceeded to Philadelphia, where after noticing the theological and literary seminary at Haddington, under the patronage of the Philadelphia Baptist Association; the Water Works, at Fair Mount; the Penitentiary; the Gervard College for Orphans, and the Navy Yard, we are presented with the following summary of the past and present state of the Baptist denomination in that city:—

"The Baptist denomination is of comparatively recent origin in Philadelphia. In 1802, the first church, situated in Second-street, was the only one, and consisted of sixteen members, under the pastoral care of Thomas Ustick, who had been preceded by Morgan Edwards and William Rogers. At present there are eight Baptist churches, besides two African churches, comprehending about three thousand members. Some of these are in a prosperous state, with large places of worship; particularly that of Dr. Brantly, in whose church more than one revival has occurred, and that of Mr. Kennard. The church, of which the latter is pastor, was only constituted in September, 1817; nevertheless, it now consists of between five and six hundred members. Spruce-street, though at present without a pastor, is acquiring stability and magnitude. The congregation in Sansom-street is beginning, after a season of depression, to return to its pristine importance; and it is anticipated that the capacious edifice, which is estimated to contain nearly three thousand people, will be again filled."

The deputation proceeded to Baltimore, where the record given of "the origin and singular trials of the second church" is of great interest. At Washington they were introduced to the President, General Jackson:—

"We found him in company with Mr. Van Buren, the vice-president, who is a candidate for the supreme office, at the period of regular vacancy. It was a gratifying opportunity of familiar and animated conversation over a cup of coffee, on topics connected with some of the most important interests of our respective countries. Recent intelligence from Europe was touched upon, and particularly news relative to Ireland, which led to a somewhat extended discussion of the compulsory support of religion as contrasted with that which is spontaneous and voluntary. It was gratifying to ascertain that the mind of the chief magistrate of this mighty nation was as free from all the sophistries arising out of the unhallowed blending of things sacred with things secular, by the alliance of the church with the state, as his person and count were disencumbered of the pomps of royal etiquette. He uttered, with great emphasis, these memorable words, 'Human legislation in matters of religion may make hypocrites, but it cannot make Christians.' On the tithes system, particularly as it is working in Ireland, which led to the conversation, the President spoke with still kindling energy, and in terms which harmonised with what may now be considered public opinion in every part of the British empire, till all the soldier was apparent as the general exclaimed, 'I had rather die a thousand deaths than see my wife and children starve while I was robbed of one-tenth of my labour to support a religion I disapproved.'"

One of the most important meetings which the deputation attended was the Triennial Convention: it will afford to our readers one of the best accounts of the state of religious feeling in America, and give a very good example of the volume before us.

"The Convention, which was the eighth triennial assembly of the denomination, commenced its sittings at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, April twenty-ninth, in the first Baptist church. Although this important body now embraces, in its deliberations, the general interests of the Baptist denomination in the United States, it was originally constituted for mission-ary purposes. In May, 1814, a meeting was held in Philadelphia, composed of delegates from missionary societies in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. The object was to unite to send the Gospel to the heathen; and they accordingly formed 'The General Missionary Convention of America, for Foreign Missions.' A committee was chosen to conduct the affairs of the body, denominated 'The Baptist Board of Foreign Missions for the United States,' and it was decided that a general convention should be held triennially. Although other great denominational associations have gathered around this missionary society for convenience, and have been animated by the vitality with which the primary institution was instigated, it is nevertheless still regarded as the triennial missionary meeting. The session at Richmond was more numerously attended than former conventions, and it was thought to be a more complete representation of the denomination. There were delegates from nineteen states besides the district of Columbia; but Delaware, Indiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama, were not represented by persons who, according to the constitution, were entitled to seats and to a vote.

"Among the pastors and ministers assembled, the age of some was indicated by the 'hoary head found in the way of righteousness;' but we observed, in general, that while many were in middle or advanced life, as a body they were remarkably youthful, and seemed fresh with the dew of an intellectual morning.

"The preliminary arrangements were promptly made, evincing great tact in the management of their affairs. We were struck with the business-like character of the whole assembly; while the sacredness of piety, and the cheerfulness of benevolence, redeemed the whole from an air of secularity. A merely mercantile man would have felt, instinctively, that he was breathing an uncongenial element; and yet commercial and even political assemblies might have learned some lessons on regularity and despatch. This was the more observable as, with very few exceptions, the pastors and ministers were the chief actors. It was not the practice, either on this or other occasions, to proceed as if the concerns of the kingdom of Christ were incapable of being conducted by the ministers of the Gospel because they are not educated as mercantile or commercial men. Our American friends seem rather to conceive that, in general, they are the suitable persons, and that lay assistance is most advantageous when associated in religious enterprises and in religious meetings, under ministerial superintendence. It may admit of a question whether, in concerns strictly and properly ecclesiastical, the same reasons which constitute the pastor the president of the church should not operate to place one of the body in the chair at the grave and solemn anniversaries of religion. If in the one case there may be a tendency, in such an arrangement, to produce a spirit of ecclesiastical domination is there not at least an equal tendency in the other to foster a spirit of secular power in the church? And is it not worth con-

sidering whether the primitive constitution did not assign spiritual affairs to episcopal, that is, pastoral guidance?

"As soon as the assembly became seated on this occasion, a hymn was sung, which was followed by prayer. The credentials of delegates were then examined, the names enrolled, and the officers for the present convention chosen. The Rev. S. H. Cone was elected president, Rev. H. Malcom, secretary, Rev. G. F. Davis, assistant-secretary. The first business of the meeting was to receive our credentials. After preliminary remarks by the president, we presented various communications with which we had been intrusted, particularly the document from the Union. The reading of this fraternal epistle was preceded by a few prefatory remarks, apprising the assembly of the nature of the Baptist Union of England and Wales, and distinguishing it from the London Board of Ministers. Each of us then delivered an address of some length in further explanation of the views and feelings of their British brethren towards the transatlantic churches. These addresses were listened to with the deepest interest. Many a manly countenance was bedewed with a tear of sacred sensibility. It was forthwith resolved, 'That the president welcome the delegation, and give them the right hand of fellowship on the part of the convention; and well did he sustain the dignity of his office, while, with equal affection and eloquence, he received us as brethren beloved for our works' sake, and emphatically as Englishmen, as Christians, and as ministers. 'We welcome you,' said he, 'to our country, our churches, our houses, and our hearts.' When the tumult of emotion had subsided, after a few moments of solemn stillness which succeeded the president's address, he rose and gave out a stanza of the hymn which commences,

'Blest be the tie which binds
Our hearts in Christian love.'

"The communications which had been made were then referred to a committee, to report upon them during the present session. The visit of the delegates from the churches of the Fatherland naturally increased the general interest of the convention; and the reception which they experienced was such as not only to banish those feelings of restraint which, as strangers, they might have cherished, but to make them delightfully sensible that they were in the bosom of Christian brethren. Ordinary forms of speech are too cold and common-place to express the impression, never to be erased from the heart, of the kind greetings and affectionate intercourse of every day. They were brought into fellowship and unreserved intercourse with multitudes of Christian ministers and friends whom they had never seen before; many of whom were unknown to them even by name, and all of them fellow-workers of God, and fellow-heirs of eternal life. It seemed like the point of confluence of a thousand streams of sacred feeling and pious operation; and proved to themselves, and they believe to all present during these 'days of heaven upon earth,' the assured prelibation of those 'pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore.' There was soon kindled in every bosom, and beaming from every eye, a glow of fervent sympathy and love, indicating, what every tongue would have been ready to declare, 'it is good to be here.' If a doubt had arisen in any minds as to the course the deputation from England intended to pursue in public intercourse with their brethren, with respect to subjects of vital importance indeed, but inadmissible in a body constituted of such various elements as theirs, it was only like a cloud of the summer morning, which was speedily dispersed in the brightening sunshine. To associate what was now realised with the early history of the denomination, only two centuries ago, and to feel that by themselves as instruments, the English churches were thus seeking a more intimate alliance and union with so much larger a body in America than themselves, was to the delegates an overpowering idea. If they were enabled, in a manner at all satisfactory to their beloved brethren in the United States, to respond to their glowing sentiments of Christian love, and to express the fraternal feeling of those by whom they were commissioned to visit them, they would devoutly acknowledge the grace of Him who makes his strength perfect in weakness, which at these seasons of deep responsibility, though of high enjoyment, they felt had been successfully, as they knew it had been earnestly, implored on their behalf, by the churches at home.

"The appointment of committees to report upon the operations of different societies, is an excellent expedient, by which the despatch of business is greatly facilitated. No fewer than nineteen of these sub-committees were appointed, consisting, for the most part, of different individuals nominated by the president, but finally chosen by the assembly. They arranged their own time of meeting, to consider the various points confided to their deliberations; and were generally prepared with their reports when the business confided to them was called on for general discussion and final decision. Thus, for instance, sub-committees were chosen to arrange religious exercises during the session; on Indian missions; to nominate persons out of whom the trustees for the Columbian college might be elected; on the African mission, &c., &c. It was not difficult to select men whose piety, habits of business, and competent knowledge of the matters referred to their consideration, materially assisted the final determinations of the convention.

"The Rev. A. Sutton, a missionary from Orissa, in connexion with the body of general baptists, was present. Mr. Sutton is well known in England, but still better in America, where he had been for many months. The chief object of his visit was

to rouse the members of his own religious community—the general baptists—to a sense of duty relative to Christian missions. He found an ample field among 500 or 600 congregations, containing between 20,000 and 30,000 members. His labours also were acceptable and useful in promoting the general interests of the Gospel. He was received in a similar manner with ourselves, with the equal greeting of hand and heart. Finally, 'all ministers of the Gospel present who are in regular standing with any evangelical denomination,' were invited to a seat in the convention. For this expression of liberality and Christian courtesy, the delegates were scarcely prepared, notwithstanding their settled conviction that as much genuine Christian feeling prevails among their own denomination as in any section whatever of the Christian church. Nearly thirty brethren accepted of the invitation.

"In the afternoon of this first day of assembly, the sermon before the convention was preached by the Rev. S. H. Cone, who enforced the duty of personal service in the kingdom of Christ on all his people. There were generally two sermons preached every day in different places.

"The missionary meeting, at which Mr. Jeter had proposed a humble confession of the criminal indifference with which Christians had been accustomed to look upon a perishing world, had adjourned its meeting, which was resumed on the evening of the twenty-ninth. Accustomed to their own English habits, this had appeared to the deputation a measure of questionable expediency, doubting, as they did, if that holy fervour, in the degree in which it had appeared to glow in every heart, could be rekindled, and fearing that the resumed discussion might prove flat and uninteresting. The result was far otherwise; nor did it appear as if the flame would have expired, had the meetings been still further protracted. The Rev. W. S. Plumer, a presbyterian minister of Richmond, who had taken his seat in the convention, lent his valuable aid on this occasion.

"On Thursday, April 30th, the convention reassembled at nine o'clock, and it was resolved, that during its session, the hours of meeting should be from nine till two in the morning, and from four till six in the evening. This was the day for attending to the report of the board of missions. The reading of this interesting and important document was once suspended to sing the hymn beginning,

'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.'

"Again, on announcing the decease of Miss Cummings, one of the society's missionaries, a young woman of great promise, the Rev. W. B. Johnson was requested to lead the devotions of the assembly; and immediately, in a strain of humble and holy fervour, he offered prayer that the events which had removed four of the society's missionaries, during the three years past, might be 'for our profit;' gave thanks that so many had been preserved, while the American board, a sister association, with whom the deepest sympathy was felt, had been called, in one year, to lament the decease of fourteen of their missionaries; and further entreated the Divine protection for the surviving labourers of both societies, that their efforts might be rendered successful in filling the world with his glory.

"The reading of the report was once more suspended on the arrival of one of the Cherokees, a red Indian, whose fathers had originally roamed in undisputed liberty and sovereign authority over these regions. It was impossible to avoid associating the event, in a way of contrast, with the times when his tribe were lords of the soil, with whom only the wild animals disputed the possession of illimitable hunting grounds; and whose course was free and impetuous as that of the rivers on whose banks they wandered from the mountains to the sea. Then, indeed, those woods often resounded with their frantic delight, and with the echoes of the savage war whoop; but now we beheld a meek and lowly disciple of the Master, who was 'a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.' O-go-na-ye, pronounced Oganlah, is a Cherokee, from the valley towns in the western part of North Carolina, and formerly a member of the Cherokee council of state. He was converted by the instrumentality of the Rev. Evan Jones, who has been much blessed as a missionary to his tribe. Mr. Jones and the Indian arrived at the convention with the revered treasurer of the body, the Hon. Heman Lincoln, of Boston, who had been on a visit to Carolina.

"The report was again resumed, and finally adopted, certain portions of it being referred to sub-committees. It would be out of place to introduce a lengthened account of the facts it details; but the delegates feel that their own statement would be inexcusably imperfect, without some reference to the missionary operations of their American brethren. After alluding to the venerable fathers of their mission who have entered into their rest, the report mentioned the circumstance of meeting in the capital of the oldest commonwealth in the confederacy, 'Old Virginia,' and expressed a cherished hope that their nation is destined to be a mighty instrument of good; but asserted, that the fulfilment of its glorious ministry must depend on the permanence of its union. The board hailed with delight whatever might tend to cement those national bonds. In the summary view of missionary proceedings, the first mentioned are 'Missions in America.' These, in the true spirit of the early command to the disciples, to 'begin at Jerusalem,' are directed to the various tribes of Indians, both east and west of the Mississippi.

"East of the mighty Father of rivers, are the valley towns in North Carolina; Thomas, and Sauk de St. Marie in Michigan;

the former on Grand River, the latter on Lake Superior; and Tonawanda in the state of New York. At these stations, a few converts have professed their faith in Christ, by being baptised in his name during the year; and the missionaries are encouraged to persevere by favourable appearances amidst numerous difficulties, particularly among the Cherokees.

"West of the Mississippi, the board has confined its attention to what is called, 'the Indian territory.' This portion of country lies contiguous to the states of Arkansas, and Missouri. It may be described as a tract of land, speaking in round numbers, six hundred miles long from north to south, and two hundred miles broad, though there are no specified limits to the west. A foreigner would be ready to inquire whether the design were to hunt the scattered aborigines from all their present settlements into this one territory, as their fathers formerly met to contract, by concerted movements, their wide circle by degrees, till the prey was fairly hemmed in, even within reach of the hunter's weapons; but a more correct and comprehensive view of existing facts might lead to a concurrence in opinion with many benevolent and enlightened men, that the security and happiness of the Indian tribes, perhaps their very preservation, will depend upon their being formed into one state, and finally allowed its star in the American constellation. The late Mr. Wirt appears to have cherished the idea of forming a sovereign and independent, but confederated republic of these tribes. A similar disposition of the descendants of Africans, a black as well as a red republic, might be a far happier, and more practicable expedient than any hitherto adopted; but as if to evince the abject degradation of Africa's children, here the black man, in many a forlorn instance, is literally the slave of the Indian! Many of these idolaters, who must still be regarded as savages, have learnt thus much, at least, of the civilisation they witness around them—they purchase negro slaves!

"Without entering into the political merits of the question, it was on every account desirable that Christian missionaries should be employed; and, accordingly, the baptists, as well as the methodists and presbyterians, have missionaries in that territory. The posts they occupy, are among the Shawnee, the Delawares, the Otoes and Omahas, the Ottawas, the Creeks, the Cherokees, and the Choctaws. The Putawatomies have their lands assigned, but are not yet arrived. As there was a station among them in Michigan, called Carey Missionary Station, so on their removal it will be resumed. By schools, as well as by preaching, attempts are made to evangelise these native tribes; pleasing instances of success are recorded, but in some places, an excessive fondness for ardent spirits, which is unhappily supplied by white men, interferes with the good work. In other instances, the contempt which the Indian expresses for the white man's religion, is singularly associated with a determination to prevent the diffusion of it among their slaves.

The report presented by the committee appointed on the Indian stations, like each of the others prepared by their re-

spective committees, has its own characteristic excellences. It is a plain, faithful, mainly representation of facts, relative to the Indians. If it may be thought to lean towards an approval of the government measure of locating the aboriginal tribes in the Indian territory, it does so in the most unexceptionable manner, as it asserts that public opinion among the Indians is turning in favour of the project. In the brief and condensed view of their affairs, it states that east of the Mississippi there are 81,904 of the tribes, and west of that line, 291,758. This does not include those already in the territory, of whom 21,820 were "indigenous," and 75,000 have emigrated thither already. By this it appears that 283,654 are still dispersed through various parts of the states. It must be a mighty attraction to draw so large a body, though divided and scattered as they are, to the 46,500 now resident in the territory. Nevertheless the report says, "Removed from the pernicious influence of the lower order of the whites, exposed to fewer temptations to vice, and united in such large numbers into a kindred community, they feel that they have reached a new era in their history. They are stimulated to put forth fresh exertions; they express the desire to be united into one political brotherhood under a civil government; and as the incentives to war have now disappeared from among them, moral and saving influences can be brought to bear upon them with greater effect, and with the prospect of more permanent results." The report concludes with an affectionate reference to the recent arrival of the Cherokee missionary, the Rev. Evan Jones, and the convert O-go-ne-ye, one of the sons of the forest converted from the superstition of savage life by the power of God."

With these extracts from this work we close our notice of it; did our space permit, we could quote many other passages, detailing facts and circumstances of high and exalting interest. The cause of religion and Christianity is in progress in America—it is conquering and triumphing wherever the sound of the trumpet or the voice of the Gospel is heard. Over the mountain-lands and the valleys, in the glens and the dells, by the sounding cataract and the rushing river, by the echoing shore and on the everlasting sea, the joyful tidings of salvation, and the voices of "peace and good-will towards men" are heard. Our readers will find ample and rejoicing evidence of these delightful facts in the volume before us; let them read it with care and attention, for it will more than repay them for giving up a few hours to its perusal.

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

AFRICAN SALUTATIONS.—We know of no people who evince more cordiality and ardent feeling on meeting old friends or acquaintances, than the natives of Africa. Their mode of salutation, though strikingly different from that in use among civilised people, is certainly not less affecting, and by far more expressive. When two old acquaintances meet, as soon as they perceive each other, they reciprocally address each other by name, and apply the left hand to the breast, and quicken their pace, until they come in contact. The chin of the one is then laid over the shoulder of the other, reiterating a dozen times, while in this position, their term of salutation. This done, they mutually recede, eyeing one another as closely as though each was apprehensive he had been mistaken. They again address each other by name, as rapidly approach as before, and go through the former ceremony. We once witnessed the meeting of two venerable hoary headed sires, in the Sherbro country, which we shall never forget. After approaching each other, as described above, they receded to a distance of ten or fifteen feet, seated themselves, and, during an interval of eight or ten minutes, eyed each other with a significance that is altogether indescribable. They then, mutually addressed, approached, embraced, and gave vent to their joy in a half stifled tone, as though feelings had paralysed the power of utterance. Let those who deny to the man of colour the possession of acute sensibility, witness such a scene, and say if ever they have been conscious of emotions so deep.

MOONLIGHT AT SEA.—One night I shall never forget: I had left the dinner-table to secure some retirement on deck. I sat down near the helmsman, who was silently directing our course. The breeze dwelt freely on the sails, and gave to the vessel her noblest appearance. The sea was animated, but unbroken; and we were moving rapidly, but quietly, and with a pleasant, undulating motion. A bright sun had just sunk down in the waves, and left his vermilion hues on the margin of the dark clouds which skirted the eastern horizon. Here and there a bright star appeared dancing among the shrouds. Presently the dark but calm clouds sleeping on the waters gave indications of a lustre not their own. Soon they were attenuated, and diversified, and illuminated by a presence which was still unseen; and then the lighter and gauzy portions drew back like a curtain, and forth came, as from her pavilion, and in all her majesty, the queen of night. Her lustre shot across the dark waters, and turned them into a flood of quicksilver. The clouds quickly disappeared as she ascended in her career; and the stars, one by one, were extinguished by her brightness. The lines of the horizon, too, had vanished, so that the blue sky and blue sea seemed united and infinite. Over all this infinitude of space there were only two objects to be seen—the moon sailing silently through the ocean above, and ourselves sailing silently through the ocean below.—*Reed and Matheson's Visit.*

SCOTTISH FUNERALS.

CHAPTER I.

IN the sublime but simple ritual of the kirk of Scotland, there is no such thing as a burial service, or any labour or fee to the clergyman when the lifeless body of a human being is consigned to the grave, there to mingle with its kindred dust, and to remain subject to all the contingencies of mere matter, until the trumpet shall sound, the dead be raised, that which is sown a natural body be raised a spiritual body,—when “the corruptible shall put on incorruption, and the mortal shall put on immortality.” We offer no opinion on the rites of churches, for whatever are the ceremonies,—and they are all merely human contrivances and institutions,—the true believers, who make their faith known by their works, are equally acceptable to that redeeming, justifying, and sanctifying God who feels for human infirmities, and sympathises with human frailties; we merely state the fact, that among the rites and ordinances of the kirk of Scotland, there is no service for the dead: neither is there any consecration of particular spots of ground devoted to the purpose of inhumation; it being the belief of these simple people, that all “the earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof,” and that every spot of it or in it is equally sacred in his sight.

But though there is no appointed rite when the mortal remains are consigned to the dust, and no fee to any one person demandable at the sad ceremony, it must not thence be supposed that the members of the Scottish kirk have less regard for the bones of their ancestors and relations than the members of those churches which perform the most pompous services at the grave. Taking it altogether, the service of the kirk of Scotland is much more a service of the heart than of the lips; and perhaps it may be an advantage that, in the more solemn and mournful parts of it, there is no captivation of the eye or the ear to come between the soul and that inward meditation and communing with itself, by means of which alone it can draw near to its God upon such occasions.

However this may be,—and we have no desire to make it matter of controversy, or to elevate any one form of Christian worship at the expense of another,—it is certain that the want of a service for the dead does not lessen the solemnity of a Scottish funeral, or make the people there leave the remains of their friends a prey to dumb forgetfulness more than they are in other countries, where the observances at the grave are of the most pompous and imposing character. It is not considered decorous for females, under any circumstances, to attend a funeral; and the young keep reverently at a distance, as if the scene

were all too solemn for their tender years. But the number of men that attend the funeral is expressive of the estimation in which the deceased was held while alive, and the respect in which his memory is cherished.

In the Highland districts, indeed, clanship used to have a good deal to do with the numbers attending a funeral; and wherever there are vestiges of it remaining, it must still have some influence. The effects of this were often unseemly, as the effects of clanship generally are upon all occasions where they can show themselves; and the committing of the remains of a man—especially if he had been a man of distinction—to the dust, was but too often followed by riot and debauchery, serious breaches of the peace, and not unfrequently maiming, and even loss of life. In the lowland parts of the country, where the baneful influence of clanship in setting man against man, from mere difference of name, and often on account of quarrels the original parties to which had been mouldering in their graves for several generations, did not extend, the funerals were, and we believe still are, of much more sober and becoming character, especially in the rural districts. Indeed, it is in the rural districts only that we can obtain correct information respecting the original and native character and habits of the people of any country. The inhabitants of towns and cities, especially commercial ones, are cosmopolites; and excepting difference of language, and some local peculiarities which are found in every place, a trader soon finds himself at home in trading society, all the world over.

In the rural districts, the differences are much greater; and if the people have been resident for a series of generations, they take a character from their country so marked and decided, that they are easily distinguished wherever they may go. This is remarkably the case with Scotchmen, whether highland or lowland, though, in consequence perhaps of the longer abolition of clanship in that part of the country, the lowland character in the rural districts is, or at least was, not long ago, the more complete and permanent of the two. As it was in the lowlands that the Scottish people held fast by the purity and simplicity of their faith, and ratified and sealed the “Covenant” of their God by the blood of martyrdom, so this portion of their character, tested as it has been in the furnace of the deepest affliction, is much more enduring than any other. All the religious observances of which we have previously taken notice may be adduced in proof of this; and as the burial of the dead, though unaccompanied by any outward ceremony of a

religious nature requiring the official service of a minister of religion, is always calculated to draw the thoughts of those who attend it to their own latter end, there is a sad solemnity about the silent mourners who attend at a Scottish funeral, which comes home to the feelings with probably as much both of present force and of lasting effect, as though an audible service were performed.

When a man, conspicuous for his influence or his virtues, and especially where a favourite minister who has been long endeared to his flock by the weekly service, the yearly sacrament, and the frequent prayer, admonition, and instruction, is borne to his long home, the attendance is very numerous; and if the distance is not great, the body is borne by the company, two or three at the end of each of the bars, or "spokes," which support the bier, while the chief mourner supports the pall, or "mortcloth," at the head, the second at the feet, and four others at the shoulders and knees. These official mourners, and any others who may follow in the train of the chief mourner, bear no part of the burden; the guests do that, and each is anxious to show his respect for the deceased, by taking part in this last and solemn duty to one who has quitted for ever the abodes and the society of men upon earth.

Upon a devout and feeling heart, a procession of this kind, as it moves slowly and silently along, makes a very deep impression, for it speaks "in demonstration of the spirit;" and such is the respect shown to such a procession, that the bystanders uncover when it passes, and the traveller who meets it in the other direction, turns back with it for a little way. The moral effect produced by this procession and the inhumation of the body, which constitutes its closing and most solemn scene, is by no means of a momentary nature. It is spontaneous of the people themselves—a plant in its own native soil, as it were; and therefore, though it may be more homely in character than the exotic which proceeds from an eloquent tongue, it partakes far more of the amaranth of immortality. By this means, when the good man is borne to his long home, his example, graven on the mind by the funeral and its procession, continues to influence the district while his body is mouldering in the dust; and the moral effects are probably much greater than any or than all which rite, and monument, and epitaph, and eulogy could produce. Of the rite we shall say nothing farther than that, like the influence of the sun and the rain of heaven, it falls equally upon the evil and the good; but the monument, the epitaph, and the eulogy, being merely human matters as this procession is, can be compared with it upon fairer grounds, and with more propriety. The rite being equally and similarly performed to all, excepting in so far as difference of rank and wealth may make it more gorgeous in some

cases, and less so in others; and thus it is doubtful whether it may not, in so far, tend to stifle that store of instruction which ought to come from the closing grave. The monument, the epitaph, and the eulogy, have all been vitiated by indiscriminate application to bad men as well as to good; and as all who choose and can afford to raise a monument to the dead, can also afford to buy credit for such virtues as the collection of the stonecutter furnishes, the monumental inscription is no index whatever to the character of him whom it is intended to perpetuate; and therefore there is much of truth, as there also is of coarseness, in the epithet "sepulchral lies," which the satiric moralist applies to those unfounded eulogies upon the undeserving which but too frequently pollute the walls of our churches, and turn the consecrated grounds into high places of lying praise, to such of the very worst of mankind as may, through their surviving relatives or representatives, be able to pay for recording it there. Some of these posthumous flatteries are so palpably unjust, as to cause great doubts whether monuments ought to be admitted within the walls of churches; and we believe that, by the early Christians, and down to a pretty late period of the middle ages, they were excluded from those parts of the building in which the public offices of religion were performed; and even as admitted into the vestibules, they were confined to "brasses" in the flat pavement of the floor, or to recumbent figures in niches, with simple inscriptions of the name and age of the party, with a salutary exhortation, and occasionally a text of Scripture. The inscriptions, and also the sculptures, of many of these monuments, are often of a character approaching to that of blasphemous. Angels may be seen lifting to heaven the image of a man who, during the whole of his sojourn upon earth, was a most zealous servant of the prince of the other extremity of the system. Though one cannot admire either the spirit or the expression of the couplet which a well-known wit wrote upon the sculptured tomb of a man whose vices had been equally well known through life, the occasion was worse than the reproof; and the moral of the latter is as forcible as the language is coarse. The personage to whom the monument was erected had never come directly under the laws of his country in a court of justice; but he had owed this far more to his craftiness and wealth than to any thing approaching to virtue. The device of the monument was that of a human body bursting the tomb, and coming forth at the resurrection to appear before the tribunal of the final and unerring Judge; and it was marked out with all the effect which the art of the sculptor could give it. The couplet with which the wit inscribed it was as follows:—

"Lie still, if you're wise,
You'll be d—d if you rise."

We have mentioned these circumstances merely for the contrast which they afford to the simple inhumation which is practised among the rural population of Scotland; and we feel quite sure that any one who reflects but for a moment on the matter, must admit that there is far more both of propriety and of instruction in the latter. For in addition to the memento of our own mortality, which the sight of a funeral never fails to produce in the serious mind, the character of the party laid in the dust is the principal source of instruction in the ceremony, in what manner soever that ceremony may be performed. Hence the less of pomp and circumstance that there is to come between those who attend and that character, the scene must be the more instructive. Nor is the lesson by any means a merely barren or speculative one; and that they who knew him in life may say a good word over his grave, is far from the weakest of those excitements to a good life, of which no man can have too many.

In the total disconnection between a Scottish funeral and any official duty of the ministers of the Scottish kirk, there is something which accords well with the condition of the dead body as contrasted with it before the immortal spirit takes its departure. While the connexion between the soul and the body lasts, the compound creature, man, is in a state for being a member of the church of Christ upon earth; but when the soul has left the body, and taken up its abode as a separate spirit, neither soul nor body can be a member of the visible church; and therefore, though a funeral service may be much more edifying than prayers for the dead, yet, as a religious ceremony, it belongs to the same class; and probably this may be the reason why it is not admitted into the ritual of the kirk of Scotland. That, however, is a point which does not necessarily come within our province, which is the simple statement of facts, rather than any thing like an inquiry into their causes.

But though the ministers of the kirk have no funeral service to perform, they generally avail themselves of the occasion of the demise of any person of eminence, by preaching a funeral sermon as soon after the interment as possible. Such sermons are, in some instances, little else than mere displays of adulation, occasionally fol-

some, and somewhat out of place; but there are other occasions upon which they are highly instructive and very appropriate, and upon these they afford some of the best displays of pulpit eloquence.

Of the first of these we may mention one instance, as peculiarly characteristic of the adulatory school of Scottish ministers:—A grave doctor of divinity, equally remarkable for the sober uniformity of his life and his sermons, resolved to favour the world with the cream of many years of his pulpit labours, in the shape of a volume of sermons. His living was in the gift and close by the demesne of a Scottish earl, whose ancestors had been conspicuous in the time of the reformation and the struggles of the kirk against episcopacy; and the earl and his family held fast by the faith of their fathers, and were not only regular attendants at the kirk on Sundays, but had the doctor at the mansion to say grace upon such occasions as suited his gratification and their own. Under such circumstances, the doctor could do no less than dedicate to the countess that volume which had come into the world after so many mental throes. Accordingly, he began his dedication some time about the autumnal equinox, when the extraordinary tides, both of the air and the sea, are understood to jog the concocting faculties of man with more than usual force and effect. During October, November, and part of December, the doctor toiled at his dedication; but toward the winter solstice, the countess paid the debt of nature, and passed that bourn beyond which the voice of the most laudatory dedicator is not heard. Just about the winter solstice the doctor changed the style of his preliminary composition from a dedication to a funeral sermon, or elogy; and by the time of the vernal equinox it was sent to the printer, like Janus, facing the living countess in the one half, and the departed countess in the other; and thus it stands rubric to the sermons to this day, if a copy of them has escaped the realms of oblivion.

Funeral sermons, where there was sterling merit in the deceased, and the preacher is a man of sterling talent, are very different from this, as we trust we shall be able to show; but the showing is too long for this paper.

NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG PUPIL OF GRENOBLE.

THEY were on the road from Laxure to Vizille. The emperor had advanced before his companions, and was slowly descending the side of Laffrey; he was in deep meditation. All at once he was struck by the appearance of a groupe of young children, who were advancing towards him. He stopped his horse, and smiling on their young countenances, which for the most

part expressed the liveliest emotion, he said, "Who are you, my children; and what would you have with me?"

The children looked at one another, then one of them, chosen by his companions, advanced to the emperor; the expression of his countenance was mild and full of intelligence. Napoleon extended his hand towards the boy, who seized it,

and kissed it with a sentiment of respect and delight; he wished to speak, but could only utter unconnected words: "General! Citizen! Sire!"

This was Barginet himself, then a pupil at the Imperial school at Grenoble. He is a highly estimable young man, and possesses a heart truly French. I beg to repeat to him the assurance of my esteem. He relates this anecdote with a feeling which will be shared by all his countrymen.

"You have something to say to me, my child," said the emperor; "speak without fear. Do I frighten you, then?"

"Oh, no, sire, we are not afraid of those whom we love."

"Where do you come from, and what would you have?"

"We come from Grenoble, sire; we were pupils of the Imperial school, and hearing of your return, my companions and myself wished to see you one day sooner, and to assure you, sire, that we are ready to die for you."

Napoleon was highly affected at a devotedness so entire and so enthusiastic.

"In devoting yourselves to me," said he, "you devote yourselves to France. But you are young, my children, to become soldiers. Do your parents know of your resolution?"

The children looked at one another; M. Barginet answered, a little embarrassed, "Sire, we set out without informing any one."

"That is not right: our first duty in society is to obey our parents—never forget that; at least," he added, smiling, "you will never again fail in this duty on a similar occasion. But, come, fear nothing; tell me what they say of me in Grenoble."

This unexpected question produced on the young student, as he has since informed me, the effect of an electric shock. He answered, that Grenoble and its neighbourhood looked for him with the utmost anxiety and love; but that the people also expected from him liberal institutions, peace, and the total repeal of the *droits réunis*—taxes; which were held in utter detestation by the French. Louis XVIII., promised to abolish them, and his neglect of this promise was highly injurious to him.

Napoleon turned away, and did not immediately reply; at length he said, "The people are right to reckon upon me. I love them, and wish them to be happy; their rights have been outraged for the last year; I will repair this evil. France has been the most splendid empire of the world—it shall be the freest."

At this moment, a pile of buildings came in view, and Napoleon inquired what they were.

"It is the castle of Vizille, sire, where, in 1788, the estates-general of Dauphiné proclaimed liberty."

The emperor then inquired particularly into the history of Dauphiné. This was a characteristic trait in Napoleon; he always conversed with those whom he met, on subjects on which they were best informed. And as this young student might have been expected to be better acquainted with the history of his own province than with any other subject, the emperor led him to speak on it. He expressed some surprise on learning that on this side of Laffrey ran the road that Hannibal had passed over two thousand years before. Hannibal was his hero, as is well known.

"I will stop at Vizille, and pass the night there," said the emperor, after a moment's consideration.

"No, sire!" said the youth.

"Why so?" said Napoleon, astonished at his decided tone.

"Grenoble is but three leagues distant, sire; you have enemies there, and should arrive to-night."

"Who are my enemies at Grenoble?" said the emperor, looking kindly on him.

"I cannot name them, sire; I can only put you on your guard."

"How old are you? and where have you been educated?"

"I am sixteen, sire, and my education is one of the benefits that I have received from you. I am a public pupil of the school of Grenoble."

"Do you understand mathematics?"

"No, sire."

"What then do you know?"

"I have studied literature and history."

"Pooh! literature will not make a general officer, you must follow me to Paris, and you shall enter at St. Cyr, or Fontainebleau."

"My parents are too poor to defray my expenses there."

"I will take care of that: I am your father also; so that is settled. Adieu; when we reach Paris you must remind the minister of war of the promise that I have just made you."

This promise was fulfilled: a decree of the 10th of April, 1815, named him as a public pupil at St. Cyr, or Fontainebleau; and a decision, dated a few days after, freed him from the payment of the fees required by the regulations.—*Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes.*

LONGEVITY.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written on this subject, it may fairly be affirmed, that nothing has yet been done towards making the slightest approach to a real *rationale* of the

causes which are productive of length of years. Shallow empirics, in evil abundance, have laid down their infallible rules for the preservation of health and for the prolongation of life to an extreme old age; and, having sold their nostrums or their books, and pocketed the money of their dupes, have afforded the best evidence of their utter ignorance upon the subject, by failing, in their own especial persons, to reach even the average number of years of the human existence.

What most strongly and strikingly shows the folly of laying down systematic rules for the prolongation of life to an old age is this, that among the persons who are recorded to have attained to the greatest term of years, have been people of all the varieties of rank, employment, and circumstances. If we insist upon invariable temperance as an indispensable requisite towards the attainment of fulness of years, we are at once met by the fact that Thomas Parr, who lived above a century and a half, had been in early life any thing but an abstemious or even temperate man; and that Lewis Cornaro, who died at a hundred years of age, had reached the half of those years before he ceased to be guilty of such gross gluttony and irregularity, that his physicians anticipated his almost instant decease. But this objection we shall show to be rather specious than solid. If we insist upon comfort, regularity, and nourishing though plain diet, truth plucks us by the sleeve, and reminds us that Parr, and Jenkins, whose age was one hundred and seventy years save one, depended for their support upon the charity which they had to encounter all weathers to solicit, and which was not always accorded to their solicitation. Has climate any specific and infallible influence in the matter? In extreme cases it undoubtedly has; Sierra Leone has no nonogenarians even to speak of, and the coast of Devonshire and the sweet vales of Montpelier, are undoubtedly possessed of both the air and the soil which are more congenial to the human frame than the marshes of Missolonghi, or the simoom-swept deserts of the East. But if any one feel inclined to go beyond this, and to say that in this or in that place the specific climate is to be found in which man will infallibly inhale the principle of long life, let him only just cast his eye over the subjoined table; let him observe the diversity of climates in which the long livers there named have existed.

Name.	Age.	Place.
Albuma Marc.....	150	Ethiopia.
Titus Fullonius	150	Benonia.
Abraham Paiba	142	South Carolina.
Dumitur Raduly	140	Transylvania.
Countess Desmond ...	140	Ireland.
James Sand	140	Staffordshire.
Wife of ditto	120	Ditto.
Henry Jenkins	169	Yorkshire.
Thomas Parr	152	Shropshire.

Name.	Age.	Place.
Francis Bons	121	France.
A. Goldsmith	142	Ditto.
Margaret Patten	138	Scotland.
William Ellis	130	Liverpool.
Christian Drakenberg ..	146	Norway.
Richard Lloyd	133	Wales.
James Hayley	112	Cheshire.
John Wilson	116	Suffolk.
Lewis Cornaro	100	Venice.
Jane Reeve	103	Essex.
Marquis of Winchester	106	Hampshire.
Agnes Milburn *	116	London.

A 'mere glance at this table—and we could have greatly extended it—will show more clearly than any argument, that climate has no specific or infallible influence upon the duration of life, excepting in extreme cases; for, excepting the extremes, there is included in the tables of places almost every variety of soil and climate. Venice built literally in the water, the mild warmth of France, the fierce and biting blasts of Norway, have alike permitted longevity. Jane Reeve lived to one hundred and three in the marshy county of Essex, and Hippocrates, the great physician, lived but to one hundred and four in the delicious island of Cos; Albuma Marc reached one hundred and fifty in sultry Ethiopia, and Christian Drakenberg reached to within four years of that age in sterile and chilly Norway.

Such contrasts seem to bid defiance to all efforts at philosophising upon the subject. But thus much may be assumed for certain, that every temporary shock which health receives does somewhat to impair the durability of the human frame; and that, consequently, as it is obvious that every act of intemperance causes a temporary derangement of health, we ought not to be tempted to intemperance because some intemperate men have attained to length of days; but to remember that—even were not our morality concerned, as it evidently and importantly is, in our observance of the virtue of temperance—they lived long not on account of their intemperance, but notwithstanding it, and that they might, and most probably would, have lived much longer had they not been guilty of the excesses they committed.

The issues of life and death, it must be remembered, are primarily in the hands of God; but he has given us a free-will to choose between secondary causes; and there is no doubt that whatever circumstances or climate we may be placed in, *temperance in all things* is, as to health, longevity, and virtue, a very indispensable requisite.

Perhaps we cannot more agreeably conclude this brief notice of the subject than by quoting

* This woman had borne many children, and spent many of her years in St. Luke's Workhouse.—*Lynch on Health*, Chap. iii.

from a clever contemporary the reply of an Italian, who, being asked in his one hundred and sixteenth year the means by which he had attained to so advanced an age, replied with the ready versification for which the Italians are so remarkable:—

*"Con mangiar broccoli,
Portar a i pedi soccoli;
In letto capello
Pochi pensieri in cervello."*

Signifying, if our free translation may be pardoned:—

*"When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."*

Nor is the latter part of this improvisised recipe either so unimportant or so difficult as but too many persons may be inclined to think it. For scarcely any thing conduces more to health of body than calmness and serenity of mind; and of all the storms which devastate the human mind, alas! how large a majority are the consequences of human wickedness and human perversity! how few inevitable or unameliorable!

ALLEGORY.

NIGHT held her sullen reign: thick gathering clouds Obscured the horizon's face, and darkness spread Her sable wings o'er all the arch of heaven. My way was through a rugged wilderness, With pits, and snares, and piercing flints, and thorns, Thickly bestrewn. Awhile I wandered wild And wearily, for not one glimmering star Sent forth its feeble rays. The wan pale moon Was lost; and all her glittering host were gone: Though ever and anon the treacherous glare Of *ignis fatuus*, from surrounding fens, Allured me from my path, then rose aloft, And vanished into air. 'Twas a sad way, A fearful way, and my poor trembling soul Was heart-sick of her journey. I did pause, And ponder oft; for savage beasts howled loud, And ravens croaked, and swift destruction seemed To encompass me around; nor knew I thence Which way to turn. At length a meteor rose, Bright gleaming in the east. 'Twas *Science* called; And swift through heaven it bent its fiery course, Illuminating the thick embodied clouds, And gathering all around a train of light, Allured me to pursue. I followed on The way it took; and brighter it appeared The nearer I approached, until my feet Were wearied; and my dazzled eyes grew dim, And all was darkness. Then again I stayed, And paused, and pondered, and did ruminate On all the way it led me; for I wished To retrace my steps, but vainly strove to find The path by which I came. At length arose Another meteor, paler than the first, And lovelier far; for purer was its light, And smoother seemed its course. 'Twas silvery white. By mortals it was called *Philosophy*;

And to my eyes far more alluring seemed Than *Science*—glaring star. Again my feet In swift pursuit careered. Its chosen track Seemed fair and gentle through the firmament, And easy 'twas to trace, till all at once It vanished in the clouds, and darkness reigned. Deep horrors seized my soul; for now I found On either hand a mighty swelling surge Beat high against my path, and heaven's black arch Muttered harsh threatenings of a boisterous storm. I stood and trembled; pregnant with despair, Earth shook; air groaned, and darkness blacker grew; Whilst the big waves beat o'er my feet as though Intent to swallow me. My ancles smote Against each other. On my knees I sunk And breathed a fervent prayer. Still higher rose The gathering waves; still louder roared the storm. Deep broke the thunder in tremendous peals, And forked corruscations shed their glare, To show my danger more. I ran and prayed, And shrieked, and groaned, and did uplift my hands In supplication to a throne of grace, But seemed to lift in vain; for still the more I prayed, the more my furious foes pursued To drag me to destruction; till, from heaven, Jehovah's mighty voice exclaimed, "Fear not, Poor trembler, thou art mine!" I stood amazed; For winds were hushed, and surges beat no more; And thunders ceased, and lightnings lost their glare; And o'er the heavens a blazing crucifix Spread wide from sphere to sphere. O'erpowered with love I sunk upon my knees, and wept and prayed, And praised my Great Redeemer; whilst each string In my fond bosom thrilled with rapturous joy. J. R.

LIFE OF ST. PAUL.

ARTICLE I.

I know not that there is enrolled in the annals of human nature a more honoured name than that of the apostle Paul. With intellectual powers of the very highest order; with unswerving integrity of mind; and with opportunities the most favourable, he was devoted from earliest infancy to the study of theology. His character alone would invest any cause which he espoused and sanctioned, with respectability. Yet Paine,

with his usual ill-bred insolence, disparages both the man and his writings; associating him with the impostors who got up the fabulous history of Jesus Christ, and palmed it upon the world as an inspired record, with the sole view of establishing their own authority and power. He styles the apostle, "that manufacturer of quibbles, St Paul;" and asserts, that "the religion he taught was interlarded with quibble, subterfuge, and pun, the

tendency of which was, to instruct its professors in the practice of the same arts."

That Paine should feel towards this distinguished writer of the New Testament, deep-rooted and malicious antipathy, is perfectly natural. The prince of darkness cannot endure the light:—"Sun, I hate thy beams!" and the "foul missionary of foul sin" must equally detest the moral glories of the missionary of the cross. The infidel Paine, and the apostle Paul, must stand in perfect and eternal contrast. The Age of Reason asserts, and it deals almost exclusively in assertions, "that the Jews never credited the story of Jesus Christ. It was welcomed by the Gentile mythologists, and by them alone." This is intended to throw contempt on Christianity, as if it originated in pagan superstition; and to call in question its facts, by insinuating that those who had the best opportunity of being acquainted with them, altogether rejected them.

But the facts of the evangelical history were believed and acted upon by a great multitude of the Jewish people, who lived at the time of their occurrence. They were disregarded, indeed, by the chief priests and rulers; but this, so far from disparaging their authenticity, left them to stand on their own unassisted evidence. If the governors, the sanhedrim, and the nation had espoused the Gospel, and unitedly exhibited it to the world, as of divine origin, a fair objection might have been derived from this universal concurrence, that it was an ambitious project of the Jews, to rid themselves of their burthensome ceremonies, and by means of a faith, to be propagated through all nations, to gain a complete ascendancy over the different kingdoms of the world. Of such an objection Paine would have been eager to avail himself.

The unbelief of the Jews, and their consequent dispersion, as they were the subject of prophecy both in the Old Testament and in the New, corroborate the truth of Christianity, by an evidence which comes home to every man's senses; and the preservation of this people, in all their distinctness of character, through so many ages, and in all countries, is a perpetual miracle, a solitary anomaly, in the history of our species, which can only be accounted for, as the interference of Providence with the general order and economy of human nature, for the purpose of meeting infidelity on its own ground, by furnishing it with "the ocular and manual demonstration" which it is so forward to demand, and yet so reluctant to admit.

Yet, though Christ was rejected by the Jewish nation at large, he was venerated, adored, and loved, by competent witnesses, taken from this people, sufficient in number to satisfy every inquirer that he existed; that Judea was the scene of his preaching, miracles, and sufferings; and that his mission was divine. I have often thought, that if, instead of distracting our at-

tion by a variety and multitude of evidences, facts, and circumstances, we concentrated all our powers of acute investigation on some one, of acknowledged and fundamental importance, we should best determine our own minds, and establish the faith of others.

I am persuaded, for instance, if infidels could once assail with success the character of the apostle Paul—if, in reference to the assumed miraculous events in his history, they could justly allege against him either imposture or enthusiasm, they would inflict a deadly wound on the vitals of Christianity. And if, on the contrary, it can be shown, that the character of this apostle is unimpeachable; that he was a man of sound understanding and strict integrity; that he could not be imposed upon, and would not deceive—the Christian religion is irrefragably proved. If we can maintain this stronghold, the citadel must be secure.

It is true, the history of this apostle is found only in the New Testament, except what relates to his martyrdom in the persecution of Nero; but we may observe, once for all, that the narratives and biography of the evangelical records, stand precisely on the same foundation with the Commentaries of Cæsar, and other works of acknowledged authenticity: that they invite the same scrutiny, and are to be tried by the same rules. An impartial inquirer may, with very little labour, satisfy his mind as to the genuineness and truth of the history and epistles of St. Paul. If he will only read them attentively, he will soon perceive that the history relates nothing but facts; and that these facts are corroborated by the epistles; that the undesigned coincidences between them are such as no impostor could have imagined, and no fiction has ever displayed. The narrative is written, for the most part, by the evangelist Luke; the letters by St. Paul himself, at distant intervals, under different circumstances, and to a variety of churches and individuals. The former is simple and artless. It is not a connected story, but a relation of important events, occurring in the life of a man of peculiar energy, devoted to a public cause; and in defence of that cause making unparalleled exertions, and enduring unexampled sufferings. It is an interrupted journal, rather than a well arranged series of circumstances. And with regard to the epistles, Dr. Paley has judiciously observed, that "whether they be genuine or spurious, every thing about them indicates that they come from the same hand. The diction, which it is extremely difficult to imitate, preserves its resemblance and peculiarity throughout all the epistles. Numerous expressions and singularities of style, found in no other part of the New Testament, are repeated in different epistles; and occur in their respective places, without the smallest appearance of force or art. An involved argumentation, frequent obscurities, especially in the

order and transition of thought, piety, vehemence, affection, bursts of rapture and of unparalleled sublimity, are properties, all or most of them, discernible in every letter of the collection." The beautiful argument invented by Dr. Paley, drawn from a minute, circuitous, and laborious collation of the narratives and epistles, proving from the undesigned coincidences between them, the genuineness of the writings, and the reality of the transactions, is so perfect and conclusive, that infidelity has wisely suffered it to stand unmolested. It defies refutation; and it may, indeed, be considered "as another thread added to that complication of probabilities by which the Christian history is attested."* If there be a deist in the world who unites acuteness with candour, and quickness of perception with patience of investigation, I entreat him to study this argument, and either to detect its fallacy, or yield to its force. If Dr. Paley had written no more than the single volume in which this argument is stated and conducted, he would have merited the admiration and the gratitude of the whole Christian church.

In this article, I shall, as briefly as the nature of the subject will admit, first state those circumstances in the life of St. Paul, previous to his conversion, which illustrate his character, and establish his claim to be a competent and acceptable witness to the truth of that religion which he so long and strenuously resisted; and, secondly, I shall view his conversion, subsequent history and death, as themselves furnishing stupendous and irresistible proofs of the divinity of that religion.

Saul, or as he was afterwards denominated, Paul, a descendant of the patriarch Abraham, and of the tribe of Benjamin, was a native of Tarsus, then the chief city of Cilicia. He was also by birth a citizen of Rome. His father was a Pharisee, a sect of peculiar strictness among the Jews; and he was himself of the same persuasion. His family was eminent for its piety. Many of his relatives embraced the faith of Christ, and some of them adopted this profession before the conversion of their illustrious kinsman. It is certain that the apostle in early life was taught Grecian literature; and it is highly probable that he attained this distinction in his native city. Dr. Bently is of opinion, that "he was a great master in all the learning of the Greeks." He studied the law, and the traditions peculiar to his own nation, under Gamaliel, a celebrated Jewish rabbi, at Jerusalem. In this study also he was no mean proficient. He seems to have been a person of great natural abilities, of quick apprehension, strong passions, and firm resolution; and, therefore, qualified for signal ser-

vice, as a teacher of whatever principles he should be induced to embrace. As an exemplar of Judaism in all its divine and traditionary obligations, he was distinguished by a severe and conscientious devotedness. A Hebrew of the Hebrews, he was anxious not to disgrace his origin; of "the strictest sect of his religion," he was resolved to stand first on the list of its supporters and advocates. Imbibing its exclusive spirit, considering its opposers as equally the enemies of God, and imagining himself armed with its tremendous sanctions, his zeal was bigotry, his bigotry persecution, and persecution hurried him to commit those atrocities, a remembrance of which infused peculiar bitterness into his after repentance. In extinguishing heresies, he began with the extermination of heretics. He emblazoned cruelty with divine glory, and sanctified murder for conscience' sake as the first virtue of religion. In this he was no hypocrite. He was governed by no private views. He had no revenge to gratify, no mere party to serve. He was neither a Paine, nor a Robespierre; but the victim of a perverted and mistaken sincerity. When he persecuted, he did it ignorantly, through unbelief; he verily thought that he rendered service to God by immolating his creatures; by torturing and murdering his unoffending offspring, he imagined that he recommended himself to the favour of the Universal Father, who having made all things, hated nothing that he had made. This is a crime we neither justify nor extenuate. Judaism did not sanction it; and for it, Christianity cannot be responsible. There have been persecutors of every religion, and of no religion. Deists are as intolerant as besotted pagans and mistaken Christians. Bigotry is the sin of our common nature, and nothing can eradicate it but the pure philanthropy of the Gospel.

St. Paul was a young man when Stephen suffered martyrdom, which took place, according to the most accurate chronologists, about the year thirty-six of the Christian era; and it seems probable that he had, not long prior to this event, made his appearance in what is called the world. Possibly he did not come from Tarsus to Judea, till after the period of our Lord's ministry. It may be likewise supposed, that he had not a personal acquaintance with any of Christ's apostles, nor had seen any miracles performed by them before he became a persecutor. How long he had been in Judea, and under the tuition of Gamaliel, cannot be certainly determined. As a student, his time and attention would be principally occupied in sedentary inquiries and pursuits; he could therefore know but little of the affairs of Judea during his novitiate. But coming from the schools, animated with an earnest zeal for the law of Moses and all its peculiarities, and for the traditions of the elders; and finding a number of men, called followers of Jesus of Nazareth, whom they spake of as

* "Hore Paulina," or the truth of the Scripture History of St. Paul, evinced by a comparison of the epistles which bear his name, with the Acts of the Apostles, and with one another, by W. Paley, D.D., Archdeacon of Carlisle.

the Messiah, and raised from the dead, and greater than Moses; he was filled with indignation, and thought he was obliged to oppose them to the utmost. It is not unlikely that he conceived of them as the deluded followers of an impostor, similar to others who had frequently appeared in Judea, and therefore deserving of no regard from the learned and the wise. He was, no doubt, provoked at their arrogance and blasphemy, and resolved to make them suffer the sad consequences of his injurious zeal. He lent his countenance and support to the infuriated multitude, when in an irregular and tumultuous manner they stoned Stephen. Unmindful of his rank and station in society, he haled both men and women to prison; and so exceedingly mad was he against the odious sect, that he persecuted them even to strange cities. Though young, he had arrived at the age of maturity, and was deemed by the council and chief priests, sufficiently discreet, and capable to lead forth and to direct a band of persecutors, commissioned by them to undertake a sanguinary expedition against the Christians at Damascus. Such was Saul, up to the period of his conversion to Christianity.

We shall now consider his character in relation to that wonderful event, in order to prove that no deception could have been practised upon him, and that his testimony in favour of the new religion deserves unhesitating credit. The causes which operated in his mind against the reception of the Gospel were such as human nature has never been known to resist, without the counteracting energy of superhuman power. Nor can we account for their sudden vanquishment in the present instance, on any principles that exist among men. In his conversion, the apostle was either controlled by a divine interposition, or he was seized with insanity. Rational and mighty causes must have wrought the instantaneous change which he experienced; or he must have lost himself by an amazing hallucination, depriving him in a moment of all he ever knew, felt, or thought.

In the breast of the apostle, all the influences that form the character and control the destiny of man combined to strengthen and mature his enmity against Jesus of Nazareth.—Let us briefly enumerate them.

Educated as St. Paul was, deeply versed in profane and sacred literature, we may well imagine what importance he attached to a distinction which placed him on an equality with Grecian philosophers and Jewish rabbis. The circle in which he lived was far removed from the vulgar. A friend and companion of the literati and the most acute controversialists of his age, it is probable that intellectual acquirements were the object of his fond pursuit and high ambition. Indeed, he intimates that these were among the things which before he became a

Christian, were "gain" to him, or which he deemed advantageous; and in these he had "whereof he might glory." But at what a distance did this very circumstance place him from the genius and spirit of Christianity! Jesus himself was the uneducated carpenter of Nazareth; his adherents were the most illiterate of the people, simple men, fishermen, the sons of fishermen. How could the disciple of Plato, and the pupil of Gamaliel, endure to associate himself with an unlettered sect, every where spoken against, and held in the most sovereign contempt?

To this we may add another invincible barrier, which prevented his approaching the Gospel in any other spirit than that of unqualified and determined hostility. He was inflamed with ardent zeal for a religion which he believed to be divine, and the subversion of which he conceived to be the necessary consequence of a general admission of Christianity.

The religion which he professed, and of which he was the devoted champion, stood unrivalled among all the systems which had obtained in the world for the miraculous grandeur of its introduction, the stupendous wonders of its progress, its sublime doctrines, and its imposing ritual. It enshrined in its institutions all that was venerable in antiquity. Unveiling heaven, it presented to the eyes of devout and prostrate worshippers an enthroned Deity. It was a religion which addressed the understanding, captivated the senses, and excited the passions. The whole intellectual and moral being was governed by its agency. It was the religion of St. Paul by the accident of birth, by the deliberation of choice, by the force of habit. It was identified with his first thoughts, associated with his deepest feelings, interwoven with his fondest recollections. It was taught him by Moses and the prophets. Its lessons were impressed by the awful majesty of its temple, and the dazzling glories which invested its priesthood and its ordinances. It kindled in the genius of the apostle, was illustrated by his learning, and exhibited in his life. A religion of such a character, so taught, and so embraced, could not but be venerated and loved. Besides, it claimed an exclusive authority; it professed to be the only faith sanctioned by heaven; it allowed not of rivalry or competition; every other system must be rejected. It disdained to share its honours, and spurned with contempt a divided throne. With what feelings then must the most ardent friend of this religion regard not a rival, not a mere competitor, but an avowed opponent, which nothing less than its complete abrogation could satisfy? Such was the aspect with which Christianity seemed to frown on Judaism. The mistaken votaries of the ancient faith saw in the new opinions nothing but unrelenting and determined hostility. Either Moses or Christ, they imagined, must be exterminated. And who was

Christ? He had wrought miracles, but the infatuated Jews ascribed them to Satanic agency. He had taught a pure morality; but he had, they alleged, only attempted to refine upon their accredited code, and arrogantly to place himself in the chair of their own lawgiver. He had advanced the loftiest pretensions under a meanness of exterior that only provoked ridicule and contempt; and whatever glory might invest his claims it was extinguished by his untimely and ignominious death. The single fact of his crucifixion, to the mind of Saul of Tarsus, was altogether conclusive against the divinity of his mission. It was in vain then, to him, that apostles pleaded, and that martyrs died. He mocked their babbling; he consented to their death. Probably he would have treated them with silent neglect, had they not impiously opposed all that he deemed sacred. They assailed the economy of Moses, and this he regarded as the most unpardonable blasphemy. Moses was his oracle; Jehovah was his God. Yet he understood not the one, nor did he rightly adore the other. He equally mistook the nature and object of Christianity, and was therefore a prejudiced Jew, and a most vindictive antichristian.

Another cause which contributed to increase his opposition to the rising doctrines was, his conscientious virtue and unyielding integrity.

He felt that he was governed by no sinister views. He could appeal to the Searcher of hearts for the purity of his motives; he cherished an honest zeal; he valued himself on a virtue founded on the principles and ritual observances of the true religion. His strict and exemplary deportment was the theme of the aged, the attraction of the young, and the admiration of all. He had, therefore, no craving after a more operative faith, and least of all could he be induced to embrace doctrines which were so favourable to publicans and sinners; which seemed, in his mistaken views, to level all moral distinctions, and to extend its benefits to the most undeserving of mankind. The pride of his virtue, which was the canker-worm at its root, armed him against the restorative system of the Gospel. His very righteousness was a guarantee to the world that he would never condescend to adopt the faith of Christ.

The patriotism of St. Paul may be considered as another powerful influence to shield him from all impressions favourable to Christianity. In his view, the prosperity of his country depended in a great degree upon its exclusive religious advantages, upon its temple, its priesthood, and its sacrifices. Christianity gloried in removing all these characteristic distinctions; it aimed to break down the wall of partition between Jews and Gentiles. Christ taught that though salvation was of the Jews, his religion would introduce a new era, in which his faithful disciples would no longer plead for the sanctity of places, the sacred-

ness of vestments, or the holiness of one nation in preference to another. And though his apostles did not, at first, imbibe this spirit of universality, which is the very essence of the Gospel; yet the pious and zealous Israelite perceived in the system a subtle and powerful enemy to his national glory. Saul of Tarsus, from the natural ardour of his character, his youth, and the peculiar energy of his religious feelings, was an unsophisticated and devoted patriot. Of this we cannot doubt, when we consider that many years after his conversion to Christianity, when his views were liberal, and his philanthropy embraced the whole human race, the love of kindred and of country became literally the agony of his noble spirit, and he almost wished himself accursed that his brethren might be saved. He was willing to be immolated, if the sacrifice might appease the wrath of Heaven which was about to be poured forth on his unhappy nation. Yet Christianity denounced Judaism as a religion, that in its rites and circumstances must yield to a more spiritual worship, which was no longer to be confined within the peculiarities of one people, but to extend its blessings to the whole human family. In the progress and ultimate success of the Gospel, the apostle beheld all that was destructive of his most fondly cherished hopes. He saw the star of his country setting in everlasting darkness. With what indignation, therefore, must he have regarded the sad omen of national ruin! We do not wonder that his fury against the rising cause was ungovernable. We are not surprised that he persecuted the Christians even to strange cities, that he haled both men and women to prison, and was exceedingly mad against them.

Thus we are brought to consider another mighty obstacle to the apostle's embracing Christianity, namely, a high and growing reputation, as a zealous opposer of the new opinions. He was not merely a Jew and a Pharisee: he was a distinguished and most zealous partizan of his sect. The chief priests honoured him with their approbation and patronage. His fame was spread through all the region of Judea; it had even reached Damascus. Christians heard his name with terror and dismay. He was the prop and the champion of the old religion; the avowed and notorious exterminator of the new. In this sanguinary undertaking he left his compeers at a hopeless distance behind him. He breathed threatening and slaughter, and made havoc of the churches with all the malignant rage of a demon. And this was the path to honour and to wealth. His country's gratitude awaited his approach, and its rulers hailed him with the most flattering commendations. Thus he had passed the rubicon in his opposition to the Gospel. His character was pledged to perseverance in the career which he had begun. Even to relax in his zeal, he well knew would cover him

with disgrace; but to change sides, and to defend the faith he had laboured to destroy, would appear the extravagance of madness; and could not fail to draw upon him universal execration.

These considerations alone must convince every impartial mind, that nothing less than supernatural power could effect that change in St. Paul which we denominate his conversion; unless, indeed, outward circumstances of resistless energy, and which have been known to operate the most astonishing moral revolutions, conspired to new-model his character, and altogether to reverse the object of his pursuit. Controlled by pleasure, wealth, or fame, instances have occurred in which men have abandoned their religion, their kindred, and their country; in which, in fact, they have consented, if I may so speak, to become exiles from themselves. Was St. Paul allured and determined by one or all of these? Were his principles undermined, and the austerity of his manners subdued in bowers of wanton ease, in the voluptuous paradise of sensual and intoxicating joy? Did Christianity open to his view her harems of delight, and dazzle and bewilder his senses with the blandishments of beauty, and the inspiring pomp of earthly splendour? Did she present the Circean cup to her half-yielding convert, and complete a victory over his reason and religion, by gratifying his appetites, and inflaming his passions. She allured by no such rewards, she held forth no such promises. To the votaries of pleasure her aspect was grave, dignified, and severe. If she awakened the susceptible part of human nature, it was to pain and apprehension. To the rigid morality of Judaism she added precepts of her own, and took from it the solace of its pride; she demanded truth in the inward parts, and called her disciple to incessant warfare with himself. She brought the sincerity and the strength of his professed attachment to her cause to the test of suffering. Crucifixion was her goal, and persecution the handmaid that led to it. Instead of harems, and bowers, and the charms of beauty, she presented racks and dungeons, and the grim visage of the executioner. The rich man, who at that period professed to be her follower, was instantly deprived of his wealth by the rapacity of his cruel enemies, or he voluntarily shared it with his brethren in tribulation. Property was disregarded by those who had all things in common, and who were in daily expectation of martyrdom. And honour, such as attracts the world's ambition, and for which aspiring mortals toil, and agonise, and die, Christianity not only refused to confer, but she regarded it with indifference, almost bordering on contempt. She taught her votaries to renounce it with cheerfulness, and to glory only in the Cross. The moment a man became a Christian, he lost his rank and station in society. Every path to preferment was shut

against him; his name was synonymous with infamy. And this was the case, not in Judea alone, but throughout the civilised world. Jews and pagans, who agreed in nothing else, forgot all their differences, when Christians were to be hunted, vilified, and murdered. The philosophers, the priests, and the people, were alike virulent and hostile. The history of the Christian church, in the early ages, abundantly confirms these assertions. The life of Paul is an evidence in point, and establishes their truth. What inducement, then, had he to become a Christian? He was armed against Christianity by a combination of mighty causes which could not but inflame his enmity; and with this enmity those circumstances which have the greatest power over the minds of men were altogether in alliance.

But it may be said the apostle was desirous of placing himself at the head of the Christian sect, imagining that his superior learning, talents, and influence would render it formidable, and perhaps ultimately triumphant. To this we reply, the supposition is incredible. It proceeds on the principle that St. Paul knew that Christ was an impostor, and his religion a cunningly devised fable. For if he really believed in Christ, and embraced the Gospel as divine, he could not have entertained the views imputed to him. And can it for a moment be conceived that for the sake of propping up a falling imposture and becoming notorious as the first disciple in the school of one who was himself crucified, and whose followers were daily experiencing the same doom, with every probability that he could achieve nothing but his own ruin, that a man of St. Paul's talents and acquirements, station and character, would have thus tempted his fate? He must have relinquished the most substantial advantages, and on a sudden commenced villain from the sheer love of duplicity, with no other prospect before him than that of a violent and disgraceful death.

But it may still be asked, if not a deceiver himself, might not St. Paul have been the dupe of imposture? I answer, that this position is quite as untenable as the last.

That in his conversion, the apostle was not imposed upon by the arts and machinations of men, I think is evident, from the nature and circumstances of that event, from its immediate consequences, from the subsequent undiminished acuteness of his mind, and from the natural candour and magnanimity of his disposition.*

* In order that the reader may have in his view the full and particular narrative of the event under discussion, I entreat him to read with great care the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; the 22d chapter of the Acts, from the 10th to the end of the 16th verse; the 12th and 18th verses of the 9th chapter of the same book, together with part of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, beginning at the 11th verse, and ending with the 16th; the 3d chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians from the 4th to the end of the 8th verse; 1 Tim. i. 12, 13; 2 Cor. i.; 1 Col. i. 1; 1 Tim. i. 1; 1 Cor. xv. 8.

CATS.

ARTICLE V.

If ever there is one hour in the whole twenty-four in which cats combine in themselves all the "horribly disagreeable" that attaches to nuisance and abomination, it is most assuredly in that hour

"When weary mortals seek repose,"

and all "the brute creation" is as "dead asleep" as door-nails, cats alone excepted. Their meetings, their conferences, their disputes, their arguments, their love-feasts and their quarrels, are all arranged in that "witching hour" when the wide dark world is, as Wordsworth has it,

"Quiet as a nun—breathless with adoration."

The following descriptive account of one of these unholy night-watches is given by a correspondent, who was "on the spot." He was a witness to the whole transaction, and can therefore "vouch for its truth."

A BATTLE OF CATS.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the slates!"

Miss Tabitha having made an assignation with Tom Tortoiseshell, the feline phenomenon, they two sit curmurring, forgetful of mice and milk, of all but love! How meekly mews the demure, relapsing into that sweet under-song—the purr! and how curls Tom's whiskers, like those of a Pashaw! The point of his tail, and the point only, is alive; insidiously turning itself, with serpent-like seduction, towards that of Tabitha, pensive as a nun. His eyes are rubies, hers emeralds, as they should be; his lightning, hers lustre: for in her sight he is the lord, and in his she is the lady of creation.

"O happy love! when love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:—
If earth a draught of heavenly pleasure share,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale."

Woman or cat, she who hesitates, is lost. But Diana, shining in heaven, the goddess of the silver bow, sees the peril of poor Pussy, and interposes her celestial aid to serve the vestal. An enormous grimalkin, almost a wild cat, comes rattling along the roof, down from the chimney-top, and Tom Tortoiseshell, leaping from love to war, tackles to the red rover in single combat—sniff, snuff, splatter, squeak, squall, caterwaul, and throttle!

"From the soft music of the spinning purr,
When no stiff hair disturbs the glossy fur,
The whining wail, so piteous and so faint,
When through the house paws move with long complaint,

To that unearthly, throttling caterwaul,
When feline legions storm the midnight wall,
And chaunt, with short snuff and alternate hiss,
The dismal song of hymeneal bliss."

Over the eaves sweeps the airy hurricane. Two cats in one, like a prodigious monster with eight legs, and a brace of heads and tails; and through among the lines on which clothes are hanging in the back green, and which break the fall, the dual number plays squelch on the miry herbage.

The four-story fall has given them fresh fury and more fiery life. What tails! Each as thick as my arm, and rustling with electricity, like the northern streamers. The red rover is generally uppermost, but not always, for Tom has him by the jugular, like a very bull-dog, and his small, sharp, tiger-teeth, entangled in the fur, pierce deeper and deeper into the flesh, while Tommy keeps tearing away at his rival, as if he would eat his way into his windpipe. Heavier than Tom Tortoiseshell is the red rover by a good many pounds; but what is weight to elasticity—what is body to soul? In the long tussle, the hero ever vanquishes the ruffian.

Cats' heads are seen peering over the tops of walls, and then their lengthening bodies, running crouchingly along the coping-stones, with pricked-up ears and glaring eyes, all attracted towards one common centre—the back-green of the inextinguishable battle. Some dropping, and some leaping down, from all altitudes; lo! a general *melée*! For Tabitha, having through a skylight forced her way down stairs, and out of the kitchen window into the back area, is sitting pensively on the steps;

"And, like another Helen, fires another Troy!"

Detachments come wheeling into the field of battle from all imaginable and unimaginable quarters; and you now see before you all the cats in Edinburgh, Stockbridge, and the suburbs. Up fly a thousand windows from ground-flat to attic, and what an exhibition of nightcaps! Here elderly gentlemen, apparently in their shirts, with head night-gear from Kilmarnock, worthy of Tappitomy's self; behind them their wives, grandmothers, at the least, poking their white faces, like those of sheeted corpses, over the shoulders of the fathers of their numerous progeny; there chariest maids, prodigal enough to unveil their beauties to the moon, yet, in their alarm, folding the frills of their chemises across their bosoms; and, lo! yonder the captain of the Six Feet Club, with his gigantic shadow, frightening that pretty damsel back to her couch, and till morning haunting her troubled dreams! "Fire! fire!" "Murder! murder!" is the cry;

and there is wrath and wonderment at the absence of the police-officers and engines. A most multitudinous murder is in process of perpetration there, but as yet fire there is none; when lo! and hark! the flash and peal of musketry; and then the music of the singing slugs, slaughtering the catti, while bouncing up into the air, with Tommy Tortoise clinging to his carcass, the red rover yowls wolfishly to the moon, and then descending like lead into the stone area, gives up his nine ghosts, never to chew cheese more, and dead as a herring. In mid-air the phenomenon had let go his hold, and seeing it in vain to oppose the yeomanry, pursues Tabitha, the innocent cause of all this woe, into the coal-cellar, and there, like Paris and Helen,

"When first entranced, in Canoe's ale they lay,
Lip pressed to lip, and breathed their souls away."

The fearless pair begin to purr and play in that

subterranean paradise, forgetful of the pile of cat-corpse that in that catastrophe was heaped half-way up the currant-bushes on the walks, so indiscriminate had been the strages. All undreamed of by them, the beauty of the rounded moon, now hanging over the city, once more steeped in stillness and in sleep!*

No battle was ever more admirably described, no field-marshal's dispatch ever described the onslaught and victory over an enemy with more punctilious precision; the rapid interchange between thought and action is most vividly portrayed; Cesar's *veni, vidi, vici*, is a fool to it, begging the Roman general's pardon; and the anti-cruelty-to-animal climax of the slug-slaughtered cat chief, gives a most sanguinary finish to the whole "affair," and puts the sign and seal of "inimitable" to the whole. EPHON.

* Blackwood's Magazine—"Noctes Ambrosianæ."

THE EVENING OF A VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

WHILE our shrub walks darken,
And the stars yet bright aloft,
Sit we still and hearken
To the music low and soft;
By the old oak yonder,
Where we watch the setting sun,
Listening to the far-off thunder
Of the multitude as one.

Sit, my best beloved,
In the waving light;
Yield thy spirit to the teaching
Of each sound and sight;
While those sounds are flowing
To their silent rest,
While the parting wake of sunlight
Broods along the west.

Sweeter 'tis to hearken
Than to bear a part,
Better to look on happiness
Than carry a light heart;
Sweeter to walk on cloudy hills,
With a sunny plain below,
Than to weary of the brightness
Where the floods of sunshine flow.

Souls that love each other
Join both joys in one,
Blest by others' happiness,
And nourished by their own.
So with quick reflection,
Each its opposite
Still gives back, and multiplies
To infinite delight.

H. A.

THE SHEPHERD.

A FACT.

NIGHT had come and gone away again; meanwhile, a copious fall of dew having washed dame Nature's face, she seemed more than usually fresh, vigorous, and healthy. Aurora chequered the heavens in richest hues, and swept the earth by a gentle breeze, as if to awake each flower and herb to feel the magic of the scene. Broad rose the sun behind the distant mountains; and never did even lovely morning appear more lovely, for every thing below and above spoke only of peace, beauty, and joy.

As the day, however, advanced, these softer enchantments were replaced by others more affluent but oppressive: the heat and the glare grew intense, the atmosphere became motionless as death, and all felt enervated or subdued by excess of physical glory. This was especially the case in one of the southern counties of Wales, where the following circumstance occurred, and gave rise to the appended reflections.

On the western extremity of the hundred of Dewsland, the traveller may see a farm-house situated on the brow of a hill whose base is washed by the little river Ilew. Here it was once intended to erect a church to the memory of the famed Saint David; but tradition tells us, that repeated attempts proved the scheme to be impracticable, for, fast as the materials were collected in the day, some invisible power scattered them all during the night. At length application was made to Yeuan Ddoeth, who lived in an artificial cave near the summit of Trelwyd Carn, where he was known to hold hourly converse with the mysterious and supernatural. The reply of the bard was, "The stars can be conquered only by obedience; and Heaven's favourite can be honoured only by following Heaven's plans. Find out, then, the proper site; and future ages, as they rise, shall rise to bless you and your works."

By further instructions of the seer, one of

those gigantic stones called in the principality "Sampson's Quoits,"—specimens of which are seen at Stonehenge,—was placed on a new-made car of solid oak, drawn by two hundred red heifers. The procession moved on in solemn pomp, from place to place, for several weeks, till on the first of March it reached the upper end of the valley, where the stone suddenly leaped off from the car, and settled itself in the ground in the best architectural position. Here, therefore, soon arose the gorgeous cathedral of Menevia, formerly an archiepiscopal see, and metropolis of the British church; but now, though still retaining the name of a city, reduced in shattered magnificence to a mere village left "alone in its glory."

But to return to my story. About two o'clock, p.m., an old man was seen wending his way towards the farm-house already mentioned. His crook and his dog announced him to be a shepherd, while the benevolence and tenderness that marked his countenance beamed as pledges that he would "gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young." Just as he entered the courtyard, he was met by the farmer, when the following dialogue commenced:—

Farmer.—"Well, James, and what has brought you here this time o' day?"

Shepherd.—"Headach, master, headach; I can't stand this burning sun; so I am hunting for a little shade till the twilight."

F.—"Meantime, what have you done with the sheep?"

S.—"O, sir, they are down in the Craigfelt, looking comfortable enough. Poor innocents! I wouldn't neglect them for the world; for ever since my father died, now fifty years, I have loved them all as my own lambs."

F.—"Yes, yes, James, I know all that, I know you love them, and dare say they love you too. But you look ill; so you'd better go to bed at once, and then, at break of day, you will be able to bid the lambs a 'good morning.'"

The old man obeyed, and went to rest, only first giving Hector, his faithful dog, an early supper. And now, whilst he is supposed to sleep, we may take occasion to describe the Craigfelt, where he had left the flock.

To form an accurate conception of this, the reader is to imagine two ranges of hills covered with trees, interspersed by stupendous masses of rock, meeting each other about half a mile below the present site of the city, so as to form an acute angle, leaving only a narrow outlet for the river. Nothing can surpass the richness and beauty of this scenery in fine weather; and, on the other hand, during the floods, few places can equal it in grandeur and sublimity; for at such times the waters cover the whole valley, and rush out at the lower end with a force that sweeps every thing before them.

Now, however, all was exquisitely calm, and steeped in sweetest amenities and romance; the birds poured forth their liveliest melodies, as if in concert with the tinkling bells, to soothe the sheep; and the lambs, in wooted gambols, chased each other round some willow trees that fenced a gurgling well. Lambs! beautiful creatures! they always look happy; but this day, as if the butcher's knife (*horresco referens*) had been annihilated for ever, they held a special jubilee of frolicking.

Soon after this, perhaps about four o'clock, a small dark speck presented itself on the horizon, followed by an enormous cumulus of most ominous appearance. Then came a full battalion of clouds, skirted by a fleecy little emigrant which the weather-wise call "storm-cap." The cattle became restless in the field; the ducks and geese screamed and rioted in the pond; and the fowls of the yard shook and flapped their wings, stretched their legs, and gradually went to roost; the leaves of the trees mysteriously trembled beneath some noiseless and viewless agency; while the whole heavens kept accumulating their auguries of dread. By this time, the most inexperienced could have prophesied the approach of a thunder-storm, when a cold puff of wind, a vivid flash, and loud report, told that it was actually come. Large, heavy drops now fell in thick succession, until at length, to use a common phrase, the rain poured down in torrents.

The farmer then bethought himself of the poor sheep, and saw that unless they were immediately removed, they would infallibly be drowned. Unwilling, however, to disturb the old shepherd, he sent half a dozen boys, with their complement of dogs, to fetch them home. But this was no easy task, for the plains were already inundated to a depth of three or four inches.

To make the matter plainer, I must premise that from the Craigfelt there was only one way of egress, which lay close to the shepherd's hut. Here there was a narrow passage over a bank, leading to more elevated ground. The sheep had climbed it a thousand times, without any difficulty; but, strange to say, nothing could induce them to attempt it now. The men kept beating and pushing, and the dogs acted their part in barking and biting; but all was of no use. They even dragged up several by main force; but instead of the rest following them, they immediately jumped back to the flock. There was, however, no time for consultation or retreat, for the waters were rising higher and higher every moment, and the sheep becoming proportionally more timid and obstinate.

Meanwhile the uproar awoke the old man, who, coming out into his garden to ascertain the cause, exclaimed, "Holloa, here! what's all this row?"

The sheep saw him not, but they heard his

voice; they argued that as he was near, all must be meant for the best; and impelled by an universal spirit of obedience and gratitude, they shouted "*Ba, ba, ba!*" and struggled for the first to pass. Thus is persuasion better than force: had they continued diffident only for ten minutes longer, they must all have been lost; but they placed confidence in their benefactor,

and by virtue of that confidence all their lives were saved.

This needs no comment: "And a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers. But when the good Shepherd putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them; and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice." F. F.

REVIEW.

The Christmas Library. Vol. I. Birds and Flowers, and other Country Things. By MARY HOWITT. London: Darton and Clark.

THIS is a beautiful little book, whether we regard its literature or its embellishments. The former department has been confided to one whose name is not unknown in the walks of poetry, and who has proved herself admirably fitted for the task assigned her by the spirited publishers. The sentiments, the illustrations, the diction, are alike excellent, and do honour to the head and the heart of the fair authoress. We may venture fearlessly to predict great success to the series of publications of which we are informed in the preface this volume is the first, if this may be regarded as a faithful specimen. The plates are exceedingly well executed, and are among the best of wood-engravings we have ever seen. To the class of readers for whom, ostensibly, the work has been published,—the young,—it cannot fail to be attractive; but persons of a larger growth will find, in this beautiful volume, much to interest and to instruct. All who love to drink of the pure and unadulterated streams of poetry, will here be able to gratify their taste. We had marked three or four pieces for quotation, that our readers might judge for themselves as to the merits of the work, but can only find room for two. We present them for their perusal, with a cordial recommendation to our young friends to obtain the volume whence they are extracted.

THE PHEASANT.

"The stock-dove builds in the old oak wood,
The rook in the elm-tree rears his brood,
The owl in a ruin doth hoot and stare,
The mavis and merle build every where;
But not for these will we go to-day,
'Tis the pheasant that lures us hence away,
The beautiful pheasant that loves to be
Where the young green brooks are waving free.

Away to the woods with the silvery rind,
And the emerald tresses afloat on the wind;
For 'tis joy to go to those sylvan bowers
When summer is rich with leaves and flowers,
And to see, 'mid the growth of all lovely things,
The joyous pheasant unfold his wings,
And then cower down, as if to screen
His gorgeous purple, gold, and green.

The streams run on in music low;
'Twill be joy by their flowery banks to go;
'Twill be joy to come to the calamus beds,
Where a broken root such odour sheds,
And to see how the water-sedge uplifts
Its spires and crowns—the summer's gifts;
To see the loosestrife's purple spear,
And the wind through the waving reeds to hear.

Then on through hawtholly lanes away,
To the light-green fields all clear of hay,
Where, along the thick hedge-side, we greet
Tall purple vetch and meadow-sweet;
Past old farm-house and water-mill;
Where the great coltsfoot grows wild as will;
Where the water-rat swims calm and cool,
And pite back in the deep mill-pool.

So on and away to the mossy moor,
Stretching on for many a mile before,
A fine-keen wild, where all around
Some rare and beautiful thing is found—

Green mosses many, and sundew red,
And the cotton-rush with its plummy head,
The spicy sweet-gale leved so well,
And golden wastes of the asphodel.

Yet on and on, o'er the springy moss,
We have yet the bog-rush bed to cross;
And then a-sigh, all shunning green,
To the sunny breeze, are the birch-woods seen;
Than the green birch-wood, a lovelier spot
In the realms of fairy-land was not;—
And the pheasant is there, all life, all grace,
The lord of this verdurous dwelling-place.

O, beautiful bird! in thy stately pride,
Thou wast made in a waste of flowers to hide,
And to fling to the sun the glorious hues
Of thy rainbow-gold, thy greens and blues.
Yea, beautiful pheasant, the birch-wood bowers,
Rich many-formed leaves, bright-throated flowers,
Broad masses of shade, and the sunshine free,
In thy gorgeous beauty, are meet for thee."

The following lines are full of sweetness—"Summer music is their flowing:"

LITTLE STREAMS.

"Little streams, in light and shadow,
Flowing through the pasture-meadow;
Flowing by the green way-side;
Through the forest dim and wide;
Through the hamlet still and small;
By the cottage; by the hall;
By the ruined abbey still;
Turning, here and there, a mill;
Bearing tribute to the river,
Little streams, I love you ever!

Summer music is their flowing;
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocent and small;
Little birds come down to drink
Fearless on their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low;
And between the sunshine glancing,
In their little waves is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a many;
Beautiful and fair as any;
Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
Willow-herb with cotton-seed;
Arrow-head with eye of jet,
And the water-violet;
There the flowering rush you meet,
And the plummy meadow-sweet;
And in places deep and stillly,
Marble-like—the water-lily.

Little streams, their voices cheery,
Sound forth welcomes to the weary,
Flowing on from day to day
Without stint and without stay.
In the old times, pilgrims drank;
Here, upon their flowering bank,
Here have seen, as now, pass by
Kingfisher and dragon-fly;
Those bright things that have their dwelling
Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring not and gliding slowly;
Up in mountain hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play,—
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast,
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever!"

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

A CITY OF THE PLAGUE.—The following account, given by Fuller, of a city labouring under the horrors of plague, cannot be perused without exciting a painful interest on the present occasion:—"We were," says he in his "Turkish Tour," "closely confined within the walls of the consulate, and all persons from without were as rigidly excluded. The gate which opened from the court into the street was strictly closed, and the only communication was through a hatch door cut in it. The key of this was not intrusted even to the servants. Each of the company took charge of it in his turn for a day; and it was his business to see that every thing supposed capable of communicating the contagion was duly purified before it was allowed to pass into the house. These precautions were, at any rate, useful, as giving a feeling of security; but I have no doubt that the distinction between such objects as are called 'susceptible,' (to use the technical phrase,) and such as are not, is frequently arbitrary, and that the *index expurgatorius* in this, as in other instances, is tinged by prejudice and caprice. Happily some of the articles of most frequent use, such as bread, iron, and wood, for example, were allowed to pass without suspicion; but meat and all animal substances, and money of every kind, were thrown, with iron tongs or shovels, into a large tub, and compelled to pass through the watery ordeal. Letters, books, and papers, on the other hand, are purified by fire, or, at least, by smoke, being placed on a sort of chafing-dish, and fumigated with a compound of drugs which is any thing but aromatic; and if it should be necessary to affix a signature to any document, a plate of glass is introduced between the paper and the hand of the writer. The cats, who in their nocturnal rambles are supposed to carry with them the seeds of contagion, are condemned to indiscriminate slaughter whenever they are seen creeping along the walls or on the housetops; and when terror is at its height, even the flies are objects of alarm, and the sports of Domitian are revived."

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—In the "Table-Talk of Cambaceres," published in Paris, there is an anecdote of Napoleon, which we shall extract; it is related by Cambaceres, and is an account of his interview with that extraordinary man. At the end of 1794, Aubry, then the president of the war committee, was jealous of General Bonaparte, and, on some occasion, reproached him with being young. "People soon get old in the battle field," replied Napoleon; "and I am just come from it." Aubry soon after preferred a charge of insubordination against the too youthful general; and Cambaceres, as a matter of course, signed his dismissal. We relate the sequel in Cambaceres' own words: "A few days after, a person knocked at my door at eight o'clock in the morning. On entering, I beheld a short, slim, sallow-faced young man, not over-nice in his toilet. His hair was smoothed down, and hanging in dog's ears, which was then the fashion. His dress was after his own fashion: his boots too short, his coat too long, his cravat rumpled, and his hat gave evidence of long service. But amid this strangeness of appearance and attire, I could not but notice a small white hand exquisitely formed; a mouth beautiful, especially when animated by a smile of benevolence or irony; and then his eyes! they were those of the lion and the eagle—two perpetual flashes of lightning—mild, terrible, interrogative, confiding, and expressing the sublime feelings of genius and magnanimity. He had the appearance of a king under the disguise of a poor suitor; or, more correctly speaking, of Jupiter ready to visit Philemon and Baucis. His voice was full, sonorous, and vibrating; it agitated the heart. His gestures were easy, simple, and noble, but always commanding. Intellectual power was manifest; in short, the fascination of this young man was magical and irresistible. The moment he appeared no one could contest his being entitled to the first place; and this was my own feeling. 'Citizen,' said he, 'I am General Bonaparte, whom you have unjustly dismissed.'"

NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

EGYPT.—During the plague season the Coptic priests recite the prayers of the dead over their congregations in the churches; and if any of them die between that day and their next meeting, their bodies are interred without the prayer being repeated.

Saturday is considered among modern Egyptians as so unfortunate a day, that it is considered wrong to commence a journey, or even to shave or cut the nails on it.

Among the singular superstitions of the Egyptians is one which renders yawning particularly obnoxious, they believing that the devil is apt to leap into a gaping mouth.

CHINA.—On dinner being announced, we were conducted to a circular table, and each provided with a pair of ivory chop-sticks, mounted with silver, a silver ladle, a small cup of soy, a saucer for the bowls out of which we were to eat, and an elegant richly-gilt silver cup, with two handles, on a stand of similar materials. This cup was used for drinking sucsung, the wine of the country, and did not contain more than the old-fashioned Chinese tea-cups. After drinking the health of one of the party, it was usual to turn the inside of the cup towards him, to show that it was empty. The wine was presented boiling-hot, and the cups replenished at every remove. In addition, each European was supplied with a knife and fork and some meat. The table was laid out with eight small dishes containing articles to whet the appetite, such as cold dried pork, called *chin-chew*, grated so fine that it resem-

bled red-coloured wool, some chips of dried salt-fish and ham, roast chicken cut into small pieces, shaped like dice, pig's tongue, salt fish and eggs mixed up with tar-oil. These delicacies were cold, remaining on the table throughout the entertainment, and were paid uncommon attention to by the Chinese, at every opportunity afforded them by the removal of the bowls. The dinner commenced with a large bowl of bird's-nest soup, from which each person helped himself; it was very insipid until flavoured with soy—the necessary condiments of salt and pepper appearing to be wholly neglected in Chinese cookery. The second dish was shark's-fin soup with balls of crab, followed by divers others, amongst which was a vegetable soup made from prepared sea-weed from the coast of Japan. This weed, which is called "*taychoy*," resembled, in its dried state, the pith found in the hollow of a quill, but in the soup the taste is similar to that of celery. There were also in the soup slices of young bamboo, and roots of the white water-lily, each having a peculiar and agreeable flavour. After the soups came stewed mutton, but as fine and tender as vermicelli; the gravy delicious. This was followed by roasted pigeons' eggs, in a very rich gravy. We found it no easy matter, however, to transfer these eggs from the bowl to our cups by means of chopsticks. The Chinese do not clean or change their chopsticks during dinner; but each thrusts his own into every dish, and helps himself throughout the repast. —*Alexander's East India Magazine.*

LIFE OF ST. PAUL.

ARTICLE II.

WHEN this event happened, the subject of it was in the height of his popularity, and in the midst of his career, as a persecutor of the Christians; he was not alone; but in the company of men of similar habits and professions; he was the inquisitor-general, and they the subalterns under his command. What took place was at noon, and in the highway. It was not the result of human contrivance or ingenuity; it was a light in the heavens, far brighter than the sun, and so powerful that it struck St. Paul and his companions to the earth. At the same moment, there was, to the apprehension of his fellow-travellers, loud thundering; but the apostle heard a voice addressing him by name. Jesus of Nazareth spake to him from the unparalleled and miraculous glory; revealed himself to him; converted him to the faith; and opened to him his future employment and destiny.

On rising from the ground, St. Paul felt that he was blind; and he was led by his friends to Damascus, where Ananias, a Christian, had been prepared, by a communication from heaven, to receive him, and to restore his sight. Such were the circumstances of this event. They were known to several witnesses; to the persecuting associates of the apostle; to Christians and others at Damascus. This thing, as St. Paul wisely said, on another occasion, was not done in a corner. Now, what I infer from all this, is, that if it had not been substantially true, and if its falsehood in any essential circumstance could have been established, it is incredible that the rulers and chief priests of the Jews, who afterwards pursued the apostle with virulence and malice, did not contradict and disprove the tale, when it was so often repeated by him in the defences which he made of his conduct before Felix, Festus, Agrippa, and Nero. But, instead of calling witnesses, instead of meeting him on the broad ground of facts, they allowed him, in every trial, to gain his cause; and contented themselves with exciting against him popular tumult and fury. The case was thoroughly sifted by friends and enemies; for the Christians were at first afraid to receive their new ally; and the story was so marvellous, and its effects so amazing on the character of the individual who related it, that it became a matter of great notoriety, and was so often discussed, that St. Paul appeals to King Agrippa, as possessing a perfect acquaintance with the fact and its principal circumstances. Indeed, he declared, in open court, and dared his enemies to contradict him:—"These things know all the Jews."

The immediate consequence of this event was, the retirement of the apostle into Arabia, for a

few weeks; during which time, it is evident, he was instructed by special revelation, in all the mystery of the doctrine of Christ; for, immediately on his return to Damascus, we are informed, "He straightway preached Christ in the synagogues, that he was the Son of God." Now, this is almost as great a miracle as his conversion. That, without the instructions of men, he should be thoroughly acquainted with all the facts in the history of Jesus; the whole compass of the sublime and pure doctrines which were taught by the other apostles, in their mutual connexion, and as they illustrate and confirm the economy of Moses; that he should possess all this knowledge, and be able readily to communicate it, not only to men already Christians, but to confound the opposition of unbelieving and prejudiced Jews, is altogether wonderful; and the conclusion is inevitable, that he was called and qualified to be an apostle by the miraculous interposition of the Almighty.

We may also reasonably conclude, as well from the history, as from the acuteness of the apostle's mind, that if he had been foully practised upon by deception and fraud, that he must in the course of years have detected the imposture. It is not conceivable, that human agency could have created such scenes as took place on the road to Damascus, and in the city itself. But if, by bare possibility it could be imagined, such circumstances might have been combined, and made to operate so as to produce a result so mighty and complete, it is not within the wide range of the possible to believe, that the agents of the plan could have effectually concealed themselves from the prying curiosity of the world; least of all, that they could have been long hidden from St. Paul himself; for, as he was to act so conspicuous a part in the great drama of delusion, his initiation into the whole arcana became a matter of necessity. But with what indignation would the apostle have repelled both the men and their artifices! How readily would he have returned to the religion he had forsaken! How eagerly would the chief priests and rulers have received him again into their confidence! With what honours would they have rewarded him! And what an agent would he have been to expose the vile imposture which had deluded and destroyed so many victims!

From the natural candour and magnanimity of his disposition, we may be convinced that he would have acted in this manner. In his conversion, he afforded an illustrious example, how entirely he could yield to his convictions. He was so candid, and so ready to admit evidence, when it fairly came before him, and so

great was his love of integrity, that he thought none could be destitute of it, but that all men must be willing to listen to truth, and to obey her dictates. This we perceive from what he says, Acts xxii. 17-21: "When I was come again to Jerusalem, I was in a trance, and saw him saying unto me, Make haste and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem; for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me. And I said, Lord, they know, that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue those that believed on thee. And he said unto me, Depart; for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." He imagined, that an account of his conversion, who once was so opposite, and the reasons of it, if fairly laid before them, must persuade them. His mind, then, was too acute to be long deceived; and his disposition too just not to resent the indignity, the moment he discovered it. The conclusion, therefore, must be, that the facts took place precisely as they are related in the New Testament. But infidelity is not easily to be repulsed. It has another poisoned arrow in its quiver, with which to assail the character and testimony of St. Paul. It seems, he was a man of sanguine temperament, and became suddenly an enthusiastic devotee. In other words, he was seized with religious insanity. But how is this charge supported? It does not appear in any part of his conduct, nor can it be proved from his numerous epistles.

Believing Christianity to be divine, he conferred not with flesh and blood, but instantly obeyed its commands. He yielded implicitly to its spirit. It was of little consequence to him with what contempt the world regarded him. "What things were gain to him, those he counted loss for Christ." If this was enthusiasm, it was the enthusiasm of animated truth, the fire of a highly intellectual spirit warmed into rapture by an intense contemplation of the first fair, and the first good.

Had St. Paul's change been the effect of mental disease, it would have carried to excess his thoughts and feelings in the direction towards which they usually pointed. If the vision which he saw in the road to Damascus had been the illusion of a disordered brain, in all probability it would have sanctioned the undertaking in which he was engaged. Mysterious and heavenly voices would have foretold the extermination of Christianity, and in the pride of his heart, he would have viewed himself as the accredited scourge of God upon the devoted Christians. His companions would have witnessed his ravings, and lamented the wreck of so fine a spirit. But that his enthusiasm should enlist him on the side of the persecuted and dishonoured sect he was commissioned to destroy, is an hallucination not to be found among the almost infinitely varied extravagancies of human insanity.

Nor was the apostle inflated with visions and revelations. He never alludes to any thing supernatural in his history but with evident reluctance, and with the deepest humility. He never rushed into danger, but always avoided it when it was in his power, and resisted it by every lawful means. We discover in him nothing of fanatical and imposing insolence. He studied the human heart, and softened rather than aggravated the prejudices he was anxious to subdue. Once he saved his life by a dexterous use of his understanding. "There was at Athens (says Lord Lyttleton) a law, which made it capital to introduce or teach any new gods in their state. Therefore, when Paul was preaching Jesus and the resurrection to the Athenians, some of them carried him before the court of Areopagus, the ordinary judges of criminal matters, and in a particular manner entrusted with the care of religion, as having broken this law and being a setter forth of strange gods." Now, in this case, an impostor would have retracted his doctrine to save his life, and an enthusiast would have lost his life, without trying to save it by innocent means. St. Paul did neither the one nor the other; he availed himself of an altar which he found in the city, inscribed "To the unknown God," and pleaded that he did not propose to them the worship of any new God, but only explained to them one whom their government had already received:—"Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." By this he avoided the law, and escaped being condemned by the Areopagus, without departing in the least from the truth of the Gospel or violating the honour of God. An admirable proof, in my opinion, of the good sense with which he acted, and one that shows there was no mixture of fanaticism in his religion." Many similar proofs to the same effect might be adduced.

His letters furnish evidence equally convincing of "the soundness and sobriety of his judgment." "His caution in distinguishing between the occasional suggestions of inspiration, and the ordinary exercise of his natural understanding, is without example in the history of human enthusiasm. His morality is every where calm, pure, and rational; adapted to the condition, the activity, and the business of social life, and of its various relations; free from the over-scrupulousness and austerities of superstition; and from what was more particularly to be apprehended, the abstractions of quietism, and the soarings and extravagancies of fanaticism. His judgment concerning a hesitating conscience; his opinion of the moral indifferency of many actions, yet of the prudence and even the duty of compliance, where non-compliance would produce evil effects upon the minds of the persons who observed it, is as correct and just as the most liberal and enlightened moralist could form at this day."

What Lord Lyttleton has remarked of the

preference ascribed by St. Paul to inward rectitude of principle above every other religious accomplishment, is very material to our present purpose. In his first epistle to the Corinthians, xiii. 1—3, St. Paul has these words: "though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing; and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Is this the language of enthusiasm? Did ever enthusiast prefer that universal benevolence which comprehendeth all moral virtues, and which, as appeareth by the following verses, is meant by charity here. Did ever enthusiast, I say, prefer that benevolence, to faith and to miracles, to those religious opinions which he had embraced, and to those supernatural graces and gifts, which he imagined he had acquired? Nay, even to the merit of martyrdom! Is it not the genius of enthusiasm, to set moral virtues infinitely below the merit of faith; and of all moral virtues, to value that least, which is most particularly enforced by St. Paul; a spirit of candour, moderation, and peace? Certainly, neither the temper, nor the opinions of a man, subject to fanatic delusions, are to be found in this passage. "I see no reason, therefore," subjoins Dr. Paley, "to question the integrity of his understanding. To call him a visionary, because he appealed to visions; or an enthusiast, because he pretended to inspiration, is to take the whole question for granted. It is to take for granted, that no such visions or inspirations existed. At least, it is to assume, contrary to his own assertions, that he had no other proofs than these to offer of his mission, or of the truth of his relations." On this branch of the subject, much more might be advanced. I refer the reader, who wishes to pursue it in all its extent, to Lord Lyttleton's valuable treatise, "On the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul."

In drawing to a close, it will be only necessary for me to state, that from the first hour of his conversion, to the day of his death, comprehending a period of, perhaps, forty years, St. Paul never wavered in his attachment to the cause he then began to espouse. He encountered all the reproach, and endured all the sufferings which he might have anticipated at his setting out; and at last sealed his testimony with his blood. His own account of his difficulties and sorrows is simple and unadorned, and must make its way to every bosom:—

"Whereof I Paul am made a minister, who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body's sake which is the church."

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men the most miserable."

"Why stand we in jeopardy every hour? I protest by your rejoicing, which I have in Christ Jesus, I die daily. If, after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantage hath it me, if the dead rise not?"

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me, and I unto the world."

"Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool,) I am more: in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prison more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes save one; thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren: in weariness, and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

"I think that God hath set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death; for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men. Even unto this present hour, we both hunger and thirst, and are naked and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place; and labour, working with our own hands; being reviled, we bless: being persecuted, we suffer it: being defamed, we intreat: we are made as the filth of the earth, and are the off-scouring of all things unto this day."

Be it remembered, all this suffering arose out of a voluntary devotedness to the religion of Christ. Pleasure, wealth, and fame, would have been purchased by renunciation and apostasy.

But thus the apostle laboured, journeyed, and endured, till he obtained something like a permanent residence at Rome. He witnessed the burning of the city, and suffered martyrdom by the order of Nero, with many other Christians, who were shamefully implicated by the detestable tyrant in the guilt of having produced the conflagration.

During his imprisonment, in the constant expectation of a dreadful doom, he calmly wrote to his youthful friend and beloved convert Timothy. How much of heavenly confidence is breathed in this epistle! Who can read it without emotion? Who does not venerate and love the honoured and holy sufferer? How unlike Paine, the infidel, who quarrelled with mankind because they were insensible to his merits, and degraded himself to be revenged on his species. While the one is all vindictive fury, denouncing equally friends and foes, we behold in the other, the meekness, the philanthropy, the gentleness of Christ. Like his Divine Master,

"He loved the world that hated him,
Assail'd by scandal, and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart."

The following is part of his exquisite valedictory address to Timothy :—

"But watch thou in all things; endure afflictions; do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry. For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto them also, that love his appearing."

Again: "Nevertheless, I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

This is a spirit which nothing but Christianity can impart; which is truly worthy of it; a spirit which rises with the difficulties it is destined to encounter; which derives from another world support under the trials of this; which is intrepid, without being harsh; kind, amidst insulting provocations; full of hope, when threatened with alarming dangers; and most solicitous for the happiness of others, when its own is exposed to the greatest peril. Let any man read this epistle and say, whether its writer can be an impostor or a fanatic. Every one must rise from the perusal inspired with exalted ideas of the truth and excellency of the Gospel; convinced that it loses nothing of its power, nothing of its attractive influence, in the hearts of its votaries, by the persecutions and afflictions which they suffer for its sake; but that, on the contrary, it becomes, on this very account, more endeared to them. This is one reason why Christianity has been invincible. Its enemies have been constrained to acknowledge, with mortification and shame, that Divine love in the hearts of Christians has been mightier than all their enmity; that, in spite of their united efforts to suppress, conquer, and destroy it, it is insuppressible, victorious, and immortal.

I would not attach unreasonable importance to the evidence of the apostle's sincerity, as it arises from this second epistle to Timothy; yet it is due to him that it should have its full weight, because it not only proves this point, but brings into view several other considerations of the highest moment. If he was a deceiver, it impeaches not only his integrity, but his humanity; and this last effort of his mind exhibits him in undiminished intellectual vigour. He was at this moment as well qualified to think, to compare, to judge, and determine, as at any former period of his life. What this epistle contains, was not

gathered from his lips during intervals from pain, and when oppressed with extreme weakness; he wrote it with his own hand. Every sentence is the result of calm deliberation. When he said, "I know whom I have believed; I am not ashamed; I am ready to be offered;" he was not hurried, or compelled thus to express himself by the ardour of his passions, the spirit of party, or the workings of fanaticism. Under the influence of these, the infidel makes his vain boast of infidelity; the zealot of the exclusive claims of his church; and the fanatic of his peculiar opinions. In that countenance, so full of mild benignity, where the eye of fire is softened by kindness, and the fine expression of energy is sobered by age, and over which piety has shed her holy lustre, we have an assurance, that what is solemnly uttered has been deliberately weighed, and that sentiments so recommended must deserve attention.

The apostle seems, in this epistle, to have summed up the results of all the most serious inquiries of his life. Having paused, considered, and taken a retrospect of all that he had known, heard, experienced, and felt of the truth of the Gospel, and the worth of his Saviour, he exclaims, "I know whom I have believed." Let this impressive and deliberate affirmation of one who had spent a long life in the service of Christianity, be set against the flippant witticisms and hasty conclusions of its adversaries, and we have nothing to fear from the contrast. The circumstances in which he was placed at this moment, and the person whom he addressed, give additional force to the declaration. He had been for some time under close confinement at Rome, at the mercy of a cruel and capricious tyrant; he had seen himself deserted by his friends in his greatest extremity; and had nothing before him but the certain prospect of being called to suffer death in the same cause to which he had devoted his life. In this situation how does he behave? Does he seem to look back with concern on his past conduct, or to regret the sacrifice he had made of all his worldly interests? Can we discover any thing that betrays a secret consciousness of guilt, or even a suspicion of the weakness of his cause? Nay, does he drop a single expression that can be interpreted as a mark of fear or discomposure of mind, in the apprehension of those gloomy scenes that lay before him? Surely if he had been an impostor, or had entertained the least doubt of the doctrines he taught, something of this kind must have escaped him when writing to so intimate a friend, with whom he could intrust all the secrets of his heart. On the contrary, upon the most calm and deliberate survey, he expresses an entire satisfaction in reflecting on the part he had acted; and earnestly recommends it to his beloved pupil to follow his example in maintaining the glorious cause even at the hazard of his life. He appears, throughout

the epistle, to have felt a strong inward conviction of the truth of those principles he had embraced, and glories in the sufferings he endured to support them, triumphing in the full assurance of being approved by his great Master, and of receiving at his hands a crown of distinguished lustre.

A behaviour like this, in one who had so considerable a share in establishing the Christian religion, and expected, in a short time, to seal his testimony to it with his blood, must be allowed a strong confirmation of the truth of those facts on which our faith depends. A consciousness of being a deceiver, in such circumstances could not have been so entirely concealed; nor can we conceive of any motive which could induce a man to persist in writing in such a strain, at the very time he must have been persuaded that the Gospel was a fable. He was losing every thing by his Christian profession, even life itself; and he could not have the most distant hope of even posthumous renown.

"Here, then," says Dr. Paley, "we have a man of liberal attainments, and in other points of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the Gospel. We see him in the prosecution of his purpose, travelling from country to country; enduring every species of hardship; encountering every extremity of danger; assaulted by the populace; punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead; expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment; sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age; unaltered by the experience of perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labour, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement; undismayed by the prospect of death—such was St. Paul."

Nor can I dismiss the subject without inferring the amazing importance and infinite value of Christianity. St. Paul was a man of an enlarged mind. He could comprehend the magnitude of the claims which the Gospel advanced; and he no sooner became acquainted with its nature, than he sacrificed all on its account. To promote its success, he began with poverty and ended with martyrdom. Yet, amidst all that he endured, and in the very terrors of death, he was happy, perfectly happy; not a wish ungratified, and every hope nearly realised. Even while nature agonised and life expired, St. Paul honoured his principles by exhibiting, in the moment of trial, their superiority to the last enemy.

Every man but the Christian must view, with apprehensive dread, "the transit that shows the very soul revealed as it departs." Let the infidel, who glories in his fancied strength of mind, because he is not governed by vulgar prejudices

and superstitious fears, approach that sincere hour when things begin to appear in their true light; when the world which had deceived him is vanishing from his sight; when he feels himself drawing near that eternal existence which now assumes the air of an awful reality; and the terrors of Divine justice impose a dreadful necessity to be honest—Ah! at this moment can he rest upon his principles? Vain principles! They are swept away like light and withered leaves before the rising storm. Instead of that tranquil and affected incredulity with which he formerly dismissed the duties of piety, or sneered at its remonstrances, he is agitated by cruel and excessive fears. His heart trembles and faints within him at the prospect of a judgment to come. Does he any longer cavil at the evidences or hesitate at the incredible doctrines of religion? Does he demand new proofs of it before he will believe? No: he believes and trembles. It is not its evidences, but its comforts which he requires. It is not now the question with him, if there be a God, if there be a future state of retribution. These truths rush with fearful evidence upon his soul; and with the trembling jailer, he exclaims, "What shall I do to be saved?" He approaches the verge of an eternal existence. The past presents nothing but subjects of gloomy and self-condemning reflection—the future offers nothing but a fearful overwhelming despair. Ah! 'tis an honest hour, that tries to the bottom the foundation of infidelity. How few, then, can stand the severe scrutiny of conscience or bear the test of their own reason, when disentangled from those objects which used to deceive it! Not one, perhaps, of all that witting tribe who insult or cavil at a religion which they have never examined. When the props upon which his impiety had rested are torn from beneath the sinner, by the unrelenting hand of death, the wretched fabric falls upon his guilty head, and crushes him beneath the ruins. Is this representation drawn too high? Penitent Rochester, I appeal to the tears and confessions of thy last moments! Was not this the language of thy despair, ferocious Blount, whom thy miseries compelled to be thine own executioner? And Shaftsbury, gay and mirthful Shaftsbury! so apprehensive wert thou of the impotence of thy philosophy to support thee in this great conflict, that thou forewarnedst thy friends not to receive as genuine any sentiments on religion which thou mightest utter in the weakness of nature during her last struggles. By anticipation thou didst abjure a confession which thou wast afraid the horrors of death might extort from thee! Are not these facts in the place of volumes? Do they not speak to every heart, and plead the cause of him of whom St. Paul said, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day?" Who does not shrink

from the bed of death on which the infidel discloses all the miseries of his condition? Who does not exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?"

In conclusion, may I not observe that Christianity, supported by such evidence, recommended by such virtue, and imparting such felicity, must finally triumph over all the opposition of the world! The victory which it obtained in the person of St. Paul, is a pledge of its future conquests till its empire shall be as universal as the necessities and the wretchedness of man. We are not to be perplexed, deceived, or confounded by circumstances. Let us fix our attention on principles and character. These are omnipotent over circumstances, let them wear ever so fearful, ever so formidable an aspect.

I have often pictured to myself the amazing contrast between the power of circumstances and the weakness of Christianity, as it must have appeared to a steady observer at the time when the apostle was imprisoned in a Roman dungeon, when all this power was summoned to crush this weakness. I have beheld the cruel and flagitious Nero on the throne of the world, and Christianity in the person of one of its most intrepid and fearless champions, bound in chains and lying at the mercy of the tyrant. And I have wondered to observe "weak things confounding the things which are mighty, and base things, and things which are despised, and things which are not, bringing to nought things that are;" the tyrant conquered when he believed that he was glutting his vengeance, and Christianity obtaining a triumph when its adversaries were exulting over its defeat. But my wonder has abated, when I have considered a contrast of another kind, not so imposing in its appearance, but infinitely powerful and altogether in favour of Christianity. The contrast I mean is a contrast of character, as distinct from circumstances. Character exalted and sublime, attracts voluntary homage and admiration, while power without character secures only the enforced and reluctant obedience of slaves. Between the throne of Nero and the dungeon of

St. Paul, there appears almost an infinite distance. On account of their outward circumstances, one, perhaps, is envied, and the other pitied. But remove these circumstances, and contrast the men. Each is a fair representative of the cause which he has undertaken to support. Christianity triumphs in the character of its apostle, and the world sinks into nothing with its degraded and despicable master. Power shall not always support the authority of ignorance, effeminacy, and vice; knowledge, manliness, and virtue shall not for ever be associated with weakness. It was from the first an unequal war which the world laboured to maintain against the Gospel. Its principles, which are from beneath, could never prevail against those of celestial origin. What was all its might in opposition to those who were full of the consciousness and the power of immortality—who were persuaded that Omnipotence was with them—who could repel the assaults of hell and earth with a sublime confidence, declaring their readiness to be offered, knowing in whom they believed, and intrusting every interest to His hands, who holds the sceptre of universal government? Such a spirit as this is great and must prevail. It is too subtle to be wounded by the sword of persecution, or to be devoured by its flames. It possesses an astonishing power of propagation. If thousands who imbibe it are for this cause hurried to the stake of martyrdom, it instantly takes possession of thousands more. In the spirit and the principles of the world, though power is engaged to defend them, there are the seeds of decay. By indulgence and operation they destroy themselves; they carry with them their own antidote in the miseries which they inflict; but the spirit and the principles of the Gospel have their birthright in futurity. Wherever they are known and felt, they gather strength and increase. All who embrace recommend them, and their progress is marked with the dignity of reason, the purity of virtue, and the enjoyments of a solid and immortal felicity.

THE OLD MAN.

THERE is an ancient man who dwells
Without our parish bounds,
Beyond the poplar avenue,
Across two meadow grounds.
And whensoever our two small bells
To church call merrily,
Leaning upon our churchyard gate
The old man ye may see.

He is a man of many thoughts,
That long have found their rest,
Each in its proper dwelling-place,
Settled within his breast.
A form erect, a stately brow,
A set and measured mien,
The satisfied unmoving look
Of one who much hath seen.

And once when young, in care of souls,
I watched a sick man's bed,
And willing half, and half ashamed,
Lingered, and nothing said:
That ancient man, in accents mild,
Removed my shame away;
"Listen," he said, "the minister
Prepares to kneel and pray."

These lines of humble thankfulness
Will never meet his eye;
Unknown that old man means to live,
And unremembered die.
The forms of life have severed us,
But when that life shall end,
Fain would I hail that reverend man
A father and a friend.

H. A.

VESSELS OF THE ANCIENTS.

MAGNIFICENT and large as are some of our modern steam vessels, they are inferior—if we may judge from description—both in size and splendour, to vessels constructed by the kings of Egypt and Syracuse, on a scale of grandeur corresponding to the immense proportions of their sculpture and architecture. Ptolemy Philopater, king of Egypt, built a vessel four hundred and twenty feet long, fifty-six feet broad, seventy-two feet high from the keel to the top of the prow, but eighty to the top of the poop. She had four helms of sixty feet; her largest oars were fifty-six feet long, with leaden handles, so as to work more easily by the rowers; she had two prows, two sterns, seven rostra or beaks, successively rising and swelling out one over the other, the topmost one most prominent and stately; on the poop and prow she had figures of animals, not less than eighteen feet high; all the interior of the vessel was beautified with a delicate sort of painting, of a waxen colour. She had four thousand rowers; four hundred cabin-boys, or servants; marines, or sailors to do duty on the decks, two thousand eight hundred and twenty; with an immense store of arms and provisions.

The same prince built another ship, called the "*Thalamagus*," or bed-chamber ship, which was only used as a pleasure yacht for sailing up and down the Nile. She was not so long or large as the preceding, but more splendid in the chambers and their furnishings.

Hiero, king of Syracuse, built an enormous vessel which he intended for a corn-trader. Her length is not given. She was built at Syracuse, by a Corinthian ship-builder, and was launched by an apparatus devised by Archimedes. All her bolts and nails were of brass; she had twenty rows of oars; her apartments were all paved with neat square variegated tiles, on which was painted all the story of Homer's *Iliad*. She had a gymnasium with shady walks, on her upper decks; garden-pots stocked with various plants, and nourished with limpid water that flowed circulating round them in a canal of lead. She had, here and there on deck, arbours mantled with ivy and vine-branches, which flourished in full greenness, being supplied with the principle of growth from

the leaden canal. She had one chamber particularly splendid, whose pavement was of agates and other precious stones, and whose panels, doors, and roofs were of ivory and wood of the *thya* tree. She had a scholasterium, or library, with five couches, its roof arched into a *polus* or vault, with the stars embossed. She had a bath with its accompaniments, all most magnificent. She had on each side of her deck ten stalls for horses, with fodder and furnishings for the grooms and riders; a fishpond of lead, full of fish, whose waters could be let out or admitted at pleasure. She had two towers on the poop, two on the prow, and four in the middle, full of armed men, that managed the machines invented by Archimedes, for throwing stones of three hundred pounds weight, and arrows eighteen feet long, to the distance of a furlong. She had three masts and two antennæ, or yards, that swung with hooks and masses of lead attached. She had round the whole circuit of her deck a rampart of iron, with iron crows, which took hold of ships and dragged them nearer, for the purpose of destroying them. The tunnels or bowls on her masts were of brass, with men in each. She had twelve anchors. It was with difficulty they could find a tree large and strong enough for her highest mast. Great Britain—an ominous circumstance for the superiority of British oak—had the glory of bestowing upon her a sufficient tree for that purpose; it was discovered amid the recesses of Albion's forests by a swineherd. What is remarkable in the construction of this gigantic vessel is, that her sentina, or sunk, though large and deep, was emptied by one man, by means of a pump invented by Archimedes. Hiero, on finding that the *Syracusan* was too unwieldy to be admitted with safety into the harbours of Sicily, made a present of her to Ptolemy, who changed her name to the *Alexandrian*.

We may add, as a *panergon* to this long tale of a ship, that Archimedes, the Greek epigrammatist, wrote a little poem on the large vessel, which was rewarded by Hiero with one thousand measures of corn—a premium proportioned, if not to the poem, at least to the magnitude of the theme celebrated.—*Tennant*.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

ARTICLE I.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

MORAL philosophy has for its object to ascertain, as far as human reason is able to do so, the law which must regulate the conduct of man as a moral being. Inasmuch as he does not derive

this law from any authority, but endeavours to deduce it from principles founded on the nature of things, it takes the name of a *science*. Therefore, considering the object of moral philosophy,

(which is to ascertain the rule of our living,) and considering the method which it pursues, namely, by the investigation of principles—it may be said that the subject of our studies may be comprised in very few words—being denominated properly, *the science of human duty*. The first object, therefore, of the moral inquirer will be, to find those principles in the nature and constitution of things on which this law of duty of which he is in search must be grounded. For that purpose he will have to consider two subjects; *first*, the nature of the human being which is the subject of such a law; and, *secondly*, the relations in which he is placed; both his nature and his relations concurring to determine the character of moral obligation.

He has first to inquire, then, in pursuing his own studies, whether here or elsewhere, into the nature and constitution of the human being—into his physical, into his intellectual, and into his spiritual being. For this purpose he must know man, not ideally, but as he is. He must contemplate him in his highest, and also in his lowest powers. He must behold him as that powerful being which he is in the midst of creation, fearfully and wonderfully made in every part of his nature, fearfully and wonderfully made in the composition of the whole. He must endeavour to separate the various parts of that constitution, that he may make each of them the subject of distinct contemplation; but, in separating them, he must never for a moment forget that they are the indivisible parts of that complex aggregate of being and of power, which are so mysteriously united in the living man. For, in the *first* place, I have said he has a *physical* nature; and it is the most perfect of any of the kinds of living creatures of which he is one, infinitely as he is exalted above all the rest; *secondly*, I have said that he has an *intelligence* by which he is connected with the higher orders of being; *thirdly*, he has a *moral* nature, by which he can communicate with the Almighty; *fourthly*, he has a *spiritual* essence, by which he is immortal among all celestial beings. I say, then, are not all these natures and powers to be investigated by the moral inquirer?

The highest created substance, (spirit,) and matter, (the lowest,) are joined and even blended together in perfect and most beautiful union. Thus, were you to consider man merely as a part of physical nature, as united, by that animal being which he shares with all other living kinds, to the material, you might think him for a moment merely as the highest of the animal kind, for he has the finest animal life; he has senses the most perfect, and the most perfectly combining their action; he has the most exquisite animal sensibility. You might look at him, then, for a moment in this separate condition; but, in the very next moment, you would feel that all you had thus regarded as so extremely beautiful

in itself, did but constitute the frame that was to be ennobled by a celestial intelligence; for all these senses, so perfect in their structure, were so constructed that they might be fit inlets of knowledge to that intelligence; or the sensibility that fills that frame, delighting and trembling as it does with pleasure and with pain, could not otherwise have answered the purpose for which it was given; because, in that sensibility our moral nature is at first unfolded. It is just the same were you to look at his adaptation for moral action and motion. You find his structure formed for the most varied powers of nature, for the most delicate operations of all the muscular action. But the very observation carries you to that interior nature which is to use this frame; this beautiful machinery carries you to that intelligence which guides you to those works on which it may behold itself and all its powers reflected, and by which it is strengthened and raised. Thus you are led to look at the hand which performs as the peculiar and specific instrument of intelligence. If, again, you look to that most exquisite action by which the organs of his frame are made capable of forming speech, the physical action is, indeed, there most wonderful—so various, so delicate, and so expressive. But what is the sound alone, which is thus called into being? In that breath in which these organs are formed into sound, the tongue utters, and the ear receives the communication of spirit from spirit; you hear the thoughts of intelligence, the emotions of a loving or of an aching heart. In it you hear the voice of conscience itself; speaking, perhaps, with a still small voice from the inmost soul. So that even the light which breaks over the countenance, and the proud motions of the person, are all but emanations of the spirit, and are all pregnant with its hidden powers. Such, then, I say, is that physical nature which thus speaks every part of that higher nature which it enshrines.

Suppose that you are to make *intelligence* the subject of your consideration; just as well can you divide it from all the rest; for it turns you back at once to the physical nature which we are supposing you have left behind. In the very first season of life our intelligence is wrapt in sense as its first parent, impelling the infant action of the new-born limbs; and if we had not beheld and known it in its later effects, we never could have discerned it there. But not *within* the being alone does intelligence thus live by sense, for through sense it finds its union with all material nature; and from matter (which first claims its wonderful world of thought) we look on these intellectual powers in their perfection, if man might use such an expression when speaking of himself. And how high, how powerful do they appear!—how aspiring and how comprehensive! They encompass the world, and they number all the stars of heaven; yet, in the

height of their most capacious knowledge, you see them united with a nature which they cannot fathom. For *within* the human being himself is the most important subject that ever he can be called upon to know, and that is *his moral nature*. In the midst of *it* all these faculties have dwelt; from it they have drawn the materials of their noblest nature and of boundless thought. So that you cannot consider the intellect of man, in its important light, without being carried at once into the very heart of his moral nature. Go a step further, and consider what this intelligence is in the endowment of the spirit. And thus, in that spiritual consideration which the moral inquirer must attempt, (and which he is, to a certain degree, able to carry into effect,) of the acts, processes, and faculties of intelligence, he is never able to divide them from the whole human being; but finds them ministering, and ministered to, and incorporated with every part of his complex being.

Suppose, next, that you were to inquire into his *moral nature*. Having first inquired into his physical and intellectual nature, and having thus found them all blended together, you will then endeavour to inquire separately into his *moral nature*. Why, (you would have to ask,) what are its principles? we shall have to ask, and shall endeavour to explain. You would have to put its various phenomena into order, that you might make them the subject of distinct examination. But how could you separate them from all those different elements of the constitution of man with which nature has inexplicably bound them up? The moral soul, just like the intelligence, first awakens in sense. Through sense all our affections draw in their living pleasure, which is like their living blood. From sense do certainly spring all those overpowering feelings with which the whole nature of man is so often seen to struggle in vain. Pain, in which he must live and breathe, first bathes his spirit from the sense. Fear, that shocks and overmasters the soul of the strongest man, is made more terrible because it makes the heart sicken, and the very breath to choke. Or look at him through his organs of physical sense, looking on all the forms of this material world, yearning over them with the whole love of his spirit, drinking in, with profoundest emotions, to his inmost soul, images which it will bear with it in its holiest recesses, and shall pour on them the fulness of its undying regard. See him, I would say, by his eye and by his ear, manifesting (as all men do) the solemn love which he bears to the land of his birth; see him mingling with the voice of the torrent's roar, and the mountain's breath; see him gazing on the extended lines of legions stretched out in their most proud array; see how the passion for glory shall seize on his soul till he feels his brow burn with patriotic and unextinguishable fire; see him raised to the height of

all his moral greatness when he is now the idol of an earthly state; and observe how well he makes that sovereignty visible to adoring eyes, in glittering diadems, in starry gems, and on golden thrones; or see him in the power of all his faculties, suddenly prostrated in his spirit under the enchantment of one living countenance. So deeply is this his moral blended with this his physical frame, nor less deeply with his intellectual faculties; for with these he executes all its dictates, and the whole strength is then put into action to perform the service of these moral powers. But they are yet far more blended than that; for, though they be incorporated in the very essence of the moral soul, strong affections, and ardent passions, all arise out of the discernment of the intellectual mind. Reverence and awe can be felt only by the spirit; conscience itself could not pronounce if she did not judge; the soul itself without reason could not adore. Thus, then, were you to consider generally the physical, the intellectual, or the moral being of your kind, you see how they are all necessarily and inextricably united.

Were you then to leave all these observations, and attempt to fix your contemplation alone on his *immortal* spirit, how could you divide it? Would it not carry you back upon all that you had left? This spirit it is that quickened this living frame; this spirit is the intelligence; and this spirit is the moral soul. It may be separated, indeed, from that frame which at departing it leaves to dissolution; but all the thoughts which it has ever conceived, all the affections it has ever cherished, the conscience it has soiled or has kept pure—all these it bears with it, indissolubly united, when it is going to its own everlasting origin, and with the records of its mortal life, shall stand in the presence and receive the doom of its Eternal Maker. Well, thinking of such a being as man, might the great master of human nature exclaim, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and motion how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God! The beauty of the world, the paragon of the universe!"

But the moral inquirer must not stop here. It is not thus alone, which may be said to be ideal, it is not thus alone that he must contemplate his species. He must look at them as they are, as observation finds them, or as they have kept their own records in history. Let us look, then, on this being, into whose nature it shall be our object to inquire; let us look upon him in another form.

The primary physical wants of the human being are food, clothing, shelter, and defence. To supply these, man has cleared and cultivated the earth, he has invented all his various arts, he has built houses and cities. At first you see the being whose nature I have thus described, like

the other animals, labouring under the wants which their common nature produces, under sufferings to which they are alike exposed; actuated by passions which boil in their blood, by hunger, by thirst, by the inclemencies of the skies, the fears of self-preservation in the midst of powerful and implacable enemies. Hunger and thirst cultivate the earth; fear builds castles and founds cities. The *animal* is clothed by nature against the cold, and he shelters himself in his den; *man* builds his habitation, and weaves his clothing. With strong and deadly weapons, with which nature has furnished them, the animal kinds wage their wars; *he* forges swords and spears, and constructs weapons of destruction, and engines that will send them as far as his eye can mark his foe. To the animal that goes in quest of his food nature has given feet, or wings, or fins: but man—he bids the horse, the camel, or the elephant bear him; and he yokes them to his chariot. If the strong animal would cross a river, he swims: man spans it with a bridge. The most powerful of *them* stand on the beach and gaze on the ocean: man constructs a ship, and directs it whither he will. Other creatures remain content with the means nature has provided for them: but man *chooses* his element, and man makes *his* means. Can the fish traverse the waters? So can he. Can the bird fly through the air? So can he. Can the camel speed over the desert? Then shall it bear man as his burden.

But to see what man owes to his own inventive art, you must compare him, not with the inferior creatures, but with *himself*. Looking over the face of human society, you find him living, in one place, almost sharing the very life of brutes, or removed from them by innumerable differences and incalculable degrees. In one place you see him harbouring in caves, naked, living (we might almost say) upon prey, seeking from chance his almost wretched sustenance, food which he eats just as he pleases. This extreme degradation is indeed rare; perhaps no where are *all* these circumstances of destitution found together; but still they *are* found, most fearfully admonishing us of our nature. For man has there, as yet, done nothing for himself; his own hands have yet done nothing or little for him, and he is still living like a beggar on the spare alms of nature. But turn to another land, and there you see the face of nature covered with the works of his hands—there you see his habitations increased into wide-spread and stately cities—his clothing culled and fashioned from the three kingdoms of nature; for his food the face of the earth bears him tribute, and the seasons and changes of heaven concur with his own art in ministering to his wants. This is the difference man has made in his own condition by the use of his intellectual powers, awakened and guided by the necessities of his physical constitution.

"REMEMBER ME."

CREATOR of the worlds of light!
 Thou sovereign, high, and holy One!
 'Mid cherubim and seraphs bright,
 Thou sittest on thy sapphire throne.
 Low from the dust my voice I raise,
 And lift my trembling heart to thee;
 Thou searcher of man's silent ways!
 Thou Lord of life! "Remember me."

Remember me, when sorrows roll
 With tumult through my troubled breast,
 When darkening cares o'erwhelm the soul,
 And earth can give nor peace nor rest;
 And when the storm is in the sky,
 Thy bow of promise let me see;
 Then hear in heaven the suppliant cry,
 My Father, still "Remember me."

When false allurements meet my eye,
 And hidden snares my steps surround,
 O, be thy presence ever nigh!
 At my right hand be ever found.
 Guide me secure from every foe,
 Help me from every sin to flee;
 In conflict, sorrow, weal, or woe,
 Through life's short hour, "Remember me."

When death shall come, with noiseless tread,
 And bid my spirit wing her flight,
 Sustain my heart, thy comforts shed,
 And make thy promises more bright.
 And when thy kingdom comes with power
 And skies before thy presence flee,
 In nature's dread dissolving hour,
 Then, O my God, "Remember me."

T. W. A.

CATS.

ARTICLE VI.

In our earlier days (we are now nearing the experience of threescore years of life) we were hard readers of the immortal works of Buffon and Cuvier; we have pored and pondered for many a long day over their pages, and made many marginal memoranda of numerous quadru-

pedal particularities which, at the period we speak of, arrested our attention. We noticed more especially one circumstance which, in those days, we believe was unknown; the fact, indeed, has only been accurately verified within these few years back; we allude more particularly to the

great dislike which those "delicate creatures" of whom we are now discouraging, have to water. They are in a constant hydrophobic dread of aquatic fluids, and would as soon think of flying to the moon as of touching water. Worlds would not induce them to put their paws into a puddle; and we have ascertained, by sad experiment, that a cat at sea turns up a regular four-footed Jonah, and is "at sea" in verity and truth. It was our lot some short time since to take a short sea trip with a friend, whose favourite partiality to a friendly cat was one of the most shining qualities inherent in a naturally good and generous disposition. In order to secure the favourite, and screen him (for he was a regular town Tom) from general observation, he was impaled and exported in a green baize bag, sufficiently capacious for him to turn about in at his own pleasure, with ample room, withal, to swing in, if he should feel at all so disposed. The creature had not been on board the steamship many hours before the wind began to howl, and the waves to rise in fury at their domain being trespassed on by such a vagrant intruder as a cat. The storm soon increased to a perfect tempest, and all on board were either steady at their posts or sick in their berths; confusion became worse confounded, whilst the cause of all this "pretty particular mess" lay all the time safely ensconced in the baize bag. The wind continued, meanwhile, to caterwaul most dolorously; and, to add to the dismay of the ladies in whose cabin the bagged cat was deposited, (though many were happily ignorant of the fact,) the creature began to entertain a most violent disrelish at being thus cabined, cribbed, and confined, and afforded to the melancholy maid-servant, to whose pious keeping the rude brute was confided, most evident symptoms of being anxious for a change of place; to accomplish and expedite which, the interesting creature began to kick and plunge "like mad," threatening every moment to burst the "frail tenement" of baize which confined its caperings to so small a span. Every thing that the "best skill" and the "first advice" could do was done on the occasion, to subdue the frantic state of fever in which puss appeared to be—stroking, rubbing, patting, and hushings were all resorted to in turn, but in vain. The bag was sewn up more tightly, with a view to more rigid confinement; but this did but little for us. The poor servant was then advised to sit upon the bag, an advice which she immediately followed, anxious to put a stop to the anxiety of all who were in the same secret with herself; but this failed—the vessel suddenly lurched on the larboard side, the maid was instantly thrown on her starboard beam-ends, and the cat and bag were pitched helter-skelter across the cabin, half-smothering two sea-sick children in the way, and dashing itself with a tremendous thump against the opposite bulk-

head of the vessel, and crushing a variety of basons in its way. It lay for a moment powerless and paralysed, and we were in hopes that sleep would fall upon its bewildered eyes, and bring contentment and quietude to its restless and perturbed spirit. Fortunately it did so, night came, and cat, man, and women, were all buried in deepest slumber; and by the following morn we arrived at our destination, and the cause of all our woes was let out of its prison-house. We saw Peter—that is the cat's name—a few days since; health and happiness had attended it; a rich glossy fur sits upon its back; whiskers that a bushranging Jew can show no parallel to; a tail vivid, quick, sharp, alive, and full of frolicsome vitality, make up the *tout ensemble* of a cat whose points of attraction are, in newspaper parlance, "too numerous to be more minutely particularised" in this paper.

We reside, gentle reader, in the outskirts of London, in an octagon comprising fifty-six houses surrounding a garden; and it is with us a familiar thing to hear and see numberless varieties of Chelsea cats, under every change of brood, kind, and family. It is noon; and in an alley through which there is no quadrupedal thoroughfare save for cats, there is seen a man whose cry denotes his honourable calling. "Cat's meat!" resounds through the air; children become quiet, women cease to scold, and men to swear; and in an instant every door-way is crowded with a grotesque array of grimalkins, opening their eyes, sharpening their tails, licking their whiskers, and filling the air with mighty mewings. Some more venturesome than others approach to the edge of the barrow-den, to sniff the odour of the delicious viands; but of the numbers that throng, alas! how few are satisfied! Of the many who wish, many have to wait; those who have longing lips soon give them another occupation, for the cat's-meat man—the feline Ude—has left the court, and far away up the next street is heard the welcome cry of "Cat's meat!" by expectant thousands.

Cats!—they are, without exception, the most comical animals in Christendom. They turn night into day without any compunctious visitings of conscience; their behaviour as brawlers and breeders, at the "witching time of night," is absolutely beyond all bounds; they set police and patrol alike at defiance; they will walk the streets in Piccadilly or Putney, without showing the least reserve; they will disturb the silence of a cellar, or invade the peaceful slumber of a garret; they will bounce into a boudoir or dance into a drawing-room; they will slide over the slates, roll over a roof, and pounce from pantile to parapet without the slightest let or hinderance; over the earth, above the earth, and under the earth, they roam alike, in the most unconstrained freedom; neither bars nor bolts may arrest them, neither traps nor trickery stay their speed; there is no method of

progression which they do not practise, and with the greatest success; and at night all their powers of mind and body are in full development. Passionless!—not a whit of it; love and passion ardent, warm, strong, fiery, and red-hot, animate their hearts and bosoms, from the point of the whisker to the tip of the tail; every emotion and feeling within them is “alive and kicking;” every throb of their little hearts is the precursor of a claw or a scratch; every motion of their tails exemplifies that though ever agitated, they will

be yet ever constant to their chosen fair one. “Murder will out,” so will a cat’s feelings. “Love laughs at locksmiths,” so does a cat’s warmest affections. We can imagine the overbearing potency, the never-to-be-overcome ardour of a grimalkin’s “first love;” but, alas! we cannot describe it, at least not in this chapter. We must defer the further consideration of this, as well as of other caricature curiosities concerning cats, to another chapter.

EPHON.

A DIALOGUE.

“CHILD, whither goest thou
Over the snowy hill?
The frost air nips so keen,
That the very clouds are still;
From the golden folding curtains
The sun hath not looked forth,
And brown the snow-mist hangs
Round the mountains to the north.”

“Kind stranger, dost thou see
Yonder church-tower rise,
Thrusting its crown of pinnacles
Into the looming skies?
Thither go I. Keen the morning
Bites, and deep the snow;
But in spite of them
Up the frosted hill I go.”

“Child, and what dost thou
When thou shalt be there?
The chancel-door is shut,
There is no bell for prayer;
Yester-morn and yester-even
Met we there and prayed;
But now none is there
Save the dead lowly laid.”

“Stranger, underneath that tower,
On the western side,
A happy, happy company
In holy peace abide:
My father and my mother,
And my sisters four,
Their beds are made in swelling turf
Fronting the western door.”

“Child, if thou speak to them
They will not answer thee;
They are deep down in the earth,
Thy face they cannot see.
Then wherefore art thou going
Over the snowy hill?
Why seek thy low-laid family,
Where they lie cold and still?”

“Stranger, when the summer heats
Would dry their turfy bed,
Duly, from this loving hand,
With water it is fed;
They must be cleared this morning
From the thick-laid snow:
So now along the frosted field,
Stranger, let me go.”

H. A.

FINDING OF MOSES.

“Alas! to see how the cold dew kept wetting
His childish coats, and dabbled all his hair,
Like gossamers across his forehead fair.
His pretty pouting mouth, witless of speech,
Lay half-way open, like a rose-lipp’d shell;
And his young cheek was softer than a peach,
Whereon the tears, for roundness, could not dwell,
But quickly rolled themselves to pearls and fell,
Some on the grass, and some against his hand,
Or haply wanderest to the dimpled well
Which love beside his mouth has sweetly plann’d.
Yet not for tears, but mirth and smiling bland.”

THE sanguinary edict had gone forth—“Every son that is born shall ye cast into the river;” and the agonised parents saw their helpless offspring destroyed by thousands. At this melancholy period, Moses was born. His parents looked on him, admired the beauty of his countenance, and determined to preserve his life at the hazard of their own. Three months elapsed, and his birth remained a secret; but they found it impossible

to conceal him longer. Still, however, parental affection devised another expedient. They laid him in an ark, or floating cradle, of bulrushes—the flags, or papyrus, of the Nile—and placed him on the sedgy brink of the river. His sister stood at a distance to watch the event; and while trembling at the approach of every foot-step, and dreading the effect of every breeze that ruffled the stream, the daughter of Pharaoh, attended by her maids, came down to the river.

She saw the ark among the flags, and sent her maid to fetch it. And when she had opened it, she saw it, she saw the child: *and, behold, the babe wept.* What a stroke of simplicity and pathos! It not only records a minute incident, which the historian might easily have overlooked: it not only states a circumstance, natural and touching, and worthy a place in the tenderest poetry; but it seems to intimate the very manner in which the

little foundling wept. It creates no image of infantine fretfulness or passion. It tells one of tears, so gently shed, as to bespeak the meekness of the future man;—of tears which might have

fallen from that holy Babe which was laid in a manger. *And, behold, the babe wept.* It preserves the tears of the weeping babe in crystal.

REVIEW.

Ernest Maltravers. In Three Vols. Saunders and Otteley.

FIRST NOTICE.

In taking upon ourselves the duty of critics and reviewers of modern literature, we were well aware of the fearful and responsible nature of the task we were undertaking and entering upon. We were cognisant, both by thought and reflection, of the lofty situation we were to fulfil; we knew that duty—

“Stern daughter of the voice of God”—

would impel us to be careful in the vocation to which we were called, in holding up to the admiring gaze and approbation of those who looked up to us, all that was great, and good, and virtuous, and upright, in the principles which modern literature would inculcate: as well as to exhibit to the contemptuous scorn and virtuous indignation of all honest and moral men, the flattering vice, the black immorality, and the pestilential contagion of sin and uncleanness which we, alas! too surely prophesied it would be ours to meet with.

If we only cast our eyes carelessly over the lists of modern works in the “publisher’s circular,” we shall find that the ranks of every-day literature include numberless volumes of every variety both of pretension and merit. We find among their pages every phase and alternation of mental trial and intellectual thought, every mind striving to fill the little orb of readers he expects to attract around him with light, and each mind endeavouring to outdo the other in some one particular style of composition. The purposes which these authors have in view are as various as their individual capacities; they may be doubtless very good, but the means which they employ for arriving at the ends they have devised, may not be altogether so scrupulously correct. Indeed, we consider this defect to occupy a very conspicuous place in the records of modern literature; it stands out in bold prominence and relief amid many surrounding beauties and errors; it attracts the notice of the most careless reader, and is, at the same time, generally attended by so many well-pointed attributes of virtue, as to hide the natural and vicious deformity inherent in it. The heroes and heroines of modern fiction are generally persons of very questionable character and circumstance; if they are not guilty, in *propria persona*, of any great moral dereliction, they generally show a remarkable and—we had almost said—constitutional affinity for such a species of turpitude; if they are not the principal offenders, they do not scruple to aid and abet others in their progress in offensive immorality; if they have to choose between good and evil, or between virtue and vice, they will most commonly show a preference for the latter of these; they choose that side of the picture which they are themselves most capable of embellishing; and in laying on their colours, they constantly vilify the truths of nature, and antagonise the highest axioms of art. The subordinate creatures around them partake, likewise, of the full fruition of baseness and turpitude which belong to the leading character of the book; and when they ply their unholy traffic in concert, it will readily be

surmised that the atmosphere they breathe, and the earth they inhabit, become redolent both with the immoral and polluted taint of a pestilential immorality.

We could amplify these remarks to a greater extent did our time and space permit; but we shall have, we fear, many occasions to repeat them to the same purport and office as the one which has given rise to them: we allude to the work whose title is at the head of this notice.

On a former occasion, in a recent number of the *Miscellany*, the opportunity was afforded us of introducing Mr. Bulwer to the notice of our readers in the character of the historian of Athens. It was then our duty to point out those errors, both in the style and composition of the work, considered as appertaining to history, which the impression made on our minds by its perusal warranted. We have now to bring forward the merits of the same author in his humbler character of a disciple of fiction, or, in fact, a novelist—a scope of mental exercise and thought for which, we believe, his talents more eminently fit him, than for the prouder one of a modern Grecian historian, which he has so lately assumed.

We cannot convey to our readers a better idea of this work—Mr. Bulwer’s latest effort—than by giving an analysis of its contents, and offering some critical remarks upon them as we proceed, and making such quotations as we believe may best place the genius and talents of its author in their fairest light before our readers.

The story opens with the return of Ernest Maltravers, the young hero, from the University of Göttingen to England; he is benighted on a dark and savage moor, on the borders of which is a hovel, where he accepts a night’s lodging, to escape from the storm. The dwellers in this hut are a ruffian, Luke Dorvill, and Alice his daughter. The slumbering murder of this man’s character is aroused by the sight of the hero’s gold watch, and the heart of the girl Alice is struck by the looks of her father. She warns Maltravers of his danger, and he escapes, expressing his gratitude to his beautiful deliverer, by begging her to come and meet him in the neighbouring town on the following day. This she does, and flees from her father to Ernest’s arms. The pseudo-attachment that springs up between them wears a somewhat equivocal character; and the mock contrast (which, by the bye, is very badly made out) between the artful depth and hypocrisy of Maltravers on the one hand, and the uneducated intelligence and simplicity of Alice on the other, approaches more nearly to the ridiculous than the sublime. Maltravers finding her simplicity too great for him, resolves to educate her himself. This, however, he soon tires of, and hires a writing and a reading master to finish her education. This is done so well, that she soon becomes a second Juliet—faints away, and performs her part so much “to the life,” that the usual consequences result. After which, their dream of love is fortunately broken in upon by the newspaper intelligence of the alarming illness of the hero’s father. This affords a very excellent pretext for leaving Alice, which he immediately does. Mal-

travers' father dies; and during his absence the cottage is broken open for plunder, and Alice being discovered by her father, who is one of the house-breakers, is carried off by him. All trace of the retreat of Alice is fruitless.

Ernest Maltravers re-appears in Italy in one of those noble palazzo-halls of Naples where music and moonlight make a very carnival of beauty. Valerie de St. Ventadour is here the heroine. She soon obtains an intimate footing with Ernest; and though married, she scruples not to accept of a declaration of love from her young friend; and after giving him twenty-four hours to reflect on the consequences of his midnight folly, she addresses him in mock heroics, coolly requesting him to consider her as his *friend* for life. After a while our hero returns to England, and, by the advice of his guardian, Cleveland, he mingles in many of the gay and busy scenes of what, in fashionable language, is called a London life, and of which we meet with so many in the novels of Mr. Bulwer. Of this, however, our hero soon tires:

"At length—just when London begins to grow most pleasant, when flirtations become tender, and water-parties numerous—when birds sing in the groves of Richmond, and whitebait refresh the statesman by the shores of Greenwich—Maltravers abruptly fled from the gay metropolis, and arrived, one lovely evening in July, at his own ivy-grown porch of Burielgh.

"What a soft, fresh, delicious evening it was! He had quitted his carriage at the lodge, and followed it across the small but picturesque park alone, and on foot. He had not seen the place since childhood—he had quite forgotten its aspect. He now wondered how he could have lived any where else. The trees did not stand in stately avenues, nor did the antlers of the deer wave above the sombre fern; it was not the domain of a grand seigneur, but of an old, long-deceased English squire. Antiquity spoke in the moss-grown palings, in the shadowy groves, in the sharp gable-ends and heavy mullions of the house, as it now came in view, at the base of a hill covered with wood, and partially veiled by the shrubs of the neglected pleasure-ground, separated from the park by the invisible ha, ha. There, gleamed in the twilight the watery face of the oblong fish-pond, with its old fashioned willows at each corner; there, grey and quaint, was the monastic dial, and there was the long terrace-walk, with discoloured and broken vases, now filled with the orange or the aloe; which in honour of his master's arrival, the gardener had extracted from the dilapidated green-house. This very evidence of neglect around, the very weeds and grass on the half-obliterated road, touched Maltravers with a sort of pitying and remorseful affection for his calm and sequestered residence. And it was not with his usual proud step and erect crest, that he passed from the porch to the solitary library, through a line of his servants—the two or three old retainers belonging to the place were utterly unfamiliar to him, and they had no smile for their stranger lord."

It has been stated, in reference to this work, among circles who, as the newspapers say, are "likely to be well-informed," that in the delineation of the character of Ernest Maltravers, Mr. Bulwer has endeavoured to shadow forth his own—a species of bravery which he evidently fails to accomplish, and of which we shall have more to say on a future occasion. In accordance, however, with this design he makes his hero an author, and the following quotation refers to this perilous task.

"Let no man tempt gods and columns without weighing well the consequences of such an experiment. He who publishes a book, attended with a moderate success, passes a mighty barrier. He will often look back with a sigh of regret at the land he has left for ever. The beautiful and decent obscurity of hearth and home is gone. He can no longer feel the just indignation of manly pride when he finds himself ridiculed or reviled. He has parted with the shadow of his life. His motives may be misrepresented, his character belied, his manners, his person, his dress, the 'very trick of his walk,' are all fair food for the cavil and the caricature. He can never go back, he cannot even pause, he has chosen his path, and all the natural feelings that make the nerve and muscle of the active being, urge him to proceed: to stop short is to fail. He has told the world that he will make a name, and he must be set down as a pretender, or told on till the boast be fulfilled. Yet Maltravers thought nothing of all this when, intoxicated with his own dreams and aspirations, he desired to make a world his confidant: when from the living nature, and the love of books, and the mingled result of inward study and external observation, he sought to draw forth something that might interweave his name with the pleasurable associations of his kind. His easy fortune and

lonely state gave him up to his own thoughts and contemplations; they suffused his mind, till it ran over upon the page which makes the channel that connects the solitary fountain with the vast ocean of human knowledge. The temperament of Maltravers was neither irritable nor fearful: he formed himself, as a sculptor forms—with a model before his eyes, and an ideal in his heart. He endeavoured with labour and patience to approach nearer and nearer with every effort to the standard of such excellence as he thought might ultimately be attained by a reasonable ambition; and when at last his judgment was satisfied, he surrendered the product with a tranquil confidence to a more impartial tribunal.

"His first work was successful; perhaps from this reason, that it bore the stamp of the honest and the real. He did not sit down to report of what he had never seen, to dilate on what he had never felt. A quiet and thoughtful observer of life, his descriptions were the more vivid, because his own first impressions were not yet worn away. His experience had sunk deep, not on the arid surface of mature age, but in the fresh soil of youthful emotions. Another reason, perhaps, that obtained success for his essay was, that he had more varied and more elaborate knowledge than young authors think it necessary to possess. Whether his style was eloquent or homely, it was still in him a faithful transcript of considered and digested thought. A third reason why Maltravers obtained a prompt and favourable reception from the public was, that he had not hackneyed his peculiarities of diction and thought in that vast of all schools for the literary novice—the columns of a magazine. Periodicals form an excellent mode of communication between the public and an author already established, who has lost the charm of novelty, but gained the weight of acknowledged reputation; and who, either upon politics or criticism, seeks for frequent and continuous occasions to enforce his peculiarities and doctrines. But upon the young writer, this mode of communication, if too long continued, operates most injuriously both as to his future prospects and his own present taste and style. With respect to the first, it familiarises the public to his mannerisms, (and all writers worth reading have mannerisms,) in a form to which the said public are not inclined to attach much weight. He foretastes in a few months what ought to be the effect of years, namely, the wearing a world soon answered with the *temperies perditur*. With respect to the last, it induces a man to write for momentary efforts, to study a false smartness of style and reasoning, to bound his ambition of durability to the last day of the month, to expect immediate returns for his labour, to recoil at the 'hope deferred' of serious works, in which judgment is slowly formed. The man of talent who begins young at periodicals, and goes on long, has generally something stunted and crude about both his compositions and his celebrity. He grows the oracle of small coteries, and we can rarely get out of the impression that he is cockneyed and conventional."

We conclude this article by quoting some of these beautiful passages which, whether they bespeak poetry or philosophy, whether as aphorism or sentiment, are truly pearls of great beauty; and thus, "at random strung," we present some of them to our readers:—

"There is a sentiment in all women, and sentiment gives delicacy to thought, and tact to manner. But sentiment to men is generally acquired, an offspring of the intellectual quality; not, as with the other sex, of the moral.

"The refinement of a graceful mind and a happy manner a very contagious.

"There was a time when all information was given orally and probably the Athenians learnt more from hearing Aristotle than we do from reading him. It was a delicious revival of Academe, in the walks, or beneath the rustic porticoes of that little cottage, the romantic philosopher, and the beautiful disciple! And his talk was much like that of a sage of the early world, with some wistful and earnest savage for a listener, in the stars and their courses, of beasts, and birds, and fishes, and plants and flowers; the wide family of nature: of the beneficence and power of God; of the mystic and spiritual history of man.

"We are apt to connect the voice of conscience with the stillness of midnight. But I think we wrong that hushed hour. It is that terrible 'next morning,' when reason is wide awake, upon which remorse fastens its fangs. Has a man gambled away his all, or shot his friend in a duel, has he committed a crime, or incurred a laugh, it is the next morning, when the irretrievable past rises before him like a spectre, then doth the churchyard of memory yield up its grisly dead: then is the witching hour when the foul fiend within us can least be kept, perhaps, but most torment. At night we have one thing to hope for, one refuge to fly to—oblivion and sleep! But, it morning, sleep is over, and we are called upon coldly to review, and re-act, and live again the waking bitterness of self-reproach.

"Her whole soul was with him; she gave him back in love the spirit she had caught from him in knowledge. And the love that had led to the wrong, should, by fidelity and devotion, take from it the character of sin.

"The conscience is the most elastic material in the world. To-day you cannot stretch it over a mole-hill, to-morrow it takes a mountain.

"Eros and Psyche are ever united, and love opens all its

petals of the soul.—The code of heaven is gentler than that of earth, and does not declare that ignorance excuseth not the crime.

"Middle life is never with to-day, its home is in to-morrow, anxious, and scheming, and desiring, and wishing this plot ripened, and that hope fulfilled, while every wave of the forgotten time brings it nearer and nearer to the end of all things. Half our life is consumed in longing to be nearer death.

"It is a wild and weird scene, a noble English park at midnight, with its rough forest-ground broken into dell and valley, its never-innovated and mossy grass, overrun with fern, and its immemorial trees, that have looked upon the birth, and look yet upon the graves, of a hundred generations. Such spots are the last proud and melancholy trace of Norman knighthood and old romance, left to the laughing landscapes of cultivated England. They always throw something of shadow and solemn gloom upon minds that feel their associations, like that which belongs to some ancient and holy edifice. They are the cathedral aisles of Nature, with their darkened vistas and columned trunks, and arches of mighty foliage. But in ordinary times the gloom is pleasing, and more delightful than all the cheerful lawns and sunny slopes of the modern taste.

"Of the future there is no other prospect but hope!

"Nine times out of ten it is over the Bridge of Sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill-placed or disappointed affection. We recover, and we find ourselves a new being. The intellect has become hardened by the fire through which it has passed. The mind profits by the wrecks of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.

"People always gain when they make a new acquaintance.

"We should begin life with books, they multiply the sources of employment; so does capital; but capital is of no use unless we live on the interest; books are waste-paper unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from thought.

"It seldom happens that we are very strongly influenced by those much older than ourselves. It is the senior of from two to ten years that most seduces and enthral us. He has the same pursuits, views, objects, pleasures; but more art and experience in them all. He goes with us in the path we ordained to tread, but from which the elder generation desires to warn us off.

"There is very little influence where there is not great sympathy.

"However we may darken and puzzle ourselves with fancies and visions and the ingenuities of fanatical mysticism, no man can mathematically or syllogistically contend that the world which a God made, and a Saviour visited, was designed to be damned.

"Nothing disappoints a stranger more than to see, for the first time, the woman to whom the world has given the golden apple. Yet he usually, at last, falls into the popular idolatry, and passes with inconceivable rapidity from indignant scepticism into superstitious veneration. In fact, a thousand things besides mere symmetry of feature, go to make up the Cytherea of the hour—tact in society, the charm of manner, a nameless and piquant brilliancy. Where the world find the Graces they proclaim the Venus. Few persons attain pre-eminent celebrity for any thing, without some adventitious and extraneous circumstances which have nothing to do with the thing celebrated. Some qualities or some circumstances throw a mysterious or personal charm about them.

"All silent people can seem conventionally elegant.

"Conversation is the touchstone of the true delicacy and subtle grace which make the ideal of the moral mannerism of a court.

"Our life is a lounge from the cradle to the grave.

"The worst fatigue is that which comes without exercise.

"Some people seem born with the temperament and the tastes of genius, without its creative power; they have its nervous system, but something is wanting in the intellectual; they feel acutely, yet express tamely.

"When we have known real adventures we grow less morbidly sentimental. Life is a sleep in which we dream most at the commencement and the close; the middle part absorbs us too much for dreams.

"Maltravers was an admirable scholar. The stores of the immortal dead were as familiar to him as his own language. The poetry, the philosophy, the manner of thought, and habits of life, of the graceful Greek and the luxurious Roman, were a part of knowledge that constituted a common and household portion of his own associations and peculiarities of thought. He had saturated his intellect with the Pætolus of old; and the grains of gold came down from the classic Timolus with every tide. This knowledge of the dead, often so useless, has an inexpressible charm when it is applied to the places where the dead lived. At Balm, Pompeii, by the Virgilian Hades, the ancients are society with which we thirst to be familiar.

"What a new step in the philosophy of life does a young man of genius make, when he first compares his theories and experience with the intellect of a clever woman of the world! Perhaps it does not elevate him, but how it enlightens and refines! What numberless minute yet important mysteries in human character and practical wisdom does he drink, unconsciously,

from the sparkling *persiflage* of such a companion! Our education is scarcely complete without it.

"In the last days of the Roman republic, a *coup d'œil* of their social state might convey to us a general notion of our own. Their system, like ours, a vast aristocracy, rather than a monarchy; an aristocracy heaved and agitated, but kept ambitious and intellectual by the great democratical ocean which roared below and around it; an immense distinction between rich and poor; a nobility, sumptuous, wealthy, cultivated, yet scarcely elegant or refined; a people with mighty aspirations for more perfect liberty, but always liable, in a crisis, to be influenced and subdued by a deep-rooted and antique veneration for the very aristocracy against which they struggled; a ready opening through all the walls of custom and privilege for every description of talent and ambition; but so deep and universal a respect for wealth, that the finest spirit grew avaricious, gripping, and corrupt, almost unconsciously, and the man who rose from the people did not scruple to enrich himself out of the abuses he affected to lament; and the man who would have died for his country, could not help thrusting his hands into her pockets. Cassius, the stubborn and thoughtful patriot, with his heart of iron, had, you remember, 'an itching palm'; yet what a blow to all the hopes and dreams of a world, was the overthrow of the free party after the death of Cæsar! What generations of freemen fell at Philippi! In England, perhaps, we may have ultimately the same struggle. In France, too, we already perceive the same war of elements which shook Rome to her centre; which finally replaced the generous Julius with the hypocritical Augustus; which destroyed the colossal patricians, to make way for the glittering dwarfs of a court, and cheated a people out of the substance with the shadow of liberty. How it may end in the modern world, who shall say? But while a nation has already a fair degree of constitutional freedom, I believe no struggle so perilous and awful as that between the aristocratic and democratic principle. A people against a despot, that contest requires no prophet; but the change from an aristocracy to a democratic commonwealth is, indeed, the 'wide, unbounded prospect' upon which rest 'shadows, clouds, and darkness.' If it fail, for centuries is the dial-hand of time put back; if it succeed, why then man will have colonised Utopia.

"The press is not only the safety-valve of the passions of every party, but the great note-book of the experiments of every hour, the homely, the invaluable ledger of losses and gains. The people who keep that tablet well never can be bankrupt.

"There was one thing that will ever keep the ancient world dissimilar from the modern. The ancients knew not that delicacy in the affections which characterises the descendants of the Goths; they gave up to the monopoly of the senses what ought to have had an equal share in the reason and the imagination. Their love was a beautiful and wanton butterfly; but not the butterfly which is the emblem of the soul.

"Perhaps we pass our lives happier without love than with it. And in our modern social system, I think we have pampered love to too great a preponderance over the other excitements of life. As children, we are taught to dream of it; in youth, our books, our conversation, our plays, are filled with it. We are trained to consider it the essential of life; and yet the moment we come to actual experience, the moment we indulge this inculcated and stimulated craving, nine times out of ten we find ourselves wretched and undone. This is not a world in which we should preach up, too far, the philosophy of love.

"It is a bad thing for a clever and ardent man not to have some paramount object in life.

"The policy of fear keeps many of us virtuous. Sin might not be odious if we did not tremble at the consequences even of appearances.

"Gaming is a moral drunkenness that is worse than the physical.

"Error is sometimes sweet; but there is no anguish like an error of which we feel ashamed.

"There is no unhappier wretch than a man who is ambitious, but disappointed; who has the desire for fame, but has lost the power to achieve it; who longs for the goal, but will not and cannot put away his slippers to walk to it.

"What so fatal to a bold and proud temper as to be at war with society at the first entrance into life? What so withering to many aims and purposes as the giving into the keeping of a woman, who has interest in your love, but not in your fame, the control of your future destinies?

"If we do not fulfil what nature intended for our fate, we become either morbid misanthropes or indolent voluptuaries, wretched and listless in manhood, repining and joyless in old age.

"There is in the affections themselves so much to purify and exalt, that even the error of an unlawful love, conceived without a cold design, and wrestled against with a noble spirit, leaves the heart more tolerant and tender, and the mind more settled and enlarged. The philosophy limited to the reason puts into motion the automata of the closet; but to those who have the world for a stage, and who find their hearts are the great actors, experience and wisdom must be wrought from the philosophy of the passions."

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

STATISTICS OF CALCUTTA.—The following are the results of a census of Calcutta, taken by Captain Birch, superintendent of police, down to January 1, 1837 :—

	Males & Females.
English	3133
Eurasians	4746
Portuguese	3181
French	160
Chinamen	362
Armenians	636
Jews	307
W. Mohammedans	13,677
B. Mohammedans	45,067
W. Hindoos	17,333
B. Hindoos	120,318
Moguls	527
Parsees	40
Arabs	351
Mugs	683
Mudrasas	55
N. Christians	49
Low Castes	19,084

Total population { Males.. 144,911 }	229,714
Females 84,803 }	
Total Houses	65,495
Police force	1,358
In the year 1800, according to the report of the Police Committee furnished to Lord Mornington the population was	500,000
In 1814, according to the calculation of Chief Justice Sir Hyde East, it amounted to	700,000

Both of which calculations must have been erroneous, unless they included the suburbs of Cossipore and Garden Reach; which we believe they did.

In 1821, five assessors were appointed, by whose calculation the population of Calcutta amounted to as follows :—

	Christians.	Mohammedans.	Hindoos.	Chinese.
Upper North Division..	5 ..	6602 ..	64,582 ..	0
Lower North Division..	5816 ..	16,865 ..	25,570 ..	244
Upper South Division..	4476 ..	7510 ..	18,153 ..	170
Lower South Division..	2841 ..	17,185 ..	9898 ..	0
Total population..			179,917	

But making certain allowances, their definite calculation was :—

Resident Inhabitants	205,600
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Influx daily	100,000
In 1831, Captain Steel made it	187,081
Captain Birch's calculation is..	229,714
And the daily influx about	150,000

The above calculations do not include Kidderpore, Garden Reach, Seebpore, Howrah, Sulkea, Cossipore, or the other side of "the Ditch."—*Asiatic Journal*.

CHINA.—Within the temple-yard, which prevents the idol being seen from without, is a high stage, on which the Chinese players perform their exploits to the astonishment of the crowd below. On passing this we were struck with the gaudy appearance of golden ornaments, and various coloured paper cut in shreds; but principally by the quantity of painted candles burning in the front of the idol, the smoke of which, together with the incense, is intolerable at first entering. The candles are about one hundred in number, of various sizes, from one to three feet high, and measuring from two to six inches in circumference. These are kept burning during the time of worship; but as every worshipper brings two candles, they are constantly changing them, so that I suppose the whole number is changed every twenty minutes. Two men are employed to keep a few places vacant, that no one may be prevented from placing his candles, and that the worship may go on without impediment. The candles which are removed are for the benefit of the temple, and a great sum they must produce, as the smallest of them are bought at a dollar a pair. Every worshipper on his entering the temple presents his lights, and receives six sprigs of incense; three of these, after bowing to the idol to intimate that he is about to worship, he places close to the image, and the other at a short distance, and, returning to a cushion in the front of the idol, pays his homage, which consists in kneeling down, and bowing his head to the ground three times; and this also is repeated three times. When this is done he goes to a large table on the left side of the idol, where there are persons to receive his contributions and enrol his name. Oh, with what apparent gladness do they contribute their rupees, as though anxious to exceed each other in the sum they give for this abominable worship! During all this our ears were almost stunned by a large drum and a gong, used to rouse the idol; and these are beat with unusual vehemence when any person of celebrity comes to worship. Several females, most richly dressed, brought offerings of fruit and sweetmeats: these, I was informed, were the wives of the rich Chinese, who gladly embraced that opportunity of appearing abroad, which probably had not been the case since they visited the temple last year on the same occasion.—*Slater*.

ROYAL CITY MEDAL.

SELDOM has any event done so much to call British skill, as shown in the fine arts, into exercise as the accession of our beloved and youthful sovereign. The number of portraits published of her is immense; few of them, however, are creditable either to their painters or their engravers. With one achievement we have been highly gratified. We allude to the truly beautiful bronze medal published by Messrs. Griffin and Hyams, of Cornhill, in commemoration of her Majesty's recent visit to the City. On one side we have an *admirable likeness* of the queen, by far the best we have seen, from the painting by Lane; and on the reverse she is represented standing on a dais, receiving the civic sword from the Lord Mayor. Britannia is seen placing a laurel crown upon her head, while Victory and Fame bid her "WELCOME." Various other devices add to the instruction and pleasure conveyed by this exquisite specimen of art. It will form an agreeable and acceptable present, and cordially do we wish its spirited publishers success.

PEREGRINE PROSY'S SECOND LETTER TO THE PUBLISHERS.

Twaddle-Hall,
Nov. 1st, 1837.

GENTLEMEN,

I CAN readily conceive the intense anxiety with which you must have awaited my second communication. Matters of vast moment to the human race at large have alone delayed it until now. The promise conveyed in my first epistle, I regret to say, I am unable fully to realise. On looking over the MSS. necessary to the compilation of that portion of my unfinished works, entitled "*The Life and Opinions of an Oyster*," I find that many of Mr. Native's letters, especially those immediately preceding his marriage, have, through the intervention of sea-weed and other marine matter, so adhered to each other that they cannot possibly be separated without rendering them for the most part illegible. I regret this the more, because, although my memory will furnish me with all the important facts, the numerous great, and good qualities of my subject would be best developed in his correspondence. As I believe no biography of Mr. Native has hitherto appeared, it may not be amiss to furnish you here with a very brief sketch of his character.

Mr. Native's demeanour was ever quiet and inoffensive. As a husband and father his conduct was most exemplary. Fortunately for him, he found in Miss Lillywhite an oyster of congenial temperament and disposition; so that parents and progeny appear to have avoided dissension, pursuing the same course of life, and guided by exactly similar tastes. At a very early age Mr. Native exhibited a strong predilection for the sea; but he never undertook a voyage, however short. He was contemplative rather than active. Some have thought that he was not sensitive, but the fact is that he was of a peculiarly soft and penetrable nature. He was never known to take advantage of anybody. He was perfectly without guile, and, as good dinners have the effect of making human beings communicative, so he was most *open* at feeding time.

Mr. Native's most laborious work was "*Observations on the Ebb and Flow of the Tide*." The powers of his mind were inconceivable. A poet he undoubtedly was, and how could he be otherwise, placed in the midst of one of the most sublime objects in creation? It will be believed that he was highly imaginative, however mystical, when I state that it was acknowledged by all capable of judging that he was *Shelly all over*. Many authors have had favourite modes of study; Sheridan wrote at night, by the light of a multitude of wax-candles: others have preferred walking, riding, or lying; the latter was Native's plan—he always remained on his *bed*. In figure he was squat and corpulent—"more fat than

bard beseems." In fact, he was nearly as broad as long—the effect doubtless of his sedentary habits. He was of a fair complexion, but had a somewhat dark beard. His nearest connexions never saw him decidedly in a passion, yet, it is said, if any thing offensive to him entered his residence he was apt to be rather snappish; closing his doors so suddenly that the intruder was sometimes crushed between them. He lived a few miles from Colchester. His residence exteriorly was by no means attractive, but, within, it was smooth and white as polished ivory. He had the happiness at all times to be closely surrounded by his kindred and connexions. I am sorry to say, to his amiable qualities there was one sad exception. At a very early age he took to *drinking*; but it must be acknowledged he was placed in circumstances of peculiar temptation.

The decease of Mr. Native speedily followed a journey which he took to the metropolis, accompanied by many of his relatives. It is reported that he was openly stabbed in one of the shops of London, and carried away in a *shell*. His death, however, may be accounted for, without resorting to a supposition so discreditable to the police. When it is recollected that he never before travelled, and had long been confined to his *bed*, it is not difficult to conceive that a journey from Colchester to London might be fatal to his delicate constitution.

I proceed to give a few fragments of his correspondence, at a very important period of his existence. Why they are fragments has already been explained. The following extract appears to be part of the first letter which he addressed to his intended bride—the commencement is unfortunately illegible.

"* * * A feeling which has latterly convulsed my whole frame; and almost occasioned me to doubt my own identity. Formerly I was philosophical—contemplative; now I am—I know not what! I was sleek, and somewhat stout; now there is little of me left, excepting my beard, and the gristly portions of me thereunto adjoining. I am a 'living skeleton.' In my case is realised the wish of Hamlet, when he exclaimed 'O that this too, too solid flesh would melt.' Mine *has* melted; if not 'into thin air,' into thin water. The serenity of my mind, too, is grievously disturbed; and I am so nervous that the most trivial incident causes me to shake like seaweed in the wind. Know, thou dearest and loveliest of she-oysters! thou art the cause of all this. Thy charms have proved to me that a philosophy almost stoical is not invincible. Tell me, then, if there is one ray of hope for me—if, in short, I may call thee mine. I have food in abundance, and, in addition to all which my

3 D

necessities demand, I possess accumulated property in the shape of a very handsome pearl. Say then, may I prosecute this matter farther? Let me hear at your very earliest convenience. And, O! refuse me not hastily, for I am so excited, that in that case I fear I shall be tempted to —

* * * *

The remainder of this sublime and very important letter I am unable to decipher, from the cause already stated. Miss Lillywhite's reply is, fortunately, entire.

*Greenstone Creek,
Feb. 14th, 1830.*

DEAR MR. NATIVE,

Yours of yesterday astonished me not a little. I have consulted mamma on the subject, and she quite agrees with me that I am much too young to undertake the duties of a wife, and those other duties which may possibly be consequent thereon. I beg, therefore, you will think no farther of the matter. I cannot, however, conclude without assuring you that I am much flattered by your good opinion; and that if I could consent thus early to exchange the protection of my mamma for that of any other, there is no one to whom I would sooner commit my future destiny than to yourself.

Yours, respectfully,
LILLYWHITE.

Mr. Native, Next-layer.

*Next-layer,
Feb. 14th, 1830.*

MY DEAR LILLYWHITE,

Anxiously, most anxiously, did I peruse the earlier portion of your kind, and—ten thousand thanks to you—prompt reply to my letter. I read there, as it were, my death-warrant; but the latter sentences cast into my mind the beams of hope—I fancied I saw in them a reprieve. Confirm me in this hope, dearest Lillywhite, for I do not see in your objections aught that should keep us asunder. That you are young, is true; but it is also true that you will be less young each day that you live. So far from your exchanging the protection of your mamma for mine, by union with me, you will insure the society and protection of both; for our shells are so immediately in each other's neighbourhood, that I trust we should ever maintain the affectionate intercourses of near relationship with your mamma; to solace whose declining years will always be one of the chief pleasures of your devoted Beardy.

Reconsider the subject, then, I entreat you, dearest: and if, upon reconsideration, you can arrive at a result more favourable to me, endeavour to win over to our interest your excellent mamma, for whose matronly and unblemished virtues, no oyster in existence has greater reverence than, beloved Lillywhite,

Yours, till eaten,
BEARDY NATIVE.

Of Miss Lillywhite's reply I have endeavoured, with great pains, duly estimating the importance of the subject, to decipher the whole, but have only succeeded as far as the earlier portion of her envelope letter is concerned.

*Greenstone Creek,
Feb. 15th, 1830.*

MY DEAR BEARDY,

I cannot disguise from you that the perseverance you have displayed in the matter on which you communicated with me a few days since, has inspired me with a reciprocal attachment. This I have confessed to mamma; and, with her approbation, I beg to inform you that your addresses will hereafter be favourably received by me. I must, however, entreat you to postpone the period for changing my condition as long as possible. Mamma will be glad of an interview with you when convenient.

Yours, very truly,
LILLYWHITE.

MY DARLING BEARDY,

The enclosed was dictated by mamma, and having discharged my duty by obeying her dictation thus far, I shall now gratify my inclination by adding a few sentences of my own. Know then, darling Beardy, I love you, and have long loved you, but feared, until I received yours of the 13th inst., that I had no chance of gaining your affections. Believe me, I will be true to you till death. O hasten the time when we shall be one, till the fatal Dredger "us do part." I was dreaming of you last night, dear Beardy. I thought we had been conveyed a long, long way. The journey was a most uncomfortable one; and, among other inconveniences which I endured, a part of my upper shell was chipped off. Arrived at our destination, we were crowded, with many others, in a small round wooden vessel, filled with salt water, indeed, but as inferior to our native element as all other oysters are to you, dear Beardy; all was stagnant and tideless. I trembled excessively; but it was for you I feared.

Presently, having left my shells sufficiently apart to see between them, I beheld a stupid looking being, of the man species, with my darling Beardy in one claw, and an ugly, sharp-pointed instrument in the other. With the latter I thought he forced open my dear one's shells, and, tearing him from them, handed him to a creature whom I heard called a Dando. He had small, keen eyes; a chubby face; a large mouth, lined with a double row of formidable grinders. As he raised you towards the awful chasm, I became so agitated that I awoke. Instantly

* * *

The loss of the remainder of this letter cannot be too much deplored. Enough is spared, however, to show that Mr. Native made choice of a congenial helpmate. Confraternal evidence of

his domestic happiness will fortunately be found to exist abundantly in my narrative.

With a specimen of my "Esquimaux Melodies," I will close these extracts. Bear in mind, however, that either of the works named in the list already sent to you will be submitted for your inspection if required.

ESQUIMAUX MELODIES.

MELODY LXXIV.

1.

ALL is dark and drear, for the lasy sun
Is absent, and has been a month or more;
And his holiday is but just begun,
He will skulk months yet, as he did of yore.
Never mind that!
Here's liver, and entrails, and lights to munch,
So gobble we! gobble we! crunch! crunch! crunch!

2.

The wind glides over the ice and snow,
Keen as the edge of a sharpened spear!
Heed not! we have rein-deer and fish, oh! oh!
Here are twenty-five pounds for each, or near!
Work away, boys!
Here's liver, &c.

3.

The gaunt wolves howl, the white bears growl,
They'd very much like with us to dine;
They may lick their jaws, and another way prowl,
There'll be plenty for all—when the weather
grows fine.
Shovel it down!
Here's liver, &c.

4.

Who is so blest as the brave Esquimaux!
All his garments of skin, with the fur within;
His but half-buried in frozen snow;
And with seal's-flesh crammed quite up to the chin.
Oh, dainty fare!
Here's liver, &c.

5.

They tell us of southern climes, far away!
Where, because all is brilliant, green, and warm,
The effeminate sun struts every day,
As if our cold breezes would do him harm.
There let him stay!
Here's liver, &c.

6.

What know they of eating and happiness there,
As over their fire-dried mutton they gloat?
While we chew the reeking paunch of a bear,
Or the fish that flaps his tail in our throat.
At it again!
Here's liver, &c.

7.

Hurra! hurra! The north-lights play!
Our squaws for us are engaged in toil;
While we have nothing to do all day,
But gobble down flesh, and guzzle down oil.
Never cry stop!
Here's liver, and entrails, and lights to munch;
So gobble we! gobble we! crunch! crunch! crunch!

And now, gentlemen, I await your reply.
What that reply will be I can no more doubt
than that the sun will rise to-morrow. Pray put
me in correspondence with your printer immediately; and let me know on what day you intend that the first volume shall appear; and, by the way, will you have the kindness to remit me fifteen hundred pounds, on account of my share of the profits, and thereby oblige,

Gentlemen,

Your very obedient servant,

PEREGRINE PROSY.

Messrs. Ward and Co., Paternoster-row.

N.

YOUTHFUL HOURS.

Oh! I HAVE oft been out at even-tide,
When the soft music of the night-winds sighed
Over the musky flowers;
When in her skiey halls the crescent moon,
With all her beauteous stars, kept festal noon,
Through midnight's voiceless hours.

Then my young heart, as yet from sorrow free,
Throbb'd with the rapture and the guileless glee
Youth's hour alone may know;
That golden time when all around is bright,
And the rapt spirit, lull'd in rich delight,
Dreams not of coming woe.

Of! I have thought, as on the sky I gazed,
With its huge arch of blue so high upraised,
How sweet to wander there!
From star to star to take my joyous way,
Drink from the streams of youth, and while I stray,
The spheres' soft music hear;

To commune with the spirits that abide
Near to the crystal river's verdant side,
Where flowrets breathe their sighs;
To gaze on scenes so bright, so passing fair,
While suns pour forth perpetual radiance there,
And pleasure never dies.

Oh! I have longed for wings, to soar above
The path in which the circling planets move
In swift aerial dance;
To gaze on worlds man never yet hath seen,
To tread where yet no mortal foot hath been,
And onward still advance.

"Vain, vain delusive hope," my spirit cried;
And then methought a gentle voice replied,
"Cling not too fondly here,
And glad from earth to yonder beauteous skies
When time is o'er, thy spirit shall arise—
Heaven's holier, happier sphere.

"Learn in the morning hour of youth to know
Thy God, from whom thy richest blessings flow—
To Him thy homage pay;
Give him thy heart—thy first affections give,—
And in the world of light thy soul shall live
When earth has passed away."

Thus spake a voice unseen—I stood alone—
Yet still I heard that sweet, that gentle tone
Whose music soothed the soul;
Of! now I hear it softly murmuring nigh,
When mute I gaze on starry worlds that high
In glittering glory roll.

T. W. A.

THE COMPASSION OF JESUS,

TO THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

THIS compassion is distinguished by peculiar characteristics. With many, compassion is little more than a blind impulse, a mere selfish emotion, which ceases with the painful scenes or objects by which it is immediately excited. It acts in them simply as a call—a demand of nature to relieve the miserable, and they obey it as a mere propensity or appetite. Even in this state it is a merciful provision of the Creator to secure, to a certain extent, the well-being of his creatures, by constituting them the guardians of each other's happiness. It is, however, capable of great improvement: from an impulse, it may rise to the dignity of a principle; from an uneasy and fitful sensation, it may become a delightful and a perpetual energy; from a mere dictate of selfishness, it may emerge into an expansive and generous philanthropy.

This was its character as it shone forth in the beneficent words and actions of Jesus of Nazareth. It flowed from an enlightened benevolence, intimately acquainted with all the miseries that afflict mankind, and seeking its constant gratification in alleviating and removing them.

If we would indulge the finest sensibilities of our nature, if we would imbibe the spirit of god-like compassion, and share in its exquisite enjoyments, we must follow the Son of God, we must become the attendants of Him who went about doing good. In his footsteps we may trace the human existence in every stage of its progress; we may trace its pains, its sorrows, its disappointments, its decay and dissolution, not by fixing our eyes on those calamities themselves, but on the remedies which are opposed to them. We may trace them, as we trace the windings of some mighty river, by the lofty embankments which are thrown up to check its fury and repress its ravages. Perhaps in the whole land of Judea, a sufferer so heart-broken was not to be found as this poor, desolate, and afflicted woman. We feel, naturally feel for the delicacy of her sex, and the exquisite tenderness which find their home in a virtuous female bosom. When the supreme Majesty of the universe, the Father of mercies, would disclose to his people all the affection of his character, he borrows an image from maternal fondness—"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." How strong, how persevering is the attachment of mothers to their offspring! How costly the sacrifices which they cheerfully make to affection and duty! Their history, both among the barbarous and civilised, where they have been uncontrolled by the iron despotism of superstition, would, I am persuaded, furnish such an affecting and sublime exhibition of amiable

and great qualities, as would eclipse all the glory which irradiates the memory of the sons of men. But in proportion to the sensibility and tenderness of the maternal character must be the anguish of separation. What, then, were the feelings of this mother, doubly bereaved, and left utterly without consolation—a widow and childless? Her husband was no more, and she is approaching with trembling steps his opened grave, there to deposit the remains of her only son—the single pledge of virtuous affection, the last, the solitary comfort of her life, equally dear to memory and to hope. While she retained him her bereaved heart had one prop, one antidote against despair; all was not lost. In him she traced the image of his father; and the resemblance, real or fancied, brought with it a thousand soothing anticipations:

"Bright as his manly sire the son shall be,
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he."

But now this only light of her existence is extinguished. The fatal, deprecated hour is come; her last leaf is shaken down; her last coal in Israel is quenched. In the *acme* of such distress, whose heart does not yearn to afford relief? Who does not grieve that sympathy can do so little, that man is so powerless, that when his fellow-creatures most require his aid he can then do nothing but weep?

The people of the city that were with her were deeply affected; they knew her character, her circumstances, and the extent of her loss. But who is this stranger whom his attendants and followers appear to regard with so much reverence, but whose mean attire and melancholy aspect bespeak him alike familiar with poverty and sorrow? In his countenance are visible the lineaments of a Divine compassion; He is oppressed with grief; yet the calamities which weigh him down are not his own. He has taken up the burden of humanity, with all its nameless woes; he shares the bitterness that is infused into every human lot; nor is there a pang which nature feels that does not awaken a corresponding anguish in his affectionate bosom.

And hence the susceptibility of his compassion. When he saw her, in a moment he understood the whole case. The electric touch of sympathy ran from his eye to his heart. He does not wait to be solicited, nor does he feel it necessary to inquire; he wants neither explanation nor detail; it is enough—the tears of the mourner, the solemnities of death, the anxiety of the spectators, the deep gloom which mortality throws over the moving multitude, all make their silent and instantaneous appeal to him.

The noblest natures are always the most susceptible; a stoic apathy forms no part of the character of greatness, and it is utterly incompatible with goodness. To be at once alive to the miseries of others by a kind of intuition; to know what they would, but dare not ask; to understand the appeal not only of a look, but of an averted and a downcast eye; to prevent the supplication that struggles for utterance, and, in an instant, to convert the unexpressed petition into the equally overpowering sentiment of gratitude, displays benevolence of the highest order. There is an amazing difference between a sensitive and an obtuse, a vigilant and a sluggish compassion; between compassion as an extraordinary excitement and a perpetual habit; between the compassion which shuts itself up and that is approached with difficulty in its retirement, and that which walks abroad in search of misery, and deems every day lost that is not spent in the house of mourning. Such was the compassion of the Son of God.

On the present occasion it is likewise distinguished by its exquisite tenderness. "When the Lord saw her he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not." How much the manner of bestowing may be made to enhance the value of the boon! A harsh exterior may sometimes conceal a humane disposition; but goodness ought always to be invested with her own robe of tenderness. This was the grace which adorned the Saviour's compassion. Here he bids the mourner dry her tears—"Weep not." The benignant look, the soothing accent with which this was urged, must have reached at once the heart of the sufferer. Blessed Redeemer! the law of kindness was ever on thy lips; the tenderness which reigned in thy bosom always beamed in thy countenance; and now, in the moment of conflict and triumph, when the dead is to come forth at thy bidding, and the grave is to be disappointed of its victim, thou forgettest not the kindest office of sympathising humanity. But while all is wonder and expectation; while some are ready to condemn, as an intrusion upon the sacredness of maternal sorrow, advice so easy to give, and so impossible to receive, and others, partially acquainted with the character of Jesus, fix on him eyes of inquisitive earnestness; the human compassion which diffused its touching expression over his features gradually assumes an air of supernatural majesty; the tremulous voice that, in the softness of pity, almost whispered, "Weep not," becomes powerful and sustained, as the authoritative mandate of the great Arbiter of life and death. The carpenter's son, of Nazareth, no longer veils from the gaze of the astonished spectators the Divine nature of the Son of God; the visible and the invisible worlds both confess his presence. "He came and touched the bier, and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee,

arise." No wonder that a fear came on all when they heard from a human tongue sounds so strange to mortal ears. "I say unto thee, arise:" it is the voice of God, and not of man. The multitude felt it, for they exclaimed, "God hath visited his people." The disciples felt it, for they have left their testimony upon record—"We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

The power which accompanied these majestic words fully justified their utterance—and "he that was dead sat up and began to speak." Here was displayed the omnipotence of mercy, a power self-derived and all-sufficient, controlling the king of terrors, and inverting the order of nature by a sovereign act, which proved the entire subseriency of both to his almighty will. And when we reflect upon the occasion on which this Divine prerogative was exerted, we are struck with the propriety of a remark which has been often made—that the miracles of our Saviour were not merely demonstrations of power, but acts of the purest and most disinterested benevolence; that they have a kind of ethical excellence, a close and striking conformity to the peculiar temper, as well as the distinguishing and important mission of Him by whom they were performed.

But we notice the delicacy which peculiarly marked this exercise of Divine compassion. "He delivered him to his mother." In how many ways might he have been employed in promoting the cause and advancing the glory of Him by whom he was thus recalled from the invisible state! In youthful prime and renewed vigour, he had a long life to devote to his service. Under the awful impressions of an eternity which he had personally felt, how would he be able to attest its reality, to allure by its glories, or to alarm by its terrors! What an efficient instrument in promulgating the doctrine of the resurrection, in refuting all the cavils of Jews and heathens against the Divine mission of Him whose power had raised him from the dead! Our Lord could not be insensible to the advantages which such a disciple, raised to the dignity of an apostle, might confer upon his religion, struggling as it was with superstitious prejudice on the one hand, and with Sadducean infidelity on the other. But he wisely, delicately renounced them all. It was the weeping mother that had excited his compassion, and he would not diminish the joy of reunion by a premature separation. He wrought the miracle to wipe away her tears. She is destitute; he possesses the resources of the universe: she has but one son; he has twelve disciples, and legions of angels delight to wait upon him. All the pleasure he enjoys as the Man of sorrows is derived from making others happy; and he cannot forego the exquisite luxury of this moment: "He delivered him to his mother."

This compassion, we would now take occasion

to remark, was prospective; it did not terminate on its immediate objects; through them it has operated to confirm the faith of every future age, as well as to supply the richest consolation to every bereaved sufferer who is able to accredit its testimony. Faith respects the truth of the Saviour's mission, and his power and willingness to help those who trust in him in their time of need. On our belief of both depends our present and future happiness. Whatever he has done to establish this twofold conviction in our minds, is an evidence of his compassion, of his affectionate solicitude to deliver us from the worst evils that can afflict our nature, and to promote, in the highest degree, our well-being as accountable and immortal creatures. Now, if we consider the restoration of the widow's son as a miracle, and as a miracle of compassion, both these ends are accomplished. We must believe in the mission of Jesus; and his character, as it arises out of this striking manifestation of his power, cannot fail to inspire us with that confidence which we ought to repose in him as the Saviour of the world.

On the evidence arising from his miracles our Lord himself laid the greatest stress: "The works," said he, "that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me." When the disciples of John were sent to him to receive from his own lips the most satisfactory proofs of his Divine mission, he referred them to his miracles. "Go," said he, "and show to John again those things which ye hear and see—the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up." This appeal to miracles was founded on the following just and obvious grounds,—that they are visible proofs of Divine approbation as well as of Divine power; that they were of such a nature as would bear the strictest examination; that they were such as an impostor would not attempt, and an enthusiast could not achieve. The miracle recorded in the narrative before us possesses all these characters of credibility; and if the record be true, the conclusion is inevitable, that Jesus is the Son of God. But though our belief of this great fact is indispensable to our becoming Christians and participating in the blessings of the Christian religion, a faith of a more particular and characteristic nature is essential to our experimental and practical acquaintance with this Divine system of mercy. As Christ himself is the fountain of all its knowledge, the source of all its purity, and the sum of all its consolation, it is absolutely necessary that we should understand his character, and place an unlimited confidence in his power and compassion. Now, certainly the subject under review is admirably suited to inspire this confidence. We cannot read this interesting and wonderful story without a deep conviction of the ability of our Redeemer to save to the uttermost, and without a blessed assurance

of his condescension and grace; that he is as willing as he is able to do for us exceedingly abundantly above all that we can ask or think; without feeling that his power can extend to every thing that concerns our happiness, and that he is as merciful as he is mighty; that we may look up to him in every domestic trouble and calamity; joyfully commit our personal and everlasting interests into his hands; descend into the grave with an assured hope that he will be to us as he was to the widow's son of Nain, but under circumstances far more glorious and happy—"the resurrection and the life."

O, then, let the afflicted, the bereaved, and the sorrowful remember that they are not left without resource! Let them learn where to fly in the day of trouble. Jesus ever lives; he has compassion still;

"His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love."

No widow suffers without his sympathy; no parent is called to follow his child to the grave without awakening the deepest interest in His bosom who said to the mourning mother of Nain, "Weep not." But O how difficult is it to carry home this conviction to the wounded hearts of bereaved relatives! and especially to the heart of a mother! "Rachel mourneth for her children, and refuseth to be comforted because they are not." In the rebellious state of her feelings, the consolation offered by referring to this miraculous display of the Saviour's compassion, instead of soothing, only aggravates her grief. "Ah!" she exclaims, "my tears must continue to flow; my child is dead, but no Jesus says to me, 'Weep not.' If he look on me at this desolate moment, I am unconscious of his sympathy. I am an outcast from his compassion. It is in vain that I make my appeal, the passionate appeal of unparalleled sorrow, to Him who has taken away, but will not restore, my child." And is this thy gratitude? this thy submission? What! while his hand is passing over thy brow to wipe away thy tears, wilt thou turn a deaf ear to his compassion? Even now, amidst thy murmuring, I hear him saying unto thee, "Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy: and there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border." But this assurance, consolatory as it is, does not reach your case: "He will not raise my child," is still your desponding complaint; "He will not command the grave to yield up its prey for me." O, thou of little faith! wherefore dost thou doubt? He who said to the young man "Arise!" is "the Resurrection and the Life." Thy son, thy daughter, shall rise again, and be delivered unto thee decked in immortal loveliness, and no fear of separation shall damp the joy of union for ever. Will not

this suffice? Does your feverish heart reject this as a cold consolation? Are you saying with Martha, under all the hopelessness of present grief, "I know that he shall rise again at the last day?" O! believe me, it will be better at the last day than now.—*Dr. Styles.*

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

ARTICLE II.

THE early history of the great primary arts of life, their origin, and the first steps of their progress, lie buried in the darkness of antiquity; but thus much we may understand—that man finds himself in the midst of a world teeming with natural productions, and full of the operations of natural powers, all offering him benefit, or menacing him with destruction. The various knowledge and endlessly-multiplied arts by which he fills his life with the supplies of its great necessities, or with all its great resources of security and power, or with which he adorns it, are all merely the regulated application of certain powers of nature, acting at his discretion upon her own substances and her own productions.

But, then, the various knowledge and endlessly-multiplied observations of experience and reasoning of man added to man, and generation following generation, which are required to bring men even to a very moderate state of advancement in the great primary requisites of life, we are now utterly unable to conceive; because we are not born with the knowledge which was collected at first by the labours of many generations. How slowly, with what continual accessions of knowledge were those arts reared up which still remain to us! How many arts which have been laboriously brought to perfection have been displaced by superior inventions! Therefore, fenced in as we are by the works of our predecessors, we see but a very small part of the power of man contending with the difficulties of his lot. But what a most wonderful scene would be opened up before our eyes, with what interest should we look on, if we could indeed behold man armed only with his own implanted powers, and going forth to conquer the creation; beginning by amending evils and supplying wants; going on to turn those evils and wants into means of enjoyment; and, at length, in the wantonness of his pride and of his power, filling his own existence with luxuries! If we could see him in his first step in the wilderness, advancing to subdue, to tame, and to multiply the herds, bending the trees of the forest, blasting the rock, directing the element of fire, fetching substances from the bowels of the earth, fashioning wood, and stone, and metal, to the will of his thought, searching the nature of plants to spin their fibres for his clothing, or with their virtues to heal his diseases; if we could see him launching his first ship, causing the winds and the waters to do his

work; if we could see him changing the face of the earth, joining seas, or stretching the continent itself into the dominion of sea; if we could do all this in our imagination, we should understand something of what man's intellect has done for his physical life, and what the necessities of that physical life have done in forcing into action all the powers of his wonderful knowledge.

But far higher considerations than these arise from the influence of man's physical necessities, thus adverted to, on the destiny of his species; because that full unfolding of his moral powers to which he was called, was only possible in those states of society which are thus brought into being by this conflict of all its faculties against the stubborn power of the material universe. Out of the same conquest wealth is created; and by means thus brought into action, the orders and classes of society are all divided. The division of property itself (the allotment of the earth) takes place simply because it is the bosom of the earth that yields us food. The great foundation of the stability of nations is thus connected with the same necessity, and out of the same cause arises the same great end by which society is held together. Thus that most wonderful development of the moral nature of man, which it shall be our business to inquire into, in all the forms which fill up the history of its race, is blended with the labour to which he had been urged by those first great necessities of his physical nature. Attend for a moment to this point, and see how deep is the operation of such causes in the human character!

Of the real power of the bodily appetites, and the sway they may maintain over the moral nature of the human mind, we who are prevented by our place among the arrangements of civil society from greatly suffering under it, can form but a very indistinct conception. Let me not now speak of those enormities which, in the midst of a dreadful famine, are recorded to have been perpetrated by civilised men, when the whole moral soul, with all its strongest affections and its most instinctive abhorrences, have sunk prostrate under the power of the physical necessities. The power of which I am now speaking subsists habitually, and at all times, among whole tribes and nations. It is that power, which it acquires in the mind of the savage who is frequently exposed to its severity, and who hunts for himself the food with which he is to appease

it. Compare the mind of the human being as you are accustomed to behold it, having the return of this sensation only as a grateful incitement to take the nourishment spread for his repast—compare it with that of his fellow-man bearing through the lonely woods the gnawing pang that goads him to his prey. Hunger lies in the strength of his arm, hunger wakes in his eye, hunger listens in his ear. As he couches down in his covert, waiting the approach of his expected spoil, this is the sole thought that fills his aching mind—"How, wretch that I am, shall I satisfy my hunger?" When his deadly aim has brought his victim within his reach, this is the thought that springs up—"I have got food for my empty soul." What, I ask, must be the usurpation of the animal nature here over the moral, when it is not the power of simple pain and sorrow, but his own helplessness in his wants and in his desires that thus excites him? Here I am speaking not of a suffering and a sinking wretch; the man I suppose is a strong hunter, one who puts forth his whole strength under the agony of this pain. All his might in the chase, all his pride of speed and boast of skill, all thoughts of long and hard endurance, all images of perils past and remembrance of suffering, all are gathered on that one strong and keen desire, all are bound down to the sense of that one bitter animal want. These feelings recurring day by day in the tale of his life, bring on his soul a vehemence and a power of desiring that object, of which, as I said, we can have no conception, till it becomes subjected to this mighty animal passion—a passion such as rages in those fierce animal kinds which it drives with such ferocity on its prey; so that, without exaggeration, I may say, he knows hunger just as the wolf knows it; that he goes forth with a burning heart, just like the very tiger who laps up blood.

But turn to another condition to which man has brought himself by the very agency of that same physical, aided by his moral and intellectual, being; and how infinitely is he removed from all contentions such as these! The very work in which he now labours the whole day, on which his eyes are fixed, and on which his hands toil, is something altogether connected with the distant wants and purposes of a thousand men, in which he has no participation; and as far as it is a work of skill, he has to fix his mind on objects and purposes so removed from himself, that they all tend to sever his thought from his own necessities. Thus it is that civilisation raises his moral character, by protecting almost every human being from that subjection to its passions by which whole tribes are bowed down in the great wilderness of nature.

But still, I ask you, if it be not one of the most melancholy parts of all the speculation that is suggested to the moral inquirer by the condition of man, to observe what a wild and dense

gloom is cast over their souls by this severe necessity, which is, nevertheless, the great and constant source of the improvement of their condition? It is not suffering alone, that they may be inured to bear; but it is the darkness of the understanding, and it is the callousness of the heart, which comes on under the operation of the toil to which this human being—whose nature it is our business to explain—must be subjected; it is all that which is most miserable for us to behold. For if men born with the same spirit as ourselves, seem yet denied the common privileges of that spirit, they seem to bring certain faculties into the world that cannot be unfolded—certain powers of affection and desire which, we might be inclined to say, the lot of their birth will pervert and degrade. There is a humiliation thus laid on human nature in the doom which seems thus to rest on a great portion of the species, which, while it requires our most considerate compassion for those who are thus depressed, compels us to humble ourselves under a sense of our own participation in the mysterious nature from which it all flows. Therefore, in estimating the worth or the virtue of our fellow-men, (which it will be our business to do,) whom Providence has placed in a lot which yields to them the means, and little more than the means, of supporting life in themselves, and those born of them, what moral inquirer would ever, for a moment, forget how intimate is the necessary union between the wants of the body and the thoughts of the soul? Let us remember, that over the great proportion of our humanity, the soul is in a struggle for its independence with the necessities of that nature in which we know it to be enveloped. It has to support itself against irritating or maddening thoughts inspired by weariness, lassitude, and want, or the fear of want. It is chained down to the earth by the influence of one great and constant occupation—that of providing the means of its mortal existence. When it shows itself shocked or agitated, overcome in the struggle, what ought to be the thoughts and feelings in the consideration of the wisdom of poor humanity?

When, on the other hand, you see nature preserving itself more boldly amidst the perpetual threatenings or unceasing assaults of those evils from which it never can make its escape, and though pressed by its own many wants, forgetting them all in that love which ministers to the wants of others; when you see the brow wrinkled and drenched by incessant toil, the body bowed down to the dust, and the whole frame in which the immortal spirit abides marred (but surely not dishonoured) by its slavery; and then, when in the midst of all that depression and oppression, you see man still seeking and still finding joy, delight, and happiness, in all the finer affections and desires of his spiritual being, giving to the lips of those he loves that scanty morsel

earned by his own hungry and thirsty toil ; purchasing by sweat, sickness, and fever, the useful education and religious instruction of the young creatures who delight the heart of him who is striving for their sakes ; resting with gratitude on that day which is like a fountain in the midst of the thirsty wilderness to his exhausted and wearied frame ; and preserving a high sense of his own immortality, amongst all the toils and struggles that would fain chain him to the dust ; when, I say, you see all this, and think of all this, you will discover how rich may be the very poorest of the poor, and you will learn to respect the moral being of man in these its tri-

umphs over the power of his physical nature. But you do not learn from this to doubt or to deny the wisdom of the Creator ; you do not learn from all these struggles, and all these defeats, and all these most glorious victories, and all these triumphs, that God sent his creatures into this state of existence to starve, for that the air, the earth, and the waters have not withheld to fill the mouths that gape for food. Nor will you ever learn that want is a crime, or that poverty is a sin, or that they who would toil but cannot, or they who would toil but have not work, are intruders at Nature's table, and must be driven to famine, starvation, and death.

JOAN PERRY AND HER SONS.

AMID the progress which, during the last half century, Europe has made in natural philosophy, science in general, and the mechanical arts in particular, moral philosophy appears to have remained almost, or wholly stationary. What is, or what is not insanity, appears to be as much a problem as ever. The following occurrence, substantiated by the best possible testimony, the particulars being contained in Hargrave's State Trials, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of mind within our recollection.

On the 16th of August, 1660, the steward of Lady Campden, of Campden, in Gloucestershire, an old man, named William Harrison, walked from Campden to Charringworth, a village two miles distant, to receive rent due to her ladyship. Not returning at the hour expected, his wife, between eight and nine o'clock, sent their servant, John Perry, to meet his master. Neither Harrison nor his servant returned that night. Early on the following morning, Harrison's son, Edward, proceeded towards Charringworth in search of his father. On his way he met Perry, who said that he could hear nothing of Mr. Harrison at Charringworth. Both then went to the village of Ebrington ; where a man, named Daniel, told them that Harrison called at his house the evening before, returning from Charringworth, but did not stay. They then went a mile farther, to Paxford, and making no discovery returned towards Campden. On the way, they heard that a hat, band, and comb, had been found by a woman in the public road from Ebrington to Campden. On finding the woman, the hat, comb, and band were produced. The former were cut and mutilated, the latter was bloody. Supposing Harrison to have been murdered, they searched the neighbourhood for his body, but in vain.

Perry having been sent to meet his master, and not returning till the following day, suspicion arose that he had murdered Harrison, and taken from him the money he had received. On ex-

amination before a justice of the peace, he stated that, when his mistress sent him in search of his master, he went a short way towards Charringworth, when he met William Reed, with whom, being afraid to proceed in the dark, he returned ; that he afterwards went forward a short way with a man named Pierce, but returned with him to his master's gate : that he then entered the hen-roost, where he remained an hour, and then proceeded towards Charringworth, but losing his way, in consequence of a dense mist which arose, he lay under a hedge the remainder of the night. At day-break he reached Charringworth, and heard from Edward Plaisterer that he had paid his master twenty-three pounds the evening before. William Curtis also told Perry that Harrison had called at his house during his absence. Having learned these facts, he took his way homewards, and met his young master, as before stated.

Reed, Pierce, Plaisterer, and Curtis, on their examination, confirmed this testimony.

The justice asked Perry to explain why, being afraid to proceed to Charringworth at nine o'clock, he ventured to do so at midnight. Perry answered, that at the former hour it was dark, at the latter moonlight.

Perry was farther asked, why, having twice returned to his master's premises, he did not go in to the house to ascertain if his master had returned meanwhile. He answered, that he saw a light in the bed-room window, which was only the case in his master's absence.

The circumstances were so suspicious, that Perry was detained six days, and underwent a second examination, without deviating from his former statement. No clue was discovered to lead to the elucidation of the mystery.

During his confinement, Perry told one person, that a tinker had killed his master ; another, that a gentleman's servant had robbed and murdered him ; a third, that his body was hid in a certain bean-rick, where he was searched for, but not found. He then said, that if he were again

taken before the justice, he would confess the whole matter. On the twenty-fourth of August, therefore, he was again examined. He deposed that Harrison was murdered; but denied that he was the murderer. The justice told him, if he knew the fact of the murder, he must also know by whom it was committed. He then said his mother and brother were the murderers. The justice cautioned him, stating his suspicion that he was the murderer, and reminding him that what he now asserted, if persisted in, might lead to the execution of his mother and brother. Persisting, he was desired to state the details.

His statement was, that his mother and brother had often solicited him for money, suggesting that, if he would acquaint them when his master was going to receive any rents for Lady Campden, they might relieve their poverty, by waylaying and robbing him. On the Thursday morning, when Harrison was last seen in Campden, he met his brother in the street, to whom he communicated where, and for what his master was going. In the evening he again met his brother, as he was going, by his mistress's desire, to meet Mr. Harrison. They proceeded together to the churchyard, where they took different roads, but met again. When they came to a particular spot, his brother entered a part of Lady Campden's grounds, and, after awhile, John followed him, when he found his brother on his prostrate master; his mother standing by. On being asked if Harrison was then dead, he answered "No, for he exclaimed, 'Ah, regues, will you kill me?'"

John then interceded for his master; but his brother said, "Peace, peace, you are a fool!" He then strangled him, and took a bag of money from Harrison's pocket, which he threw into his mother's lap. The brother then conveyed the body into the garden. A consultation took place how to dispose of the body; when it was agreed to throw it into the great sink by Wallington's mill. Being asked if it was now there, he said he did not know. That his mother and brother desired him to go and watch if any one was a-foot, and he did not return to them. It was then he met John Pierce, with whom he went a little way towards Charringworth, and then went into the hen-roost, as before stated. That having, when he left the murderers, carried away the hat, band, and comb, of the murdered man, he hacked them with a knife, and threw them into the highway. His reason for this, he said, was to induce people to believe his master was murdered and robbed there by some stranger. Having done this, he proceeded to Charringworth, on a pretended search after his master.

Joan and Richard Perry were now apprehended. The sink alluded to, and all the fishponds and such other places in the neighbourhood of Campden, were searched for the body, but in vain.

On the twenty-fifth of August, Joan and Richard were examined, and denied solemnly any knowledge of the crime attributed to them by John, who, on his part, persisted in his statement.

A remarkable circumstance occurred while the prisoners were being re-conveyed from the justice's house to prison. Richard, who was considerably behind his brother and accuser, John, pulled something from his pocket, when a ball of ink dropped, and was picked up by one of those in whose custody he was. Richard requested to have it back, saying, it was his wife's hair-lace. The finder opened it, and found a slip-knot at the end. It was then shown to John, who was asked if he knew it. He shook his head, and said he did too well, for it was the string with which his brother strangled Mr. Harrison.

The year before this occurrence, Mr. Harrison's house had been robbed, while the family were at church, and one hundred and forty pounds stolen therefrom; and a few weeks before Mr. Harrison's disappearance, John Perry, one evening, ran home, hallooing, and seeming to be much frightened. He told those who were attracted by his cries, that two men in white, with drawn swords, had attacked him, and that he defended himself with a sheep-pick, which he had in his hand. In proof he showed the handle, cut in several places, and took a key, also out, from his pocket.

On being questioned respecting the robbery, John said that his brother committed it: that he, John, was at church at the time, but had previously given his brother information where to find the money; that it was buried in a certain garden. The garden was searched and no money found. The attack upon him, he said, was pretended, in order to produce an impression that desperate characters were near, and thus account for the past and any future robbery.

In September following, John, Joan, and Richard Perry had two indictments found against them, one for robbing Mr. Harrison's house in 1659, the other for the murder. For the latter they were not then tried, the body not having been found. To the indictment for robbery they pleaded not guilty, but on being spoken to, pleaded guilty, and begged the benefit of the act of oblivion, which was granted them. Subsequently, when about to die, they denied all knowledge of the robbery. John still persisted in his tale about the murder, and added that his mother and brother had attempted to poison him in gaol. In the following spring the three were tried for the murder, and pleaded not guilty. When John's confession was urged against him he said that he was then mad. The jury returned a verdict of guilty against the three. A few days after, they were brought to Broadway-hill to be executed. The mother suffered first. Richard then declared his entire innocence, and besought

his brother to state the truth respecting him. John treated his brother's prayers with surly indifference, yet, when about to suffer in his turn, told the people that he knew nothing of his master from the time he left home, but that they would probably hear of him hereafter. Some years after Harrison was heard of, and Sir Thomas Overbury, of Burton, justice of the peace, having written to him, received the following reply.

HONOURED SIR,

In obedience to your commands, I give you this true account of my being carried away beyond the seas, my continuance there, and my return home. On a Thursday, in the afternoon, in the time of harvest, I went to Charringworth, to demand rents due to my Lady Campden, at which time the tenants were busy in the fields, and late before they came home, which occasioned my stay there till the close of the evening. I expected a considerable sum, but received only three-and-twenty pounds. In my return home, in the narrow passage among Ebrington furzes, there met me one horseman and said, "Art thou there?" and I, fearing that he would have rid over me, struck his horse over the nose; whereupon he struck at me with his sword several blows, and run it into my side, while I, with my little cane, made my defence as well as I could; at last another came behind me, run me into the thigh, laid hold on the collar of my doublet, and drew me to a hedge, near to the place; then came in another; they did not take my money, but mounted me behind one of them, threw my arms about his middle, and fastened my wrists with something that had a spring-lock, as I conceived by hearing it give a snap as they put it on; then they threw a great cloak over me, and carried me away. In the night they alighted at a hay-rick, which stood near to a stone-pit, by a wall-side, where they took away my money; about two hours before the day, as I heard one of them tell the other he thought it to be then, they turned me into the stone-pit; they stayed, as I thought, about an hour at the hay-rick, when they took horse again; one of them bade me come out of the pit; I answered they had my money already, and asked what they would do to me; whereupon he struck me again, drew me out, and put a great quantity of money into my pockets, and mounted me again after the same manner; and on the Friday, about sun-setting, they brought me to a lone house upon a heath, by a thicket of bushes, where they took me down almost dead, being sorely bruised with the carriage of the money. When the woman of the house saw that I could neither stand nor speak, she asked them whether or no they had brought a dead man? They answered no, but a friend that was hurt, and they were carrying him to a surgeon; she answered, if they did not make haste, their friend would be dead before they could

bring him one. There they laid me on cushions, and suffered none to come into the room but a little girl; there we stayed all night, they giving me some broth and strong waters; in the morning, very early, they mounted me as before, and on Saturday night they brought me to a place where were two or three houses, in one of which I lay all night, on cushions by their bed-side. On Sunday morning they carried me from thence, and, about three or four o'clock, they brought me to a place by the seaside, called Deal, where they laid me down on the ground; and, one of them staying with me, the other two walked a little off, to meet a man, with whom they talked; and, in their discourse I heard them mention seven pounds; after which they went away together, and about half an hour after returned. The man, whose name I afterwards heard was Wrenshaw, said, he feared I would die before he could get me on board; then presently they put me into a boat, and carried me on ship-board, where my wounds were dressed. I remained in the ship, as near as I could reckon, about six weeks, in which time I was indifferently recovered of my wounds and weakness. Then the master of the ship came and told me, and the rest who were in the same condition, that he discovered three Turkish ships: we all offered to fight in defence of the ship and ourselves; but he commanded us to keep close, and said he would deal with them well enough. A little while after he called us up, and, when we came on deck, we saw two Turkish ships by us; into one of them we were put, and placed in a dark hole, where how long we continued before we landed I do not know. When we were landed, they led us two days' journey, and put us into a great house, or prison, where we remained four days and a half; then came eight men to view us, who seemed to be officers; they called us, examined us as to trades and callings, which every one answered; one said he was a surgeon, another that he was a broad-cloth weaver, and I, after two or three demands, said, that I had some skill in physic. We three were set by, and taken by three of those eight men who came to view us. It was my chance to be chosen by a grave physician, eighty-seven years of age, who lived near Smyrna, and who had formerly been in England, and knew Crowland, in Lincolnshire, which he preferred to all other places in England; he employed me to keep his still-house, and gave me a silver bowl, double gilt, to drink in. My business was most in that place; but once he set me to gather cotton-wool, which I net doing to his mind, he struck me down to the ground, and afterwards drew his stiletto to stab me; but I, holding up my hands to him, he gave a stamp and turned from me, for which I render thanks to my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who stayed his hand and preserved me. I was there about a year and three quarters, and then my master fell sick, on

a Thursday, and sent for me; and calling me, as he used, by the name of Boll, told me he should die, and bade me shift for myself. He died on the Saturday following, and I presently hastened with my bowl to a port, about a day's journey

distant. I inquired for a ship for England. I procured one, which landed me at Dover.

Yours,

WILLIAM HARRISON.

For Sir T. Overbury, Knt.

BRITISH BRAVERY.

MR. RICHARD HORNBY, of Stokesley, deserves to be honourably mentioned for an instance of heroism almost without a parallel. He was master of a merchant-ship, the *Isabella*, of Sunderland, in which he sailed from the coast of Norfolk for the Hague, June 1st, 1744, in company with three smaller vessels recommended to his care. Next day they made Gravesant steeple in the Hague; but while they were steering for their port, a French privateer, that lay concealed among the Dutch fishing-boats, suddenly came against them, singling out the *Isabella* as the object of attack, while the rest dispersed and escaped. The contest was very unequal; for the *Isabella* mounted only four carriage guns and two swivels, and her crew consisted of only five men and three boys, besides the captain; while the privateer, the *Marquis de Brancas*, commanded by captain André, had ten carriage guns and eight swivels, with seventy-five men and three hundred small arms. Yet Captain Hornby, after consulting his mate, and gaining the consent of his crew, whom he animated by an appropriate address, hoisted the British colours, and with his two swivel guns returned the fire of the enemy's chase guns.

The Frenchmen, in abusive terms, commanded him to strike, to which he returned an answer of defiance. Upon this the privateer advanced, and poured in such showers of bullets into the *Isabella*, that Captain Hornby found it prudent to order his brave fellows into close quarters. While he lay thus sheltered, the enemy twice attempted to board him on the larboard quarter; but by a dexterous turn of the helm, he frustrated both attempts, though the Frenchmen kept firing upon him both with guns and small arms, which fire Captain Hornby returned with his two larboard guns.

At two o'clock, when the action had lasted an hour, the privateer, running furiously in upon the larboard of the *Isabella*, entangled her bowsprit among the main shrouds, and was lashed fast to her; upon which Captain André bawled, in a menacing tone, "You English dog, strike!" but the undaunted Hornby challenged him to come on board and strike his colours, if he dared.

The enraged Frenchman took him at his word, and threw in twenty men upon him, who began to hack and hew into his close quarters; but a discharge of blunderbusses made the invaders retreat as fast as their wounds would permit them.

The privateer being then disengaged from the *Isabella*, turned about, and made another attempt on the starboard side; when Captain Hornby and his valiant mate shot each his man as they were again lashing the ships together.

The Frenchman once more commanded him to strike, and the brave Briton returning another refusal, twenty fresh men entered, and made a fierce attack on the close quarters with hatchets and pole-axes, with which they had nearly cut their way through in three places, when the constant fire kept up by Captain Hornby and his brave crew obliged them to retreat, carrying their wounded with them, and hauling their dead after them with boat-hooks.

The *Isabella* continuing lashed to the enemy, the latter, with small arms, fired repeated and terrible volleys into the close quarters, partly from his fore-castle and partly from his main deck, bringing forward fresh men to supply the place of the dead and wounded; but the fire was returned with such spirit and effect, that the Frenchmen repeatedly gave way. At length Captain Hornby, seeing them crowding behind their main mast for shelter, aimed a blunderbuss at them, which being by mistake doubly loaded, containing twice twelve balls, burst in the firing, and threw him down, to the great consternation of his little crew, who supposed him dead; yet he soon started up again, though greatly bruised, while the enemy, among whom the blunderbuss had made dreadful havock, disengaged themselves from the *Isabella*, to which they had been lashed an hour and a quarter, and sheered off with precipitation, leaving their grapplings, pole-axes, pistols, and cutlasses behind them. The gallant Hornby fired his two starboard guns into the enemy's stern; and the indignant Frenchman soon returning, the conflict was renewed, and carried on yard-arm and yard-arm, with great fury, for two hours together.

The *Isabella* was shot through her hull several times, her sails and rigging were torn to pieces, her ensign was dismounted, and every mast and yard wounded; yet she bravely maintained the combat; and at last, by a fortunate shot which struck the *Brancas* between wind and water, obliged her to sheer off and career.

While the enemy were retiring, Hornby and his brave little crew sallied out from their fastness, and erecting their fallen ensign, gave three cheers.

By this time both vessels had driven so near the shore, that immense crowds, on foot and in coaches, had assembled to be spectators of the action.

The Frenchman, having stopped his leak, returned to the combat, and poured a dreadful volley into the stern of the *Isabella*, when Captain Hornby was wounded in the temples by a musket-shot, and bled profusely. This somewhat disconcerted his companions in valour; but he called to them briskly to take courage and stand to their arms, for his wound was not dangerous; upon which their spirits revived, and again taking post in their close quarters, sustained the shock of another assault; and after receiving three tremendous broadsides, repulsed the foe by another well-aimed shot, which sent the *Branças* again to careen. The huzzas of the *Isabella's* crew were renewed, and they again set up their shattered ensign, which was shot through and through into honourable rags.

André, who was not deficient in bravery, soon renewed the fight; and having disabled the *Isabella* by five terrible broadsides, once more summoned Hornby, with dreadful menaces, to strike his colours.

Captain Hornby animated his gallant comrades—"Behold," said he, pointing to the shore, "the witnesses of your valour this day!" then

finding them determined to stand by him to the last, he hurled his final defiance upon the enemy. The latter immediately ran upon his starboard and lashed close alongside; but his crew murmured, and refused to renew the dangerous task of boarding; and, cutting off the lashings, again retreated. Captain Hornby resolved to salute the privateer with one parting gun, and this last shot, fired into the stern of the *Branças*, reached the magazine, which blew up with a tremendous explosion, and the vessel instantly foundered. Out of seventy-five men, thirty-six were killed or wounded in the action, and all the rest, together with the wounded, perished in the deep, except three, who were picked up by the Dutch fishing-boats. The horrible catastrophe excited the commiseration of Captain Hornby and his brave men, who could render no assistance to their unfortunate enemies, the *Isabella* having become unmanageable, and her boat being shattered to pieces. The engagement lasted seven hours.

For this singular instance of successful bravery, Mr. Hornby received from the king a large gold medal commemorating his heroism. He survived the action seven years, and dying at sea of a lingering illness, was buried at Liverpool, being then fifty-two years of age.—*Young's History of Whitby*.

MEMORY.

It is not easy to invest any subject relating to the philosophy of the mind with an interest sufficiently powerful to secure the protracted attention of a reader. Indeed, a writer, as well as a reader, must often be conscious of the strong propensity of his mind to wander—to fly off, and to settle on any appearance in the whole range of real or imaginary existence, rather than on itself. At the first proposal of a mental subject, the mind, perhaps, suspecting a little difficulty, springs towards it with all its native elasticity, but soon discovers that it has drawn its sword on a leviathan, and the ardour of its enthusiasm gradually chills into impatience and chagrin. In this state of feeling, unable to meet its demands, and unwilling to act the part of an amanuensis, the mind heats and agitates itself by its own action. Unable to fasten on facts and realities, it "bodies forth the forms of things unknown," and applying its wand to each as it passes, endeavours to give it a complexion illustrative of the subject under consideration. But, at length, wearied by its undisciplined efforts, it relinquishes the subject, endeavours to lose the thoughts which have occurred on it, to withdraw from their unwelcome influence, and to recover its wonted temperament, in the hope that the subject, when resumed, will present itself in a more eligible light.

Much of this mental distress may often be attributed to a weak, or immethodical memory. On such an occasion, probably, a far greater demand is made on the memory and the associating principle, than on the imagination. Thoughts and opinions make their re-appearance, which, till now, perhaps, we knew not were in our possession. They may not wear the freshness of novelty, and may remind us of some indistinct resemblances which have already floated across our minds; but frequently, in the feeling which attends the present appropriation of them, we think not of their anterior existence, but are apt to regard them as the creations of the present moment. If, however, a person can command the assistance of a feeble and untutored memory only, he may call on it for aid with the same success as Glendower could "command spirits from the vasty deep." Or, like the ghosts on the banks of the Styx, his ideas, unaccustomed to control and arrangement, will rush promiscuously forward, and his every production will exhibit the picture of a mind habitually submissive to objects and events, without any power to classify and appropriate them.

Memory may be classed among those faculties of the mind, which, on our retiring to rest, seem to descend from their station of authority and observation, to repose in silence with their ma-

terial partner. And this partial loss of the memory during sleep may account for much of the inconsistency of dreams. We often find ourselves realising again the scenes of the past day with a thousand strange additions; but suddenly the scene is changed, and we are introduced to new appearances, without any recollection whatever of the past. Thus we sometimes revisit the familiar scenes of childhood with a friend whom, perhaps, we long since saw lowered into the grave, without remembrance of the solemn event, or our deep emotion at witnessing it. The mind, in sleep, seems quite incapable of retrospection, and is wholly confined to the present scene. Hence, if we ever suspect ourselves to be dreaming, should the subject of our dream change, the former dream, and the suspicion, are entirely obliterated, and we are quite absorbed in the scenes of the new drama.

It is reasonable to suppose, since the memory must always regard some object, and the senses are the great medium of access to the mind, that the active existence of memory is subsequent to that of perception. From the recollection of external objects and events, the mind gradually advances to the more refined exercise of remembering past thoughts. This important advance in its history depends, however, principally on education. An uncultivated mind has few intellectual reminiscences. It has no hallowed thoughts of the past, no shadowy abstractions to commune with in silence, as with the spirit of a departed friend. Still like a chrysalis, it knows not that fancy may be winged, and visit other worlds. Like the Jews, under the present economy, it continues surrounded with types and shadows, when it should be looking back on them as on the pleasing instructors of its nonage.

In early childhood, when the mind can just turn its eye from the present to look a short distance "before and after," its efforts of memory and anticipation are nearly balanced. From the recollection of a yesterday, it begins to think of a to-morrow. And this proportion in its intimacy with the past and future continues, until the sphere of its vision has so far increased that the future can venture to assert its independence of the past. Henceforth, during the greater part of life, anticipation is commonly found to lord it over the memory. The mind feels its impotence when it refers to past scenes—they seem to have fled beyond the limits of its influence. But the future is ever pregnant with interest. All the important events of life are yet to come. Over these the mind intends to exert its highest authority, and to surprise the world into an unpremeditated acknowledgment of its powers. Perhaps almost every past day has presented blanks only from the great lottery of life; but this, so far from damping the ardour of the mind, induces it the more to luxuriate in fancy on the prizes which yet remain. Thus the memory is

commonly doomed to hold an office of secondary importance, until the history of life becomes well stored with incidents, and, from the diminished interest of the present the mind begins to feel itself occasionally thrown back on the past. The balance of power is now gradually restored; and, at length, perhaps, the preponderance appears on the side of memory. Besides, having proved the uncertainty of the future, and enjoying a pleasure in revolving and detailing the past, nothing can now be seen or heard, but the mind instantly recurs to something parallel in the record of days gone by.

The pleasures and advantages of memory will be found to compete with the most exalted we enjoy. It is the museum of the mind, where are deposited the rare, the costly, and the beautiful, to be exhibited as occasion may require. It is the mysterious power which calls up our former joys and sorrows, and bids them live again. It invests every man, more or less, with the character of a prophet, enabling him to foretell the nature and approach of many events with accuracy. In short, an idea of the influence which it exercises on our happiness is given to us by the fact that the poets of all ages have personified and apostrophised it with religious enthusiasm; nor should it sink in our estimation from the circumstance, that the instinctive tribes have given repeated indications that they possess it as well as ourselves, though in a much inferior degree. Indeed, in some of them, there are traces of other powers besides the memory. But if we reflect that these phenomena are quite incidental, seldom satisfactory, and always confined to the Bacons and Newtons of their species, we feel ourselves reinstated in our accustomed elevation, and exult in the assurance that, whatever may be the nature of our mental economy, "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty hath given him understanding."

There is something extremely revolting in the contemplation of the state induced by the total absence of memory. We review with so much interest scenes that are past, as constituting parts of our former selves, that with all our anxiety to pry into futurity, we should not probably be disposed to exchange memory for prescience. And this predilection for memory will doubtless increase as the history of our existence advances. How must it enhance the pleasure of a pure intelligence, to trace back the events which have given interest to the history of ten thousand years!

It might be amusing to contrast the probable state of man, possessed of prescience instead of memory, with his present state. His conduct to-day would not be regulated by the experience of yesterday, but by the events of to-morrow. The philosopher, in discussing the subject of his personal identity, could derive no evidence from the past, but could only show that he is the same

person now that would do such a thing ten or twenty years hence. A man would suffer, if punished at all, for a crime which he would commit, and not for one which he had perpetrated; for if he were allowed to incur the actual guilt, he would escape with impunity. He would be as presumptuous then, who should pry into the mysteries of yesterday, as he is now, who presumes concerning the events of futurity.

There is one peculiarity which would distin-

guish the loss of memory; that its departure would be attended by no regret, since this would imply a recollection of having once possessed it. When we have lost other blessings it is often a solace to feel that we can embalm them in the memory. But were memory itself to perish, we could only speculate concerning it as we do now concerning a sixth sense. He who drinks the waters of Lethe forgets that he ever drank them.

WINTER.

STERN Winter comes, I hear his sullen voice
Thundering the dark and moaning woods along;
The cloud-clad spirits of the storm rejoice,
The trembling streamlet stays its silver song.
Bound by the icy chains around it cast,
Sudden the roaring cataract is still,
Marble-like glittering, while the rushing blast
Wakes not the frozen stream, as, loud and shrill,
Through leafless woods and groves once robed in green,
Its hollow roar is heard. The dirge of woe,
Sung by the wood-nymphs for their sylvan queen,
From the lone vale comes sounding, sad and slow,
Like plaintive requiems at the close of day,
Sung for repose of one late passed away.

High on a mountain, round whose rugged head
Embatling storms have rushed with horrid roar,
O'er which a robe of virgin white is spread,
Where never eagles' wings have dared to soar,
Nor sun—that flings his fiery glances down—
Has pierced the masses of eternal snow;

There in his chariot, while an angry frown
Gathers upon his deeply-furrowed brow,
Dread Winter stands; thick clouds his feet surround,
Driven by th' north-wind's chill and blasting breath,
No more in arctic frozen caverns bound,
Where reigns the dark and dreadful night of death.
Now Nature slumbers, girt with icy folds,
And stillness deep in awe the spirit holds.

One little flower lifts up its beauteous head,
Shrinking from winds that o'er it rudely fly;
Ten thousand withered leaves are round it spread;
But still the snowdrop bends not down to die;
It yet remains the gloomy scene to cheer,
And tell that gladdening spring shall soon return.
So does the firm though lonely spirit bear
The wintry storms of life that, dark and stern,
Around it roar, while hope, with radiant smiles,
Soaring on wings of rainbow-coloured light,
With gayest dreams the weary soul beguiles,
And breaks the deepest gloom of sorrow's night;
Whispers of days of peace that yet shall rise,
With beaming suns, and fair, unclouded skies.

T. W. A.

EDUCATION.

MENTAL CULTURE.—It was said by Charles XII., of Sweden, that he who was ignorant of the arithmetical art was but half a man. With how much greater force may a similar expression be applied to him who carries to his grave the neglected and unprofitable seeds of faculties which it depended on himself to have reared to maturity, and of which the fruits bring accessions to human happiness more precious than all the gratifications which power or wealth can command!—*Dugald Stewart.*

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION.—A gentleman not long since took up an apple to show a niece, sixteen years of age, who had studied geography several years, something about the shape and motion of the earth. She looked at him a few minutes, and said with much earnestness, "Why, uncle, you don't mean that the earth really turns round, do you?" He replied, "But did you not learn that several years ago?" "Yes, sir," she replied, "I learned it, but I never knew it before." Now it is obvious that this young lady had been labouring several years on the subject of geography, and groping in almost total darkness, because some kind friend did not show her at the outset, by some familiar illustration, that the earth really turned round.—*American Annals of Education.*

MICHAEL ANGEL.—At the age of fourteen, Michael Angelo was placed with Ghirlandajo, who had the character of having envy in his disposition, which felt no pleasure in the most distant prospect of a rival;

and from this circumstance Conclivi has asserted that he reaped no benefit from his instructor.

Whatever were the sources of his improvement, he rapidly surpassed his contemporary students, and adopted a style of drawing and design more bold and daring than Ghirlandajo had been accustomed to see practised in his school; and from an anecdote in Vasari, it would seem Michael Angelo soon felt himself even superior to his master. One of the pupils copying a female portrait from a drawing by Ghirlandajo, he took a pen, and made a strong outline round it on the same paper, to show him its defects; and the superior style of the contour was as much admired as the act was considered confident and presumptuous. His great facility in copying with accuracy whatever objects were before him, was exemplified in an instance that forced a compliment even from Ghirlandajo himself. His master being employed in S. Maria Novella, in Florence, Michael Angelo took advantage of his absence, and drew the scaffolding, the desks, the painting utensils and apparatus, and some of the young men who were at work, with so much correctness and ability, that Ghirlandajo, when he returned, was quite astonished, and said it was rather the performance of an experienced artist than of a scholar.—*Duppa's Life of Michael Angelo.*

THE LANCASTERIAN SYSTEM IN GREECE, A.D. 1869.—We found about thirty young lads sitting upon benches, and their master at the head of them teach-

ing them to read. His method was pretty, and much beyond ours; the master causing the whole class to read at a time without confusion, every scholar being obliged to attention, and to mind what his next neighbour read. They had, each of them, the same author in his hand; and, for example, if he had thirty scholars, he chose out some continued discourse, and gave them but thirty words to read, the first boy reading the first word, the second boy the second word, the third boy the third word, and so on. If they read soundly and right, he gave them thirty words more; but if any of the boys were out or imperfect, he was corrected by the next, who was always very exact in observing him, and he his neighbour, till the whole number of words were read; so that the thirty scholars, lying all of them at catch, and ready to take advantage of any defect in their neighbour, stimulated by an ambition of being thought the best scholar, every one's lesson was the lesson of all, and happy was he that could say it the best. To obviate any of the scholars in eluding that order, by preparing himself for any single words, their places were changed, and he who was at one reading in the first place, was removed to a greater distance in the next. Thus one lesson was enough for a whole form, how numerous

soever, and which was very convenient for the master; the boys were not constrained to come to him one after another, for every one was a master to his neighbour.—*Guillatière*.

EMULATION AND RIVALRY.—“There was a boy in my class at school,” says Sir W. Scott, “who stood always at the top, nor could I, with all my efforts, supplant him. Day after day, and he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed, that when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his finger at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned the finger sought for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, nor ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often, in after life, has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions.”—*Lockhart's Life of Scott*.

NATIONAL CUSTOM.

PERSIA.—Our readers will probably remember that in the article on the state of literature in Persia, the Mirza Ibrahim referred to the change which has of late years taken place in respect to the condition of women, and the liberty now allowed them of having a look at their proposed bridegrooms. The meeting, he observed, generally takes place in some public gardens; the intended is then pointed out to the lady, and she declares her opinion, if it be favourable. The man's chance comes next, and he is introduced to the lady at her own home. In proof of this new fashion, and of its possible consequence, we have received the following anecdote from a Persian friend:—

“When I was a young man a marriage was projected in our family for an uncle of mine, who was all but an old bachelor. The preliminary conditions being settled, the day was appointed for the first interview, which was to take place in the grand mosque of Khreem Khan, at Shiraz. My uncle requested me and my eldest brother to accompany him, to which request we readily assented. We met the fair party at the appointed place, who gazed at us for some time, while my uncle (who had dyed his beard unusually black that morning, and had taken every pains to make himself look as young as was possible for a man of fifty) paraded himself about somewhat conspicuously. When the lady and her friends retired, my uncle hastened home to meet the chief Dallalah, and to understand

from her the nature of the impression his appearance had produced upon the young lady. He was delighted to find that he had been triumphantly successful, and that the lady would be glad to see him the next day at her father's house. Whether my uncle slept that night I cannot say; but he was up early the next morning, took a bath, adorned his person with great care, and repaired to the house of the object of his thoughts full of anxious expectation. He was ushered into a room, and was soon followed by the young Hoory, with a gay look and a delicious smile, which she had reserved for the occasion. In a moment, however, she uttered a scream, shrunk into a corner of the room, and covered her face with her hands. My uncle, who was not a little astonished at this reception, advanced towards her after his consternation was somewhat abated, and began to inquire into the meaning of this distress. ‘I am no stranger,’ he said; ‘I am the man whom you honoured by your choice yesterday in the mosque.’ ‘No, no, sir,’ she replied, in a trembling voice; ‘your's was the only face which I disliked among the party; leave me, I pray you, for you shall never behold mine.’ My disappointed uncle had no alternative but to take leave, which he did, vowing, no doubt, never again to take with him a younger man than himself when he went wooing.”—*Athenæum*.

GEMS.

WASTE OF TIME.—Some men of the greatest talents have taken delight in composing or endeavouring to unravel riddles. Dean Swift is a case in point. Sir William Smyth, the learned Irish baron of the Exchequer, at one time spent two days and nights in considering the answer to this conundrum:—“Why is an egg underdone like an egg overdone?” He would not suffer any one to give him the answer, which he at last discovered. It is a tolerable pun enough: Because they are both *hardly* done.

TENDENCY OF PROSPERITY.—Prosperity too often has the same effect on the Christian that a calm at sea hath on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder and goes to sleep.—*Bishop Horne*.

COMMON SENSE.—Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

HORRORS OF OPIUM.

THERE is reason to believe that the use of this medicine has of late years gained ground in Great Britain. We are told that the practice exists among the work-people at Manchester and elsewhere. Many of our fashionable ladies have recourse to it, when troubled with vapours or low spirits; some of them even carry it about with them for the purpose. This practice is most pernicious, and no way different from that of drunkards, who swallow wine and other liquors to drive away care. While the first effects continue, the intended purpose is sufficiently gained, but the melancholy which follows is infinitely greater than can be compensated by the previous exhilaration.

Opium acts differently on different constitutions: while it disposes some to calm, it arouses others to fury. Whatever passion predominates at the time, it increases, whether it be love, or hatred, or revenge, or benevolence. Lord Kames, in his "Sketches of Man," speaks of the fanatical Faquirs, who, when excited by this drug, have been known with poisoned daggers to assail and butcher every European whom they could overcome. In the century before last, one of this nation attacked a body of Dutch sailors, and murdered seventeen of them in one minute. The Malays are strongly addicted to opium. When violently aroused by it, they sometimes perform what is called *running a-muck*, which consists in rushing out in a state of frenzied excitement, heightened by fanaticism, and murdering every one who comes in their way. The Turkish commanders are well aware of the power of this drug in inspiring an artificial courage, and frequently give it to their men when they put them on any enterprise of great danger.

Opium retains at all times its powers of exciting the imagination, provided sufficient doses are taken. But when it has been continued so long as to bring disease upon the constitution, the pleasurable feelings wear away, and are succeeded by others of a very different kind. Instead of disposing the mind to be happy, it now acts upon it like the spell of a demon, and calls up phantoms of horror and disgust. The fancy is still as powerful as ever, but it is turned in another direction. Formerly it clothed all objects with the light of heaven; now it invests them with the attributes of hell. Goblins, spectres, and every kind of distempered vision, haunt the mind, peopling it with dreary and revolting imagery. The sleep is no longer cheered with its former sights of happiness; frightful dreams usurp their place; till at last the person becomes the victim of an almost perpetual misery. Nor is this confined to the mind alone, for the body suffers in an equal degree. Emaciation, loss of appetite, sickness, vomiting, and a total disorganisation of

the digestive functions, as well as of the mental powers, are sure to ensue, and never fail to terminate in death, if the evil habit which brings them on is continued.

Opium resembles the other agents of intoxication in this, that the fondness for it increases with use, and that at last it becomes nearly essential for bodily comfort and peace of mind. The quantity which may be taken varies exceedingly, and depends wholly upon age, constitution, and habit. A single drop of laudanum has been known to kill a new-born child; and four grains of solid opium have destroyed an adult.

An inquest was held at Walpole lately on the body of Rebecca Eason, aged five years, who had been diseased from her birth, was unable to walk or articulate, and from her size did not appear to be more than five weeks old. The mother had for many years been in the habit of taking opium in large quantities, (nearly a quarter of an ounce a-day,) and it is supposed had entailed a disease on her child which caused its death; it was reduced to a mere skeleton, and had been in that state from birth. Verdict—"Died by the visitation of God; but from the great quantity of opium taken before its birth, and while suckling by the mother, she had greatly injured its health." It appeared that the mother of the deceased had had five children; that she began to take opium after the birth and weaning of her first child, which was and is remarkably healthy; and that the other children have all lingered and died in the same emaciated state as the child who was the subject of this investigation.

Opium resembles wine, spirit, and ales, in affecting the brain, and disposing to apoplexy. Taken in an over-dose, it is fatal in from six to twenty-four hours, according to the quantity swallowed, and the constitution, habits, &c., of the person submitted to its operation.

Women, especially in a low station, who act as nurses, are strongly addicted to the practice of drinking porter and ales, for the purpose of augmenting their milk. This very common custom cannot be sufficiently deprecated. It is often pernicious to both parties, and may lay the foundation of a multitude of diseases in the infant.

Men of genius are often unfortunately addicted to drinking. Nature, as she has gifted them with greater powers than their fellows, seems also to have mingled with their cup of life more bitterness. There is a melancholy which is apt to come like a cloud over the imaginations of such characters. Their minds possess a susceptibility and a delicacy of structure which unfit them for the gross atmosphere of human nature; wherefore, high talent has ever been distinguished for sadness and gloom. Genius lives in a world

of its own; it is the essence of a superior nature—the lofty imaginings of the mind, clothed with a more spiritual and refined verdure. Few men endowed with such faculties enjoy the ordinary happiness of humanity. The stream of their lives runs harsh and broken. Melancholy thoughts sweep perpetually across their souls; and if these be heightened by misfortune, they are plunged into the deepest misery.

To relieve these feelings many plans have been adopted. Dr. Johnson fled for years to wine, under his habitual gloom. He found that the pangs were removed while its immediate influence

lasted, but he also found that they returned with double force when that influence passed away. He saw the dangerous precipice on which he stood, and by an unusual effort of volition gave it over. In its stead he substituted tea; and to this milder stimulus had recourse in his melancholy. Voltaire and Fontenelle, for the same purpose, used coffee. The excitements of Newton and Hobbs were the fumes of tobacco; while Demosthenes and Haller were sufficiently stimulated by drinking freely of cold water.—*Macnish's Anatomy of Drunkenness.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ARTICLE V.

IN every age of the world, from the earliest dawn of poetic genius down to the present time, when that dawn has dissolved into the richer glory of noon, the poet has ever been looked up to, admired, and revered. We have the fullest evidence of this fact afforded us in the histories of the earlier times of feudal chieftainship and chivalry, by the high respect which was paid to the minstrel in hall and bower, whithersoever he went. This resulted, in a great degree, from the thrilling music of which he was the master, as well as the peculiarly emphatic and solemn language in which he arrayed all the thoughts and imaginations which struggled for utterance within him. He wrote from feelings and passions excited by real events and circumstances; he felt the energy and power of a loftier feeling striving within him than actuated the common herd of mankind; and he expressed them in language proportionably lofty, energetic, and daring. By this means he hoped to raise in his auditors feelings and thoughts similar to his own, effects and energies similar to those which thrilled and stirred within him; and therefore he employed a language of thoughts that breathed, and words that burned, totally dissimilar from the common powerless language of every-day life. This has been brought down to us, from the ancient days of romance to the modern days of utilitarianism, with few modifications and changes; and the language of Chaucer and Spenser is still devoutly cherished and admired by many a poet of modern times, who, in language and lyrical power, strives to be equal to those splendid "masters of the lyre." Yet, among poets of the present day, there are many who, without the innermost thrillings of power and passion, have yet a strong and burning desire to produce upon mankind at large a feeling and sentiment of equal energy, without being, in their own immediate persons, the sharers in, or dividers of it. To accomplish this, they have resorted to a language whose potentiality shall

embody all these requisites; and the peculiar figures of speech in which this is conveyed has been denominated poetic diction.

Before we proceed to make any further observations on this subject, as applied to our author, we will quote the following magnificent ode, perhaps the loftiest and noblest that ever Wordsworth wrote, nor in the least degree inferior to the sublime strains of Milton, Southey, or Coleridge. It will afford us an example from which to make some remarks on the subject of language and imagination, as applied to our author.

ODE.

ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

I.

THEY functions are ethereal,
As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
Organ of vision! And a spirit aerial
Informs the cell of hearing, dark and blind;
Intricate labyrinth more dread for thought
To enter than oracular cave;
Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,
And whispers for the heart—their slave;
And shrieks, that revel in abuse
Of shivering flesh; and warbled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
Into the ambush of despair;
Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,
And requiems answered by the pulse that beats,
Devoutly, in life's last retreats.

II.

The headlong streams and fountains
Serve thee, invisible spirit! with untired power;
Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,
They lull, perchance, ten thousand thousand
flowers.
That roar,—the prowling lion's "Here I am,"—
How fearful to the desert wide!
That bleat, how tender! of the dam
Calling a straggler to her side.
Shout, cuckoo! let the vernal soul
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll!
At the still hour to mercy dear,

Mercy, from her twilight throne,
Listening to man's faint throb of holy fear,
To sailor's prayer, breathed from a darkening sea,
Or widow's cottage lullaby.

III.

Ye voices, and ye shadows,
And images of voice, to hound and horn,
From rocky steep and rock-bestudded meadows
Flung back, and in the sky's blue caves reborn,
On with your pastime, till the church-tower bells
A greeting give of measured glee,
And milder echoes from the cells
Repeat the bridal symphony.
Then, or far earlier, let us rove
Where mists are breaking up, or gone,
And from aloft look down into a cove
Besprinkled with a careless choir—
Happy milkmaids, one by one,
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
A liquid concert matchless by nice art,
A stream as if from one full heart.

IV.

Blest be the song that brightens
The blind man's gloom, exalts the vet'ran's mirth;
Unscorn'd the peasant's whistling breath, that
lightens
His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.
For the tired slave, song lifts the languid oar,
And bids it aptly fall, with chime
That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the barsheat clime.
Yon pilgrims see! in lagging file
They move; but soon th' appointed way
A choral *Ave Maria* shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine
Glisten with a livelier ray;
Nora friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,
Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast
Can draw and sing his griefs to rest.

V.

When civic renovation
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Beat eloquence avails not, inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battlemented tower;
Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet
That voice of freedom, in its power
Of promises shrill, wild, and sweet.
Who, from a martial pageant, spreads
Incitements of a battle-day,
Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with plumeless
heads?
Even she whose Lydian airs inspire
Peaceful strivings, gentle play,
Of timid hope and innocent desire,
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move,
Fanned by the plausive wings of Love.

VI.

How oft along thy mazes,
Regent of sound, have dangerous passions trod!
O Thou, through whom the temple rings with praises,
And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God!
Betray not, by the cozenage of sense,
Thy votaries, wooingly resigned
To a voluptuous influence
That taints the purer, better mind;
But lead sick fancy to a harp
That hath in noble tasks been tried;
And if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
Soothe it into patience; stay

Th' uplifted arm of suicide,
And let some mood of thine, in firm array,
Knit every thought th' impending issue needs,
Ere martyr burns or patriot bleeds.

VII.

As conscience, to the centre
Of being, smites with irresistible pain,
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,
Transmute him to a wretch from quiet buried,
Convulsed as by a jarring din;
And then aghast, as at the world
Of reason partially let in,
By concords winding with a sway
Terrible for sense and soul;
Or, awed, he weeps, struggling to quell dismay.
Point not these mysteries to an art
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of Divine love, where wisdom, beauty, truth,
With order dwell, in endless youth.

VIII.

Oblivion may not cover
All treasures boarded by the miser, Time.
Orphean Insight! Truth's undaunted lover,
To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,
When Music deigned within this grosser sphere
Her subtle essence to unfold,
And voice and shell drew forth a tear
Softer than nature's self could mould.
Yet strenuous was the infant age:
Art, daring because souls could feel,
Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage
Of rapt imagination spread her march
Through the realms of woe and weal:
Still to the lyre bowed low; the upper arch
Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse
Her wan disasters could disperse.

IX.

The gift to King Amphion,
That walled a city with its melody,
Was for belief no dream:—thy skill, Arion!
Could humanise the creatures of the sea,
Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,
Leave for one chaunt;—the dulcet sound
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
And listening dolphins gather round.
Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
A proud one, docile as a managed horse,
And singing, while the accordant hand
Sweeps his harp, the master rides;
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
And he, with his preserver, shine star-light
In memory, through silent night.

X.

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds
Couched in the shadow of Moenulian pines,
Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the leopards,
That in high triumph drew the lord of vines,
How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
While fauns and satyrs beat the ground
In cadence,—and Silenus swang
This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned:
To life, to life give back thine ear:
Ye who are longing to be rid
Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell,
Echoed from the coffin-lid:
The convict's summons in the steeple's knell.

"The vain distress-gun," from a leeward shore,
Repeated—heard, and heard no more!

XI.

Fortune, joy, or pity,
Vast is the compass and the swell of notes :
From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,
Rolling a solemn sea-like bass that floats
Far as the woodlands—with the trill to blend
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
Might tempt an angel to descend
While hovering o'er the moon-light vale.
Ye wandering utterances, has earth no scheme,
No scale of moral music to unite
Powers that survive but in the faintest dream
Of memory? O that ye might stoop to bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight,
As laboured minstrelsies through ages wear!
O for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII.

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and members, all things are controlled,
As sages taught, where faith was wont to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the seasons in their round;
Stern winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords;
Unite to magnify the Ever-living,
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
Nor mute the forest-hum of noon;
Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six-days' work, by flaming seraphim,
Transmits to Heaven! As deep to deep
Shouting through one valley calls,
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep

For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV.

A voice to light gave being,
To time and man his earth-born chronicler;
A voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
And sweep away life's visionary stir;
The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly woes)
To archangelic lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O silence! are man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life?
Is harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempered into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth be
dust,
And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
Is in the word that shall not pass away."

We do not hesitate to say that this noble poem includes a general outline of every beauty of poetic imagery which is to be met with in Wordsworth's writings. There was not a nobler theme in the universe for poetry than the one of Sound—the poet felt this; the afflatus of inspiration breathes in every line, the chords of music are wedded to the sweetest verse. It is worthy to be placed by the side of Byron's "Darkness," Campbell's "Last Man," Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," Coleridge's "Hymn at Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," and Shelly's "Ode to Switzerland." It is in no degree whatever inferior to any of these; it is their equal, differing only from them as one star differs from another star in glory. His genius leads him up from the past eras and ages of the world, and wherever voice or sound is heard, there does he record it; he celebrates, with a poem of unrivalled melody, the wide universal creation of harmony, and he raises up an altar of golden song to every voice that can bid its music awake the winds, whether it be the dreaming murmur of an infant in its first-born sleep, or the mighty and awful sound of an archangel's trumpet blast. EPHON.

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.—No. III.

CANCER, THE CRAB.—CHAPTER I.

I AM afraid that there are too many persons designedly incredulous of any pagan testimony to the truth of sacred history. To such (if there be such) I have the satisfaction of expressing my humble conviction that they are inexhaustible. I have now before me an arranged collection of pictorial proofs which he "that runs may read." They are such as have either never been seen by Bryant and his latent disciples, or, if seen, never combined; certainly never produced. Combined by the hands of some sufficing genius, they would, in my opinion, give the last blow to staggering infidelity. Egypt is open to us; that land whence

the ammunition of infidelity has been too long and too unremittently supplied. Let the warriors of a better cause return the mountains with double force on the heads of the aggressors.

"Eternal night
To match with their inventions they presumed
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided; while they stood
A while in trouble, but they stood not long.
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose."

The "devilish enginery" of infidel speculation, with all its juggles of mock philanthropy, would

be swept away by the first wind of such a contest. Though deficient in nerve of body and thew of mind, to lead or join the van of that inevitable encounter, for we, too, can say with Lord Byron,

"It comes, it cometh, and will come, the hour,"

perhaps, from my distant tent, I might supply the Achilles of the day with no mean arms. In the meanwhile, I am not willing to submit my religious faith, nor that proof-supported reason which justifies it to any infidel sneer, or any worldly suffrage. Let those who will, believe that

"'Tis something better not to be."

Let those who will persist in reading nothing on the portal of "this cold hell," as they call this beautiful world, but the grim and terrible inscription of Dante,

"*Voi qui entrate lasciate ogni speranza.*"

Can they complain if they have their choice? Can they complain if they prefer becoming "the children of this world," to being "the children of light?" Can they complain, if, rejecting hope and choosing despair, they find the latter their bonde and affianced companion? They build for themselves a narrow cell of sensuality, and then they loathe their work. "Thus judgment springeth up like hemlock in the furrows of the field."

One of my great positions is, that the zodiacal signs are of antediluvian origin. It is of the utmost importance to the subject to establish this point, and to connect the great tradition of "the hope of a promised Seed," to which the whole circle of the zodiac tends, as to a common centre, with the first family of men. Since I commenced these essays, my attention has been called to a great convert to the same cause—I mean the author of the *Œdipus Judaicus*—the purport of several of whose works, privately circulated, certainly went to shake rather than to consolidate the Christian faith. The recantation of that great scholar is the best of omens. He is an ally of colossal dimensions. "If we believe," says Sir William, "let us not believe by halves." With this exhortation we most cordially agree. He also maintains that signs of the zodiac are antediluvial, though he does not push the inference to the same point for which I am contending. The arguments he adduces are indeed familiar to all those who are versed in the same inquiries. Nevertheless, they are so compactly arranged, and so forcibly urged, that I cannot avoid, before I proceed, availing myself of their powerful support to the foundation of my whole superstructure. "It seems to have been the opinion of Manetho, that the first Hermes lived before the deluge. The Arabian writers have preserved many traditions about the antediluvians, and these traditions correspond with the testimony of Manetho. It

is true that the Arabians generally consider Thoth, or the first Hermes, as the same with Enoch, whom they call Idris; but it is enough for my purpose that they consider Thoth as antediluvian. Achmed Ben Joseph Antiphasi, who has written some account of Egypt, says, that Enoch, or Hermes, instructed his son in the sciences of Egypt. It follows that this was before the deluge. I am inclined to think that the Thoth of the Egyptians was the Seth of Scripture. Every one has heard of the two columns of stone and brick erected by the descendants of Seth, which Josephus pretended existed still in his time, in the land of Siriad. Now Manetho, who flourished three hundred years before Josephus, says, that he took his history from the columns placed in the Siriadic land, which had been inscribed in the sacred dialect, and in hieroglyphical character, by Thoth, the first Hermes, and which were translated out of the hieroglyphical letters of the sacred dialect, into the vulgar Egyptian language, by Agathodæmon, the son of the second Hermes, after the deluge. It is clear, then, that Manetho meant to say that these columns had been placed by the first Hermes in the Siriadic land before the deluge. Now the tradition of the east certainly is, that both Enoch and Seth wrote upon the science of astronomy. We see in the passages just cited from Manetho and Josephus, that the columns which were erected, according to the latter, by the children of Seth, are attributed by the former to Thoth. The progress of the deluge was gradual, and it seems by no means impossible that very strong buildings may have withstood the waves. Now, if we can suppose the pyramids to have been built before the deluge, it is possible that stones and tables inscribed by the antediluvians might have been deposited in them. There is one pyramid of brick. There can be no doubt that the Arabians have the tradition that Hermes, or Thoth, deposited his books, or rather tables of brass and stone, in one of the pyramids before the deluge. With regard to the land of Siriad, I think it was no other than Arabia, because the Nile, above Syene, was called Siri or Siris. Hence the country where it bore the name might be called the Siriadic land. That Thoth was the same as Seth, may be further confirmed from our finding that the dog-star was called Sothis, or rather Seth, and that Thoth, in his character of Anubis, presided over this star. The Hebrew name of Seth comes from *Soth, posuit*. *Thiot* in Coptic signifies *ponere*. Kircher repeatedly asserts that the dog-star was called "Sioti" by the Egyptians, and further says that the name was given to Hermes, or Thoth. The difference between Seth and Thoth is not considerable. But what decides me in my opinion that Soth, Seth, and Thoth were the same name, is this—Vettius, the astrologer, calls the dog-star "Seth."

The inference from this is, that Seth, the son

of Adam, invented the astronomical hieroglyphics of the Egyptians. Is it wonderful, therefore, if traditions and prophecies, the most interesting to his father, and the whole race of men, his progeny, should form the leading feature of the zodiac? The inquiry is the more apposite here, inasmuch as the star Seth, or Soth, is the chief asterisk of Cancer. Without further apology for introducing this corroborative matter, I shall proceed to an elucidation of the sign.

The sign Cancer, on the Egyptian zodiacs, is represented under the form of a beetle. For which representation, Horus Apollo gives us the following reason; that it was generated without female parentage; that the Egyptians considered all Scarabs to be male; that the Scarabæus was supposed to roll itself into a globose form, and to roll backwards and forwards from the Nile, in imitation of the sun and starry bodies. It was therefore considered to be a correct symbol of the sun, and particularly of the sun in the tropic of Cancer, where, having reached the limits of its zodiacal journey, it returns. Clemens Alexandrinus agrees with Horus Apollo, informing us that the Egyptians personified the sun by a beetle, because that animal having formed a ball of dung rolls it backwards. The words of Macrobius, on the same subject, are these:—“*Cancer obliquo gressu nihil aliud nisi solura ostendit; maxime in illo signo sol à cursu incipit obliquus inferiura petere.*” The Greeks and Romans, who substituted the Crab for the Scarabæus, preserved the latter object of the symbol, which they conceived to be expressed by the motion of the crab. The Egyptians attached many mysteries to the symbol. On account of its being a type of virility, their soldiers bore it on their shields. Another idea of a similar nature was attached to it. It was considered as a symbol of the world before parturition was necessary to propagate the species; for being vulgarly supposed to be self-created from the earth, it represented the first-created man, the “Man not of woman born.” This circumstance develops the reason of the great importance of the Scarabæus, in the superstition of the Egyptians, and the astonishing multiplications in which sculptured scarabæi are found. But it represented man’s fall, as it represented the retrograding of the sun. It was, therefore, the type of Osiris Inferus, and the first object painted or portrayed

over the door of the sepulchral caverns of Egypt. There is not one which is without a scarabæus over the door-way; and sometimes it was placed with an oval at the head of Osiris Inferus, who is reclined in a prostrate form, to represent his temporary death. Sometimes four serpents’ heads are added to represent the four winter months of his solar death, and the four days of his natural extinction.

For the same mystical reason the ancient solar temples were built with two gates, one a northern and the other southern; the one representing the sun’s way through the tropic of Cancer, the other through that of Capricorn. Homer’s Cave of the Nymphs appears to have been constructed upon this principle; the northern entrance being devoted to the entrance of the gods or the priests, the other to mortals or devotees. Of this subject Porphyry treats very largely in his work, *De Antro Nympharum*. The two gates of Truth and Falsehood, which Virgil introduces into what is generally supposed to be an imitation, refer to the same mystic picturing of the soul’s lapse, as typified by the annual progression and retrogression of the sun. I apprehend, therefore, that the sepulchral caverns over the door-way, of which the symbol of the sun in Cancer, or the northern solstitial gate, is represented, were occasionally devoted to the universal funereal rites, dedicated throughout the whole pagan world to Sol Inferus, under various designations. The same sloping descent, the *facilis descensus Averni*, is equally common to the pyramids as to the sacred caverns; and the angle of descent appears clearly to be adopted upon an astronomical principle. It is indeed most singular that the angle in question quadrates, or very nearly so, with the angle of declination described by the sun’s path on the zodiac with reference to the earth.

As to the sign Cancer representing the first state of man immediately after the creation, there is this further corroboration, that the Egyptians believed that the great Architect of nature created the world when the sun and moon were in this sign: such is the testimony of Porphyry. The Sothic period was dated from this sign, in which the dog-star was, and Isis, or nature herself, is introduced by Diodorus, as saying,

“I am she who rises in the dog-star.”

A REMEMBRANCE.

THE sweetest flower that ever saw the light,
The smoothest stream that ever wandered by,
The fairest star upon the brow of night,
Joying and sparkling from his sphere on high,
The softest glances of the stock-dove’s eye,
The lily pure, the marybud gold-bright,
The gush of song that floodeth all the sky

From the dear flutterer mounted out of sight;
Are not so pleasure-stirring to the thought,
Not to the wounded soul so full of balm,
As one frail glimpse, by painful straining caught,
Along the past’s deep mist-enfolded calm,
Of that sweet face, not visibly defined,
But rising clearly on the inner mind.

H. A.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

ARTICLE III.

It is in this way the moral inquirer must regard the condition of man; not to treat it in its mere abstraction, but to consider man as we know him existing. Nor will the moral inquirer, if he regard human nature rightly, ever get rid of this persuasion—that there is in that human nature some evil, some self-enduring evil, which, on this earth, will never be removed.

Suppose you were to say, in answer to any melancholy or dark view which the moral inquirer might take of human nature, Let us look upon the past ages of the world, and see the glorious things man has done for man. True, time, that has swept away the work of generations from their place of remembrance, has yet guarded the splendid shadows of their recollection for instruction to men of all succeeding ages. We can unroll the memory of the world of old; we can behold the cities that are fallen; and we can hear the hum of the mingled multitudes that are strewn in all their gates. The glory of their exalted empire, the pride of their invincible might, rise up in their dream—like pomp from the night of the past; and we become spectators of all the works and designs of men whom thousands of years have buried in the dust. We read, and as we read our souls burn within us, we read the annals of human glory; we ask ourselves, what were those happier brothers of mankind, whose valiant deeds thus raise them above the common condition of their kind—what were they moved to do? To what service of the race did they devote their unnumbered powers? You all of you know the answer: these were the desolating conquerors of the world, enslaving their own people, through them to enslave all the nations of the earth; release from the servitude of whom could never free the human mind from the bondage which it views for ever within itself. Therefore the greatest lords of the earth were the meanest slaves within their own corrupt spirits; they were servants of a far direr necessity than that which bowed down the heart of the least of those multitudes; because the lawless will of a slave may be tamed by the yoke, but the will of the lord of nations becomes mad with power, and the source of human evil swells over in his bosom unceasingly and uncontrollably. You grant all this, but you say, It is not to these, but to empires now passed away, that my imagination would turn to discover the pride of our race, and to behold the glory of the human spirit amidst the light and peace of civilisation. There have been, I would observe, certain nations on the earth in whose bosoms genius sprang up, and worshipped wisdom, and guarded the pride of life within her invincible arms; but

if you indeed desire to see the condition of your kind as they have lived on the earth, I answer, it is in vain that you delight your imagination in such bright remembrances as these; for did the earth then see these her children rejoicing and free? No; slavery tilled the soil of liberty; and the deliverer of his country dashed cities and men into dust, and scattered their inhabitants throughout the wild scenery of the wilderness.

Entertaining, therefore, such thoughts as to the condition of man, and as to the nature of man, we are bound never to forget such considerations as these, even when we are drawing what may be said to be abstracted pictures, ideal pictures, of humanity, but to receive them as representations of that human nature to which we belong, and with which we are surrounded in every step we take. May I be permitted to conclude this lecture by quoting what appears to me most eloquent and beautiful language, in which the thoughts I have expressed are briefly summed up? It is the view which a man of great powers of mind takes of the condition of human nature. He says, "The stately ruins are visible to every eye, that bear in their front, yet extant, this doleful inscription, Here God once dwelt. Enough appears of the admirable frame and structure of the soul of man, to show that the Divine presence did sometime reside in it; more than enough of vicious deformity, to proclaim he is now retired and gone: the lamps are extinct; the altar overturned; the light and love are now vanished, which did the one shine with such heavenly brightness, the other burn with such pious fervour. The golden candlestick is displaced, and thrown away as a useless thing, to make room for the throne of the prince of darkness. The sacred incense, which sent rolling up in clouds its rich perfumes, is exchanged for a poisonous, hellish vapour; and here is, instead of a sweet savour, a stench. The comely order of this house is turned all into confusion; the beauties of holiness into noisome impurities; the house of prayer to a den of thieves, and that of the worst and most horrid kind, for every lust is a thief, and every theft a sacrilege: continual rapine and robbery is committed on holy things.

"The noble powers which were designed and dedicated to divine contemplation and delight, are alienated to the service of the most despicable idols, and employed to vilest intuitions and embraces; to behold and admire lying vanities; to indulge and cherish lust and wickedness. What have not the enemies done wickedly in the sanctuary! How have they broken down the carved work thereof, and that too with axes and hammers! the noise whereof was not to be

heard in building, much less in the demolishing this sacred frame.

"Look upon the fragments of that curious sculpture which once adorned the palace of that great King: the relics of common notions; the lively prints of some undefaced truth; the fair ideas of things; the yet legible precepts that relate to practice. Behold, with what accuracy the broken pieces show these to have been engraven by the finger of God; and how they now lie torn and scattered, one in this dark corner, another in that, buried in heaps of dirt and rubbish. There is not now a system, an entire table, of coherent truths to be found, or a frame of holiness, but some shivered parcels. And if any, with great toil and labour, apply themselves to draw out, here one piece, and there another, and set them together, they serve rather to show how exquisite the Divine workmanship was in the original composition, and the excellent purposes for which the whole was first designed, than for present use. Some pieces agree and own one another; but how soon are our inquiries and endeavours nonplussed and superseded!

"How many attempts have been made since that fearful fall and ruin of this fabric, to compose again the truths of so many several kinds into their distinct orders, and make up frames of science, or useful knowledge; and, after so many ages, nothing is finished in any one kind. Sometimes truths are misplaced, and what belongs to one kind is transferred to another, where it will not fitly match. Sometimes falsehood inserted, which shatters or disturbs the whole frame. And

what is with much fruitless pains done by one hand, is dashed in pieces by another; and it is the work of a following age to sweep away the fine-spun cobwebs of a former. And those truths which are of greatest use, though not most out of sight, are least regarded: their tendency and design are overlooked; or they are so loosened and torn off, that they cannot be wrought in, so as to take hold of the soul, but hover as faint, ineffectual notions that signify nothing. Its very fundamental powers are shaken and disjointed, and their order towards one another confounded and broken: so that what is judged considerable is not considered; what is recommended as eligible and lovely, is not loved and chosen; yea, the truth, which is after godliness, is not so much disbelieved as hated, held in unrighteousness, and shines as too feeble a light in that malignant darkness which comprehends it not.

"You come, amidst all this confusion, as into the ruined palace of some great prince, in which you see here the fragments of a noble pillar, there the shattered pieces of some curious imagery, and all lying neglected and useless amongst heaps of dirt. He that invites you to take a view of the soul of man, gives you but such another prospect, and doth say to you, Behold the desolation, all things rude and waste. So that should there be any pretence to the Divine presence, it might be said, 'if God be here, why is it thus?' The faded glory, the darkness, the disorder, the impurity, the decayed state, in all respects, of this temple too plainly show that the great Inhabitant is gone."

CHARLES THE SECOND AND WILLIAM PENN.

[A recent view of Madame Tussaud's beautiful exhibition of wax figures, placed before us an admirable and striking likeness of the distinguished founder of Pennsylvania, and we were forcibly reminded of the following interview, which we now transcribe from his life, for the gratification of our readers.]

WHEN William Penn was about to sail from England to Pennsylvania, he went to take leave of the king, and the following conversation occurred:—

"Well, friend William," said Charles, "I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself."

"Yes I have," replied William, "and I am just come to bid thee farewell."

"What! venture yourself among the savages of North America? Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?"

"The best security in the world," replied Penn.

"I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals but in a regiment of good soldiers with their muskets and

bayonets; and mind, I tell you beforehand, that with all my good-will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a soldier with you."

"I want none of thy soldiers," answered William, "I depend on something better than thy soldiers."

The king wished to know what that was.

"Why, I depend on themselves, on their own moral sense, even on that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and which hath appeared unto all men."

"I fear, friend William, that that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America."

"Why not to them as well as others?"

"If it had appeared to them," said the king, "they would hardly have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done."

"That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would

watch for them to come on shore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on all that they had. In return for the hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country, and rich hunting-grounds, for farms for themselves! Now, is it to be wondered at that these much-injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that burning with revenge they should have committed some excesses?"

"Well, then, I hope, friend William, you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner."

"I am not afraid of it," said Penn.

"Ay! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting-grounds too, I suppose?"

"Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them."

"No, indeed! how then will you get their lands?"

"I mean to buy their lands of them."

"Buy their lands of them! Why, man, you have already bought them of me."

"Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy good-will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands; no, friend Charles, no right at all: what right hast thou to their lands?"

"Why, the right of discovery; the right which the pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another."

"The right of discovery! A strange kind of

right, indeed. Now, suppose, friend Charles, some canoe-loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of them?"

"Why—why—why," replied Charles, "I must confess, I should think it a piece of great impudence in them."

"Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince too, do that which thou utterly condemnest in these people, whom thou callest savages? Yes, friend Charles, and suppose again that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and to drive the rest away, dost thou not think it horribly cruel?" The king assented to this with marks of conviction. William proceeded—"Well, then, friend Charles, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor in a heathen? No, I will not do it, but I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony."

Pennsylvania soon became a flourishing colony, and existed for seventy years, (the period when the Quakers held the government,) without any force beyond that of the constable's staff; and during that seventy years it was never invaded by any hostile power.

DULNESS VERSUS TALENT.

"Prævo favore labi mortales solent."—PÆDRUS.

I AM one of a very numerous body who are often treated with great injustice, and I hope, after bearing the hardships under which we labour, you will not refuse to exert, on our behalf, that extensive influence which your office necessarily bestows.

I am what people in a calm humour call "a man of slow parts," and when irritated, "a dunce." Pope, you know, has not spared our race, though I think it was a pitiful advantage which he took of us; it was something like a man striking a woman, or a poet—pardon the sarcasm. Many of our tribe are by no means to be despised for muscular energy, whatever weakness of intellect they may betray; and Pope, I am sure, would have little relished a cuff from a fist ten times heavier than his own. Why, then, should he have overwhelmed us with his angry wit, when he would have been the first to condemn the exercise on himself of the physical superiority of another?

As a warning to future men of genius who may feel inclined to attack us, I will tell them, that we have it in contemplation to use here-

after the most powerful weapons which nature has given us. It would be silly in a horse, when attacked by a bull, to butt with his head; he very wisely takes to his heels. In like manner, if any one attack us with his wit, let him beware lest we return the blow by some manifestation of muscular vigour.

In modern times affairs of honour, it is well known, are generally decided by pistols, in order to put the combatants as much on an equality as possible, so that the most expert fencer has no advantage over the mere novice. It would be well if some common instrument could likewise be invented for the use of wits and block-heads in their frequent conflicts—something that would bring down the wit to the level of the dunce, or raise the dunce to the elevation of the wit. The pen, as at present used, manifestly gives the same advantage to the man of talents as the sword to the skilful fencer; whence we men of slow parts are worsted in every encounter. I therefore submit to the consideration of the public, whether it might not be used after a novel manner. Let the combatants be provided with a large goose-quill in one hand, and an inkstand

in the other; and, standing at six paces distance, let each in his turn dash the liquid into his adversary's face, which would obviously equalise their powers of blackening. Indeed, this would be an excellent plan for all literary champions, particularly editors of newspapers, who might thus learn the "art to blot," which seems fast sinking into oblivion.

I cannot conceive, however, that there is so much real difference between a man of genius and a man of common understanding as the world is apt to imagine. Not a single idea comes from the mind of one of these clever men, but may be taken in by the dullest intellect, if sufficient time be allowed for the operation; at the same time, I own that when once it has found entrance, you will not easily draw it out. The mind of such an one is something like that curious receptacle (known, perhaps, to some of your readers under the name of a "thrift-pot") with which children provide themselves when seized with the spirit of saving, as a needful auxiliary against the powerful allurements of comfits and gingerbread. The pence can only be put in one by one; and the school-boy will tell you whether they are in greater haste to make their egress. The man of talents, on the contrary, has an understanding like a purse, which receives and parts with coin with equal readiness; but all this serves only to show how little the furniture of their minds essentially differs. I have, I am sure, for my own part, a number of sensible notions and beautiful ideas in my head; but I know not how it is, that although I am a great writer, I seldom please any one besides myself. When I compose, I feel all the fervour of inspiration, and my productions suggest to my own mind emotions of exquisite delight; yet the words in which I exhibit my ideas seem not to convey the same meaning to others. They stare and laugh at passages which affect me with admiration; where I titter, they knit their brows, and look like stoics when I am bursting into tears—an unfortunate case, but obviously leading to no other conclusion than this—that an Addison, a Dryden, or a Shakspeare, is only superior to me because he conveys his thoughts with more success from his own mind to that of another, and not because there is a radical disparity between our powers of understanding.

Nevertheless, I would willingly waive all indulgence and favour from this consideration, if what we men of slow parts actually produce were allowed fair play and candidly estimated by its own merits; but so far from this being done, the partiality and prepossession shown by all the world in favour of the works of men of talent, are quite insupportable. Both genius and stupidity, it is well known, have intervals in which their natural characteristics seem suspended. Homer sometimes nods, and a man of poor intellect is now and then found in possession of a beautiful idea;

but it is all the same to most people; the productions of both are regarded indiscriminately—the one as uniformly fine, the other as invariably worthless.

I well remember being present at a party which was joined by a man of reputed wit and literary celebrity. He talked a long time before I could discover any thing extraordinary in what he said, but it would have been fine diversion for the satirist to watch the rest of the company. All kept their risible muscles on the tip-toe; an exclamation of delight was at the tongue's end of every one; and no matter what he said, out came the laugh and the compliment. They were once, indeed, too hasty. He was telling a story evidently meant to be laughable, but unluckily the company not understanding it, let out their burst of laughter before he had got to the point of the jest, and were so much exhausted and dispirited by their mistake, as not to be able to muster even a passable laugh in the right place. It reminded me of the raw recruit who fires his musket before the word of command is given, for fear of being too late.

A few days after, I happened to be in a different company, and having a good memory, tried to play off a few of the *bons mots* which had called forth such bursts of merriment. "Sir!" says my neighbour, with a stare of perfect vacancy. "Humph!" says another. A third looked out of the window, and a fourth began drumming on the table with the gravity of a judge. I perceived my want of the high character necessary to give dulness the brilliancy of wit, and silently withdrew my pretensions.

I recollect, too, another instance of the *præsumptio favor*, the unjust partiality which influences mankind in the distribution of their applause. A friend of mine, who has no claim to talents above the ordinary standard, was once fortunate enough to produce a tolerable poem, which was published anonymously. A report got into circulation that it was the production of a certain poet of established reputation. Instantly a thousand heads were at work to find out beauties of which the author was quite unconscious; and a critic proved, to the satisfaction of every one, that there was an elegant and pathetic allusion to the domestic circumstances of the supposed writer, and that the verses were unquestionably destined to immortality. By some accident, in the course of a few days the name of the real author got abroad. Admiration shrunk before the truth; criticism blushed at being so deceived; and in a week the piece was—forgotten.

These incidents were brought very forcibly to my mind by what passed, not many weeks ago, at a tea-party to which I had an invitation. One of the company happening to take up a number of WARD'S MISCELLANY, which lay accidentally on the table, asked a lady near him how she liked one of the papers in it, at the same time

naming, as the reputed author, a gentleman of some note in the literary world. The attention of all the room was immediately awakened, and an unanimous request was made that it might be read aloud. The general buzz of applause which followed had lasted several minutes before I ventured to interrupt it, by questioning the correctness of the information as to the author, and mentioning a circumstance decidedly hostile to it.

A gentleman likely to be acquainted with the matter coming in at that moment, he was appealed to, and, from his own personal knowledge, confirmed what I had advanced.

"Well," exclaimed an old bachelor on my right, "I was thinking all the time, that if Mr. — was really the writer, he must have very much degenerated, or that this was some unfinished scrap from his portfolio."

"Why, to be sure," said a lady, whose exclamations of delight during the perusal had been rather vehement; "though there is an imitation of his style, and though I must contend the paper has some merit, I own there are none of the exquisite touches belonging to his compositions."

"The piece is well enough," cried a blooming beauty of eighteen, with pretty pouting lips; "but I should no more think of taking it for Mr. —'s than of falling in love with my grandfather."

"For my part," said a young man who, having been engaged at play in a corner of the room, had luckily escaped the error of joining in the general admiration, "I think it a wretched at-

tempt, and I wonder the editor should know no better than to insert it."

Now, I have the audacity to think—although I am conscious I oppose myself to the majority of my fellow-creatures—that wit is witty, beauty beautiful, and stupidity stupid, from whatever quarter they proceed. Why are we to suffer a man's reputation to cast the glare of success over his failures, to elevate common-place into elegance, and transmute obscurity into grandeur? Or why not admire beautiful thoughts and expressions, though but the scattered and casual progeny of mediocrity of talent, and lowliness of pretension? As a dunce, I shall not be much injured in the estimation of any one, by confessing that I admire Homer's "Catalogue of Ships," Milton's blank-verse theology, and Wordsworth's "Address to Thomas of Finland," not from any real feeling of admiration, but because I dare not do otherwise.

Your readers may amuse themselves by calculating how much of the admiration lavished on great authors has the same origin. A man of talents may tell me that this is because I have not learned to connect with these passages the same sublime and affecting associations as the authors. It may be so. Wordsworth, I have no doubt, connects many fine associations with the bleating of a sheep, but "*baa*" is no poetry.

I have told you my principles of judging, Sir, and I hope you and your readers will so far adopt them as not to withhold any approbation which this paper may deserve, though it comes from

INEPTUS.

Sheffield.

CATS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

A CAT's "first love," did we say? aye, and why not; wherefore debar a cat from "the first pleasure in life?" wherefore deny to her the "softer feelings" of the "gentler sex?" which, in justice to their meekness of character, when the ferocious fit is not on them, they have won, and well deserve, from the hands or claws of their brother and sister quadrupeds.

A cat's first love!—we repeat it, how full of pathos, and thought, and feeling! how rich, too, overflowing with all the tenderest sentiments and associations! We are almost ready to declare that the subject is too much for us; we are absolutely swooning into a syncope at the bare contemplation of it; oh, jemini! how very queer we feel; how funny; the room is going round, the candles burn blue, cats throng upon us by thousands, all going round and round—fi, fo, fum, he, ho, we are gone—off, off, off * * *

Oh! we are better now, we are just "come to," we are ourselves again. Forgive our fainting away, kind reader, it was all for your sake, but we are better now, and we are smelling alive with vinegar and hartshorn. Cats! cats! what mischief do you cause! who would have thought it, to live all these years and then faint away at the thoughts of a cat! impossible, we can scarcely credit it; we cannot be ourselves, we must be somebody else.

Cats! cats! Oh ye shining ones—come forth again to re-illumine the newly awakened imagination within us; come forth, come from the pan-tile and parapet, gutter and garret, from attic and area, sewer and scullery,

"From garden and grove,
Where by moonlight ye rove,"

from cupboard and cellar, from cock-loft and chimney, from height and from depth; come forth, come forth.

"Come forth, oh ye children of gladness, come;
Where our pages are read, may ye have your home;
Ye of the whisker, and bright green eye,
And the bounding claw-paw, to meet me fly;
With the purr, and the splutter, and caterwaul lay,
Come forth, oh ye kittens, and cats, while ye may."

A cat's first love—there can be no doubt of it, it is useless disputing the point or beating about the bush to evade the question—there is, to a moral certainty, such a thing in the world as a cat's first love. We never had the gratifying opportunity afforded us of basking our optics in such a sunshiny flood of feline affection and regard, and cannot therefore describe, *seriatim*, that which we have seen with our eyes. Our forefathers and foremothers never enlightened our understanding upon the subject, our foregreat-grandmother told us nothing about it, and our schoolmaster, though otherwise a very clever fellow, never troubled himself to teach our young ideas how to shoot in that direction. We are therefore bound to be guided by plain common sense in the matter, to suppose that such an event in the life of the animal of whom we are now discoursing, may have proceeded somewhat after this fashion. We will suppose that two young members of the feline race, just emerged from kittenhood, and arrived at the age of young cats, are placed near to one another at a ball; a mutual friend introduces them to each other; with much cordial and pleasant ceremony they grin graciously at one another—Tabitha demurely and modestly gives a faint purr as she bows her best curtsy. Tom's eyes sparkle, and he brandishes a formidable five yard tail as he places his paw upon his heart, and makes his best bow before the amiable and placid Tabitha. Conversation now ensues. Tom starts many pleasing topics, which elicit numerous approving monosyllabic purrs from the beauteous Tabitha—the last night's adventure, including the scutter and scramble which he had to escape scot and skin free from the ferocious claws of Black Dick, to one of whose innamorata Tom had been whispering more "soft nonsense" than the lady's rightful proprietor deemed either right, proper, or prudent. Tom considers this "gentle hint" of one of his numerous "*affaires du cœur*" may please the fair lady, and raise him proportionably in her estimation, as "a gallant youth," and "a man of the world," and induce her to surmise that he is intimately acquainted with some of the "leading fashionables," and quite a man of "*ton*." Tabitha, however, puts up her fan, and her left fore paw at the same time, on hearing her "young friend" describe his midnight adventure—her blushing modesty, it must be owned, is much shocked at her companion not treating her with more becoming dignity on "so short an acquaintance." Tom, however, being what is technically termed "wide awake," takes no notice of the young lady's "blushing confusion," but immediately makes a "diversion" in his favour by requesting

the honour of his fair partner's hand for the next minuet. Politeness will not allow the lady to refuse this, and she purrs a sweet consent. And now the scene changes, the merry music trills merrily over the cellar-floor,—one, two, and off they go, to one of Hart's most enchanting quadrilles. How soft the lady trips along! her claws are tipped with silver, and at the terminating tip of her little tail, her mamma, ever watchful over the interests of her darling child, and anxious, moreover, that she should "look well," has hung a silver bell that she may have

"Music wherever she goes."

How merrily this tinkles, for she cannot help moving her tail as she dances; this move soon degenerates into a waggle, and this again into a decided downright wag whenever Tom's eyes rest upon her, and altogether she begins to feel "very queer." She leers and looks most comically at Tom, her whole being is in a flutter, and her "young heart" beats pit-a-pat at a rate that it has never beat since the night she lost her mother, and her supper, and her life very nearly too, by the footman throwing a broom at her. Tom is in raptures at these evident tokens of sprouting affection; he inwardly vows by the "lady-moon" to love her for ever; he swears by the stars to be to her a true and constant lover; but his soliloquies with himself are interrupted by the music striking up the merry *Gavotte de Vestris*, and off they go—claws across, and back again, down the middle, and up again—*balancez, chaine Anglaise*, and *finale*. And now the gentlemen lead the ladies to their seats, and a tray of rat-refreshment is handed round. But where is Tom, and Tabitha with the silver bell? and echo answers—bell.

Out at the back coal-cellar door have they silently escaped, Tom having "adopted the precaution" of wringing the bell off his *belle's* tail—over the stone area, and up the wall have they glided and scrambled, and on the top of the water-butt, and "beneath the midnight-moon" are they seated in gentler converse and most amorous dalliance together.

As the phrase is, there is evidently "something going on between them." Their whiskers are all alive, and evidently seek each other, being actuated thereto by some powerful inherent attraction; they are seated as closely to each other as "circumstances will allow of," and their tails are in "active exercise." Tabitha's being short, gently "stirs the breezeless air," but Tom, young, vigorous, full of ardent passion and strong desire, puts his into most vigorous motion, and flails the water-butt most vigorously; the water is all in motion, and blow after blow is administered with increased vehemence as his passion rises. Mary, who is sleeping in the back kitchen, is awake out of her sleep, and in her confusion tears her best nightcap all to smithereens, in her anxiety in the

dark to see where the noise comes from. Mean- while Tom urges his suit more vigorously and more successfully, and at length is made happy by Tabitha. EPHON.

SUBLIME SCENERY.

It is the pride of poetry to paint the natural sublime. Passion is said to be poetry, so is description. The following lines, from the "New York Evening Star," furnish one of those happy dashes of the poetic pencil which discloses, veiled in "the prismatic broidery of the sun," an object of magnificent and stormy grandeur :—

NIAGARA.

Cloud-girdled thunder ! embodied storm !
Whether enrobed in vapours dark and dun,
Or looms, magnificent, thy giant form
Through the prismatic broidery of the sun.
Wondrous alike ! What floods have swept thy brow
Since the bold plunge of thy primeval wave !
From whose tremendous advent, until now,
Thou hast not paused nor failed. Yon boiling grave
Roars from its depths the song creation gave.

THE JUDGMENT.

SKIES that have hung in beauty o'er the earth
For twice ten thousand years, no longer stay ;
Stars that rejoiced and hailed her morning birth,
Have veiled their glittering fires and melt away ;
Earth has resigned her trust ; the deep, deep sea
Flings back her cavern'd portals to the day,
Where coral shells and pearls rich, glistening lay,
And sleepers bound in dreamless slumbers lie,
Near buried spoils of many an argosy,
Each in his lonely place of rest is stirred,
As the loud trumpet's wakening voice is heard ;
And th' archangel lifts his hand on high,
Swearing by Him who rules with matchless power
On heaven's high throne, that "time shall be no
more."

Myriads are there, the lowly and the great,
From earth's remotest boundaries summoned nigh ;
And all in breathless, solemn silence wait
The awful Judge, descending from on high.
"Behold he comes !" clouds are beneath his feet ;
Before his face the winged squadrons fly,
Hymning the songs of gotten victory.
He sits enthroned in yonder judgment seat,
Where earth's pale sons in thickened phalanx meet,
From Him that cannot err their doom to hear.
Now living thunders, presaging despair,
Roll o'er the guilty soul ; while music, sweet,
The rapturous harmony of holy song,
Welcomes the blest amid the angelic throng.

T. W. A.

THE THEATRE IN FRANCE.

I FEAR the French have not profited by their dear-bought lessons so well as they ought to have done. A feverish love of change keeps them always restless, fidgetty, dissatisfied, easily put into good humour by some public display ; but, then, just as easily kindled into madness again upon the slightest occasion. Whatever tends to excite discontent and insubordination is most welcome and most popular. The revolutionary principle lurks within both their literature and their drama. The most audacious and revolting libertinage and impurity are at present the staple of the greater part of the one and the other. If it be said that the pictures thus exhibited are rather derived from the frenzies of maniac imagination than drawn from actual life, the familiar contemplation of vice set out so studiously *con amore* cannot but be attended with a fearful reaction on public morals. In some they must undoubtedly excite disgust, for hardly is it possible that an entire people should be so sunk in depravity as to relish them ; yet, that they are relished by the majority, it is impossible to doubt, else wherefore are they encouraged ? A recent piece, entitled *Le Juif Errant*, is reported to be a tissue of the most scandalous blasphemies ; and yet we are assured it has immense success. At the very best, the

drama is of exceedingly questionable influence in support of morals ; but when thus infamously prostituted to the most base and wicked of purposes, it deserves no quarter whatever, for it becomes a noxious pestilence, calling for the most decisive measures to remove and overcome it. But, let me ask, would the French ever consent to part with their theatre ? No, it is not in their nature ; they would resign their religion, for that they have formally renounced before— I say, they would part with their very souls for any thing or nothing, almost any thing else would they sacrifice except the theatre. It seems part of their nature, their essence ; for they are all of the theatre, theatrical.—*Records of a Route through France and Italy, by W. Rae Wilson, F.S.A., M.A.R.*

Let us see now the opinion of one of the first fathers of their church on the subject of play-houses :—"What ! the theatres are the work of Jesus Christ ! These blasphemies strike me with horror. Would Jesus Christ preside in assemblies of sin, where every thing we hear weakens his doctrines ? where the poison enters into the very soul by all the senses, and every art is employed to seduce, awaken, and justify the passions he condemns ? Every Christian ought to abstain from them, however innocent

he may flatter himself to be in bringing from these places an untainted heart. It is sullied by being there, since by its presence alone he has participated in the works of Satan, and violated the most sacred promises he made to Jesus Christ and to his church. Abstain from a theatre where He is insulted!"—*Massillon*.

Again, another of their fathers observes, "It is at the theatre our daughters are taught the art of skilfully conducting an intrigue, of concealing from their parents the secrets of their hearts, and of cherishing a passion condemned by propriety and morality."—*Abbé Clemens*.

REVIEW.

Ernest Maltravers. In Three Vols. Saunders and Ottley.

ARTICLE II.

It is a circumstance much to be regretted, that in the composition and writing of this novel, Mr. Bulwer should not have finished the story, but have left the various characters unsettled, and wandering still in search of "fairer fields and pastures ever new." This is a defect more particularly referring to the character of Alice Darvil—a creature who appears beautiful even in her fall, lovely in her devotion to her betrayer, and tender in that very adoration of the heart which she shows for Maltravers. We receive a passing glimpse of her character in connexion with a pseudo-banker, whose plans and designs are any thing but guiltless towards a creature still beautiful—a mother innocent in all but the tremendous fall from virtue to vice which has made her so. The reader will be scarcely able to form a correct estimate of her character; we see little of her; her appearances are like those of some fallen angel—she inherits a beauty and glory peculiarly her own, and in her love for her infant, and the long-enduring and confiding faith in the everlasting attachment and devotion of her lover, we recognise a spotless and shining purity of faith and hope which we connect with a lofty and unfallen creation. She wanders over the earth; and, exalted even in her penury and wretchedness, she claims the pity and sympathy of the merciful and the humane; and with such a beautiful conception of character as this,—one of the finest which Mr. Bulwer has ever drawn,—we regret that he should have trifled, and neglected to fill up the canvas where the outline was so bold and shining.

In the second volume we are introduced to Madame de St. Ventadour in England. Ernest meets her by chance, and their former *liaison* is renewed in friendship. In returning from a ride they are caught in a thunder storm, and take refuge in an inn where Alice was staying. Ernest and Valerie were in one room, Alice in the next.

"The door communicating with the next room gently opened. A fair form, a form fairer and younger than that of Valerie de St. Ventadour, entered the apartment; the silence had deceived her, she believed that Maltravers was alone. She had entered with her heart upon her lips; love, sanguine, hopeful love in every vein, in every thought; she had entered, dreaming that across that threshold love would dawn on her afresh, that all would be once more as it had been, when the common air was rapture. Thus she entered; and now she stood spell bound, terror-stricken, pale as death, life turned to stone; youth, hope, bliss, were for ever over to her. Ernest kneeling to another was all she saw. For this had she been faithful and true amidst storm and desolation; for this had she hoped, dreamed, lived. They did not note her, she was unseen, unheard. And Ernest, who would have gone barefoot to the end of the earth to find her, was in the very room with her and knew it not.

"Call me again 'Beloved,' said Valerie, very softly.

"Beloved Valerie, hear me!"

"These words were enough for the listener, she turned noiselessly away. Humble as that heart was, it was proud. The door closed on her. She had obtained the wish of her whole being; Heaven had heard her prayer—she had once more seen

the lover of her youth, and thenceforth all was night and darkness to her. What matter what became of her? One moment—what an effect it produces upon years! One moment—virtue, crime, glory, shame, woe, rapture, rest upon moments. Death itself is but a moment; yet eternity is its successor."

The character of Maltravers is, from its very nature, and the scenes and trials of life through which he passes, necessarily changeable and variable. We recognise no one particular trait of disposition which shines steadily and steadfastly throughout his whole career. The one which most pleases us is the one in which the powers and creations of a mind naturally imaginative are poured forth. Instability and disease arrest his career; and to the pointed queries he puts to his physician, that functionary returns an answer of grave and solemn import.

"Maltravers appeared satisfied, changed the conversation, talked easily on other matters for a few minutes; nor was it till he had dismissed his physician that he broke forth with the thoughts that were burning within him.

"Oh!" cried he aloud, as he rose and paced the room with rapid strides; 'now, when I see before me the broad and luminous path, am I to be condemned to halt and turn aside? A vast empire rises on my view, greater than that of Cesar's and conquerors', an empire durable and universal in the souls of men, that time itself cannot overthrow; and death marches with me, side by side, and the skeleton hand waives me back to the nothingness of common men.'

"He paused at the casement, he threw it open, and leaned forth and gasped for air. Heaven was serene and still, and morning came coldly forth amongst the waning stars; and the haunts of men, in their thoroughfare of idleness and of pleasure, were desolate and void. Nothing, save nature, was awake.

"And if, oh stars!" murmured Maltravers, from the depths of his excited heart, 'if I had been insensible to your solemn beauty, if the heaven and the earth had been to me but as air and clay, if I were one of a dull and dim-eyed herd, I might live on, and drop into the grave from the ripeness of unprofitable years. It is because I yearn for the great objects of an immortal being that life shrinks and shrivels up like a scroll. Away! I will not listen to these human and material monitors, and consider life as a thing greater than the things that I would live for. My choice is made; glory is more persuasive than the grave.'

"He turned impatiently from the casement; his eyes flashed, his chest heaved, he trod the chamber with a monarch's air. All the calculations of prudence, all the tame and methodical reasonings with which, from time to time, he had sought to sober down the impetuous man into the calm machine, faded away before the burst of awful and commanding passions that swept over his soul."

Fragments, beautiful as those we quoted in our former notice, we again quote; they are like scattered seeds of thought over which the summer calm has only to shine, to bring them to a rich and full fruition.

"As vain and arrogant of the last wreck of their national genius as the Romans of old were of the empire of all arts and arms, the modern Italians look upon the harmonies of other lands as barbarous; nor can they appreciate or understand appreciation of the mighty German music, which is the proper minstrelsy of a nation of men—a music of philosophy, of heroism, of the intellect and the imagination, beside which, the strains of modern Italy are indeed effeminate, fantastic, and artificially feeble. Rossini is the Canova of music—with much of the pretty, with nothing of the grand.

"Eternal progress is eternal change.

"A girl who over loves a man, not indeed old, but much older than herself, loves him with such a looking-up and veneration love!

"The poetry of the past rings on our ears the deeper and the

divines because removed from the clay that made the poets. O art, art, how dost thou beautify and exalt us! What is nature without thee?

"There is nothing more salutary to active men than occasional intervals of repose, when we look within instead of without, and examine, almost insensibly (for I hold strict and conscious self-scrutiny a thing much rarer than we suspect) what we have done, what we are capable of doing. It is settling, as it were, a debtor and creditor account with the past, before we plunge into new speculations.

"People who do not write think as well as people who do, but connected, severe, well-developed thought, in contradistinction to vague meditation, must be connected with some tangible plan or object; and, therefore, we must be either writing men or acting men, if we desire to test the logic, and unfold the symmetrical and fused colours of our reasoning faculty.

"Perhaps few men of real genius are much gnawed by the desire of fame until they are artificially worked up to it. There is in a sound, correct intellect, with all its gifts fairly balanced, a calm consciousness of power, a certainty that when its strength is fairly put out, it must be to realise the usual result of strength. Men of second-rate genius, on the contrary, are fretful and nervous, fidgeting after a celebrity which they do not estimate by their own talents, but by the talents of some one else. They see a tower, but are occupied only with measuring its shadow, and think their own height (which they never calculate) is to cast as broad a one over the earth.

"There is in a man that has much in him a wonderfully acute and sensitive perception of his own existence. An imaginative and susceptible person has, indeed, ten times as much life as a dull fellow. He multiplies himself in a thousand objects, associates each with his own identity, lives in each, and almost looks upon the world with its infinite objects as a part of his individual being. Afterwards, as he tames down, he withdraws his forces, but he still has a knowledge of, and an interest in the land they once covered. He understands other people, for he has lived in other people—the dead and the living; fancied himself now Brutus and now Cesar, and thought how he should act in almost every imaginable circumstance of life.

"What a luxury is there in the first love of the muse! that process by which we give the palpable form to the long intangible visions which have flitted across us;—the beautiful ghost of the ideal within us, which we invoke in the Gudara of our still closets, with the wand of the simple pen!

"Models may form our taste as critics, but do not excite us to be authors.

"There is no period of life in which we are more accessible to the sentiment of friendship, than in the intervals of moral exaltation which succeed to the disappointment of the passions. There is then something inviting in those gentler feelings which keep alive, but do not sever the circulation of the affections.

"A man can neither study with much depth, nor compose with much art, unless he has some definite object before him; in the first, some one branch of knowledge to master, in the last, some one conception to work out.

"I believe it has a great effect on the future labours of a writer, the place where he first dreams that it is his destiny to write!

"The farewells of friendship have indeed something of the melancholy, but not the anguish of those of love. Perhaps it would be better if we could get rid of love altogether. Life would go on smoother and happier without it. Friendship is the wine of existence, but love is the dram-drinking.

"There is a conscience of the head as well as of the heart, and in old age we feel as much remorse, if we have wasted our natural talents, as if we have perverted our natural virtues. The profound and exultant satisfaction with which a man who feels that he has not lived in vain—that he has entailed on the world an heirloom of instruction or delight—looks back upon departed struggles—is one of the happiest emotions of which the conscience can be capable. What indeed are the petty faults we commit as individuals, affecting but a narrow circle, ceasing with our own life, to the incalculable and everlasting good we may produce as public men by one book or by one law. Depend upon it, that the Almighty, who sums up all the good and all the evil done by his creatures in a just balance, will not judge the august benefactors of a world with the same severity as these drones of society, who have no great services to show in the eternal ledger, as a set off to the indulgence of their small vices.

"We learn so rapidly when our teachers are those we love! and it is observed that the less our knowledge, the less perhaps our genius in other things, the more facile are our attainments in music, which is a very jealous mistress of the mind.

"By being rubbed long and often against the great loadstone of society, we obtain in a thousand little minute points an attraction in common with our fellows. Their petty sorrows, and small joys—their objects of interest or employment, at some time or other, have been ours. We gather up a vast collection of moral and mental farthings of exchange, and we scarcely find any intellect too poor but what we can deal with it in some way.

"The desire of distinction grows upon us, till excitement becomes disease. At first it seems enough to obtain some credit, and contribute an obulus to the general stock; that done, new visions arise. The dead grow visible from the shades of time, and we dream of occupying a vacant niche in the grand Pantheon. Then we see, for the first time, the vast distinction between reputation and fame, between to-day and immortality.

"The powers of the mind are things that cannot be less immortal than the mere sense of identity; these acquisitions accompany us through the eternal progress; and we may obtain a lower or a higher grade hereafter, in proportion as we are more or less fitted by the exercise of our intellect to comprehend and execute the solemn agencies of God."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

MISS EDGEWORTH.—Miss Edgeworth was one evening busily writing beside her father, when a servant brought in the tea equipage. The authoress measured the due spoonfuls into a china cup, then "turned on" the boiling water into the teapot, let it stand the time proper for infusion; put into other cups their cream and sugar, pouring thereon—what? In her literary abstraction she had omitted to put in the hyson, so that the draught she now offered her parent was very milk-and-waterish indeed. "Were you writing on Irish bulls that you made such a blunder, Maria?" asked the sire. "No, papa," returned his witty girl, "'twas Irish *Absent-tea-ism*."

A LEARNED NEGRO.—Job Ben Solomon, son of the Mohammedan King of Banda, was taken in 1730, and sold in Maryland. He afterwards found his way to England, where his talents, dignified air, and amenity of character, procured him friends; among the rest, Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British Museum, for whom he translated several Arabic manuscripts. After being received with distinction at the court of St. James's, he was sent back to Banda. The letters which he afterwards wrote to his friends in England and America were published and perused with interest. This man is said to have been able to repeat the whole koran from memory.—*Liberia Herald*, No. VII. Printed at Monrovia, in West Africa, a colony of Blacks; the printer and editor being both of the same colour.

HUBER.—Huber has been blind from the age of seventeen. At that period he fell in love with a rich

young lady, who returned his affection, and consented to become his wife. A few months afterwards he was afflicted with gutta serena, which deprived him entirely of sight. He was sent to Paris in the hope that a cure might be effected, but he obtained no relief, and returned in despair to Geneva. Mademoiselle Lullen married the object of her disinterested affection, notwithstanding his misfortune. This excellent woman soon discovered a thousand means of supplying the wants which her husband's calamity occasioned. During the war she formed whole armies of pins, of various sizes, and thus enabled him to distinguish the positions of the different corps. She stuck pins in a map, and thus gave her husband a correct idea of the movements of the troops. A method by which he was enabled to write was invented for him, and his wife formed plans of the places they inhabited in relief. He had a great taste for natural history. He made his wife read to him a number of works on the subject, and particularly relative to bees. With her assistance he made several discoveries, which he published under the title of "Researches on Bees." To extensive knowledge M. Huber joined an extraordinary memory, and he related in a graceful style a great variety of interesting anecdotes.—*Memoirs of the Court of the Empress Josephine*.

SHARP RETORT.—"Will you lend father your newspaper, sir?—he only just wants to read it!" "Yes, my boy; and ask him to lend me his dinner—I only just want to eat it!"

JEMMY DAWSON.—Shenstone's pathetic and affecting ballad of Jemmy Dawson has drawn tears from every person of sensibility, or possessing the feelings of humanity; and it will continue to be admired as long as the English language shall exist. This ballad, which is founded in truth, was taken from a narrative first published in the *Parrot* of the 2d of August, 1746, three days after the transaction it records. It is given in the form of a letter, and is as follows:

"A young lady of a good family and handsome fortune had for some time extremely loved, and was equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last, at Kennington Common, for high treason; and had he either been acquitted, or have found the royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence being passed on him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but may easily conceive her agonies; besides, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without betraying any of those emotions her friends apprehended; but when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she threw her head back into the coach, and ejaculating, 'My dear, I follow thee! I follow thee! Lord Jesus! receive both our souls together,' fell on the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she had done speaking.

"That excessive grief which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, is thought to have put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once all the animal spirits."

In the "*Whitehall Evening Post*," August 7th, this narrative is copied with the remark, that "upon inquiry every circumstance was literally true."

A ballad was cried about the streets at the time, founded on this melancholy narrative, but it can scarcely be said to have aided Shenstone in his beautiful production.

SINGULAR RECOVERY OF PROPERTY.—The following circumstance is as true as it is remarkable:—A few years ago, two gentlemen who had been left executors to the will of a friend, on examining the property, found a scrap of paper, on which was written, "Seven hundred pounds in Till." This they took in the literal sense, and examined all his apartments carefully, but in vain. They sold his collection of books to a bookseller, near the Mews, and paid the legacies in proportion. The singularity of the circumstance occasioned them very frequently to converse about it, and they recollected among the books sold (which had taken place upwards of seven weeks before) there was

a folio edition of "*Tillotson's Sermons*." The probability of this being what was alluded to by the word "Till," on the piece of paper, made one of them immediately wait upon the bookseller who had purchased the books, and ask him if he had the edition of Tillotson, which had been among the books sold to him; on his reply in the affirmative, and the volumes being handed down, the gentleman immediately purchased them; and on carefully examining the leaves, found bank notes, singly dispersed in various places of the volumes, to the amount of seven hundred pounds! But what is perhaps no less remarkable than the preceding, the bookseller informed him that a gentleman at Cambridge, reading in his catalogue of this edition to be sold, had written to him, and desired it might be sent to Cambridge, which was accordingly done; but the books not answering the gentleman's expectations, they had been in the bookseller's shop till the period of this very singular discovery.

HANNAH MORE.—The energy of her mind in carrying into execution any purpose which had been adopted after sufficient consideration was very remarkable. In conformity with this part of her character, her plan was, in any new resolution which involved the exercise of self-denial, to contend with the most difficult part of the undertaking first, after which she used to say, she found the remaining sacrifices comparatively easy to be submitted to.

On this principle, having resolved to desist from going to the theatre about the time her play of "*Percy*" was revived, she determined to make that the immediate occasion for carrying her new resolution into practice. Mrs. Siddons was then at the height of her fame, and was to act the part of the heroine of the tragedy, a character which she was said to exhibit with remarkable success; and Mrs. Hannah More was in the midst of a brilliant society of friends and admirers, who all attended the representation; but here she was determined to make her first stand against this particular temptation, and to break the spell of enchantment while standing in the centre of the magic circle.

Another anecdote will show the same principle, brought into exercise on a very different occasion. As her limited income began to be sensibly diminished at one time, by her travelling expenses, she determined to perform her journeys in stage-coaches; and in order to overcome at once every obstacle that pride might interpose, she resolved to pay a visit to a nobleman, as she was about to set out in one of these vehicles, which, as there was a public road through the park, set her down at the door of the mansion. She has more than once described her conflicting sensations when his lordship, proceeding through a line of servants, in rich liveries, came to hand her out of her conveyance, a conveyance at that time much less used than at present by persons of high respectability. Thus it was the policy of this able tactician to commence her operations by a decisive blow, whereby the main strength of the opposing force was at once broken and dispersed, and her victory made easy and secure.—*Reber's Memoir of Mrs. Hannah More.*

GEM.

AGE AND YOUTH.—How dangerous, how foolish, how presumptuous is it in adults to suppose that they can read the thoughts and the feelings of those of a tender age! How often has this presumption, on their part, been the ruin of a young mind, which, if truly estimated and duly fostered, would have blossomed and produced good fruit! The blush of honest indignation is as dark as the blush of guilt—and the paleness of concentrated courage as marked as that of fear—the firmness of conscious innocence is but too often mistaken as the effrontery of hardened vice—and the tears

springing from a source of injury, the tongue tied from the oppression of a wounded heart, the trembling and agitation of the little frame convulsed with emotion, have often and often been ascribed by prejudging and self-opinionated witnesses, to the very opposite passions to those which have produced them. Youth should never be judged harshly, and even when judged correctly, should it be in an evil course, may always be reclaimed;—those who decide otherwise, and leave it to drift about the world, have to answer for the cast-away.—*Jacob Faithful.*

SCOTTISH FUNERALS.

CHAPTER II.

IN the summer of 1810, the writer of this article had occasion to pass the evening of a Saturday in the first town which one meets in entering the valley of Strathmore from Perth. The situation of that valley, and especially of this part of it, has many charms, as well for the antiquary, the historian, and the moralist, as for the mere lover of scenery. The valley itself is both ample and rich; through the centre of it flow some of the most delightful streams even of that land of many and bright waters; the mountains which skirt it on the south are rendered memorable by traditions of struggles against Romans, and Danes, and other invaders,—and classical as among the localities of the most wild and witching effort of Shakspeare's muse; while, on the north, the Grampians mingle their blue peaks with the clouds, and conceal valleys, the inhabitants of which still retain customs and traditions that have stood the test of a thousand years.

In such a place to tarry for the night, required no great effort of persuasion; and having rested myself, I crossed the river Ila by a fine old bridge, and took a ramble among the fields and farmhouses on the opposite bank. It was such an evening, and such an hour, as gave to that ramble the highest charm which the first sight of a fine country can possess. The summer was in its prime; the sun, but one brief hour from the western mountains, flung his light, softened and slanting, through the dark foliage of the trees, till, falling upon the windows of some half-concealed cottage, it was reflected back with that sparkling dazzle which excites without injuring the eye; and the soft west wind just bowing the full-grown hay and bended corn into the gentlest waves, bore and mingled upon its wings the rather perfume of the distant heather, and more intense fragrance of the field bean. After a little time, the belfry of a parish church, wildly sequestered among trees, met my eye; and as such a place, at such a time, is by no means the worst either for the mechanical or the moral painter, I bent my steps thither. The structure, though small in its dimensions, humble in its appearance, and grey through the effects of time, bore no trace either of dilapidation or desertion. Around it were collected the bones of many generations, under the green sods or their grey monuments; and the spreading elms and venerable ashes so curtained it around and canopied it above, as to put one in mind of the sacred groves of the Druids. Through the trees I could catch a glimpse of the parsonage house, or manse, as it is styled in that part of the country. It was of larger dimensions and more modern structure

than the church; but it seemed as though it had been spoiled of its inhabitants—the window shutters were closed on the inside, and without the swallows had built such a frieze as to fill nearly the upper third of each opening.

I passed around to the front of the church. An old man, habited in the ancient and peculiar dress of the Scottish lowlander,—a suit of home-made blue, with the coat down to his heels and encircling him like a modern frock, his withered hands exposed half way to the elbows, his neck with one little fold of cravat round it, and his white hair coming out from under a great breadth of blue bonnet,—was leaning upon a long staff, and bending over a grave which seemed only that instant to have been closed. No tear stole down his cheek, and no positive sign of grief escaped him; but in his whole manner and attitude there was an expression of calm and resigned woe, which was not only more affecting at the time, but seemed to bespeak a greater depth and duration of anguish than the most noisy lamentation. As I approached him, he lifted his bonnet in that grave and reverential manner which is peculiar to the Scottish peasantry of the old school.

"You have chosen a melancholy place," said I.

"Ay, sir," replied the old man, "it is fitting that I should visit what may soon be my last and only habitation; and I could not find a season more capable of turning my thoughts in that direction in which, at my time of life, they ought to be turned, than the present, at which life has sustained so great a privation, that, if it were God's will, it would almost be a pleasure to die."

"Have you buried a friend in that grave?" said I, pitying the old man; "human life is subject to such calamities, and they thicken as it approaches its close."

"I have not lost a friend more than others," replied he, "nor, indeed so much, as the days during which I could have profited, if God had spared him, by the kind instructions of him who now lies cold in this grave, must of necessity have been short."

"And pray, may I ask," said I, "who he is in whom, if he was no more a friend to you than to others, you take so deep an interest?"

"He was one," replied the old man, "who, in his brief career, was a blessing to the country side in general, and promised long to be one to this parish in particular; but to our sorrow, his kindness to others has been the cause of his lying down, under circumstances the most melancholy, in a grave the most untimely. But there is no accounting for the lot of man; the hand of Heaven, which often lies light upon the senseless

and sinning, falls with its full weight, and in its most fearful manner, upon the generous and the good. But it is all well ordered; they whom Heaven has chosen and appointed as its own, must endure chastisement, lest prosperity in this world should make them over-fond of its enjoyments, and forgetful of those mansions which are to form their blessed and eternal home."

As the aged mourner spoke these words, there was an earnestness, and even an eloquence of manner about him, which would have done no discredit to a professional public speaker; or rather, they were such as no merely professional speaker could display. The effort exhausted him; and as I pressed him to tell me something of the history and fate of the man in whom he took so deep an interest, he retired slowly from the grave, sat down on the nearest tombstone, invited me to sit by him, and after drawing his hand across his forehead and eyes, and inviting me to take snuff with him, (a ceremony which, in that part of Scotland, is as general and almost as sacred as eating salt with the Arabs in the desert,) he gave me a narrative, of which the following is the substance:—

"The tenant of that newly-closed grave had been for a few years their parish minister. He had been cut off in the very bloom of his days, and in the dawn of his usefulness. He was the only son and favourite child of virtuous and respectable parents, who, though they possessed a considerable freehold in the parish, had no wish to bring up their son to habits of inactivity. In early youth he had shown a great fondness for literary and serious pursuits, and had been rendered conspicuous among his schoolfellows, as well for great personal vigour and manly and generous conduct, as for superiority of intellectual powers. At no very advanced age he had been placed at the neighbouring university, where his appearance, his behaviour, and his success in his studies had rendered him a favourite with every body. By the professors he had been reckoned one who would never commit or conceal any thing mean or improper; and by his class-fellows he had been chosen umpire in all disputes; for which office he was well qualified, both on account of the sagacity of his counsel and the strength of his arm. While attending the university, he had been called home to perform the melancholy duty of attending first one parent, and then another, to the grave. His sisters had gone to reside with their relations; the family seat was let to strangers; and he took up his abode at the university, his great ambition being to perform the functions of clergyman in his native parish. And though the people had every reason to be pleased with the then incumbent, they looked forward to the time when his removal to another parish should place among them one whom they had all known from his boyhood, and of whom all that they knew excited their admira-

tion. The seat of learning at which he had taken up his temporary abode, was upon the seashore, at the bottom of a little bay, having dangerous rocks on the one side, and a long bank of quicksand, which was still more dangerous, on the other. The latter often proved destructive to shipping, from the dreadful surf that rolled upon it during north-east winds, and the impossibility of a ship getting off if it once struck. One dreadful winter day, when the north-east blew a hurricane, accompanied by a fall of snow and sleet so heavy as to darken the air, a vessel was driven upon this bank, at no great distance either from the land or the town; but the sea was so wild, and the weather so inclement, that the hardiest sea-faring men of the place, even with the aid of the life-boat, could render no assistance to the crew, who were in the act of perishing so close to the shore, that the sighs of their distress could be heard. The young preacher, whose stature and strength very much exceeded those of ordinary men, having made a rope fast round his middle, waded into the water, which, though rolling and foaming, and mixed with snow-flakes, was not deep, and landed the shivering, benumbed, and despairing crew, one by one, in safety. This truly heroic conduct got him much and general admiration; but it was gotten at great expense—the intense cold, and the prolonged and almost super-human exertion brought on a violent fever; and though the strength of his constitution overcame that, disease had fastened upon him, and assailed him in a variety of forms and a repetition of degrees of strength, which no human constitution could withstand. He had attained his favourite object—had become minister of his native parish; had married; and flattered himself with restored health and long life among a people where he was mutually loving and beloved. The disease, however, paid no deference to his unusual strength and promising usefulness; but after assailing him in every minor form, deprived him of his understanding, and he died in great agony, of which he appeared to be conscious. This"—said the old man, again advancing to the grave—"this contains all that we have of him now. The pulpit from which we heard him with so much delight, has been silent for two Sabbaths; and to-morrow a friend of his comes from a distant place to preach his funeral sermon. It will be an affecting day; and old and young will flock to hear the last tribute paid to the memory of one who lost his life in consequence of having rescued those who, but for his strength and courage, must have perished."

Upon my inquiring as to the expectations which had been founded upon this ceremony, the old man told me that, in his opinion, they were built more upon the general interest which the conduct and fate of him who was gone had excited, than upon any thing that they knew or cared for the pulpit oratory of the stranger who

was coming to officiate. He added, however, that this same stranger was "a queer childe; could tak' a wonderfu' haud o' the affections when he likit; was a gude deal run after in his own part o' the country; and, what was better than a', was weel likit by their dear departed minister, an' had been the last man to whom he had been able to speak a sensible word."

The peculiarity of the occasion, the representation of the old man, the beautiful situation of the church, and, perhaps, more than any thing else, the consideration that I had nothing better to do, made me resolve to attend on the following day, though my hopes of intellectual gratification were by no means strong. After I entered the little market-town, and was proceeding to the inn, the clergyman who was to perform the melancholy duty to his departed friend, was pointed out to me; and, certainly, his appearance had no tendency to heighten my expectations. In his dress, his air, and his manner, he was about the homeliest personage I ever saw. He had walked some fifteen or twenty miles, and the dust of the road had changed his rusty black clothes to nearly the same colour with his face, which had a heaviness of form, and a dullness of hue, that were any thing but promising. His person, about the middle size, and clumsy rather than athletic, was every bit as ill-fashioned as his dress; and I found it impossible, upon any received principle, to account for the interest and attention that he commanded from the town's-people. Still, however, I resolved to abide by my resolution, although every circumstance seemed unfavourable to its being productive of any corresponding measure of enjoyment. I retired to my chamber, pretty firmly convinced that the morrow would be a lost day. During the early part of the night the rain pelted, the thunder pealed, and the lightning flashed so violently and so incessantly, that I could neither rest my ears nor close my eyes; and the storm continued so long, that when I at last fell into a sleep, I did not awaken till I heard the tinkling of the church-bell, from which I concluded that I had overslept my time. Upon getting up, however, I found that this was only the first of the three warnings—one hour between every two, that summoned the devout people of Scotland to their well-frequented kirks; and so I had abundant time to attire and victual myself.

While I sat at breakfast the landlord could not refrain from telling me, that he supposed "their minister would get the kirk to himself for that day, as the hail country side were thronging to —, to hear Mr. C——."

"And why should they do this?" said I.

"They ken that best themselves," said the landlord; "and if you like to tak' a step that gate yourself, sir, you'll nae doubt find it out as weel as the rest. You might get a post-chaise, but it's no that far, and the country folks here-

away like to see the brute creation get rest on the Sabbath-day, as weel as their twa-legged masters."

I told the landlord that I had no desire to do violence even to the prejudices of the people; that I had already resolved on going to hear the strange preacher, and that it was my intention to perform the journey (little more than a mile) on foot. The landlord seemed somewhat disappointed, which made me conjecture that the hesitation he had expressed about the post-chaise, had less of piety, or of a desire of giving rest to his cattle in it, than of enhancing the price of his proffered accommodation.

"You'll return to dinner, at ony rate," said he; "and nae doubt you'll need it when ye come frae the kirk; but you may just do as you like for a' that."

Leaving the landlord to his own conjectures as to where, when, or upon what I should dine, and not disturbing that Sabbath's rest which he had pretended to be so anxious to preserve for his horses, I set out for the rural church, by the same route which had conveyed me to it on the preceding evening.

There was not a little interesting in the day and the scenery. The air had that perfect transparency which indicates a disposition to receive no more moisture by evaporation; the trees, as well as the bearded corn, which was exceedingly luxuriant, were still sparkling with the last drops of the night's rain, and reflecting or transmitting the beams of the glowing sun in every variety of prismatic splendour; and though the sky overhead was without a cloud, it had the greenish tinge which, in such districts, is the type both of the past and the coming summer-storm. The storm which had passed over me seemed still to be wasting itself among the remote Grampians on the north; a few solid and well-defined nimbus clouds were showing their heads over the hills towards the south; and the Illa, which on the preceding evening had been so transparent, so calm, and so shrunken within its channel, came down from the mountain red and roaring, and having the expansion of a lake and the rapidity of a torrent.

As I passed through the long, narrow, and straggling streets of the town, the doors and windows of all the shops and most of the houses were closed, and all was still as though the pestilence had swept over it; but when I gained the summit of the eminence, which conceals from the town the river and the country on the other side, I found long lines of people moving in every direction toward the thick trees which enclosed and canopied the lonely churchyard, like so many rivers emptying themselves into the sea. I wished to enter into conversation with some of the bonneted men and bare-footed maidens, who seemed to have come a pretty long journey; but their looks were so demure,

and their words so few, that I was soon reduced to the condition of a silent pilgrim like themselves. Judging from the uniform "I dinna ken," by which they responded to all my inquiries, I might have concluded that they were the most ignorant race of beings in the world; but then their uniformly shrewd air, and hard but keen physiognomy, forbade that conclusion; and so I set down the sourness and starchedness of their religious system as being the cause of this seemingly total absence, not only of civility, but of curiosity and feeling.

When I reached the churchyard I found that there was a sort of scramble for seats upon the grave-stones; but the scramble was a novel one, and the strife seemed to be not so much who should best accommodate themselves as who should best accommodate their friends.

I soon discovered my venerable Cicerone of the former evening, and though the day and the occasion had produced an additional gloom even in him, he seemed pleased to find me among the rustic worshippers.

"You hae keepit your time, sir," said he, "we maun a' keep our time in the kirkyard sooner or later, gin God spare us frae the raging battle and the roarin' sea; but there's no mony o' your years an' your claithing that's keeping their time owre weel i' the kirk itsel."

As we moved through the crowd, among the graves, I asked him if he could direct me to a seat in the church.

"Na, sir, I can no do that; there's no sae muckle room, either laigh down or i' the laft, as wad hand a bairn to stand; and so ane o' the windows has been ta'en out, an' Mr. C—— has arranged to stand i' the sole o' that, an' preach so as to be heard both by the crowd within and the crowd without. We maun just sit down, ony gate; but push through, an' let us get as near hand as ever we can. You'll be anxious to see, nae doot, an' I'm no sae gleg at the hearin' as I hae been."

Saying this, the old man pushed his way toward the grave over which he was meditating when I first saw him. I know not whether it was the authority of office or of age, but the rustics gave way as he advanced, and a tombstone sheltered by the little porch of the church, and having nothing between it and the window from which the sermon was to be delivered, save the grave of the deceased pastor, was instantly vacated for us. Upon this we sat down, and my conductor became as taciturn as the rest.

A hum in the crowd, and a melancholy knelling of the bell, announced the approach of the preacher, who soon made his appearance, followed by the weeping relatives of his friend, who were instantly accommodated with seats upon the nearest grave-stones. The preacher stepped upon a few boards that formed a platform across the sole of the window, seated himself for a minute

or two in an old elbow chair, took down the psalm-book from a little table before him, turned over a few of the leaves, and then rose up in the most awkward and even helpless manner that I ever saw in a public speaker. I shall lose my short journey, and many of this multitude will lose their long one, thought I to myself.

Before he read the lines which were to be sung, the large and apparently leaden eyes of the preacher were turned towards the recent grave beneath him, with a look so wildly pathetic, and so fraught with intense and indescribable passion, that, for the moment, I absolutely forgot that I was in the society of mere men. The psalm was read with no very pleasant or promising elocution; and while the whole mass of the people were singing it to one of the most sublime melodies in their psalmody, the preacher, who had sunk into the chair, seemed turned into a monumental statue of the coldest stone, so deadly pale was his large face and forehead, and so motionless every limb of his body. His eyelids were closed, and yet one could almost imagine that the eyes looked through them alternately downwards to that earth which contained the body, and upwards to those heavens which contained the spirit, of his much-loved friend. When the singing was concluded he rose up to pray; and though there was a great deal of energy throughout, as well as an occasional burst of passion or of eloquence, yet the phraseology and the pronunciation were so uncouthly peculiar, that they jarred upon my ear, and made the effect of the whole any thing but agreeable.

The text was read out, and the sermon began, in the same clumsy and unpromising manner. The subject was, indeed, well chosen, the general propositions clearly enumerated, and the reasoning mathematically precise; there was also a breathing of freshness and originality over the whole; but still, during the first fifteen minutes, there was little save an occasional burning glow that stole across the pale cheek of the preacher, and an occasional melting fire that glistened from his eye, that could distinguish it from a commonplace discourse, by a man who knew better how to solve geometrical problems, or analyse chemical substances, than how to manage the fires of eloquence, and move the passions of men.

When, however, he had established the doctrinal truth which he had meant to inculcate; when he had formed a basis of reasoning so firm that doubt could not move or sophistry shake it; when he had subdued the understandings of his audience, and destroyed, by calm listening to clear arguments, the various workings of thought, of fancy, and of passion, which must naturally have actuated so vast and varied an audience when they came together; when he had done all this, he bounded at once upon the structure which he had reared, and, by that inborn and unteachable power of the Spirit which nature has

reserved for the chosen of her sons, and which shakes off all the disadvantages and incumbrances of figure, and voice, and language, as easily as the steed shakes the thistle down from his sides, carried the hearts and the passions of all who heard him with irresistible and even tremendous sway. As he painted the manly disposition and disinterested virtues and piety of his friend, a gleam of unbounded delight lit up every eye that I could notice; the mourners dried their tears, and forgot the sad reality of death, so much to the life and so vigorous was the image which he held up to their minds. The sketch was a rapid one, and the painter went through with it, breaking in pieces the materials with which he worked; but every touch had tenfold the power and expression of the most laborious finishing by a common artist. It could not have occupied ten minutes; and to me it did not seem to occupy as many seconds. But still I knew then, and can remember now, more of the appearance, character, and conduct of the subject of that brief delineation, than I can do of any other man, the volumes of whose biography I have read. The old man's simple story had been affecting; but here was an account the broken fragments of every word of which (and the words were sadly mangled and broken) engraved themselves upon the innermost and most imperishable tablet of my memory.

The exultation which this glowing portraiture was calculated to produce, was fearfully contrasted with the pain resulting from the destruction of such a man by his attempt—his successful attempt—to deliver his fellows from the whelming waves. In the graphic delineation of the preacher, the storm and the sea raged more terribly, and the deliverer shone with more powerful nerves against them, than it was possible for any other man to imagine; and the varied

unrelenting attacks of the consequent disease, with its melancholy termination, drowned the wide-spreading listeners in a deluge of woe.

But the most powerful shafts were yet in the quiver of the orator, and these he set on the string, drew to the head, and discharged around him, with the unerring skill and unequalled strength of an Apollo. The desolate home, the disconsolate widow, the sermonless pulpit, the sorrowing people, the closed grave, the awful and certain admonition of their own mortality, formed a representation to which no pen and no pencil could do justice. One may describe or paint matter, but the giant efforts of mind are like the movements of the Spirit—one can see and feel their effects, but their workings are inscrutable. Antony, pointing to the mangled body of Cesar, and detailing the enormities of his murder, has ever been looked upon as one of the mightiest appeals to the passions of men; but this provincial preacher, (for he was then but a provincial preacher, and hardly known or cared for beyond the county in which he was born,) in an obscure churchyard, addressing ordinary rustics, and pointing to the grave of their minister, produced a more intense effect; and though the enemy who had spoiled them of their pastor was not one against whom they could go to war, they evinced the depth of their excitement by every possible demonstration of mental agony—they wept, they roared aloud, they dashed themselves on the ground, and were, for the time, as a people utterly deprived of their senses.

I have seen many scenes, and I have heard many eloquent men, but this I have never seen equalled or ever imitated. It was not learning, it was not art; it was the untaught and unincumbered incantation of genius—the mightiest engine of which the world can boast.

A LETTER TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF HARTFORD, UNITED STATES.

FROM AN ABSENT FRIEND.

PART I.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

ALTHOUGH a long time has elapsed since you heard from me, my pledge is not forgotten. Well do I bear in mind how earnestly you desired me, and how distinctly I promised to communicate every incident worthy of notice, that might occur under my observation, during my visit.

Yet what of interest or novelty can be expected in the quiet village of H——? Situated, as it is, in one of the deep bends of the Connecticut, and remote from more populous places, it has little intercourse with the world around. Change and variety are strangers to its peaceful borders. The seasons come and go, as they ever

have; the noble river, which rolled by these hills centuries before, still glides past, the same unchanged monitor of our fleeting days: and man, after living and worshipping very much as he was wont in years gone by, goes to his long home without pomp or parade. Such are, for the most part, our occurrences. Perhaps an occasional visiter, a sudden death, or other local circumstance, may now and then break upon the stillness of our monotonous existence; but the impression of such events, not likely soon to be renewed again, ere long passes away, and the neighbourhood is restored to its accustomed calm.

Under such circumstances, then, my young friends, why should I attempt either to amuse or interest you? Still the trial might not prove altogether abortive. And this I feel the more encouraged to hope, from knowing your fondness for those details which tend to show, on the one hand, virtue in a conspicuous and triumphant light, and, on the other, the disastrous effects of that course of conduct, which refuses allegiance alike to the dictates of reason, and the sway of moral principle. While, then, the desire for your improvement is near my heart, as your memory is vivid to my mind, I will, if you please, unfold some of the particulars of a history, the truth of which I have had the most ample means of ascertaining, and which may, I trust, convey a salutary and impressive lesson.

One stormy evening, in the year 1816, the stage-coach set down at the public house, in this village, a woman supporting in her arms a pair of helpless infants. Besides these, no attendants accompanied her. No multitudinous array of trunks and bandboxes betokened the costly wardrobe of the lonely stranger. The coachman soon removed her scanty baggage; for it consisted of but a couple of bundles and a rusty valisee; nor, between these and the garb she wore, was there any want of consistency. A dark cloak, worn threadbare, and a hood of like material, sheltered her from the blasts of a rude November. Although thus partially protected herself from the inclement weather, the fragile beings that hung upon her were abundantly provided for. The tender things were enveloped from head to foot in the finest and warmest flannel, and while the mother shivered, they slept. Introduced by the good landlady into a comfortable apartment, she deposited her charge, and removed her riding dress. The appearance she then presented was by no means an ordinary one; though the icy hand of penury was visible in every thing about her, yet in the choice and arrangement of every article of her humble dress there was the most perfect neatness and correspondence displayed. The impress of thought and intelligence, which was stamped upon her every feature, was rendered still deeper by her pale and emaciated countenance. She might have once been beautiful; and to the generous soul, whose idea of beauty is only enhanced by the shades that misfortune and suffering have cast upon it, she would have now appeared still more so. She said little, except in answer to the inquiries which were put to her; but this she spoke in tones so full of courtesy and sweetness as to arrest the admiration and interest of all who heard.

As might naturally be expected, the wonder and gossip of the neighbourhood were excited to the highest degree. Such an event had never before happened among them. Who could the woman be? where from? and what her object

here? Even the kind hostess would, in all probability, have been alarmed into certain impertinent interrogatories, had not her bill been faithfully and punctually liquidated every evening on retiring. She completely succeeded, however, in evading the questions and hints of her over curious visitors, yet treating them at the same time with such civility and kindness, that, although baffled, they left her with sentiments of love and esteem. To Mrs. L., who was the wife of the resident clergyman, and had ever evinced for her the warmest sympathy and solicitude, she at length revealed a few particulars of her history.

She was the widow of an English officer, who had fought in the late war, and had died sometime in the year following its final termination, from the effects of a severe wound received in battle. Unable to endure the idea of her husband being separated from her in a distant land, and, in case of sickness or death, exposed to the rough severities of the camp, she had attended him to America, and continued to follow his fortunes with heroic constancy and affection until his death. After being wounded, he had been taken to a hospital in New York, for recovery, that being the most convenient resort to obtain medical assistance. While there, she had watched by him with the most untiring assiduity, ministering to his every want, and denying herself, for his sake, of many things necessary, not only to her own comfort and happiness, but to her health, and very life. Her efforts, however, were unavailing. After languishing about four months, he died under the most excruciating distress, both of mind and body, leaving her the mother of twin daughters but little more than eight months old. Worn down with toil and anxiety, reduced to narrow circumstances, and utterly friendless in a strange land, she immediately sought some retired spot, that might at the same time afford her a rural asylum for the renovation of her sinking constitution, and enable her the better to subsist upon the scanty means left her. With this view had she come to H—. Why she did not return to England, was never known. It was suggested that it might have been in consequence of some unfortunate family connexion: possibly a stern and cruel father might have banished her the paternal roof, for marrying against his will, and she too "deep-souled" to forget her wrong, preferred dying on a foreign shore, friendless and alone, rather than to seek again the "home of her birth," to be thrust away, perhaps, more unfeelingly than before. However this may be, it is certain she never disclosed any thing relative to the early part of her life. And Mrs. L—, who possessed her heart and her confidence more than any other individual, aware that even herself could never elicit from the lady any important fact, which she did not choose of her own accord, and unsolicited, to reveal, forbore all inquiries upon the subject.

Mrs. Hastings—for that was her name—continued at the inn only for a few days, until recruited from the effects of her journey. She then purchased a dilapidated cottage near the river's side, which she had fitted up with great neatness and taste, yet with the strictest frugality. The kind offers of Mrs. L——, to take her into her own house, were declined with dignity, yet with gratitude. After becoming established in her humble domicile, she contrived to support herself by embroidery and teaching the village scholars. Her health, however, did not seem to improve, but rather to fail. Some secret worm was gnawing at her heart, that resisted every healing influence. Her situation, though delightful, alleviated not the heaviness of her spirit. She gradually sunk. The well meant attentions of the neighbours, and the beautiful scenery around, would bring perhaps a momentary smile of gladness, but failed of establishing any permanent cheerfulness. Joy had evidently fled her heart for ever, and a settled melancholy established its dark dominion there. Though joy had forsaken her breast, not so with affection. Her attachment to her children increased; than these, no other tie seemed to bind her to earth. Had it not been for a mother's love to her offspring, doubtless she would have stilled the anguish of her troubled spirit long before in a voluntary death. Often was she heard to exclaim, "Oh God! who shall protect these orphan babes?" For these she lived, she prayed, she wept. It was a matter of much speculation whether she was a pious woman or not. Whatever of religion she might have possessed, it was certain but a faint portion of its blessed light apparently ever shone upon her solitary pathway, either to enlighten or console. A dark view of things had taken possession of her mind, which appeared daily to become deeper and more sullen. Consumption at length stretched her upon the couch from which she was no more to arise. From this period her decline was rapid: no solicitude during her fast waning hours was manifested for her temporal concerns, nor her eternal salvation; her thoughts seemed all absorbed in the children she was about to leave. No other anxiety was evinced excepting that which had these for its object. The unsparing hand of death was to divide between them and her. Soon they would be left without a natural protector to shield them from the rude blasts around. Would the world treat them as it had her? Would poverty chill their young blood and wither their forms? or neglect and contempt drive them to guilt, and guilt to shame and the grave? Would they wander in a strange land, desolate and alone, and lie down at last without a relative near to soothe their dying pillow? Such were the reflections that agitated the soul of the fainting sufferer; and it was not till after receiving repeated assurances from her best friend, of the future safety of her children, that

she found comfort. She soon became reconciled and calm, and when at length the inevitable stroke came yielded without a murmur or a fear. She was buried in an unfrequented corner of the village cemetery, apart from the society of the dead, as she had been from the families of the living while alive. No storied stone was reared to show her stranger grave. A young cypress, whose seed the hand of chance had scattered near, reached its dark branch over the new sod; and this was all that marked the spot. The cottage of the deceased was closed soon after her interment. She had provided against the last sad extremity, by bartering away the remnants of an earthly dwelling, to purchase "that narrow house appointed for the living." Consequently, no heartless claimant laid hand upon it, and the curious idler was forbidden to desecrate its pale.

The bereaved orphans were now to be disposed of. The kind-hearted Mrs. L—— would have gladly received them both into her own family, had her circumstances permitted; but as they were, it was impossible. It seemed hard to separate them, yet no one was willing to undertake the charge of rearing them both, in addition to all the other burdens of their families. It was finally resolved, that Mrs. L—— should adopt one of the twins, and Major W—— the other. This gentleman was somewhat past the meridian of life, and living very much at ease, in what was deemed the finest mansion in the village. He had done his country some slight services during the late war, and previously held a civil office of some distinction, by which he had acquired a competency, enabling him to live the rest of his days without labour. His style of living plainly evinced his determination to enjoy the good things of this life, and certainly if a devout and punctual attendance on public worship, an unblemished integrity, and a warm-hearted benevolence be any test of a man's religious character, he was not altogether regardless of the "Great Unseen." Having no family of his own, except a housekeeper and a couple of servants, he was, it would seem, little calculated to take in hand the education of a child, and that child a female. Still it was thought, his fortune would enable him to bestow upon his charge superior advantages, by supporting her at some public seminary. Besides, he had contracted a great fondness for the twins, and, had Mrs. L—— consented, would have taken them both under his guardianship. As it was he must have one, and Mrs. L—— allowing him his option, he chose Caroline.

Amelia, for this was the name of the other, was therefore left to Mrs. L——. This good lady was abundantly competent to the charge she had undertaken. None could have been more so. She had reared a numerous family of her own, and it might be said of her with truth, that she had "brought them up in the way they

should go." To a naturally strong and acute mind, she added a knowledge of human nature scarcely surpassed, and hardly supposable in one of her retired sphere in life. Probably no woman understood better the springs of human action, and the motives suitable to be presented to the mind of a child. And this her own experience and observation had taught her, rather than the philosophy of books. Yet her education was excellent. She had made the best of those advantages which were afforded her when young, and now, as the fruits, possessed an intelligence and cultivation of mind quite superior to any around her. Nor did she look down from her moral and intellectual elevation with aught of pride or contempt on her inferiors. Her every excellence was in an eminent degree graced by that most excellent gift of all—humility. Born with the finest sensibilities, her heart was ever open to the appeals of want and suffering. "More bent to raise the wretched than to rise," there was no office so lowly, so self-denying, that she would not cheerfully perform to alleviate the weight of woe. If the homeless and the wanderer called, she was the first to answer. If the broken heart sought sympathy, she was the first to bind up its bleeding wounds. From her youth up, she had "sat at the feet of Jesus," and learned his ways. And here was the secret of all her loveliness of character and eminent usefulness. Her motives were drawn from heaven, which she hoped hereafter to inherit. Religion made her an ornament to earth and a treasure for the skies.

Amelia and Caroline Hastings were three years old, when their mother died, and left them to the care of the respective individuals at whose characters we have just given a cursory glance. Two lovelier beings, in the garb of mortality, the sun scarce ever looked upon. They were not only twins in birth, but in looks, in form, in disposition, in every thing. It would, perhaps, not be easy to find two more perfect resemblances. A soft blue eye, auburn ringlets, and skin that might vie with the purest alabaster, were equally the property of both. It seemed to have been the mother's purpose to obliterate as much as possible the slight differences which nature had made between them, and to blend them as nearly as might be into one. Perhaps she foresaw and dreaded the prospect of that partiality which ever proves so destructive to family peace and happiness. Be this as it may, she had succeeded so wonderfully in co-operating with nature, that it was difficult for those who were not familiar with them to distinguish between the infant pair, either in the regulation of their already chastened tempers, their inoffensive demeanour, or the manner and tone of their childish prattle. Not more perfectly do two sister lilies, that bud and expand together upon a common stem, reflect each other's snowy

beauty, than did this orphan twain. Happy would it have been for them, had they not so soon been torn from their parent stalk, and forced into that rude separation for which they never seemed by nature intended!

Mrs. L—— immediately applied herself, with the most earnest assiduity and care, to the education of her charge. Aware that impressions made on the mind when most pliant and tender, are the deepest and longest retained, she deemed it her duty to imprint those first which were to effect the character for eternity. She had seen the beneficial consequences of such a course upon her own children. They were all not only acting their several parts in the world with honour and fidelity, but were holding fast that golden hope which looks to a more certain and blissful state of things above. And this they confessed they owed, in its first origin, to those truths and precepts which were instilled into their tender minds by the soft tones of a mother's voice, at the same time that they drew the milk from her breast. The first lessons that were taught Amelia, therefore, were those of God and a Saviour. The great truths of religion and the Gospel were gradually unfolded to her understanding, as she became able to comprehend them, and thus the true principles and motives of action were implanted at the outset of life—the very time when they should ever be. The instruction thus given, was conveyed under every circumstance of affection and solicitude. In this way it was associated in her mind with the feelings of her heart. Each holy precept and truth, inculcated by the voice of maternal love, sinks into the bosom with the very impression of that love, and can only be eradicated with it. And what can drive from the breast the recollections of a mother's love? Having brought her mind properly under the bias of religious motives, Mrs. L—— directed her to pursuits of a more intellectual character; and in these it was surprising to witness the effects of the former. Moral principle seemed to hold in every thing a complete sway over her; directing and urging on her efforts to perfection in all that she undertook. Even her affections and attachments felt its influence. No capricious fancies nor irregular aspirations were ever allowed to harbour for a moment in her mind. Rational in her desires, and temperate in her amusements, she already evinced a stability and constancy of character, which very few possess at a far more advanced age. Every day beheld her strengthening in virtue and perfecting in every useful acquirement; nor did she need ever to go from home to seek any branch of knowledge that was esteemed necessary to a well educated female of that time; for the superior acquirements and the gifted mind of Madame L—— enabled her to conduct the studies of her adopted daughter with entire success. This, together with the extensive learning and com-

municative disposition of Dr. L——, rendered her situation at home more advantageous than any which could have been obtained abroad.

Very different was the course pursued with the sister orphan, Caroline, by Major W——; he had but a poor conception of the proper method of dealing with the young heart. Being childless himself, he had never had the benefit of that best of teachers—experience, and therefore was little skilled to place the proper restraints on the bursting passions of youth, or to apply the suitable stimulus and incentives to early action. He undoubtedly meant well; but the error he committed was fatal to the temporal, and perhaps to the eternal, welfare of the child. He neglected to plant in her mind the principles and truths of religion, as the first elements of education, and the only true incitement to every future acquisition. He believed youthful piety to be rather a chimera, and tending to depress the lightsome buoyancy of juvenile joy, instead of rendering the disposition more innocent and more happy; he thought religion, like politics and other manly sciences, to be the work of advanced years and maturer consideration. Why cloud the spirit of a child with the gloomy anticipations of the future? It is when the paths of experienced ill and misfortune are yet untrodden, that we are best adapted to enjoy the present. Let us then be free and unfettered amid the spring-time of our existence; let us indulge in the charms of the season, and not trouble ourselves about the coming of a darker day before it begin to frown.

Such was the reasoning of the kind, though short-sighted Major W——. And the consequences of his management were soon visible. With no relative upon earth, his attachment would naturally fix on the nearest objects. No father could idolise more his own daughter than did the old gentleman his adopted child. Every indulgence was allowed, every endearing favour lavished upon her. No caprice that was not yielded to, no fancy that was not gratified. At her wish, the most expensive articles of costume, and a thousand trinkets as useless as they were extravagant, were purchased without the least hesitation or reluctance; nor could he be convinced that he was acting injudiciously. Often would Mrs. L—— venture to suggest what she deemed most dangerous in his manner of educating the child; but without effect. The old man was as conceited in regard to his own wisdom and experience, as he was erroneous in the whole course of his management. Unwilling to procure a governess for the instruction of his daughter at home, he placed her at one of the public seminaries, urging her to make the best of her time and advantages, yet furnishing her with a well stocked purse, and allowing her to act very much as she pleased. This was the worst possible measure he could have adopted. Had

she not been deprived of a father and mother, who would have conducted her previous education, disciplining her temper, and subduing her passions to a strict control; who would have watched over her moral conduct and intellectual progress during her residence at a place beset with so many dangers, the case would have been very different; but as it was, the experiment was certainly a most injurious one. Moreover, "the Institution for Young Ladies," at N——, happened about this time to be under exceedingly bad regulations. The rules were generally very good, but they were almost constantly trampled upon with impunity. There was by no means a sufficient strictness in keeping the members of the seminary within doors, and too little caution was shown in the admission of visitors. The literary advantages were said to be very superior, but great laxity prevailed in the moral discipline; while the intellect was cultivated, the heart was left untouched. Such were the circumstances that attended Caroline Hastings to the Female Academy at N——.

At the end of the first term she returned, in every respect improved in the doating eye of Major W——. The sisters had now arrived at the age of sixteen. Both were in appearance lovely and beautiful; but there was no longer that striking personal resemblance which they bore to each other in the days of childhood. In Amelia were united the most unaffected modesty, and the highest ease and elegance of manners. Her dress was simple and plain, yet arranged with consummate taste, and in such a way as to set off her finely proportioned form with the greatest effect. Intelligence beamed in her softened eye, and when she spoke, her words conveyed a charm that went to the soul; the tones of her voice flowed like music, and every movement was the perfection of grace. Yet she seemed totally unconscious of the effect she produced upon the beholder, and this circumstance threw an irresistible loveliness over every other charm. Upon her religion had produced its legitimate effect; it had not only given to her life and character an almost angel purity, but had so chastened and beautified her whole behaviour and conversation, as to attract the love and admiration of every heart. Not so with Caroline. That sweet blue eye that once beamed so mild was now changed. Unsubdued passion glowed from beneath its lid. Pride had now enthroned itself on that brow, where the arch smile of childish innocence once sported; and the vestal paleness that sate upon the features of her sister, was a stranger to her own cheek. The profuse tresses of her hair hung too wantonly around, and her dress, although splendid, seemed to have been selected with a view more to extravagance than propriety. Nor was the difference in their mental qualities less marked. The gentleness of the dove was the leading characteristic in Amelia,

while every accomplishment that could adorn and render her useful was perfectly at her command. She had attained complete control over her passions, and no event could ruffle the equanimity of her subdued temper. The acquirements of Caroline were more superficial and showy. Trifling circumstances would often start flashes of irritation to her eye, which argued any thing but that discipline of feeling which constitutes so necessary an ingredient in the perfect character. Still the sisters loved each other, with undiminished affection. They had always associated much together, and nothing had ever transpired to create the least unkindness of sentiment between them. This had been the constant object of Mrs. L——. Orphans as they were, their mutual love and attachment were among the few solaces afforded to their bereaved condition. Mrs. L—— hoped, too, that by being much together, the spotless example of Amelia might have a beneficial influence over the disposition and habits of her sister. Her affectionate obedience, her unaffected devotion, her unwearied industry and application to her duties, and a thousand other bright and substantial virtues, surely could not be altogether unavailing.

About this time there came to H—— a young man, for the purpose of gaining the assistance of Dr. L—— in the prosecution of his studies. He had already taken his degree at college, and, designing for the sacred profession, was now entered upon the department of theology. A private course being better adapted to his circumstances, he had made application to, and was kindly received by, our good clergyman, the Rev. Dr. L——. His father and mother had been early taken from him, and he thrown upon the wide world without a friend to watch over or counsel him. The lessons of his mother, however, and above all her dying words, had made a lasting impression on his heart, and to this is to be attributed the reason why he was never decoyed into the snares of vice and ruined. Of his own accord, he had taken up one of the mechanical trades, and served his allotted period with so much fidelity and skill, that he gained the entire good-will and approbation of his master. It was here that another and a deeper influence came

upon his mind—an influence that soon taught him to look with contempt upon worldly wealth and acquisitions—an influence that told him to make a sacrifice of himself on earth for the cause of heaven, and to look for his reward hereafter. From that time he resolved to consecrate himself to the ministry, and by hard struggling had arrived at that point in his preparation at which we just introduced him to the reader's notice. He might, indeed, be called a noble instance of devoted self-sacrifice. Had he chosen to continue at a lucrative employment, the science of which he had spent some years in acquiring, he might before this have been perhaps worth thousands, and surrounded with affluence and comfort. But as he now directed his weary and way-worn feet toward the village inn, he had not a farthing of money, nor, beside the clothes that covered him, aught of any of this world's goods, save the little budget he bore on his sapling staff. With the exception of his bible, he had disposed of all his college books, and every article of furniture, to liquidate his arrears; and was consequently left destitute and penniless. Dr. L——, however, by his benevolent charities, soon warmed him into life and activity, and he recommenced his studies with great zeal and energy. His motto seemed to be "Do or die," and the morning and evening sun, or the midnight hour, alike saw him at his toil. Still, though his studies engrossed the chief of his attention, there were many moments in which he could not, if he would, avoid mingling in the society his benefactor's house afforded. In this, Amelia held of course a prominent place; and you will readily anticipate the result. Yes, even at the risk of becoming common-place and dull, I must write it—Edward Malcolm became the accepted lover of Amelia Hastings. This did not, however, diminish aught from the zeal with which he prosecuted his studies; it was far otherwise; for his love was only an additional incitement to exertion, and never knight in tourney strove harder to win a wreath from the hand of his lady, than did he, that he might win a smile of approbation from the lips of Amelia.

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THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.—No. III.

CANCER, THE CRAB.—CHAPTER II.

THE Egyptians had two years, the rural, and the sacerdotal; the latter of which, consisting of three hundred and sixty days, it required a certain period to make the two agree. The commencement of the zodiac in question appears evidently intended to represent the state of the heavens at the commencement of a sothic period. Now a sothic period consisted of one thousand four hundred and sixty years. The zodiac must

therefore be referred either to the year 1822 before Christ, or 2782 before Christ; for if after Christ it must have been of Greek workmanship, which, notwithstanding the opinion of Visconti, appears to me a most preposterous inference, with the evidence of every thing so decidedly Egyptian, or, if I may employ a strong phrase, so anti-Greek, on the face of it. The date of the oblong zodiac of Denderah appears determin-

able by this circumstance ; that the sun was then in the sign Cancer, the ascending part of the sign being represented by a beetle of one size, and the descending part of the sign by a beetle of another. Of course, the small Scarabæus next to the sign Gemini represents the ascending part of the sign, namely, that part which the sun has passed in his advance to the solstice ; and this circumstance is proved by a symbol of the sun at the solstice diffusing his rays on the material world, represented by a head of Osiris Bugenes. Mr. Hamilton computes the relative proportions of the smaller Scarab to the larger, as six to twenty-four ; but this I do not apprehend to be correct, and though it may be rather an uncertain decision after all, I should rather take them, as Sir. W. Drummond contends, as fourteen to sixteen. The solstitial colure, at the date of the construction of this zodiac, must, therefore, correspond with the fourteenth degree of Cancer, and consequently the date may be fixed about 1322 before Christ. There is this further corroboration of the date in question, that it answers, or nearly, to the first year of a sothic period.

As to the zodiac of Esneh, I have no doubt whatever, that the hand which first traced the remarkable zodiacal figures upon it was antediluvian. Sir William Drummond does not think so, but dates it about three hundred years after the deluge, according to the chronology of the LXX. ; but he does so upon the ground that part of the sign Leo only was ascending when that zodiac was constructed. My own opinion is, that the whole sign was ascending ; that, consequently, the sun's solstitial place at that time was between Leo and Virgo, which place gave birth to the blended image of the sphinx, portrayed as the first among the descending signs of this zodiac. The symbol answers to the sun's place at the summer solstice, at the time when Seth, the first Hermes, and, according to Josephus and the whole evidence of oriental writers, the first engraver of records on hieroglyphical columns, had reached the six hundredth year of his life. It was in the year 780 after the Creation.

Another singular feature is connected with the examination of this sign. It appears to have been most anciently represented by the figure of an ass. It is so represented on some Javanese and Hindoo zodiacs. It is for this reason that the Monoceros is a secondary symbol of the same sign, on the modern celestial sphere. The be-headed animal, on the planisphere before alluded to, is evidently intended to represent an ass ; and the trunk, which by union with the winged Orus or Persens, becomes the original Sagittarius, and the archetype of the fable of Pegasus, still preserves the same features ; neither is unworthy of remark as a circumstance of corroboration, that Bryant argues at length in favour of the original Centaur being composed of part man and part ass. The ass, like the beetle, was dedicated at

once to the good and evil principle, to Osiris and Typhon—to Sol *superus*, and Sol *inferus*—but when of a red colour it was more especially considered as a symbol of the latter, and some mystical dogma seems to have been connected with the black cross which marks the animal's back. Horus Apollo distinctly says, that an ass was a symbol of one of the solstices. This is conclusive evidence, for it could represent, in that case, no other than Cancer. Clemens Alexandrinus says, that a dog represented one solstice, and an ass the other ; here the evidence is equally conclusive ; for on some of Kircher's planispheres, the sign Capricorn is occupied by Anubis as the principal character, consequently, Cancer must be the animal in question.

It was, perhaps, because they considered the ass as the symbol of Typhon, that they regarded the animal as a type of the Jewish people ; a superstition which had a singular effect, for it caused them to be accused both by the Romans and the Franks of worshipping an ass. The same charge was brought against the Templars, that they, after the Jewish fashion, had an ass's head in the oracle of the Temple at Jerusalem. The whole prejudice appears to have arisen from a pun upon a word. The father-in-law of Moses was a priest of On, which means a priest of the sun, at the temple of Heliopolis, in the neighbourhood of which the Jews were situated while sojourning in Egypt. Now *on* constitutes the radical of a word in Greek, which signifies the ass, and hence the extraordinary imputation. The trilateral word *on*, or *ann*, was, besides, the Egyptian version of the incommunicable name of Jehovah.

The sign Cancer, either under this form, or that of the Scarab, seems to constitute the origin of that labour of Hercules by which he took upon himself the deputed task of sustaining the heavens. According to Ashe, the American Indians represent the sign by a Monoceros (a figure now in Cancer) carrying the moon on its back. And here it may be as well to remark, that Isis, or the moon, was said to rise in Cancer. The Monoceros, too, is to this day (as appears from Brown) represented as an ass with a single horn by the Africans. Perhaps the hieroglyphical figure of the male deity of the moon on the back of an ass, gave rise to the character of Silenus ; (whence Selene the moon ;) at all events, he, like Pan, to whom asses were sacrificed, and Chiun, represented some of the starry bodies. But there is one circumstance much more apposite, namely, the fable of the ass of Prometheus carrying the regenerated starry universe, (such is the meaning of the symbol,) in the form of a renovated serpent, on his back. The same illustration applies to the Testudo of the Hindoos, and of the Venus Pandemon, which are other variations of the same symbol. The beetle, too, is frequently seen among the hieroglyphics, supporting a globe in

his claws; and not unfrequently with the symbols of life and death, a spade in one claw, and the *crux ansata* in the other.

It appears, moreover, clear, that the ten Avatars of the Hindoos were representations of the ten signs into which the antediluvian year was divided; among these was a giant with an ass's head. The rest agree with the modern zodiac, Aquarius, Capricornus, Leo, the virgin, the winged horse, &c.

As the beetle was chosen for an imaginary feature in its natural history, as well as the crab, so a similar reason may be stated for the selection of the ass. Perhaps it would be considering too nicely (though I have a faint recollection that Kircher states this) that the cross line on the animal's back was a symbol of the solstices; but his two burdens were opposite symbols of the labour of Hercules in supporting the planispheres, and of the division of the signs into equal parts when the sun reached the solstice of Cancer, those parts, the northern and southern signs, being typical of good and evil.

Now let us turn to the prophecy of Jacob, and observe how strikingly it concurs in what relates to Issachar with the image and purport of the sign.

"Issachar is a strong ass, couching down between two burdens," (the two Scarabs, or two hemispheres.) "And he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and he bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute."

Now the Greek version of the Egyptian pictorial parable is, that Hercules did tribute to Atlas, and bowed his shoulders to bear for the sake of intelligence of the pleasant land of the Hesperides.

A part of the blessing of Judah seems also to refer to this sign, the two being proximate: "Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes."

"His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk."

These mystical expressions, indeed, show a propinquity of purport as well as of place between the three signs of Leo, Virgo, and Cancer. This connexion I shall endeavour to illustrate in its proper place, as I proceed. At present, I shall confine myself to what relates to the sign Cancer; premising that there is great reason to believe, and indeed strong evidence to demonstrate, that the sign Virgo was originally a vine.

Now the whole of the above passage I again contend to be a mere translation of the pictorial language, employed in handing down the primitive traditions of mankind by means of the first zodiacs. For the planisphere of Denderah exhibits every particular of the whole prophecy. The lion of Judah "couching"—the lawgiver beneath his feet—(a seated king, with a serpent in either hand, implying right and wrong, and an

archer, or executioner, with a bended bow in front of him.) There is "the sceptre" before him—the ass and equulus of the modern sphere, or foal on one side, and the vine on the other; while between the *spica* of Virgo (the vine, as it was formerly) and the Crab, is a figure of Silenus which was preserved in the form of a satyr on the Roman sphere.

I consider my position as proved without employing a single word farther. But the remainder of the sentence which connects the three signs together is one of the deepest mysteries.

"The sceptre shall not depart until Shiloh come, and unto him shall the gathering of the people be. Binding his foal unto the vine," &c.

Now the "lawgiver" here referred to, is evidently the same personage as "the shepherd, the stone of Israel," to which reference is made in treating of the sign Taurus, and in the blessing to Joseph. The shepherd in question holds in his hand the pastoral staff of Osiris, (the symbol of gathering,) which is generally accompanied by the flail, the symbol of the last great harvest of separation and judgment; and at his feet is the Hoopoo, which, as all the commentators on the hieroglyphics interpret, means a flow of blood.

There is an overwhelming sublimity in the consideration of these antique images, in deciphering which, we appear to converse with the first parents of mankind, which enfeebles my power of language, and renders even the luminous conviction which they carry to my mind, "dark with excessive light." Like the old aspirant in the mysteries, I stand dazzled on the threshold of the oracle, inebriated and overcome by the effulgent presence of the final vision.

My position, derived from these extraordinary images, and their biblical illustration, will appear perhaps, at first sight, paradoxical, but I believe it is capable of the most rigid species of proof: that there was a tradition handed down from the first man or men, and entertained by all the most venerable of the Pagan creeds, especially the oriental, that a great king and lawgiver should come to gather mankind into one common family, and that the name assigned to this expected monarch was the same in other nations besides the Jews; namely, Shiloh.

For instance, the word *Selaw*, signifying a rock or stone, among the Egyptians, is the common characteristic of the Messiah. A rock or stone is frequently seen on coins, with the *draco salutis* twining round it. On Tyrian coins it is sometimes accompanied with a tree—perhaps the tree of life. Stones were emblems of the expected incarnate Divinity through all the east. At Delphi, a stone sacred to Apollo was anointed (Messiah means anointed) every day. Horus, the Egyptian Apollo, was represented by a stone, with a human head and a shepherd's staff. Jugernaut, the same deity among the modern Hin-

doos, is portrayed in a similar manner, and his worshippers expect from the deity a general gathering of all people, and a general equality, which is annually prefigured by a species of Saturnalian mixture of castes in honour of him.

From *Selau* comes the name of the shepherd Silenus. And this person wonderfully exhibits the close affinity between pagan mythology and theological tradition. Originally he was a much more important personage than he became in Greek fable, being evidently the same as the Bethpeor of the Phenicians, and the Mendes of Egypt. The Silenus of Egypt was represented with a star in his breast; so Bethpeor appears to have been symbolised by the star Chiun. Plutarch relates an extraordinary circumstance of some great event connected with his future advent in the life of Agis. He calls him a son of Apollo, and one of the ungenerated, or unbegotten gods, and that the oracle of Pasiphæ gave out that he should one day come and rule over the earth. It is a very remarkable circumstance, that on this anticipation was founded a juggle, not much unlike that which Joanna Southcott attempted to play off on the same subject—the appearance of Shiloh.

I am aware that, at first sight, there will appear a profaneness in connecting the image of the drunken Silenus with the Lawgiver and Prophet; but the image which we form of Silenus is derived from the Greeks, who understood nothing of the mythology which they borrowed from Egypt, "their nursing mother." It is, besides, requisite to remark, that great allowance is to be made for the metaphors of the pictorial language. To the necessity of employing these metaphors, perhaps, is owing the corruption of the first pure stream of Egyptian mythology, and the infinitude of silly fables, ingrafted by ignorant interpreters of the language, on its original texture. Indeed, were all the words which we employ now in the most finished compositions traced to their roots, a similar confusion of images would ensue. But when I speak of the original Egyptian church possessing a pure theology, I mean to speak comparatively; for a dash of materialism was certainly blended with its belief in a Trinity, and gross physical association undoubtedly polluted its pre-knowledge and pre-shadowing of the resurrection and final judgment.

MISTAKES CONCERNING GENIUS.

BY THE REV. G. W. BETHUNE, OF NEW YORK.

No man is to suppose himself destitute of genius because its effects do not immediately appear. Genius, in its higher forms, belongs, it is admitted, to few. Some men, indeed, cannot properly be said to possess it at all. Yet there is not one of us without some capacity for usefulness; and observation would lead us to believe, that even the gifts of genius have not been bestowed with such a sparing hand as is commonly believed. The fact, that in certain ages many men of genius arise to high distinction, and that in others not one appears, seems to prove, that certain stimulants to exertion have been wanting in the last, which were felt in the former. Genius, of a very high character, needs no foreign excitement. It has sufficient impulsive force in itself; but when the plant is more feeble, it needs fostering and care. The success of one great mind will induce others, less daring, to follow in its track. The assurance of sympathy, which is thus given, is a strong encouragement to effort. So, rarely has a new star shone out in the firmament of mind, but many smaller lights have twinkled forth to form a constellation. Precocity of talent is not necessarily genius. It is sometimes nothing better than a vice of the mental being in overshooting its proper growth, and prematurely exhausting its powers. Not a few instances will occur to you of men, and those, too, the most distinguished, who have passed many years of their lives before they became

conscious of their powers, or the proper method of directing them. The "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*" did not appear until its author had attained the meridian of life, and "*Waverley*" did not till many years afterward. It is true, that Scott could not have been utterly unconscious of his genius, even in early manhood; yet, I doubt not, he would have smiled incredulously at one who would have prognosticated his future triumphs; and it is easy to see, that but for the preparation of his youth, those triumphs would never have been his. The earlier efforts of Byron were really beneath criticism; but the severe chastisement he received only stimulated him to greater exertions, and he lived to reach the height of fame. No success can be expected without exertion; and no one knows what he can do, until he has resolutely and perseveringly applied himself to the struggle. Even if we have but one talent, there is no reason why that should be buried in the earth. The praise of success is greater where the natural ability is small; and it is infinitely better to be moderately useful, than ingloriously idle.

There is another great error yet more mischievous. It is that of supposing genius sufficient of itself without the aid of study. It is the fault of a strong imagination, when not sufficiently regulated by judgment, to be impatient of delay or control. Persons thus constituted, dazzled with the brilliancy of their conceptions, despise the

sobriety of rule. Conscious of power, but ignorant of difficulties, they determine upon rapid achievement and unshared victories. The melancholy end of many a Chatterton proves how bitter is their disappointment. The maniac's cell, or the wretched garret, has hidden from the world many a light, which, properly trimmed and fed, might have burned long and brightly. Many instances, already quoted, prove that the most successful men of genius have been ordinarily the most profound students. We ought to be more surprised at the amount of information Shakspeare was enabled to attain, under the disadvantages he suffered, than at what he accomplished with the information he had. If we knew nothing more of him than that he was the author of Julius Cesar, we would say that he was versed beyond a parallel in the history of that great period. No one could have sketched with more striking fidelity the cunning Antony, the impetuous Brutus, the infatuated Cesar, or the versatile Roman mob. It is a shame to abandon the cultivation of a soil because it is rich. The luxuriance of its natural fertility is only the promise of what it might yield to careful husbandry. We are accountable, not merely for the ten talents God may have given, but for the increase they might have made at proper usury. If Sir Isaac Newton compared the labours of his miraculous life to a child gathering shells on the shore, while the wide ocean of truth lay undiscovered before him, can any among us be justly satisfied with less attainment? Be independent of study, child of Genius, if you will, but rail not at the world for despising that which cost you no pains. You are your own destroyer. "Men will praise you when you do well yourself."

Much sensibility is also wasted upon the false supposition, that genius is necessarily unfortunate. It is true, that the calamities of men of genius have been proverbial, and volumes have been filled with their recital. But the calamities of men of genius are not necessarily the calamities of genius. Many of them with the same faults of character would have been equally sufferers, had they possessed no genius at all. It was their genius which gave notoriety to their sufferings. The gifts of Providence are more equally distributed than we are accustomed to believe, and great intellectual endowments are not often accompanied by the measure of worldly fortune, which falls to the lot of those whose humble faculties aspire not above the pursuit of gain. It is well for the world it is so, for nothing is more fatal to mental ambition than luxurious ease. The annals of genius should convince us, that it has oftener been repressed by prosperity than adversity. Instances of men born to wealth and rank, who have attained high intellectual eminence, are as rare as the number of those who have risen from obscurity is great. While circumstances induce the one class to indolence,

they compel the other to personal exertion. It requires great effort to raise one's self to distinction, unassisted by friends, and embarrassed by poverty.

*"Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi."*—JUV.

But it requires greater still to leave the haunt of fashionable pleasure, and the circle of flattering friends, to pursue, in solitary labour, those difficult paths which alone lead to useful renown. Vice is always its own avenger, and no genius can exempt the transgressor from its penalties. Savage, Otway, Burns, and many others owed their ruin to their unlicensed follies, not to their genius. When such minds leave their high pursuits to company with the votaries of dissipation, they can expect no better fate. If we consider the miserable venality of his pen, we would cease to think the misfortunes of Chatterton as less deserved than those of Dr. Dodd. I am making no excuse for the world, which is too apt to neglect the children of genius, that it may flatter those of power. The early graves of Collins and Kirke White are monuments of its coldness and cruelty. Yet it is human nature to prefer our own interests, and not unfrequently the offerings which genius lays at his feet, are merely beautiful but useless garlands. Even the plough of Burns turned down "the mountain daisy," to make place for the more homely but more useful grain. Besides, it may well be doubted, whether what are frequently called the calamities of genius, are indeed calamities. If to receive the applause of the vociferous mob, to sit in the parasite's chair at the table of the great, to place the name of some wealthy dunce at the head of a dedication, to accumulate mere money that it may be spent in self-indulgence, or to struggle successfully with the demagogue and the gladiator in the political arena, be the chief goods of life, there are many paths to their attainment more easy and certain than those which genius loves and ought to tread. But if the consciousness of lofty thought, fellowship with the mighty spirits of the past, the dignity of noble aims, the applause of the few, but those the truly great, the admiration of posterity, and the benediction of Him who was himself "despised and rejected of men," be worth all the meaner world can give or take away, then has well directed genius no cause to complain. Who estimates the wealth of Milton by the five pounds he received for "Paradise Lost?" or who would not rather have been Galileo than the priestly bigots that murdered him? Even if it be admitted, as should be done, that "the gifts of imagination bring the heaviest task on the vigilance of reason," yet there is the greater reason why we should cultivate the judgment, that we may be preserved from those irregularities which expose the man of genius to calamity,

and not abandon its elevated pursuits, from an unworthy dread of danger. Whatever may have been the case of the past, true genius was never more applauded, or better rewarded, than at the present day. Dismiss, therefore, these mawkish lamentations over the unfortunate fate of genius, and press forward to share its immortal honours.

Another error into which we are apt to fall is, that genius requires peculiar advantages for its cultivation and development. Many a young man enters upon life with glowing hopes of intellectual distinction and determination never to cease in his efforts, but, finding the necessity of attending closely to the business of life, and being continually harassed and vexed by unavoidable interruptions, soon, though reluctantly, abandons his aspirations as idle dreams of his youth, the reality of which is reserved for those in happier circumstances. This is injustice to ourselves. We have already alluded to the many who have risen to fame from the midst of far greater difficulties than can possibly surround any of those now before me. If Æsop was a slave, Ferguson a shepherd's boy, Franklin a friendless apprentice, Heyne the half-starved son of a poor weaver, and Adrian VI. once so poor as to study only by the lamps of the streets, when the daylight had closed upon his labour,

no difficulties can be so great but a determined industry may overcome them. Men of leisure are rarely great. But the ingenious Drew produced his treatise upon the "Immortality of the Soul" when a working shoemaker, and the clearest ethical writer of our day (no one can doubt that I allude to Abercrombie) is a physician of the largest practice in Edinburgh, and must turn to his metaphysical pursuits after the most fatiguing efforts in those entirely different. It is folly to speak of the past being the age of thought, but this the age of action, as if the two were incompatible. I have yet to learn that Calvin was an inactive person, though I may look at his nine huge folios, filled with copious thought and profound criticism. Luther, too, was no sluggard in action, yet his volumes are far from being few in number, or deficient in research; and even in his music, which was but his amusement, you may find compositions in the Greek modes, the most difficult of all. Roscoe found time, in the midst of his commercial engagements, for his lives of the two Medici; and the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" is still a banker. The age of action not the age of thought! It is a disgrace, and not our glory. It is the excuse of indolence, or the boast of presumption.

EVERY DAY'S EMPLOY.

I HAVE found peace in the bright earth,
And in the sunny sky,
By the low voice of summer seas,
And where streams murmur by.

I find it in the quiet tone
Of voices that I love;
By the flickering of a twilight fire,
And in a leafless grove.

I find it in the silent flow
Of solitary thought;

In calm, half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self taught.

But seldom have I found such peace
As in the soul's deep joy,
Of passing onward free from harm
Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek we only tire,
And lift our hopes too high;
The constant flowers that line our way
Alone can satisfy.

H. A.

REVIEW.

Observations on the Preservation of Hearing, and on the Choice, Use, and Abuse of Hearing-Trumpets, &c. By JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, Esq., M.R.I., Aurist and Oculist. Fifth edition. London: Kenshaw, Strand.

EVERY prudent man, though we do not live under the tyranny of the Stuarts, or the surveillance of the Star Chamber, ought to "take care of his ears." In this salutary duty he cannot select a better guide and counsellor than Mr. Curtis; and as we deem his little work of great value, we shall lay some of its most important advices before our readers, under their respective heads, as given in the analysis of the contents; observing at the same time that they are abridged from the author's celebrated *Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear*, containing remarks on the deaf and dumb, and pointing out the necessity of medical

treatment in early infancy, with observations on congenital deafness.

ANATOMY OF THE HUMAN EAR.

"The human ear consists of three principal divisions, viz., an external, intermediate, and internal ear. The parts of the first division are called the helix, antihelix, tragus, anti-tragus, lobe, cavitas innominata, scapha, and concha. In the middle of the external ear is the meatus. The external or outward ear is designed by nature to stand prominent, and thus contribute to the symmetry of the head; but in Europe it is greatly flattened by the pressure of dress: it consists chiefly of elastic cartilage, formed into several hollows or sinuosities, all leading into each other, and finally terminating in the concha, or immediate opening into the tube of the ear. This shape is admirably adapted for receiving, collecting, and retaining sound, so that it may not pass off, or be sent too rapidly to the seat of impression.

"The next division is the intermediate ear, which consists of the tympanum, mastoid cells, and Eustachian tube. The tympanum contains four small delicate bones, viz., the malleus, incus, stapes, and os criculaire, which last is joined to the incus. The intermediate ear displays an irregular cavity, having

the membrana tympani stretched across its extremity: this cavity communicates with the external air through the Eustachian tube, which leads into the fauces or throat. The membrane of the tympanum is intended to carry the vibrations of the atmosphere, collected by the outward ear, to the chain of bones which form the peculiar mechanism of the tympanum.

"The third division of the organ is the internal ear, called the labyrinth: it is divided into the vestibule, three semicircular canals, and the cochlea, the whole being incased within the petrous portion of the temporal bone. The internal ear may be considered as the actual seat of the organ: it consists of a nervous expansion of high sensibility, the sentient extremities of which spread in every direction, and in the most minute manner inoculate with each other, forming plexuses, by which the auricular sense is increased. Here, also, sound is collected and retained by the mastoid cells and cochlea. To this apparatus is added a fluid, contained in sacs and membranes.

"To man the importance of hearing is great; for by it his harangue is heard in the senate, and his commands in the field. The parts essential to the perfect exercise of this function are:—

"1. An external ear: whenever this is completely removed in man, deafness is certain to ensue. 2. The membrane of the tympanum: this may be partially injured, but cannot be entirely lost, without producing deafness. 3. The stapes: all the small bones of the ear may be removed without destroying hearing; but the stapes is the only one that prevents the escape of sound from the internal ear. 4. The aperture of the Eustachian tube: which preserves the access of air through the throat to the tympanum. That this is a necessary part, is evident from the structure of the ear in the tortoise and frog, which have no external ear, but an enlarged Eustachian tube placed behind the roof of the mouth. 5. The presence of a fluid in the internal ear: this heightens the acuteness of impression, and renders it effectual.

"The general structure of the ear resembles a cavern, its form being, as before remarked, the best adapted for the reception and transmission of sound."

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF HEARING.

"The Impressions received by the organ of hearing are conveyed through the medium of air, which acquires a tremulous motion or vibration from the action of the body communicating sound; and as these motions or vibrations succeed each other, sound is directed to, and impressed on, the thin membrane stretched obliquely across the auditory passage, where it produces a similar motion, and excites the sense of hearing, with a mysterious yet most efficient precision, and with a certainty of result invariably corresponding to the consecutive causes of noise.

"In all animals the ear is divided into an external and internal part; and the difference in its structure is greater internally than externally. In quadrupeds the variations are also much more marked than in the other classes of animals: but whatever differences of structure occur, the animal is thereby better fitted for its peculiar circumstances and mode of life. For, when we remember that all are the production of Infinite Wisdom, we may rest assured that even the slightest varieties of structure have their uses, and are not the result of accident. The sense of hearing is one of the most powerful helps to preservation that animals possess; since it not only foretells the approach of danger, but is also the means of effecting the re-union of individual families, and of congregating large numbers of a species for defence or migration. By it, too, they are assisted in finding their prey; and hence this faculty is wanting only in the very lowest in the scale of animated nature."

"The form and situation of the ear, however, as well as the delicacy and peculiarity of its structure, render it liable to injury from many causes; and unless particular attention be paid to its preservation, it is rare that it retains its powers in any considerable degree of perfection beyond middle life. But as I do not profess to specify here all the diseases of this organ, I shall only subjoin some observations on such as are most frequent, or are otherwise remarkable."

CAUTIONS TO MOTHERS IN CASES OF DEAFNESS AND DUMBNESS.

"Parents and others, who have the care of young children, should be cautioned against the too free use of cold bathing; many children have become deaf by its improper or unseasonable application, and from their not being wiped quite dry.

"The effect of blows upon the head is often of the most serious nature; and schoolmasters ought to be careful not to box boys on the ear, or otherwise strike them upon the head, as deafness may be caused thereby. A case occurred at the dispensary a short time since, in which an usher having hit a lad on the head with a ruler, deafness was the consequence.

"Nursery-maids should be strictly charged never to set very young children down on the damp grass, as a cold caught at this early period of life, before the function of speech is developed, has not infrequently been the cause of deafness, and, in

"Those who are interested in the instructive study of comparative anatomy will find a mass of very curious facts relative to the form, capabilities, &c., of the ear in man, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects, in the last edition of my Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear, in which work I have entered fully into the subject, and condensed much valuable information from various British and foreign sources."

consequence, of dumbness; it being evident that neither the English nor any other language can be spoken correctly unless the ear be able to catch all the niceties of pronunciation, accent, emphasis, &c.

"The habit of frightening children is another source of injury, and very reprehensible. It is an evil the effects of which remain a long time, sometimes till death, producing not only deafness, but epilepsy and a long train of diseases.

"When parents find that children, in early infancy, are dull of hearing, and do not readily acquire their speech, but appear to them to be deaf and dumb.—If they have not an opportunity of consulting a medical man, I would recommend the ears to be well syringed with warm soap and water; and the external part, together with the sides of the ears, to be rubbed night and morning with a coarse linen cloth. Sir Everard Home used to advise in cases where children were dull of hearing, an ointment made of equal parts of hog's lard and soft soap, to be rubbed, not only all over the ears, but on each side of the head in the vicinity of the organ. Though I do not expect much benefit from this application, yet the friction is likely to be of service, and deserves a trial.

"Mothers cannot be too strongly cautioned against considering their children deaf and dumb before they are tested, it having been frequently remarked to me, that infants who heard while teething afterwards became deaf; consequently, deafness in these cases depended on functional, not structural, derangement, and the hearing they once had might have been improved. When a child is supposed to be born blind, advice is sought; why not also if suspected to be deaf and dumb?

"The use of warm night-caps is a custom certainly injurious to the organ of hearing; and there can be no doubt that deafness arising from cold is very often caused by persons sleeping with the head enveloped in flannel, and in the day-time, even in winter, going abroad with the ears completely exposed. The insufficient dress of the ladies also renders them peculiarly liable to catch cold; and hence deafness frequently ensues. In slight cases, a little eau de Cologne applied behind the ears, and cleansing them with soap and water, will generally remove the complaint. When there is violent pain in the ear, a few drops of tincture of opium in oil of almonds, in the proportion of ten drops of opium to a quarter of an ounce of oil, will often afford relief."

CAUTIONS HOW TO AVOID DEAFNESS.

"Few need to be told that if they wish to hear well, and avoid deafness, they must guard against wet feet, thin shoes, cold currents, and draughts of air, keeping on wet clothes, sleeping in damp rooms and unaired beds, going into the night air from heated apartments, living in marshy and low situations, &c. Shunning these things, those who would retain their hearing unimpaired till old age, should attend to their general health, breathe a pure air, take as much out-door exercise as they can, live on plain but nutritious food, keep the mind calm and tranquil, and be especially careful to prevent constipation of the bowels.

The latter portion of the work is devoted to the consideration of various instruments which have been invented, and are in use, to relieve deafness. These are well described, and their comparative merits adjusted; but for these we refer to the book; and our last extract must be on

THE CHOICE, USE, AND ABUSE OF TRUMPETS.

"1. Of their choice. It is impossible to lay down rules applicable generally for the choice of ear-trumpets; what will suit one person exactly is utterly useless to another; and therefore I would here advise, as I have before done with regard to spectacles, that those who require a trumpet should try several. Still there are cases of structural defect in which no trumpet can be of any use. To those who wish to hear well, and who disregard the appearance of the trumpet, (which, by the by, seems to be the *crux surdorum*), I would recommend the tin trumpet with two apertures, in preference to all others; especially for those who hear best with their mouth open, or in a carriage. The cheapest, and even the most unsightly trumpets are often the best; and a common tin one, of the value of half-a-crown collects more sound, and renders the hearing more acute than the German silver ears, which cannot be obtained, if properly made, under £25. They may, it is true, be worn under a cap or wig without being seen.

"2. Of their use. Those who are obliged to have recourse to a trumpet, should begin with one of a moderate degree of power, and use it as sparingly as possible, never employing it when they can do without it; for the less a trumpet is used, that is, the more rest that is given to the ear at a time, the better and longer will it answer the purpose.

"3. Of their abuse. Ear-trumpets are intended for those who would otherwise be unable to hear at all; yet we often see persons using them who, if they were to exert themselves a little, would be able to hear without them. This may be considered as an abuse of them; and such persons should recollect that trumpets act on the ear as glasses do on the eye. Many have injured their hearing by improper trumpets; and, in like manner, many have hurt their sight by unsuitable glasses."

"As pebble is the best material for spectacles, so, in my opinion, is tin the best for ear-trumpets."

A LETTER TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF HARTFORD, UNITED STATES.

FROM AN ABSENT FRIEND.

PART II.

I MUST now leap over a space of two years, and introduce you to a rustic root-house, in the garden of Dr. L——. It was a lovely evening in June; and good Mrs. L——, after the labours of the day, had seated herself here to watch the sun as he descended to his repose, and enjoy the drowsy influences of the breeze as it swept by, bearing on its wings the perfumes of flowers, and that indescribable mingling of sounds, which, like some music, calls up the remembrances of early days. Mrs. L——'s speculations were, however, on present things. She had noticed, with all a mother's solicitude, the growing intimacy of Edward and Amelia, and it had been to her the cause of many sleepless hours and anxious days. To their marriage she was opposed—poverty and pride, were in her opinion but a bad portion; and though the talents of Malcolm were undoubted, and she believed his principles correct, she could not but believe their marriage would be a source of unhappiness both to him and Amelia. To the latter, she had not as yet revealed her fears and forebodings, and she was now planning in what way she might best communicate them, when the abrupt entrance of Amelia gave her the long wished-for opportunity. She soon brought her to acknowledge her love for Malcolm; for her high-souled integrity shrunk from even the semblance of prevarication. She then, in the gentlest manner, communicated her own wishes on the subject, adding, "You know, Amelia, your good is all I can desire, but I cannot see you doomed to a life of poverty, without, at least, an attempt to rescue you from it."

"Poverty," answered Amelia, "is to me no objection. I am not one of those romantic misses who can talk about love and a cottage, but I am willing, in joining my lot to Edward's, to endure a portion of this world's penury. Besides, my dear madam, why call Edward poor? He has the best wealth—intellectual wealth. 'There is that maketh himself poor, and yet hath great riches.'"

Such were not Mrs. L——'s views on the subject, and at length (more, perhaps, by appealing to Amelia's love for her, than by any sound arguments) she brought her to promise that she would separate from Edward, and endeavour to eradicate the love of him from her heart. And in all this, she sought only Amelia's good, and fondly flattered herself that she had found it. Alas! she knew not the deep strength of woman's love! In accordance with her promise to Mrs. L——, Amelia, at their next meeting, detailed to Edward what had passed, and with a calmness that

astonished herself, told him that henceforth they must meet as strangers. This scene I will not attempt to describe. Edward's first emotion was anger, but it soon gave way to a tenderer one, and with a bursting heart he bade Amelia adieu, and left the village, as he thought, for ever. Little did he then imagine what would afterwards befall him there.

In the meantime, Caroline had been thrown into a fashionable boarding-school, where, unfortunately, but little care was taken of the pupils, more than to see that the daily task was readily recited, the entrance courtesy properly made, and the seat at the piano taken with sufficient grace. The result, on a girl like Caroline, may be easily anticipated. Her head was completely turned—her daily conversation was of dress and amusement, and her nightly dreams of new conquests. Among the many visitors who, without the least scrutiny into their characters, were admitted to the institution, was a young lieutenant, of polished address, but worthless character. He soon enrolled himself in the list of her admirers, and became the recipient of her most flattering attentions. This boarding-school flirtation, in time, however, became something more serious, and grew into a passion involving, at least, the happiness of Caroline. On her return to the village of Hartford, he accompanied her, and by his suavity and attention completely won the heart of Major W——, who saw in the future prospects of his adopted child, only bright and happy days. Not so with Mrs. L——. She, from the first, with a shrewdness peculiar to her nature, saw and guessed the character of the stranger. But in vain did she represent the matter to Major W——. His invariable answer was, "Pho! pho! Madam L——, you was young yourself once"—and sometimes he would add, "See how your Amelia is pining because you did not let her marry Edward Malcolm." This was indeed too true. Poor Amelia had found the difficulty of suppressing her love." She had tried to banish the memory of past days from her mind—but how could she do it? She dared not pray for forgetfulness, for she felt that remembrance had in it nought of sin; and she pined, and drooped, till it was evident to all that consumption had laid its iron grasp upon her, and that her days on earth were numbered. Such was her condition at the time of Caroline's arrival in the village of Hartford. Still she continued to perform her daily round of household duties and delightful charities. But the cheek each day grew paler, and the "plague spot" assumed a deeper hue. Poor Madam L—— saw

this with the deepest sorrow, but without the least suspicion that she had ought to do in producing it; and Amelia's gentle spirit rejoiced that the pain of such a feeling was spared her.

As a last resort, Mrs. L—— desired Amelia to counsel her sister, and advise her never to wed Lieutenant B——. But how could she do this? How could she, the living proof of the unconquerableness of woman's love, advise her sister to a course which might end as fatally as her own? She shrunk from it; and though her love for Caroline would have prompted her to it, on the other hand, her fears dissuaded her from such a course. After much deliberation and many struggles, she penned a few lines to Malcolm, urging him by the remembrance of their former love, and the promises he had once made to her, to come to Hartford, and fathom the character of Lieutenant B——. Her request was immediately complied with; and a few days saw Edward established at the little inn in Hartford, a careful though unsuspected observer of his actions. For some time nothing passed which would in any degree confirm the suspicions of Mrs. L——. One day, however, in a conversation with Malcolm, the lieutenant, who had been indulging pretty freely in the juice of the grape, gave him some details, and made some statements, which convinced him of his libertine principles and debauched habits. On representing the matter to Caroline, however, she made light of it, laughed at what she called the indiscretions of a man of fashion, and finally told Edward that she would prefer the gay lieutenant, with all his vices, to any one she would be likely to find in the village of Hartford. On the lieutenant's next visit, she related what had passed, and hinted that should her adopted father hear it, the consequences might be disagreeable. Angry, alike at his own folly in having discovered himself to Edward, and at Edward's relating it to his mistress, the lieutenant immediately sought him; he found him pacing the road, in a state of the greatest mental excitement; high words ensued; blows followed words; a challenge on the spot was given: Edward, forgetting in the heat of passion his character and his principles, accepted it; shots were exchanged; and Malcolm in an instant was laid upon the ground, a corpse. The horror occasioned throughout the village by this event may be easily imagined; even Major W——'s eyes were opened—but it was too late; the infatuated girl had fled with her lover, and the only hope that now remained was, that she went as his wife, and not his dupe. To Amelia the stroke was doubly dreadful. She had fondly indulged the hope that, if Malcolm could again visit the village, something might chance which might bring about their union, and they might yet be happy. It was indeed a slender thread on which to hang a hope, but the poor girl had nursed it until it had grown almost to a

feeling of certainty; and nothing but the deepest piety and the humblest faith could have borne up her spirit under this accumulated load of misery. As it was, her suffering was severe; a lover and a sister both taken—the one indeed most awfully, for she could not but remember that he died with the weapon in his hand which was designed to cause the death of another—and the other lost too to her, and, as she feared, to all the good and virtuous. Still she could feel that there might yet be mercy for both; and this holy hope brought healing to her wounded spirit on its wings.

Meantime weeks, months rolled on, and nothing was heard from the fugitives. The matter was almost hushed up in the village, when one day fresh interest was aroused, by a letter to Amelia, from her wretched sister, postmarked from the metropolis of our New England. It was couched in terms of the most earnest entreaty, urging her as she loved her, to come to her instantly, or she would be too late. Amelia, though on the borders of the "spirit land" herself, hastened to comply with her request, and, accompanied by the worthy Dr. L——, set off upon her sad and lonely journey. They reached the city in safety, and on following the direction in the letter, they found, in a narrow and filthy street, a dirty hovel, filled with ragged and miserable inmates; and among them, clothed in rags, and evincing in her whole appearance the most abject suffering, the once gay and accomplished Caroline. Preparations were instantly made for her removal, for Major W—— had instructed them to spare no expense that might be necessary to her comfort; he dared not trust himself to meet his adopted child, for his kind heart was almost broken with the shock of her ingratitude. Meantime the strictest search was made for the lieutenant, and it was discovered that he had resigned his commission, and embarked on board a vessel of questionable appearance, which had for some time been hovering about the port.

They still had one comfort—for Caroline could assure them that she was a wedded wife, and produced her marriage certificates. For some time Amelia could have but little communication with her, owing to her great weakness. One day, however, Caroline appeared somewhat to revive, and gave to her sister some particulars relating to her life, after her marriage with Lieutenant B——. For a time, nothing could surpass the kind attentions he showed her. On her arrival in the metropolis, she was introduced to some of the lieutenant's gay friends, whose detestable character was for a long time unsuspected by her. A continual round of amusements occupied her attention; and by degrees she came to hear principles advanced, and sentiments avowed, which once would have shocked her. Nor can we wonder that such was the

event. Her character was unbased on sound religious views, she knew little or nothing of the great truths of Christianity, and on eternal things she had never bestowed a thought. Thus, sinking by degrees, she fell into the lowest depths of infamy; scenes of riot and debauchery were now familiar to her sight, nay, she even delighted in them; and her only regrets were that she was no longer to mingle in the gaieties of life; for the realities of death she had made no preparation.

A few days before her death, Amelia, who had all along endeavoured to arouse her to a sense of her situation, seated herself by her bedside, and thus addressed her:—

"My dear Caroline, I wish you would allow me to call in Dr. L——; you must be aware that you are daily losing strength, and why will you not, my sister, prepare for the worst?"

"Amelia," answered she, "it is in vain to urge me; I know nothing more of death than that it is a long sleep—that in dying, I leave life and all its pleasures, and only cease to exist."

"Such thoughts, my sister, are dreadful."

"Dreadful, Amelia! I do not know it; I wish not to think of it; I like not to talk of, or meditate on death,"—her voice assumed a sepulchral hollowness as she uttered the words,—“for sometimes there are dreadful visions come over me when I am thinking of it; I hear sounds that I cannot describe, I see sights which I dare not tell; and it is only by exerting myself to remember the gay scenes of former days that I can banish them.”

"And why seek to banish them, Caroline? they are sent in mercy; and, oh! let them have all the power over you they can; they bid you turn from the vanities of this world, to Him in whose presence is deathless life, and at whose right hand are 'pleasures for evermore.'"

"Well, well!" answered Caroline, "I sent for you to nurse me, and not to preach to me. I tell you, Amelia, as I have lived so will I die; I love life, and I cannot bear to leave it. I would wish, at least, to pass away in unconsciousness. One thing I have to ask—that you will bury me by my mother, and that when you die you will lie there too; for, it may be weakness, but I feel it strong at my heart—I wish to lie near those I have loved."

With these words, she motioned Amelia away, and the gentle sister retired, with the sad thought heavy at her heart, that her Caroline was beyond every influence but that of prayer. Still she continued to watch around her couch, in the faint hope that she might return even at this eleventh hour. Her hopes, however, were in vain. A stupor shortly after came on, and Caroline passed from time to eternity, wrapped in an apathy fearfully symbolical of the spiritual stupor that benumbed her soul.

Her last request was complied with. She was buried on one side of her mother, in the churchyard. The mournful winds of November, sighing through the trees, scattered the dead leaves from their branches, as they bore her to her long home—a sad emblem of the decay and blasting of her early hopes, her follies, vanities, and sins.

Amelia only survived her sister a few months. Her earthly lot seemed, to a careless observer, to be all miserable, and to have in it nought of comfort; but it was not so. In prayer, in meditation, and reading the sacred volume, she passed many hours, and they were hours of joy. And when at last her gentle spirit passed away from earth, it left her mortal tenement with the exclamation, "It is very pleasant!"

The opening spring was just breathing its balmy fragrance around, when they laid Amelia in her "narrow house," by the side of her mother. As the cheerless autumn had been emblematic of her sister's fate, so was the bright and glorious spring of her own. As all nature was bursting from her long sleep, so was the angel spirit of Amelia bursting from the chill and sadness of this world into the effulgence and glory of heaven.

Such, my dear young friends, is the history of Amelia and Caroline Hastings. If it shall add one particle of strength to your conviction of the need of *early religious education*, my object will be gained; I shall be repaid the trouble of writing, and you the trouble of perusing, a long, and I fear, a tedious letter,

From your affectionate friend,

ELIZABETH S. BROWN.

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.—No. III.

CANCER, THE CRAB.—CHAPTER II.

BUT notwithstanding the apology for the admixture of what appears like unseemly metaphor in the case of identity I purpose to establish, the objection will vanish on a closer inspection. The proof of this cannot be gainsaid, for the language used by Jacob, as applied to

Shiloh, as closely applies to Silenus. Silenus was also mounted on an ass; and that ass was thought to have taught the "pruning of vines." His eyes are also red with wine; "his garments washed in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes." His teeth may be also said to be

"white with milk," for new milk was one of his peculiar offerings. All this, as we have said, is merely metaphorical, and originates from the peculiar defect of the first language employed by men. The real innocence of the metaphor in question may be easily explained. Every Orientalist knows that, under the images of drunken and Anacreontic songs, Hafiz the poet has attempted to adumbrate the spiritual mysteries of the Persian creed. Every one also knows that Solomon's Song, one of the most charming pastorals in any language, can be taken in nothing but a spiritual sense. In a literal sense it would be little better than a Hebrew empsychedion, advocating incest, and clothing licentiousness in the soft colours of pastoral poetry. In short, inebriation of mind is even now employed as a common figure to express rapture. But the origin of the typical use of the image of drunkenness is traceable to the following circumstance:—The same word means a bunch of grapes and prosperity, in Hebrew. Hence the rabbinical proverb of the wine of Adam being preserved in some secret repository till the final festival of all nations—the feast of "fat things and wine on the lees," at the millennium. But wine, among the Egyptians, had another interpretation. It was a common opinion all over the East that the tree of knowledge, by which man fell, was a vine; and, indeed, the vulgar legend of its being an apple-tree is totally without foundation. The Turks consider it in the same light to this day: and thence, beyond doubt, the Mohammedan prohibition of wine. The Egyptians held it in equal abhorrence, and from the same cause; and they expressed their abhorrence in a metaphor, namely, that wine was the blood of the giants; which clearly points to antediluvian violence and crime as its source. Wine, with them, therefore, had a second meaning, implying blood. One of the titles of Osiris Bacchus was, "Treader of the Wine-press." The Messiah is represented, at his second coming, in the same character; and treading the wine-press, throughout the whole of the Jewish prophetic writings, has the Egyptian meaning, and means "slaughter."

Take, for instance, that most sublime and terrible eclogue of Isaiah:—

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? He that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength."

The image here is derived from Osiris, or the sun.

"Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth the wine-press?" (like Osiris Leneus,—"he that treadeth the wine-press.")

"I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me; I will trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments."

This was a rite in the mysteries of Osiris.

"For the day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my redeemed is come."

The same imagery runs through the judgments of the Apocalypse. For instance,—"*The wine-press was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the wine-press, even unto the horse-bridles.*"

In the same manner, the woman who sitteth upon many waters is said to have a wine-cup in her hand, and to be drunken with the blood of the saints.

The woman here described is evidently the Omorca of the Chaldeans, the material demon of the Platonists, and personification of evil. She is the same person as the Medusa, who prostituted Minerva's temple, the severing of whose head by Perseus caused the deluge, by the flow of blood; and from that blood arose Pegasus, the place of which, on the most ancient sphere, was certainly filled by the ass and foal, peculiar to the sign we are discussing. Thus the decapitation of Medusa represented the judgment on antediluvian crime at the flood. I have before alluded to the decapitated animal figure, with human hands and feet, in which form Isis Omnia, or nature, is frequently represented embracing the zodiacs, and the Gorgon head with its single eye near it, which is preserved, indeed, on the modern sphere, and grasping in the hand of Perseus. It is singular that David represents the Jewish church in the wilderness under the form of an animal, as the Egyptian church appears to have been. And this shows the harmony of the Apocalyptic denunciation against the "great whore" presiding—as Omorca and Isis did—"over many waters;" for certainly the figure was meant to be a type of the false church, the creed of Egypt and Babylon. The treading of the wine-press, and the deluge of her blood, meant, therefore, the total destruction of her reign of violence. The Gorgons, indeed, were the three Egyptian furies, and the three furies were emblems of the vintage, as their names signify; one meaning, "to gather;" another, "to store in pitchers;" and the third, Megära, in reality meaning, "to press the wine."

I have said quite enough to show that the wine-cup in the hand of Silenus, his drunkenness, and his garments stained with wine, were never intended by the original inventors of the personification to be literally taken, as was the case with the Greeks. But we have, fortunately, one of the strongest proofs that the character of this deity was not of the gross description which it suited the Greeks to give him. I mean the beautiful sixth eclogue of Virgil. He there appears in the same dignified character as Shiloh in the eclogue of Isaiah, and the prophecy of Jacob. That Virgil derived this, the eclogue to Pollio, and the apotheosis of Daphnis, from Sybilline oracles, or traditions then current over the

whole eastern world, cannot be doubted. It would be out of my way to go into argument upon this wide field of inquiry; but it does appear to me that the language of Isaiah might as well be applied to Marcellus as the epistle of Pollio. The application of the death of Daphnis to Julius Cesar is equally incoherent and overstrained. It evidently describes, on the model of some Sibylline or oriental oracle, the violent death of the Syrian deity Adonis, Isis, or Thammuz, or Atys, (for they were all the same person,) his resurrection and ascension to heaven. There is nothing singular in Virgil having employed the poetical eclogue in developing secrets which were shut to the common eye and ear, and which, it is not improbable, that he may have gained from the Sibylline books which Pollio was intrusted to revise. The pastoral eclogue is employed in treating of the same subject by the Hebrew prophets, and by Solomon. The Messiah is always represented as a shepherd, as Osiris was; the Arcadia, the country of shepherds and innocence, was the properest scene which Virgil could have chosen. So Creeshna, the incarnate second person of the Hindoo trinity, is represented as a shepherd in Hindoo sacred poetry; and his amours with the shepherdesses is told in a strain not very dissimilar from that of Solomon's Song, and with circumstances agreeing with those which Virgil refers to Daphnis. Even a Greek blunder in mythology could not entirely turn aside the unbounding stream of ancient tradition. Thus Apollo, when on earth, became a shepherd; and, among other amours, it was then that his pursuit of Daphne occurred. Every one knows that Constantine considered Apollo as a type of the Messiah, and dedicated his threefold serpentine column to the God of Christianity. But, in again referring to Creeshna, there is a remarkable tradition respecting him, which deserves mention, since it strikingly illustrates the prophecy of Jacob—"His teeth shall be white with milk;" for Creeshna is recorded as showing his mouth, after eating milk, to some of his companions; who, on looking therein, discovered a microcosm of the whole universe. Milk and honey are both used in a mystical sense by the prophets; and perhaps with reference to the veneration of Egypt for the cow and the bee, one representing spirit and the other matter. Thus the phrase "butter and honey shall be eat," would seem, on this principle, simply to pre-shadow an incarnation; at all events, milk was eminently devoted to Silenus.

Now, what is the character assigned by Virgil to his Silenus? It is one of that transcendent superiority which, contrasted with the vulgar misunderstanding as to the sylvan deity, has staggered the commentators. He describes him as a shepherd-prophet, a divine philosopher and legislator. He is a description of the beginning of the world, not very dissimilar from, or inferior

to, the Genesis of the inspired Moses; and then, like the "king of the mysteries," he shows the folly of the vulgar and popular creed. Indeed, it appears to me a portion of Virgil's design, of laying open the secrets and traditions of the mysteries. That he should do so just at the birth of our Saviour, when these secrets and traditions were on the point of being accomplished, is not one of the least extraordinary circumstances about that highly-gifted genius, and we are almost led with Petrarch to call him a Christian. We say nothing of the Mithratic or Magian priests; but this is certain, that, at the time in question, there was an universal anticipation, over the whole pagan world, of some great and Divine king who would unite the world under his authority.

Virgil opens his eclogue in a manner which suffices to show that he was going to expound a mystery. He describes the binding and unloosing of the god, as Homer describes that of Proteus, when Menelaus sought information at his oracle. Now, the changes of Proteus into animals and vegetables, meant nothing but the sacred language; and the binding and solving of his fetters, their secrecy and interpretation. The metaphor is employed to this day. Virgil, therefore, begins by implying that he is going to interpret a religious parable, and unloose the knot of a traditional secret. The god's face is smeared, as was the case in the mysteries; and then, being unbound, he relates the cosmogony and moral order of the world.

It is a most remarkable circumstance and striking corroboration of my inference, that many commentators imagine, in consequence of the Epicurean doctrines he puts into Silenus's mouth, that Virgil meant to do honour to Silo, (both names being radically the same,) the pupil of Epicurus, who had been his master. Virgil, therefore, may have employed the name typically, as he employed that of Daphnis, derived from the laurel, which symbol is immortality, instead of Atys or Thammuz; and as he couches a compliment to Asinius Gallus, under the name of Gallus, a high priest of Atys and Cybele, and one of the titles of the universal funereal deity.

It is remarkable, that even in this eclogue, the metaphors resemble those of Isaiah:—

*"Jura vero in nemora fuonesque ferasque ciletes,
Ludere, tum rigulas molare cacumina quercus."*

And again at the conclusion:—

*"Audiet Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros
Pulvis referunt ad sidera vallis."*

Bryant has considered Silenus to be a representation of Noah; and the ass on which he is carried, being the original Pegasus, to be the ark which arose upon the deluge from the giant's blood. He being a vine-dresser, certainly supports the inference; and thus he may be scripturally considered a type of the second Noah.

With relation, indeed, to the ass, which was the original tenant of this sign, he is described by the mythologists as having prevented the violation of Vesta, or the earth, by his bray—another proof of the mystical importance attached to the image of Silenus. The winged ass Zif, which carried Mahomet to heaven, is, beyond a doubt, an oriental version of the fable of Pegasus; and while it shows the inveteracy with which old fables maintain their ground, corroborates still further my induction as to an ass having been the original occupant of the sign Cancer.

When, therefore, the Messiah, before entering Jerusalem, sent his disciples for "an ass, and the foal of an ass," on which he made that entry, he not only fulfilled the prophecy which St. Matthew refers to—"Behold thy king cometh unto thee, meek and sitting on an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass," but he sealed up the oldest of the oracles, and contemplated, in his own person, a most venerable and stupendous tradition, common at once to the pagan and the Jewish world. The miserable and would-be atheist Paine, who wrote against his Saviour and blasphemed his God, to save his throat from the axe of his *quondam* allies the Jacobins, is very jocose upon this incident, and considers himself extremely strong in urging the objectless and undignified nature of the miracle. This proceeded from his excessive ignorance and presumption; in fact, he knew nothing of the irrefragable fact that the pagan world, as well as the Jewish nation, expected a Messiah, and that Messiah characterised by certain signs. Of all the mass of proof here collected to show it, I firmly believe that he did not know a scintilla. The ignorant and presumptuous knave thought that he was fighting against the predictions of a small and obscure nation, whereas he was warring against the tra-

ditional anticipations of universal man. What he deems useless and undignified was, under this new feature of the subject, of gigantic import and overwhelming sublimity. The Messiah, in performing that apparently simple action of sending for the ass and the foal, did neither more nor less than this—he claimed the sovereignty of the world as King and Legislator. When he claimed the "ass, and a colt the foal of an ass," of their master, attesting the claim by a miraculous knowledge of their situation, he demanded them like a king requiring his homage fee, as Sovereign of the physical and moral world. By doing so he proclaimed himself to be the expected "Lawgiver," the "Shiloh," into whose hands all earthly sceptres should be transmitted, the "wish of all nations," and the "Shepherd-King," unto whom "the gathering of all people should be." He said to the great hierarchies of Persia, Syria, of India, of Egypt, and Chaldea, "Behold the *sign* that you require! Neither the lion Horus, nor Mithra with the lion's head, nor the lion of Babylon, nor the seventh Leonine Avatar, but the 'Lion of Judah,' the Alpha and Omega of the zodiac. Read who I am in the book of the heavens, acknowledge the real 'Star of your God,' the 'Star of Jacob,' and the 'Sceptre of Israel.' And behold all the traditional prophecies which the first inventors of astronomy inscribed among the stars, accomplished in my person

The magnificence of the issue corresponded with the magnitude of the object. The hosannas, the palm-branches, and the garments spread on the ground, constituted the form of triumph, among these nations, (particularly Egypt,) devoted to a victor-king returning to his capital.

E. C.

REVIEW.

Poems. By JOHN MOULTREIE.—Pickering, 1837.

SECOND NOTICE.

In a preceding number we intimated an intention of extending our examination of this volume. We now proceed to execute our purpose.

There are, perhaps, few influences more extensively diffused than those which genius exerts on congenial spirits, and at the same time there are no influences less defined or uniform in their operation. After rising from the attentive perusal of an author whose production has deeply interested us, if we ourselves attempt a composition in which it is in any way possible that analogous trains of thought may be excited, we are often unconsciously betrayed into that which others would not unjustly deem a plagiarism. The recollection which we retain of the ideas and sentiments of our predecessor is, in the points of resemblance, too vague and indistinct to enable us, at first sight, to detect our own appropriation; yet the sand of our intellect has been channelled by the flow-

ing of waters from the neighbouring fountain, and although this channelling be so slight as to be scarcely perceptible to the eye of the observer, it has the power to give a direction to the waves that may follow. In the excitement of the moment we are not aware of our imitation; and if afterwards the unfortunate truth reveals itself, the mere fact of having once considered the borrowed plumage as our own, renders us exceedingly unwilling to relinquish our possession. This derivative of ours bears nearly the same relation to the primitive which originated it, as does the reflection in a rippling stream to the landscape beauties of the banks, while a translation or positive imitation is like the mirrored picture in an unruffled lake. Now, if there be in the course of our stream any nooks or sheltered angles where the waves are lumbering, and where a clear and plain transcript of the features of the shore and the circumambient clouds may be flashed upon the view of the wayfarer, we are at once convinced that the source whence our shadows are derived will necessarily be detected. Fearful of the

inevitable consequences of such a discovery, we make, at these points, the mightiest efforts of which our minstrel skill is capable, that the frisking of the dolphins that may be allured to listen to our strains, may break the resemblance into a thousand fragments by flinging the spray to intercept the sunlight ere it reaches the bosom of the river. Still, though the "spirits of the vasty deep" may thus be invoked to our assistance, and though, indeed, they may "come when we do call them," they cannot entirely conceal the deception which we would fain practise even on ourselves. We, in common with others, though we cannot assert that the trees, and the rocks, and the clouds, are verily imaged in the wave, are nevertheless conscious that if these had been wanting, the monotonous reflection of the vault of heaven would only have been relieved by the whiteness of the spray, instead of being decorated with the varying tints with which it is adorned. A similar consciousness forces itself upon us when we are examining the works of others. We feel assured that we can trace the parentage of the offspring by a certain indefinite, but striking, family likeness. We are able to recognise, and to point out some of the points of correspondence; but there are others from which, though uncommunicable, we ourselves might have traced the relationship. This recognition is satisfactory to our own minds, and the mere mention of it to others, gives them a clue to a similar train of recollections. They are then equally convinced with ourselves, though they are also equally unable to exhibit the data on which their conclusion is grounded.

We were conscious of a recognition of this kind on our first perusal of "Sir Launfal," and this induced us in our former notice to state our opinion that it was in some part a borrowing from Byron. We then merely mentioned the style as the ground for our notion, we will now transcribe a few examples, which we think will bear us out.

"There is nothing in the world (that is in Trinity)
To make us poets happy;" &c.

"The world imagines, (but the world's an ass.)"

"They—but I won't philosophise—in short," &c.

"Wisdom doth live with children round her knees,
Says Wordsworth, and he says what's very true."

"The appearance instantaneously displayed,
(I borrow that last line from the excursion,") &c.

Since, however, "we won't philosophise, but will be read," we will not bore our readers with any more of these fragmental extracts, though it would be easy to find many more apparently fitted to sustain our position. We take the first that present themselves, and we think that those who are familiar with the mannerisms of the "misanthropic peer," will detect, even in these, the shadow of his mode of borrowing from others, as well as a great likeness to his method of using parentheses. Were we to hear a speaker adopting the intonation and gesture of another, and moreover giving a similar turn to his sentences, we should consider ourselves justified in calling such an one an imitator, though he might be giving utterance to sentiments and ideas most entirely opposite to those of his model. It is in this manner that we accuse Mr. Moultrie of imitation, and the charge is assuredly not a very grave one, if it be the fact, as Sir Joshua Reynolds asserted, that no man produces more than two essentially original ideas in his life time.

There are many points of close resemblance in the description of the dwelling of the Fairy, and the introduction of Sir Launfal thither, and that of the residence of Gulbeyaz, and the presentation of Don Juan. We know that either poet might take his ideas from the descriptions of oriental travellers, and that

hence they may not be less original in the one than in the other; but after those ideas have been transferred from their original soil to the province of poetry by one author, a like use of them by another has very much the appearance of a trespass on a property to which the other has, in some measure, acquired a claim by right of priority of possession—he has planted the flag of his country on the newly discovered land, and he who comes after, though he may never have heard of the visit of the former one, cannot demand to be considered as the discoverer. Thus, similarity, or even an almost identity of ideas, does not of itself constitute anything more than a vague species of circumstantial evidence in proof of plagiarism, since it may result from each writer drawing his inspiration from the selfsame source. In the description of similar scenes by different poets, we must of course expect a similarity of sentiment, and that resemblance will be the more striking the more completely each one is the pupil of Nature. In verse, the style and manner are considerably influenced by the form of stanza that is adopted—and if these two poets, whom we have supposed describing kindred scenes, should chance to use the same form of stanza, the probability of close correspondence will be proportionally greater. It is a dangerously daring attempt to sing in the stanza of a greater bard, if we are treading on any portion of the territory that he has previously occupied—yea, though we only here and there make transient incursion over the boundary line. We say it is dangerous, for it virtually challenges a comparison—and not only this, but the embodying of the thoughts which are floating around us, and which we feel ourselves at liberty to seize, even when our endeavours have rendered them incarnate, seem like the property of our predecessors, because their material frame seems to have been cast in the same mould. They are like the miserable plagiarism of Prometheus, claimed and appropriated to the honours of the maker of the model. Having selected the same metrical arrangement, and often necessarily touching on scenes previously dwelt upon by Byron, we believe that Mr. Moultrie could not have avoided a certain approximation to the character of the earlier work. We are the more willing to believe this, inasmuch as we ourselves, since the writing of our former article, have tried, by way of experiment, some dozen of similar stanzas; and when we wrote these, we were not aware of having copied Mr. Moultrie, but on examining them critically, and comparing them with Sir Launfal, which we had previously been pondering, we found that we were sad plagiarists—and, therefore, after expunging some lines, we were constrained, even by way of salvo, to write above the verses "after the manner of Sir Launfal." Our verdict, then, as it regards this piece, is, that the author has been guilty of an error of judgment in his selection of the stanza and style, yet not by any means deficient in skill as it regards the subsequent management. We have dwelt thus long on this piece and on the subject of plagiarism, because we wished to be just in our critique, and because, moreover, we were desirous of introducing a mode of criticism that cannot be too generally resorted to. We have heard of a village orator who paused in the midst of his harangue, and called out lustily to some who were smiling, "If you think you can do better, come up and try." This illustrates our meaning. We know that we could not, and, therefore, we will not condemn, though we will lightly censure an author for not bestowing a little more care, by which the resemblances might have been rendered unblamable—we think he could have done better. We will only add on this point, that we cannot help surmising that the stanzas on immaterialism at page 266 would never have been written if it had not been for those

beginning "When Bishop Berkely said there was no matter," &c.

We now turn to the more agreeable task of pointing out some of the praiseworthy parts, and these, indeed, are not few, though we must content ourselves with a scanty selection. Our author tells us, in more than one place, that description is not his forte; yet we esteem the following extract as a proof of no mean descriptive power. His hero has been reduced from rank and wealth to poverty, and is now wandering in quest of solace from his care:—

"'Twas summer—the enchanted forest lay,
Rich with the teeming leafiness of June,
In the still silence of meridian day,
Save when, at times, a low and fitful tune
Some wandering Zephyr on the leaves did play,
Or the unseen Cicada hailed the noon
With his shrill chirp, or, with a deep-fetched note,
Some meditative blackbird cleared his throat.

There were some children, playing in the shade,
In one place, on their earnest sports intent;
When a new sound did suddenly invade
Their gambols, and anon their eyes were bent
On an unusual object—through the glade
A handsome knight, upon a steed, sore spent
With travel and starvation, took his way;
The knight was young, but pale, the steed—a bay.

His eyes were sunk and dim—his head was bare;
His arms hung idly at his saddle bow;
There was a pensive sadness in his air,
Which told that he had made fast friends with woe;
And yet a gentle patience lingered there,
Softening his haggard eyes—his pace was slow;
Listlessly on his way he seemed to wend,
He knew not whither—without aim or end.

The little children looked upon his face
With awe, and turned not to their sports again
When he had passed; his melancholy grace
Sank on their spirits with such tender pain:
The knight soon reached the forest's loneliest place,
Dismounted, and took off his charger's rein;
Then, throwing his worn frame beneath a tree,
Began to gather daisies tristfully.

'Twas poor Sir Launfal, who had lately bidden
Farewell to Blanch, and all the world beside;
And thus far on his lonely journey, ridden,
Seeking some savage place, wherein to hide—
What every body wishes to have hidden—
His poverty —."

• • • • •

He stood amidst a region fair and proud,
Round whose horizon, lost in viewless space,
Mountain on mountain rose, like cloud on cloud
In the bright sun-set sky, and at their base
Fair valleys spread, and mighty forests bowed,
And gentle rivers ran a pleasant race;
And giant lakes lay scattered here and there,
And sweetest scents and sounds were floating every where."

The introduction of ludicrous and quaint expressions, and sometimes even of vulgarisms, is conventionally tolerated in the style of poetry, of which Sir Launfal is an example; but though they are not to be regarded as incompatible with the general design of such *naïve* of song, they are evidently blots in poems of a graver character. They belong to the slang of a free-and-easy conversation style, not to serious efforts, and in the latter they are as much misplaced as a figure of Hogarth's comic sketches would be in a classic composition of Titian's. There are several slurs of this kind occurring in the sonnets of the present volume.

"Nine years, nine mortal years, have swiftly passed,"
is an expression we do not admire.

"Said I thou wast not beautiful in sooth
If that I did, shame blister my false tongue,"

is equally ungraceful; and could, we imagine, scarcely win the thanks of the lady panegyrised. "Love's May-day" is sufficiently laughable. It is really enough to make an imaginative mouth water to hear the reference

"To the first tumultuous kiss,
Harbinger of years of bliss;
To the mingled tear and smile,
Throb and thrill at Upton stile;"

but the salivary pores are unhappily constricted by the remembrance of the record of the preceding page.

"Now the days are altered quite,
Thou must work and I must write;
Thou hast children three to teach;
I have sermons three to preach;
Thou hast clothes to make and mend,
I've a straying flock to tend;" &c.

This might do very well for Mrs. M., or for a book of nursery rhymes, to teach the infant mind the theory of an art, which we for the most part learn practically full soon; but we do not think this exhibiting of the author's skill, in courtship, &c., is altogether fit to publish among "Poems." There is also something extremely puerile in the "Farewell to Herne Bay." The loveliest characteristics of the domestic sanctuary, and the sweetest and best feelings of the domestic bosom, lose their native charm when they seem to court publicity. We feel that we have been rather severe in our strictures; but, be it remembered, indiscriminate praise is more scathing than the bitterness of invective; we have only pointed out some fruitless branches which might advantageously be sacrificed, but we are very far from wishing that the tree itself should be consigned to the axe. There is a sweet and an elegant breathing of regret, that the best energies of our author were allowed to pass away unconsecrated to sacred song, with which we fully sympathise, and which we feel sure our readers will thank us for introducing to their notice.

"I must not think to have my name enrolled
Among the names of those who gave to God
Their strength and fervour of poetic thought.
The days are gone wherein I might have framed
Lays which, outlasting my own span of life,
Should, when my bones were dust, have warmed the hearts
Of Christ's true servants; ne'er in after years
Shall my sweet babes associate with the thought
Of their lost parent, the fair name of one
Bruited in good men's mouths, for rich bequests
Left to the pious and reflective heart,
In tuneful records of his own calm thoughts,
And meditative intercourse with heaven.
Nor sage, nor scholar, nor world-weary man,
Who seeks a respite from heart stifling cares
In poetry's domain, nor saint devout,
Yearning for pious sympathy, and faint
To vent the feelings of his own full heart
In the rich breathings of religious song,
Shall have recourse to me, or count my lays
Among the pure refreshments of his soul.
My song will not be sung on winter nights
By cottage hearths, nor elevate the soul
Of sun-burnt peasant or pale artisan,
Forgetting their six days of care and toil,
In the calm gladness of the Sabbath eve,
And leading up their children's thoughts to heaven
By grave and pious converse, interspersed
With psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,
Making the heart's rich melody to God.
My spirit must not mingle after death
With the free spirit of my native land.
Nor any tones, from these poor chords sent forth,
Linger upon her breezes, and be heard
Faintly, and yet with no discordant sound,
In her full chorus of religious song;
So I shall rest unhonoured in my grave,
And unremembered."

We are not sure whether Mr. Moultrie has not condemned himself rather too sweepingly; we share in his regret, for he would have been a valuable addition to the list of our sacred poets; judging from the talent displayed in the volume before us, and even now we do not despair of seeing a volume from the same pen that will deserve our warmest congratulations. We do not think "Time is past" with our author; and we therefore again would express a wish that he will not allow his power to slumber. We would remind him that the servant to whom few talents were intrusted did not bury even one.

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